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The Argonaut.

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VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2258.

158367 SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 3, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

On and after July 1, 1920, the subscription price of the Argonaut will be \$5.00 per year. The publisher regrets the necessity for this advance, which is due to the largely increased cost of everything entering into the manufacture of the paper.

The Convention.

As we write on Wednesday morning the Democratic National Convention enters upon its third session. Up to now its only accomplishment has been that of organization, with the naming of the several committees from which reports must be received before the convention can settle down to constructive work. Only the committee on membership has as yet reported, and out of its work has come the first notable clash of forces. In the case of Senator Reed, elected a delegate from the Fifth Missouri District, there was a sharp conflict between the Wilsonites and the independent element, the result being overwhelming victory for the former. There was a technical flaw in Reed's credentials, albeit there was no question as to his being the

choice of his district. There was no contestant for his seat and under ordinary circumstances there would have been no question about confirming him as a delegate. But in the past year Senator Reed has stood in opposition to President Wilson's league of nations project, and thus has brought down upon himself the executive wrath. Forces in the convention representative of Mr. Wilson's views and purposes sought to punish Reed by excluding him from the convention. They succeeded in getting an adverse report from the credentials committee and later in getting an adverse vote from the convention itself. By this action the Fifth Missouri District, which includes the great city of Kansas City, was left without representation.

The Reed incident is only one of many things tending to illustrate the general mastery of Mr. Wilson over the convention. In all the phases of organization the controlling hand of the President is plainly in evidence. In his opening address the temporary chairman, in a speech said to have been read and approved by Mr. Wilson, gave to the Administration unmeasured approval. The permanent chairman is notably a friend of the Administration. Senator Glass, named as chairman of the platform committee, was recently a member of the President's cabinet, and was the author of certain resolutions lately adopted by the state convention of Virginia in which the Wilson administration was indorsed unqualifiedly. These incidents, with others less notable but equally significant, indicate unmistakably the power of the President in the business of inspiring and guiding convention procedures. In truth it could hardly be otherwise in a convention half made up of Federal officers or employees, appointed by or through the favor of the Administration, directly under the influence of five members of the President's cabinet present in San Francisco and active in promoting the wishes of their chief. While no open and positive word has come from Mr. Wilson, it is none the less plainly evident that his is the hand that up to now had directed events as they have developed in the opening days.

Whether or not Mr. Wilson shall be able to dictate the nominations remains to be seen. His wishes in this respect have not been declared and may only be inferred from events whose significance is more or less vague. It is not known—at least not publicly—if the President himself wants the nomination, though this is suspected by many. It is not known whether the President is or is not behind the candidacy of his son-in-law, ex-Secretary McAdoo—otherwise the "Crown Prince." It is not known what the President's attitude is with respect to Secretaries Palmer and Colby, both of whom are actual or nominal candidates for the presidential nomination. But while the President's wishes are thus kept dark the impression is general that he desires the nomination of McAdoo as a means of enforcing the course he has inaugurated and further of sustaining a domestic relationship to the presidential office. In the judgment of the Argonaut Mr. Wilson first of all wants the nomination for himself; and failing in that—and the convention is not likely to nominate a man grievously sick and more or less distempered in mind—he would like to bestow it upon his son-in-law. Time must quickly solve this riddle.

Interest these two days past has largely centered in the proceedings of the committee on platform, which has many knotty matters under consideration. The issues of "wet" or "dry," of the party attitude on the demands of organized labor, the "Irish cause," the league of nations project—these and other matters concerning which there are radical differences of feeling and judgment—are being threshed out before the committee. What the outcome may be nobody may now know. The only certainty is that there must be compromises, precisely as there were compromises at Chi-

cago; and the prospect is for a hodge-podge of colorless platitudes.

Prophecies that Mr. Bryan would prove a disturbing factor in the convention have not as yet been fulfilled. Bryan's activities up to now have been limited to loose lobby talk and to a brief hearing upon the issue of prohibition by the committee on platform. The probability is that if he does not secure from the committee the "dry" plank that he desires he will present his case before the convention when it shall come to consider the committee report. Common expectation looks to the opening of flood-gates of passionate oratory on the liquor issue, the league of nations issue, and the "Cause of Ireland."

There is as yet no approach to clarity in the matter of the presidential nomination. Mr. McAdoo, despite his pre-convention declaration, now appears as the leading candidate upon the pretty general presumption that he will have the support of the presidential forces. But against him there stands a strong though loosely organized opposition made up of friends of some dozen or more active or receptive candidates. In such a situation one guess is as good as another.

Our good old town, not unjustly famous for "knowing how," is doing itself proud as a host. Nobody has thus far reported any gouging on the part of anybody—or even any lack of courtesy. While the Volstead law has put the kibosh—in public places—upon one conventional form of hospitality, it has not been able wholly to down the pleasant conjunction of ice, glass, and stimulating liquids. In other respects San Francisco has been able to sustain its repute for cordial and generous treatment of those who come as guests within its gates.

Editorial Correspondence.

Pressure of more immediate interests has postponed until now the setting forth of observations made in the course of a recent brief visit to the national capital. It was in the early days of this month and coincident with the veto directly or by the "pocketing" process of a grist of important bills. By many members of Congress, representing both parties, and by close observers generally, the President's action was regarded as significant of his physical and mental condition. Similarly significant in the view of many persons of judgment was his telegram of the 5th inst. to the railroad labor chiefs bitterly denouncing Congress. In the veto of the bill repealing war legislation, along with a series of measures of relatively minor importance, there is clearly the reflection of a disappointed, morose, and vindictive invalidism holding jealously and stubbornly to extraordinary powers granted for war purposes only and to its own interpretation of the Constitution and the laws as affecting the rights and prerogatives of the presidency.

The veto of the budget bill was based upon a paragraph in it giving to Congress alone the power to remove the Comptroller-General and Assistant Comptroller-General—new offices created by the bill. This provision had been in the bill for weeks. The President had full opportunity to let his friends in Congress know of his opposition to it, if his opposition were not a recent development. But he refrained from making objection until Congress was about to adjourn, and then upset the constructive work that had been done on this wholesome bill upon the plea that the powers of the Executive were being invaded.

Some Republicans, as well as many Democrats, hold that there is a measure of reason in Mr. Wilson's contention, but at the same time it is true that the sounder constitutional lawyers in and out of Congress hold the contrary opinion. If a mistake was made in the bill it was in permitting the President rather than Congress to appoint the Comptroller-General in the first instance. The purpose of the Comptroller-General's office

fined in the bill, is to assume general charge of the making of a budget. Essentially under the Constitution that is the business of Congress itself, since Congress holds the power of the purse. If it delegates a part of that authority it should logically be to an agent of its own and not to a creature of the President.

The purpose of the bill was to set up an expert authority that should in a measure be independent both of Congress and of the President. The makers of the bill had in mind an officer who should hold his position upon a permanent or practically permanent tenure, and who should not in any respect be a political appointee or subject to the passing whims of the appointing power. In providing that the President should have the right of original appointment the Republicans in Congress made a large concession in the hope of securing early establishment of the budget system. They went so far as to allow Mr. Wilson to select the first Comptroller-General and to make it extremely difficult for a Republican Congress, without extraordinary justification, to remove him. All this was lost upon the President, whose vision, obviously, was narrowed to immediate partisan considerations.

The President's state of mind was again unpleasantly exhibited in his pocket veto of the water-power bill, an action that amazed even his official family. Many theories, most of them purely imaginary and largely foolish, are afloat regarding Mr. Wilson's reasons for permitting the water-power bill to die. The truth is that this action was due entirely to the whim of a tired and peevish man. This bill was the President's own baby. In several positive utterances he has demanded that Congress enact just such a bill. A year ago he was active in promoting the measure, and since that time it has not been changed in principle and very little in text. The bill reached the White House on Monday, May 31st, in the afternoon. Under routine practice it was sent in turn to the heads of departments that it affected—to the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Interior, and the Secretary of Agriculture. The Secretary of Agriculture gave it enthusiastic approval. The Secretary of War approved it with only a little less enthusiasm. The Secretary of the Interior approved it in general, but called attention to the fact that it permitted water-power development in national parks, a provision that has been in the bill all along for a year past, but apparently was new to the new Secretary of the Interior, John Barton Payne.

I was told that the bill with several others came under the President's hand on Saturday afternoon. He was tired, crabby, finding fault with all about him, and still under spell of the rage which had moved him when an hour or so before he had dictated his telegram to the railroad labor chiefs denouncing Congress. While he did not read attentively the reports of the cabinet officers, his eye lit upon Payne's paragraph with reference to the national park feature. With an angry exclamation and some mumbled words about the bill having been sent him at the last moment he pushed it across the table and went on to consider other matters. It is possible that Mr. Wilson did not realize what he was doing. However, the consequences for mischief are prodigious. At that moment there were men in Washington with applications ready to file applying for licenses under the bill that would have meant immediate investment of \$150,000,000 in projects for development of power very much needed by the industry of the country. In this incident we get a glimpse of what it is costing to maintain the fiction that the President is qualified physically under the constitutional provision to discharge the duties of his office.

In many of the President's acts in the last week of the congressional session there is to be discovered a deliberate intention to withhold from Congress any credit for constructive legislation. All that saved the shipping bill from veto was the personal intercession of the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Payne. It had gotten gossiped about the Capitol that the President was determined to punish Congress in some emphatic way. The expectation was that he would seize upon the shipping bill for slaughter. Not for a moment did anybody suspect that a restraining hand would fall upon the water-power bill, which all along from its inception until the last moment had his approval and support.

In the halls of the Capitol, in the private offices of members of Congress, in hotel lobbies, and even over

dinner-tables at the time of my visit in the early days of the month there was much gossip about the physical and mental condition of the President. All who had seen him in his motor rides—few see him at other times—bear witness to a worn and haggard appearance. Nobody, so gossip ran, had seen him in any other position than seated, and the common understanding was that he was unable to walk. I was told that while driving through Rock Creek Park in the period of my visit he stopped his machine and violently berated a group of workmen employed in cutting down trees that had been marked for destruction, and for sufficient reasons, by the park authorities. He told the foreman that under no circumstances were any trees to be cut in the park without his express orders. I was further told that on another recent occasion he flew into a rage when his motor was caught in a traffic jam near the Soldiers' Home incident to the operations of a repair gang that had torn up part of the roadway. According to this report he howled savagely at a traffic policeman who was trying to break the jam and ordered him to see to it that a passageway be always kept open for the presidential car.

By a gentleman close in touch with the government I was told that at a recent meeting of the cabinet Mrs. Wilson gave to each member a whispered warning to let the President do all the talking and not to bring up any departmental matters. It was further declared that when cabinet meetings are held the room is dimly lighted and that the President sits with his face almost entirely in shadow, motionless, resting his left elbow on the table, and rarely attempting any use of his right hand. From these and a multitude of similar reports I have the impression that Mr. Wilson continues to be a very sick man, not wholly incapacitated, but under severe nervous strain reflected in an intense irritability, peevishness about trifles, with at times inability to concentrate his mental powers.

The situation of affairs at Washington as it has existed now for something more than a year illustrates the political advantage in operating a government in which the several executive departments have no responsibility to each other and in which there is no co-ordination of information or of purpose. Thus while the President has been denouncing Congress for failure to revise revenue laws, the various members of the cabinet, with the single exception of Secretary Houston, have been denouncing Congress for its failure to appropriate more money. Mr. Houston is the only man at the head of an executive department who has lifted his voice for economy. Nobody attempts to reconcile (1) Houston's demand for economy, (2) the demand of the President for lower taxes, and (3) the demand of the various cabinetiers for more money.

Secretary Meredith of the Department of Agriculture recently launched an elaborate publicity campaign because, to borrow his own words, "Congress has reduced by \$2,185,000 the appropriation for the work of the Department of Agriculture during the year beginning July 1st. The chiefs of bureaus have enumerated for me some sixty important lines of work that will have to be abandoned or curtailed as the result of that reduction." The Secretary goes on to name the states, including California, that will suffer grievously for lack of funds.

Mr. Meredith's complaint rests upon the fact that Congress has granted to his department for the fiscal year 1921 \$31,712,784 as compared with \$33,899,761 for the current year. To make his case good he cites the history of accomplishments of the Department of Agriculture in the past. Curiously the particular accomplishments upon which he places special emphasis are those of several years ago. Going over the records of the department I find that in 1902 under the direction of the then Secretary Wilson the department had for a whole year only \$4,582,420; in 1906 it had \$6,882,690; in 1908 it had \$9,447,290. With the passing of Secretary Wilson and the coming in of Democratic administration in 1913 appropriations for the Department of Agriculture increased rapidly. Thus in 1915 they had grown to \$27,103,334; and by the current year to \$33,899,761. It is to be observed that since 1908 the expenditures of the Department of Agriculture have more than tripled. Can the farmers of the country say that the benefits have more than tripled in the same time?

Of course the President is right in the declaration

that the country wants a revision of the revenue laws, if by revision he means revision downward. But he and his appointees have made it impossible for any immediate result; and a revision that does not contemplate reduction at this time will make even more chaotic the financial condition of the country.

It appears that Secretary Houston is not the only man connected with the Administration who has a glimmer of the true situation. Mr. William B. Colver a member of the Federal Trade Commission, has within the week made a declaration of high significance. I quote two significant paragraphs:

The excess profits tax, never a revenue measure, is a penalty upon economy, upon conservative capitalization, and upon quantity production. It never was intended to be a revenue measure. It is a cornerstone in the present intolerable price structure and it should be repealed.

We hear talk of increasing the percentages in the upper brackets of the income-tax schedule, especially with reference to raising another billion or two or three to provide a general soldier bonus. It is quite easy and extremely popular to say "tax the rich." But what we are actually doing now is to tax the capital of the rich out of productive enterprises and into non-productive. As the law stands, a man with a \$20,000 income can invest in state or municipal bonds, non-taxable, at 4½ per cent. and with practically no risk, while to net the same rate of income any investment in industry or trade must yield him 5 1/3 per cent.—to say nothing of the element of risk. The man with \$50,000 income must receive 6½ per cent. from his productive investment in order to be able to pay his tax and yet net 4½ per cent. that the non-taxable offer him. The \$100,000 income must earn 10¼ per cent. and the \$500,000 income must earn 15 per cent. in order to net the sure 4½ per cent. that the non-taxable state and municipal bonds pay.

There is nothing new in these presentments. What Mr. Colver says has been said by others over and over again. But it is, so far as my observation goes, the first time any official associated with the Administration has had the temerity to speak out in meeting.

A. H.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 30, 1920.

Editorial Notes.

The menace of radicalism in the schools of the country appears not to be limited to institutions of the purely academic type. If we may credit a report made by an investigating committee of the Connecticut diocese to Bishop Brewster, socialistic and even Bolshevik teaching is "rampant" in at least one of the divinity schools of the country. In the report made to Bishop Brewster it is stated with respect to the Berkeley Divinity School "that a lecture delivered on December 2d last was Bolshevik propaganda; that the lecture was by Wilfred Humphries of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society; that it would have been better had this lecture not been given; that Humphries ought not to have been allowed use of the platform; that the school has suffered, its prestige lessened, and its progress hindered by the reputation it has received; that Dean Ladd of the divinity school is not a Socialist, but he is a member of several societies of socialistic tendencies, including the Intercollegiate Society, of which Dean Ladd and Professor Lauderdrun were members of the executive committee, among whose members are many men known as Socialists; also a member of the Committee of Forty-Eight, and that he signed the first call for a meeting of the same, and that the society is an organization of radical tendencies."

The presidency is by no means the only interest of high importance to be determined in the coming November elections. The margin of Republican control in the Senate is narrow, almost to the vanishing point. At present there are forty-eight Republican senators and one "Republican Progressive"—La Follette—as against forty-seven Democrats. Thirty-two senators will automatically lose their seats on March 3, 1921. Seventeen of these are Democrats and fifteen are Republicans. In case Senator Newberry loses his seat the Republican strength will be depleted by one more vote. Thus the situation hinges upon the coming elections; and it is natural that there should be intense anxiety on the part of the Republican leaders, including the nominee for the presidency, as to the various senatorial campaigns. Every possible effort will be made by the Republicans to keep the party in control of the Senate, and to this end an organization has been perfected and is actively at work upon campaign plans in the several states where there is the possibility of party success. Mr. Harding is intensely interested in the situation, realizing that

in the event of his election it will be of first importance that the Senate in a political sense shall be harmonious in relation to his own views and purposes. If the elections this fall should give the Democrats control of the Senate he would upon taking office be confronted with a situation identical with that now faced by President Wilson.

A minor incident in the record of the Chicago convention illustrates the fact that the path of the political dodger is beset by many perils. Delegate Rolph—none other than our more or less respected "Chimmie"—was, of course, profoundly and chiefly solicitous to preserve his record as a "friend of labor." When it came to the vice-presidential nomination he was unwilling to vote with the rest of the California delegation for Governor Coolidge because of his action in suppressing the policemen's strike at Boston. With little time to think the situation over Mr. Rolph's preference was for Lenroot, and he was on the point of recording his vote for the Wisconsin senator when somebody reminded him that it might be taken as an indication of pro-German propensities. In haste and confusion, and under the immediate necessity of placing his vote somewhere, Mr. Rolph voted for Governor Allen of Kansas. A moment later, informed by a fellow-delegate of Allen's attitude in the strike of last winter, he attempted vainly to get the eye of the chairman and to recall his vote. But by this time the poll had proceeded to a point where Coolidge's nomination was assured; and in the acclamation and confusion our Jimmie's appeal was not heard. Thus our precious mayor, who crawls on his tummy before the whippers-in of labor, stands in the record of the convention as having voted for Governor Allen, the protagonist of Gompers, a man definitely opposed to the pretensions of the radical labor champions. Verily the political trimmer, if he would preserve consistency in subserviency, must have his wits about him.

Transfer of the Mexican "presidency" from Carranza to Obregon has not altered the general situation. The confusion and disorder that have reigned with more or less virulence during the past seven years continue. Obregon is now busy in a series of quarrels with members of his own party, and there is no assurance that he may not soon find himself in a position identical with that in which he recently stood in relation to his predecessor. Brigandage is still rife in various parts of the country, particularly in the northwest, where Villa continues to have things his own way. He goes wherever he chooses attended by a well-armed and well-mounted force of anywhere from five hundred to a thousand men, making requisitions for money or whatever else he wants, and enforcing them. Obviously Obregon, "strong man" though he is reported to be, is powerless to dominate the country and enforce order. It may as truly be said now as it was said in these columns seven years ago, and at various times since then, that the problem of Mexico is one impossible of solution by the Mexicans. A man of the genius and power of Diaz might possibly pacify the country, but such men are rare and there is no indication that Mexico is in the way of finding a real master. First or last the work of pacification will have to be done from without—which is only another way of saying that it must be done by the United States. For the good of Mexico, as well as for our own interest and security, the sooner we get at the job the better.

An investigation of the subject of industrial fatigue conducted in the government shops by the English government resulted in obtaining a great deal of valuable information. It has been the means in many cases of a great increase of the output, and these investigations are about to be extended generally to all British industrial establishments by a recently established industrial fatigue research board, under the department of scientific and industrial research and the medical research committee. The duties of the board will be to initiate, organize, and promote, by research, grants, or otherwise, investigations in different industries with the view of finding the most favorable hours of labor, spells of work, rest pauses, etc.

On the barren wastes at Is-sur-Tille, France, a vast field is covered with implements of war, including artillery carriages and machine guns. This assortment of military equipment has been sold to France for 3,000,000,000 francs.

Like our own leap year, every third year in China is longer than its predecessors, but the Chinese add a whole month, instead of an extra day.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Protest in Memory of St. Francis.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 29, 1920.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: San Francisco means and is Saint Francis, who, as every one knows, was the "big brother" to all humankind and to whom the animals and birds were "little brothers."
If our citizens, neighbors, visitors, and the strangers within our gates should ponder a moment over the earnest life of Saint Francis, and remembering that his impress endures through the ages, they will not affront his memory with "Frisco."

NATHANIEL BLAISDELL.

From a Pessimist.

REDLANDS, June 28, 1920.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Greetings on what may prove to be the last Independence Day on which our country is really and truly independent. If the Wilson party is retained in power with included league of nations as proposed we will thenceforth be under the dictation, not of peoples of nearly our own race, blood, interests, and ideals as was the case when the American states united, but under the dictation of foreigners of different language, race, and interests, having no sympathy with our aspirations or our ideals and interfering with any of our affairs they may consider or pretend concerns the peace of the world. Thus the next Fourth of July may witness the heretofore brilliant horizon of American liberty, prosperity, and future threatened by at least one cloud, the war cloud of another war of secession—an international one.

URSON R. WALLACE.

Prohibition and Our "Foreign Born."

SAN FRANCISCO, June 20, 1920.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Among the loyal citizens of our foreign population and their native-born offspring there exists an intense discontent about the prohibition of table wines. They will not believe that a government can become so preposterous in its regulations as to wipe out a time-honored custom. The fundamental reason for this justifiable rebellion against what is now included in "law and order" is that these people have mastered the rules of diet far better than our native Americans, whose traditions are unfortunately rooted in rum and whisky.

Our foreign-born citizens and their descendants have assumed none of that hypocritical and legally imposed virtue of abstinence, nor do they suffer much from nervousness and dyspepsia. They look upon table wines for their dietetic value rather than for their alcoholic effect. For it is well known that fruit acids, such as citric, malic, and especially tartaric acid in the grape and wine, are powerful aids to digestion. They go even farther than that—at least our Italian friends—and drink wines that contain lactic acid, another valuable preventive of intestinal disorders.

While our Italian friends, therefore, prefer a little lactic acid in their wine, our French compatriots will have none of it. The Frenchman desires, not only the acid in the wine for his digestion, but also thoroughly enjoys the fine aroma of the drink. With him it is not the alcohol that counts, or as it is here vulgarly called "kick," but rather the other qualities of the wine. For to the European a good table wine is at once a nutritive beverage as well as a tonic of moderate price that prevents doctors' bills and drunkenness. This "alien" estimate of table wines may not impress the average American, but it seems to show far more wisdom and culture than our childish provincialism that recognizes nothing but the alcohol, or "kick," in wine.

The philosophy of drinking, therefore, resolves itself into the appreciation, not only of its dietetic value, but also of its enjoyable effects on the senses of smell and taste, besides that of a mild relaxation due to a small quantity of alcohol. Moreover, the habit of drinking wines with meals tends toward a dislike for strong drink, and is in itself a patent on moderation.

Our deplorable madness of establishing and maintaining "moral welfare" by means of law is on a level with the spirit of the Spanish Inquisition; and just as the latter did not make people religious so will prohibition not make people good. Besides, like the Inquisition, such government interference with the personal conduct and liberty of free men will finally lead to open revolt. No government can stand that is run by fanatics, for a fanatic is one who wants to compel his neighbor by law to think the way he thinks and to do the way he does. This is not liberty, but intolerable coercion. No wonder there is much unrest in our land. There will be more of it despite our present policy of suppression.

R. JORDAN, JR.

Colonel Washington Bowie, who was a leading figure in the company that originally manufactured the ouija board, narrated, while testifying in the case of Fuld vs. Fuld, that in the early part of 1890 Mr. E. C. Reichie, a cabinetmaker of Chestertown, Kent County, Maryland, invented the ouija board. In that year spiritism was in the flush of its early glory, and tables rapped and pranced on every side. Mr. Reichie, although not a spiritist, noticed sympathetically that a large table was a heavy thing for a frail spirit to juggle about. His meditations, attuned to cabinetmaking, took a practical form. He devised a little table—the ouija board. The other legend relates that Mr. C. W. Kennard sat idly in the kitchen of his Maryland home. He has nothing to do, nothing to think about. In this blissful state he reached out and took his wife's bread board and placed it on his lap, and then placed a saucer on the bread board. The saucer began to move, as though of its own volition. Mr. Kennard was amazed, frightened, interested, impressed, inspired, and delighted. He saw both spooks and commercial possibilities. This was a momentous event in the history of this world and the other world, too. A thousand oracles might have spoken; the greatest shades in Avernus might have loomed; the voice of Caesar might have discoursed upon the military and political value of the short Roman sword; Aristotle might have expounded philosophy; without working half the effect wrought by that talismanic phrase: commercial possibilities. The saucer on the bread board might have revealed the secret of human happiness, or of universal knowledge, or of good government, without recommending itself half so well as it did when it suggested the idea that it might be a good seller.

HARDING AND COOLIDGE.

Senator Warren G. Harding is the first professional journalist to enter the White House. There have been twenty lawyers, one planter, two soldiers, one teacher, and two public officials—Johnson and Roosevelt—but until now the party choice has never fallen to a journalist. Senator Warren G. Harding started in life as a printer's devil in Marion, Ohio, and worked there as printer, reporter, circulation manager, business manager, editor, and publisher.

These facts are gleaned from a sketch of Senator Harding appearing in the *New York Times* of June 13th. Senator Harding, says the *Times*, has preached and practiced the straight Republican doctrine at all periods of his career. He has been a strong and active member of Republican organizations. He stood with the stalwart remnant of his party for Taft in 1912. He made the keynote speech at the Republican National Convention of 1916. He was one of the strongest supporters of the war in Congress, and without being an irreconcilable he has been a staunch reservationist on the peace treaty. He has been one of the severest critics of President Wilson, but not a vituperative one.

Senator Harding's record is not one that will wholly recommend him to the American Federation of Labor. He advocated the anti-strike clause of the Cummins railroad bill, committing himself in a letter to the following definite principle:

If the government, representing all the people, can not guarantee transportation under any and all conditions, it fails utterly. If that same government can not provide just consideration for the workmen operating the transportation systems it fails again. It ought to and it must do both.

Senator Harding was noted as an orator early in his congressional career:

During his early years in Congress Senator Harding attracted the attention of visitors at the Capitol by his oratory, which had a powerful effect on those within the range of his voice. In Ohio he had for twenty years borne the reputation of being one of the leading "silver-tongued" orators. Handsome and big, with an impressive bearing, a sonorous voice, and dignity of gesture, the senator made his name as an orator by his swaying of audiences rather than newspaper readers. During his early years in the Senate he was generally overlooked by the press or received scant attention.

Senator Harding was practically unknown to the country when he was put forward as a possible dark horse and presidential candidate in 1916. His friends predicted that he would make a great speech as the keynote orator at the Republican convention in that year. It was awaited eagerly and fell rather flat. His task was that of proving that President Wilson's administration had blundered in dealing with Germany without giving the country to understand that the Republican party intended to reverse that policy by plunging the nation into war.

Senator Harding was a strong supporter of all war measures, even going so far as to advocate a war dictatorship. In the *New York Times* of August 12, 1917, he defended his opinion against the charge of un-Americanism:

Whether it is or is not American, it will be made American, once the conditions is an established fact; but at the same time let me answer your question more fairly by a short glance at our history, as I see it. While I am neither historian nor constitutional lawyer, it appears to me that the experience of the founder of our nationality, George Washington, had convinced him that in times of national crisis supreme power should be vested in one head and that all responsibility as well as all power should be vested there. In his matchless vision Hamilton saw the necessity of such provision and his influence in the drafting of the Constitution, exerted through Washington, was such that every avenue was opened for casting to one man in a crisis all the power.

Senator Harding showed himself to be an uncompromising opponent of the league of nations' as it now stands. In the communication already quoted he discusses some of its many features and its results upon the democratic progress of the world:

No one disputes the commendable purpose, as the world understands it. Maybe the world hasn't sensed the big contradiction. We talk freely and enthusiastically of democracy and self-determination, and yet the league clearly proposes to perpetuate the great empires of the world, proposes to hold Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan intact, and we are to give of our man power and resources, as well as moral force, to do so. No new republic like our very own will ever be born in the world while the league keeps it compact.

Either the covenant involves a surrender of national sovereignty and submits our future destiny to the league, or it is an empty thing, big in name, and will ultimately disappoint all of humanity that hinges hope on it.

One general illustration will indicate the latter phase of it. The world wishes disarmament. The nations ought to disarm to the greatest possible extent. The covenant also looks to reduce armaments, and says the council shall formulate a plan and recommend it, but no limitation shall be binding except as the nation concerned approves. Admittedly the compact must be so expressed, unless we abandon our Constitution; but what promise is there in the covenant save the exercise of conscience by the nation involved? We like to think the United States is ready to do its part without signing so meaningless a compact.

Much of the covenant is good. The permanent Court of International Justice, to determine all international problems which the several nations agree to submit to it, is strongly appealing. With such a court and with a clearly established code of international law there could never be a dispute in the future that would not array the conscience-driven nation on the one righteous side.

If he was in favor of a war dictatorship Senator Harding was certainly not in favor of a peace dictatorship nor of a personal tyranny exercised in the name of democracy. It was in that direction that President

Wilson's policies, and particularly his European trips, were drifting:

In this uncertain pursuit of a modern idealism we are drifting in that direction: I am not imputing any questionable motives to the President's trip abroad. I am only doubting the practicability of that trip. If the President had gone abroad as the American premier or as the head of the American Peace Commission, to which he has appointed himself, and after concluding the peace treaty had made a triumphal tour of Europe I would have rejoiced, for there is no jealousy in my soul. But he should have gone abroad to conclude a treaty of peace as soon as possible. In chasing the dream of idealism he has neglected that great essential. He has neglected the practical things here at home in the United States. We have been infinitely more neglectful in preparing for the duties of peace than in preparing for the duties of war.

Senator Harding has never hesitated to express definite opinions on the great economic questions of the day and he has done this with a courage and an independence that his opponents are already beginning to deny. So far as the high cost of living is concerned he said in a recent speech: "You can not reduce the present cost of living and keep up the present American wage. It is demagoguery to say otherwise. I think the war will have been waged in vain if we do not go back to the old conditions that prevailed before the war."

If you do not have a fairer division of profits of business here you will have more Bolshevism in the United States than you have in Russia. Common labor in some cases is now receiving \$1 an hour. It is time to be practical. We can fix an American policy for ourselves at home. We have taxed the big industrial enterprises until they are almost paralyzed. Why not, instead of giving so much attention to the expenditure of \$100,000,000 to feed the people of Europe, give more attention to the taxpayer?

Governor Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts, who has received the Republican vice-presidential nomination, first won the applause of the nation by his attitude toward the Boston police strike last year. He is said to be plain in speech, manner, dress, habits, and tastes. His natural gifts, says the *Times*, are somewhat obscured by a shy disposition. Says the *Times*:

During the early days of the police strike that upset the peace of mind of staid old Boston and of the whole state Governor Coolidge exhibited his readiness to accept advice as to his course of action when he summoned a group of prominent citizens to confer with him. They represented the various professions and businesses, as well as other classes who were familiar with conditions in the city. That was after the local officials apparently had failed to estimate the gravity of the situation, or failed to show their ability to meet it.

The various phases of the controversy were discussed at this conference, and to the views of all the governor listened attentively. Then he arose from his seat suddenly and said to those present:

"Gentlemen, I thank you. I see my way clearly. I am going to act."

Without any further explanation from the governor the conference came to an abrupt end. Subsequently in his first executive order he directed the police commissioner to proceed with the performance of his duty, a power which that official was denied by the action of the mayor of Boston. The governor then said that he would uphold the police commissioner, and he did.

After he had thus restored the controversy to its fundamental status he called on the Army and Navy Departments at Washington to be ready to cooperate with him to the extent of sending such forces as might be necessary. He then waited for the next move of the striking police. Those who sought to learn from the governor what would be his course of action from that point learned only that he was determined to enforce law and order at whatever cost.

Although Governor Coolidge has a quiet manner he has a forceful way of driving home his points. Here are some of his sayings:

No man has a right to place his own ease or convenience above his duty to the state.

The action of the police in leaving their posts was not a strike, but desertion.

We can not think of arbitrating the government.

The government of Massachusetts is not seeking to resist the lawful action or sound policy of organized labor. It is seeking to prevent a condition which would at once destroy all labor unions and all else that is the foundation of civilization.

We need more of the office desk and less of the show window in politics.

Let men in office substitute the midnight oil for the lime-light.

We need forever to remember that representative government does represent. A careless, indifferent representative is the result of a careless, indifferent electorate.

The people who start to elect a man to get what he can for his district will probably find that they have elected a man who will get what he can for himself.

Do the day's work. If it be to protect the rights of the weak, whoever objects, do it. If it be to help a powerful corporation better to serve the people, whatever the opposition, do that.

Don't expect to build up the weak by pulling down the strong.

Don't hurry to legislate. Give administration a chance to catch up with legislation.

We need a broader, firmer, deeper faith in the people—a faith that men desire to do right, that the commonwealth is founded upon righteousness which will endure, a reconstructed faith that the final approval of the people is given, not to demagogues slavishly pandering to their selfishness, merchandising with the clamor of the hours, but to statesmen, ministering to their welfare, representing their deep, silent, abiding convictions.

Governor Coolidge has never owned an automobile nor any real estate, and he has occupied the same offices since he was called to the bar.

A French writer is distributing a pamphlet showing that most of the Atlantic coast of the United States was discovered by the French explorer Verazzani in 1524. That in 1924 the four hundredth anniversary of his discovery be duly celebrated in the United States.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mme. Jane Hervaux, the French aviatrix, proposes to found a school of aviation in Havana, where she intends to devote her efforts toward stimulating interest in aviation among the young women of Cuba.

George White, who qualifies among the Broadway revue producers, was a messenger boy before he became a dancer. He is barely thirty years of age now, and it is only ten years since he broke out of the ranks of the messenger service. He learned his first steps in a music hall on the Bowery, and began his acting career by playing small-time vaudeville houses.

Maude Adams, after an absence of two years from the stage, is said to have sufficiently recovered her health to warrant the announcement that she will be ready to act again by the time the new season rolls around. Undoubtedly Miss Adams, if she returns, would appear in a Barrie play, but on this side of the water it is not yet known whether Barrie's new "Mary Rose" is suited to her. It is unlikely, however, that Sir James will allow Miss Adams to languish for want of a play.

Los Angeles Harbor deep sea divers recently put in a claim for world's record at depths of 130 and 150 feet, made outside the breakwater under the auspices of officers at the United States submarine base. Harry Goldsmith, who is attached to the base, is hailed world's champion at a depth of 130 feet. He won a contest directed by Lieutenant J. B. Cooke, Gunner F. E. Robbins, and Chaplain G. B. Kranz. He stayed below 1 hour 42 minutes 12 seconds, the previous record at this depth having been 1 hour 31 minutes.

Annette Abbott Adams, nominated by President Wilson as Assistant United States Attorney-General after serving for nearly six years as Assistant United States District Attorney in San Francisco, is a living contradiction of the theory that a woman who successfully fills a position traditionally held by a man must eschew all feminine interests and become a short-haired imitator of the man who might be holding the job. Mrs. Adams' native town is Prattville, a small village in the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California, where she was born in 1877. Her father, an Ohio man who went to the Far West in the days of '49, was at first a miner and later a merchant. Her mother had been a school-teacher before her marriage. Her early education was in the California schools, including the Chico Normal School and the University of California, where she received her B. L. degree in 1904.

From painting signs on express wagons at 50 cents a wagon to portraits of members of nearly every royal family in Europe, to say nothing of their friends and advisers, is the distance traveled in the last twenty years by Seymour M. Stone, an American artist who returned to this country last February after fifteen years abroad and has just completed in Washington portraits of the Secretary of War and Mrs. Newton D. Baker, with their three children. He has also been commissioned to paint the portrait of Bainbridge Colby, Secretary of State. Born of American parents, his mother of Russian extraction, he was the only one of a family of five children to show any artistic talent. Between the ages of ten and eighteen he contributed to the family funds by working for various sign-painting firms in Chicago, in whose service he spent the day, attending art classes at night and studying until far into the small hours.

The name of Simon Petlura has again leaped into prominence—this time in connection with the Polish invasion of the Ukraine. For the past year and a half the name of this Ukrainian leader has been more or less familiar to all those who are interested in the affairs of Eastern Europe, particularly of what was formerly the Russian Empire. He is sometimes spoken of as "General Petlura." He is not a military man, however, and never was one. He is of humble origin, the son of a coachman, who, at the time of the son's birth, was earning a meagre livelihood in the South Russian city of Poltava. As a boy Petlura was sent to the Poltava "Bursa," the lower clerical school. His education was continued at the "Seminary," the secondary clerical school, in which he reached the upper class and was then expelled for revolutionary activity. Petlura's youth was thus passed in schools that were to prepare him for the clergy. Instead, he was graduated into the school of the Russian revolution.

On Diomed Island, in Bering Strait, the son-in-law, at the request of his wife's father, kills him when he has reached such an age that he is no longer of use to himself or the community, and the spirit of the whale is regarded as the sole omnipotent force. So says Arthur Eide, for three years a government agent and teacher there, who came to New York long since with a tale of manners and customs so strange as to be reminiscent of the early sagas. Mr. Eide is a Norwegian by birth. He was a sailor in his early youth and traveled the seven seas. He landed in San Francisco in his twenties, speaking half a dozen languages, but not English, and possessing a smattering of knowledge gathered from years of knocking about foreign lands. He was quick to see the opportunities for educational advancement in this country, and within a few years after his arrival he was graduated from a college in California. The history of his endeavor to educate himself has not a

little in common with the story of Martin Eden. While at college Mr. Eide met Princess Cood-la-look, a full-blooded Eskimo girl who had been brought to the States when a child by Sheldon Jackson, Alaskan missionary and educator. Mr. Eide married her. Since then the two have devoted their lives to the education of the still primitive peoples of the northernmost possessions of the United States.

OLD FAVORITES.

Faithless Nellie Gray.

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms.

Now, as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot:
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-Second foot."

The army surgeons made him limbs:
Said he, "They're only pegs;
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs."

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid—
Her name was Nellie Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nellie Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off.

"O, Nellie Gray! O, Nellie Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform."

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave."

"Before you had those timber toes
Your love I did allow;
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now."

"O, Nellie Gray! O, Nellie Gray;
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajoz's breaches."

"Why, then," she said, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you can not wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms."

"O, false and fickle Nellie Gray!
I know why you refuse;
Though I've no feet, some other man
Is standing in my shoes."

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death!—alas!
You will not be my Nell!"

Now when he went from Nellie Gray
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot.

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the line.

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs;
And, as his legs were off, of course
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town;
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a stake in his inside.—*Thomas Hood.*

The Old Arm Chair.

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving the old arm chair?
I've treasur'd it long as a holy prize,
I've hedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs,
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start,
Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

In childhood's home, I lingered near
The hallow'd seat with list'ning ear:
And gentle words would mother give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never hetide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide:
She taught me to hush my earliest prayer
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were gray.
And I almost worship'd her when she smiled,
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled;
I learned how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in the old arm chair.

'Tis past: 'tis past; but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died,
And mem'ry flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and can not tear
My soul from my mother's old arm chair.—*Eliza Cook.*

A PRISONER OF TROTSKY'S.

Colonel Kalpaschnikoff, Red Cross Emissary, Relates His Russian Experiences.

Colonel Kalpaschnikoff was employed by the American Red Cross on relief work in Russia and Roumania. He was arrested by the Russian Bolsheviks on a charge of intriguing with the American ambassador, Mr. Francis, for the overthrow of the Bolshevik government and confined for five months in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. Mr. Francis did what he could through the mediation of Raymond Robins for his release, and as a matter of fact he was eventually released, but with greatly impaired health. These facts are stated by Mr. Francis himself in the foreword written by him for the book in which Kalpaschnikoff relates his experiences. Kalpaschnikoff disclaims any desire to discuss the Russian situation in general. He wants only to tell of the things that happened to him, but we may be grateful that sometimes he exceeds his own limitations. None the less his story is in itself a sufficient comment on a situation that seems to have set at defiance all the ordinary canons of historical accuracy.

The author places a large measure of blame for the revolution proper upon the Allies themselves. Russia fell to pieces, he says, and Bolshevism seized its opportunity because it was allowed to do so:

It must not be forgotten that the famous "bloodless revolution" which was so popular in America was not a revolution at all. The country, after the too great strain of the war which had cost us more than seven million men, simply fell to pieces. It is not the place here to speak about the colossal rôle played by Russia in the war, but I shall merely say that, in this struggle of civilization against German oppression, Russia received the first and harder blows and fell exhausted like a wounded soldier. The representatives of the Allies who were supposed to take care of this sick man did not do their duty properly, and infection set in. It was only then that the Revolution really began and Bolshevism lifted its head and took the power into its hands. The Revolution began with Bolshevism; until that time there floated only a free and unconscious mob ready to follow any strong man.

The Bolsheviks carried the trade-mark of disorder and were precise and definite in their desire to murder and destroy. They always did everything they said they would do and this was their strength as leaders of a mass which could not remain unmastered. These leaders, though often basing everything on immoral and criminal desires, succeeded very easily in taking into their hands the whole of Russia because they represented the autocracy of the mob. Had I not seen the development of all these horrible events in Russia, had I not known many Bolsheviks and people who played rôles in this development of anarchy, probably I, like many foreigners or even Russians who have made a paying job out of the salvation of their country, would not have been able to see things in their true light. The five months I passed in prison gave me the opportunity of getting nearer to the Russian people themselves and of understanding their strange psychology.

The story told by the author is one of sinister significance so far as Colonel Robins is concerned. Robins knew that Kalpaschnikoff was under suspicion and even that the order had been issued for his arrest. He knew that the American Embassy was compromised, but he conveyed no warning. On the contrary he seems to have acted as the agent of the Bolsheviks:

Therefore, if Colonel Robins had heard that I was an agent of the counter revolutionists hiding behind the American flag and he wanted to be loyal to the American Embassy, his duty was to warn the ambassador, because if I were arrested at a time when I was working in such close contact with the embassy, it would compromise it most seriously in the eyes of the Russian people and make them believe that America was meddling in their internal politics.

It also seemed strange that when the American ambassador refused to deal with the Bolsheviks and considered them a gang of murderers, a man wearing the American Red Cross uniform could be sufficiently close to their leaders to share their secrets. All this puzzled me very much. While I was thinking it over, the words of my chauffeur, Kuznetsov, whom I had loaned to Colonel Robins, came back to me: "Be careful with this American. He has been motoring too often to the headquarters of the Bolshevik party both before and after it came into power."

I decided to see this matter through, and as Major Perkins was leaving the same night for America, through Siberia, I asked him to make me a signed statement of his conversation with Colonel Robins, which he did. When I took Major Perkins to the station, he left me with the words: "I am sorry to leave you at such a moment because I am afraid that Robins is trying to get you into trouble."

The author was arrested on a charge of plotting with Kaledin for the destruction of the revolution. He had an interview in prison with Prince Dolgoruky and Tereshenko and expressed his opinion of Robins. He said he would certainly do his best to let the American people know how some of the American Red Cross men acted in Russia, and how they mixed in politics instead of doing the work for which they had been sent:

Then he continued: "The idea of sending a Red Cross mission to Russia was certainly a good one and we all appreciated the generosity of the American people when Colonel Billings told us of his plans for relief work all over Russia. He was not only a splendid man of the highest character, but also an energetic worker and a specialist in medical organization on a large scale. But when he left and handed over everything to Colonel W. B. Thompson and Colonel Raymond Robins, things were quite different and the American Red Cross became the centre of personal and political intrigue. Thompson's friends and agents spread the report that he had paid all the expenses of the mission and that he had the right to do whatever he pleased. He produced on me the impression of a broker or business man buying pictures and other valuable things on the market through Russia's misfortunes, rather than a relief worker. I shall never forget the scandal he made in one of the sections of the Ministry of Finance when he asked for a certificate to send off a hundred

cases of his pictures and things to America as official baggage and therefore free from duty."

"And what do you think of Robins?" I asked. Tereshenko looked at me and said: "I consider that this man has done more harm than anybody to the American cause in Russia. I knew that he was an extreme radical, that his sympathies were on the side of the enemies of the Provisional Government, and when I saw him take such a keen interest in politics and have conversations and conferences, not only with the Socialists, but also with the Bolsheviks, I came to the conclusion that he ought to be watched. A few days after I made this decision I informed the American ambassador that Colonel Raymond Robins was not only pro-Bolshevik, but seemed also to take too active a part in politics which might discredit the American Embassy and I requested the ambassador to give his attention to the matter."

The author gives us an unpleasant account of Kerensky, who, he says, aped the manners of royalty and demanded the reverence that was once paid to the Czar. When Beletsky of the old régime was imprisoned Kerensky came to see him and to wreak his vengeance upon him for slighting words that Beletsky had once used toward the now all-powerful minister:

He then turned to the chief of the fortress, a little red-haired officer, and told him to punish Beletsky for the public insult he had given him by putting him in a dark cell. The officer saluted, clicked his heels respectfully, and asked for how many hours this punishment was to be imposed on Beletsky.

"Three days," was the short answer. These words echoed through the dark corridors as Kerensky walked away toward another cell to finish his inspection of the fortress.

"Three days!" exclaimed all the guards in utter amazement.

In order to understand the astonishment of the guards it is necessary to describe the dark cell and to explain the rôle it played in the history of the fortress so that the reader will know why Beletsky, who was a strong, middle-aged man, full of life and energy, came out of it with white hair and the walk of a sick man. I had an opportunity later to inspect this "living tomb" myself and was one of the last to see Beletsky before he was taken out of the fortress and transferred to Moscow, where he was shot by the Bolsheviks at the end of March, 1918. He made the following statement concerning the dark cell:

"I suffered more in those three days than in all the long months of my captivity since the beginning of the Revolution."

The dark cell was situated at the end of the second corridor of the Truhetsky Bastillon and was quite separated from the others. The outside door, which was made of solid iron and shut absolutely tight like a gigantic safe, led into a small dark entry of about three feet square, in the ceiling of which was a small electric light with a few holes around it to give air from above. The foul air was almost suffocating and was heavy with dampness. A second iron door led into the cell itself, which was about five feet square. A bed and a nail on which to hang clothes were the only furnishings of this uncomfortable spot. The walls were also made of iron and the dampness was so great that there were big green patches of rust on them and drops of water could be seen here and there. It was so arranged that no light or sound could penetrate. Even the noon cannon which shook the whole fortress could not be heard here. The door, and the place where originally a window was supposed to be, were closed by big safe-like doors which were padded on the inside as an extra precaution. The only air came through a few little holes made over the door into the ante-room, which was also dark and only ventilated through an air tube and by a few small holes in the ceiling.

The author made friends with Purishkevich, one of his fellow-prisoners and whom he suspected of complicity in the killing of Rasputin. Purishkevich gave him an account of the funeral of the unsavory priest:

The body of Rasputin was found in the river and the story of his funeral is little known in Russia or elsewhere. It was told to me by an eye-witness. The Russian Red Cross Headquarters in Petrograd had put a car at my disposal and had sent with it a chauffeur named Vasily. He was a very dirty, badly dressed individual who drove recklessly and talked incessantly and had not been with me more than three days before he told me his "secret," which was that he had driven the Red Cross Emergency Ambulance which took the body of Rasputin from the Islands to Tzarskoe Selo. He gave me a curious description of the funeral of this mysterious creature and had genius of the court for so many years.

Vasily said he was on duty one day when an ambulance was summoned in a hurry by the Department of the Secret Police. He rushed to Small Fontanka Street, where the head detective, Philipov, and several policemen got in and ordered him to drive to the Islands. When he had crossed the bridge just behind the Ielagin Palace (the summer residence of the prime minister) he was to turn to the left and stop. It was a cold winter's day and Vasily tried to warm his hands over the radiator while he waited, for the frost was biting hard. Soon a body was brought out and he recognized Rasputin. The corpse looked horrible. It was all frozen. One bare foot stuck out from under the cover, the matted black hair was all plastered over his mutilated face, and the wide-open eyes were popping out of their sockets.

One of the policemen ordered "To Tzarskoe Selo," as the ambulance doors swung shut. Tzarskoe Selo is where the emperor and most of the smart society of Petrograd lived and is a drive of nearly two hours by motor. Vasily tried to find out as much as possible from the policeman sitting beside him, but the man was not very anxious to give any details. Nevertheless he learned that the body of Rasputin had been found in the canal owing to one of his boots having stuck in the railing of the bridge over which the murderers had thrown him, and that the body was now being taken to Tzarskoe Selo at the request of Anna Viruhova, who wanted to bury her friend. Vasily asked if it was true that Purishkevich was one of the murderers. The detective said it was, but it was impossible to touch him because a grand duke and another highly placed nobleman were also implicated.

At last they reached Tzarskoe Selo and the ambulance stopped in front of a small gray house. Vasily and two of the policemen carried in the body. It hardly had been deposited on a high table when Mme. Anna Viruhova appeared and a curious scene took place. She threw herself on the remains of the monk with loud sobs and began to kiss his mutilated head. (It was evident that he had received a shot full in the face at very close range, for it was entirely disfigured.) Mme. Viruhova's despair was so great that she did not seem to notice any one and continued kissing Rasputin and calling to him in most endearing terms, repeating now and then between her sobs: "They have killed a saint."

An inquiry into the guilt of the prisoners was eventually held. It was a summary proceeding and might

easily mean instant death. Probably it would have meant instant death but for the sudden recall to Moscow of the commissioner, Derzhinsky. The author describes the passage from his prison cell:

On the other side of the yard, which looked very gloomy and dirty under the lead-colored sky of Petrograd, were still lying, near a pile of firewood, the bodies of two men and a woman. One man had fallen face down and a long thin stream of blood had worked its way from his mouth toward the gutter. This horrible scene gave a vivid picture of the Chrezvychaika murderers. The death of these three unfortunate beings was, I learned, the result of an "inquiry" of Derzhinsky which took place half an hour before Purishkevich and I were brought in. No one could give me any reason for their execution. One Red Guard shrugged his shoulders when I asked and calmly said:

"We bring so many of them to be shot every night that even the commission often gets mixed, but it does not matter, these people are all enemies of the Bolshevik Comrades, which is already sufficient reason for our lawful vengeance."

On being ordered back to prison there was some difficulty with the chauffeur, who had to remove the dead bodies and objected to a double journey. The difficulty was finally overcome by carrying the dead and living together:

Every one agreed, and the Red Guards went to fetch the bodies, which they dragged by the legs and flung into the car, and then we all climbed in. It was a ghastly scene. We were packed in; the Red Guards sat on the floor around the mutilated bodies, all except the one who had spoken to me, who sat on them.

The younger man, who might have been a lad of twenty, had a bullet in his throat, but his face seemed calm and serene and bore no trace of suffering. He was cleanly dressed in a military overcoat and must have been an officer. The other man's body lay nearer to me. He was much older and the expression which was frozen on his face was terrible and difficult to describe. It expressed fear, desperation, and great suffering. I have seen thousands of soldiers killed at the front, but I have never seen the face of a dead man so awful. Its image remained in my mind many days afterward—it was so horrible, with the blood coming out of his mouth. As for the woman, who was quite young, she had received all the bullets in the stomach and probably had suffered much before dying because she was all bent forward.

We all sat silent while our motor tore through the deserted streets of Petrograd. One man yawned and lighted a cigarette, saying that he was very tired, to which another added that it was not astonishing. Then, lifting the hand of the older man, the guard put his hand into the side pocket and not finding anything in it said: "It's a pity—nothing—these bourgeois usually have knickknacks on them, but this one is probably poor. The bourgeoisie are nearly all poor now."

The author was left in doubt for five months as to his fate and even as to the animus which kept him a prisoner:

With me it was quite different. No progress was made in my case, and as the days passed it seemed as though some dark hand was working against me. After my transfer to the Predvorilka it was strictly forbidden to give any information about me even to my family. As I sat in the dirty stuffy little cell I wondered what could be the reason. Trotsky had called me, in one of his speeches: "The black hand which pressed on the English police to have the honest Bolsheviks arrested on their way home." Could it be his personal vengeance? It is true that when I returned from America in 1917, Trotsky was on the *Christianiafjord* and when the ship came to Halifax the English police, suspecting that there might be among the emigrants some German agents disguised as Bolsheviks, decided to verify carefully the identity of the Russian emigrants. Many of them scarcely spoke any English and some one had to interpret. I was the only government official and the commander of the port asked me to help him, which I did willingly. Among the many emigrants questioned in my presence was Trotsky. The next day the English police came and took him off the boat. It was a beautiful spring morning, the sea was calm, and when a big launch full of armed sailors came alongside we all rushed on deck to see what was going to happen. A few minutes later Trotsky and several others were brought out. He protested and kicked, but was carried down by big strapping seamen who did their work calmly and methodically. As the boat moved away Trotsky shook his fist at the English officers and cursed England.

The author believes that the attitude of the rest of the world is largely responsible for Bolshevism. The Reds were allowed to seize the helm and Russia was further outraged by the callous partition of her territories and by the grant of independence to Latvia, Estonia, Azerbaijan, Georgia, Ukraine, Lithuania, and the Baltic provinces:

Many people consider the Russian situation very complicated. I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that the whole world is preoccupied by the thought of what is going to happen next in Russia. I do not want to claim to be a prophet, but my fortress experiences have taught me, not only to understand the past better, but to realize some of the possibilities of the future. I can state in the first place that nothing which has occurred astonished me. The revolutionary sickness is going on normally, therefore it is easy to predict coming events. The Communist organization of the Soviet government has proved to be only a dream which can not be practically realized. Bolshevism in Russia is only a part of the revolutionary anarchy and can be divided into two periods: (a) that of the decay and destruction of the army, which I call the period of the German agents; (b) that of the Red Terror, which I call the period of the historical vengeance of the oppressed in general and of the Jews in particular. But, as the progress of the one hundred and fifty million pure Russians could not be stopped, the third period, which is the evolution of the Revolution, has begun. Then the Bolsheviks, to save themselves at least for a time, were obliged to let the wave of patriotism rise; though they know it will eventually wash them out they are helpless and can do nothing except follow the current. The Soviet government, by restoring the discipline in the new armies, is digging its own grave.

The author believes that Russia has been saved and that her agony is nearly over. So may it be, although there will be some well-founded doubts. But there will be no doubts about the value of a book which confines itself so closely to personal experiences.

A PRISONER OF TROTSKY'S. By Andrew Kalpaschnikoff. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.


BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending June 26, 1920, were \$155,300,000; for the corresponding week of 1919, \$123,200,000; a gain of \$32,200,000.

Total gold reserves of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco increased during the week ending June 25th over the previous week by \$8,545,000 to \$180,758,000, according to the bank's weekly statement issued Saturday. Gold held by member banks gained \$11,373,000 to \$59,854,000, while bills on hand rose \$9,628,000 to \$180,705,000. Total earning assets showed a decrease of \$317,000 and resources were higher by \$2,841,000, to \$418,135,000.

With United States government bonds selling to yield more than 6 per cent.; with the New York Central Railroad selling equipment

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trust certificates—one of the highest types of investment—to net the investor 7 per cent., and with the Pennsylvania bringing out well-secured ten-year bonds to return as much, the investors who follows the long swings in interest rates is beginning to wonder if it is not high time to begin buying long-term fixed-interest-bearing securities (says the *World's Work*). This scientific investor, who, if he was fortunate, sold his long-term bonds around the opening of the present century, when New York Central 3½s were as high as 111½, and has kept his funds in short-term securities since, wonders if it is not time to switch back again when New York Central 3½s are at 63.

The advantage that this experienced in-

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vestor has enjoyed over those who held on to their long-term bonds throughout the past two decades is self evident. If he made no profits at all on the short-term securities which he bought to keep his funds in liquid or quickly available shape, yet he can now, with the amount of his original investment in hand, buy nearly twice as many New York Central 3½s as he then held. In the case of all long-term bonds which were outstanding twenty years ago the situation is the same, unless there has been improvement in the security back of the bonds to offset the effect of steadily advancing interest rates. Chicago and Northwestern general mortgage 3½s due 1987, for instance, sold as high as 111 in 1901. They are now 60.

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Whether the bottom has been reached in this long decline in bonds remains to be seen. As long as Liberty Bonds suffer periodical spells of market weakness, other bonds can not be expected to start upward. The comparison with Liberty Bonds at prices to yield more than 6 per cent. for some issues is not favorable for advancing prices among the corporation bonds. Probably the first indication of the swing in the other direction will come in the Liberty Loan issues. These are the bonds to which a reviving demand for sound investments will turn first. In the change from the present period of speculation to one of conservatism and caution the safest kind of investment will be the one first sought. So Liberty Bonds will probably give the first indication of a downward swing of interest rates. But when the exact moment will arrive that bonds will start to regain some of the loss in price of the past two decades is not of great importance. The shrewd investor, who takes advantage of these long swings to increase the principal of his investments—or avoids them, as has been the case in the past, twenty years, to keep from suffering losses—is not concerned with the exact time that the pendulum starts to swing back. All he wants to know is whether it is near the end of an oscillation. If he takes advantage of movements which cover decades, it is not necessary to get in and out at the extreme ends of the movement. The point about which he is concerned is whether we are now near the end of such a movement.

To answer this, one must look to the causes that have brought about the advance in interest rates that has resulted in such severe declines in long-term bond prices. The most important immediate reason for this advance has been the decline in the purchasing power of the interest return. In other words, prices of long-term bonds have gone down because the cost of living has gone up. As living expenses advanced those who had money to lend demanded a higher return for it. That meant that new bond issues had to offer higher interest rates as an inducement to attract capital. And bonds already outstanding had to meet the competition in the market of these new issues at higher rates. That is why New York Central 3½s, Chicago and Northwestern 3½s, and other high-grade bonds have fallen from 111 to around 60. There has been other contributing causes, but they are more or less related to the cost of living. Lately, also, the income tax has had a very noticeable influence in reducing the amount of capital available for investment in corporation bonds. In fact, there has been a switching on the part of very rich men from investments in corporation bonds to such tax-exempt securities. The present price for the first Liberty Loan 3½ per cent. bonds of seven points above some of the 4½ per cent. issues is due to the fact that the first issue is exempt from all income tax, while the later issues, above certain amounts, are subject to the sur-taxes, with the exception of the Victory Loan 3½s.

All these factors must be taken into account in considering the outlook for prices of long-term corporation bonds in the years ahead, but the most important one is the purchasing power that the interest return on these bonds is likely to have in the future. If the cost of living is coming down, then there will be a greater demand for long-term bonds because the fixed interest return that they will give over a period of years will buy a steadily growing amount of food and clothing and other commodities. And as the interest return buys more and the demand for such bonds grows, they will advance in price. If the rates of the income sur-taxes are lowered, that will increase the supply of investment capital and reduce the advantage of holding tax-exempt securities as compared with these corporation issues. If the world's gold production continues to show a declining ratio of increase as it has since 1915, that should have an influence in enhancing the value of bonds that are payable in gold. And furthermore there is the precedent to take into consideration for what it is worth that after previous wars fixed interest-bearing securities of the higher grades have advanced in value.

For some time past financial doctors whose business it is to study these matters in connection with the investment of funds in their charge have expressed the opinion that those who would switch from short-term investments into long-term bonds would, in the long run, have very little cause for regret. It is possible that they did not give enough weight to the effect that the income tax is having or to the other causes that have resulted in the dumping of large amounts of Liberty Bonds on the market. At any rate, since this opinion was first expressed by able financial experts there has been a further decline in the best grade long-term bonds of another ten points. If their opinion that in the long run those who purchased long-term bonds at ten points above their present levels would not regret it was sound, then their advice in this particular should be of more value to the investor today. He can not expect to get in at the very bottom; for unless Liberty Bonds,

by leading the upward movement, give an indication that the turn is at hand there will be no way of telling until afterward when the real upturn starts. But when one compares present prices for the highest grade railroad bonds with the high levels at which they have sold in the past the possibilities for improvement seem enormous. These present levels are very close to the recent low record prices touched by these bonds:

Interest Rate.	Date Due.	High Since 1900.	Present Price.
Atch. T.&S.F. gen. mtg. 4	1995	106	70½
Chic.&N.W. gen. mtg. 3½	1987	111	60
New York Central ref. 3½	1997	111½	63
Nor.&West. 1st consol. 4	1996	104½	81½
Nor. Pacific prior lien. 4	1997	106¾	69½
Penn.R.R. consol. mtg. 4	1948	105¾	79
Union Pacific 1st mtg. 4	1947	108¾	74½

Average price107¾ 69½

Some of these bonds were not outstanding when the New York Central and Chicago and Northwestern 3½s were selling at 111. The Pennsylvania consolidated 4s, for instance, were issued in 1903. The high record for them, and for some of the other issues, therefore, was made after interest rates had advanced considerably from the low levels of 1900 and 1901. The present selling prices of these Pennsylvania bonds and of the Union Pacific first mortgage 4s are higher than for the others because of their earlier maturity date when they will be paid off at par. For the investor who wishes to take advantage of the long swing in interest rates, bonds having the longer maturities are the ones that hold out the greatest possibilities for increasing his principal, provided the expected swing back in interest rates materializes.

The Anglo bond book has been mailed to the clients of the bond department of the Anglo and London Paris National Bank. This is a very attractively prepared booklet of sixteen pages, containing descriptions and prices of all the bonds at present being offered by the Anglo and London Paris National's bond department. There is also a great deal of up-to-the-minute material on present conditions in the bond market.

With the present condition of the market dull and reputed to be in the hands of professionals, many along the Street have taken the attitude of watchful waiting. In spite of this bearishness older and more experienced investors are looking for a marked change in the next few weeks. Now is the time to obtain stocks at their low prices, which will advance when the market takes its rise in the summer or fall. That an upward trend is certain can easily be adjudged from comparison with similar periods preceding each presidential election.

There has been the same irregular market, followed by the same lull the market is experiencing at the present time. July is usually the month the rally occurs, and a steady upward movement then continues for several months. Periods covering the last five presidential years show the season of advance to be as follows: 1900, September to December, McKinley; 1904, July to November, Roosevelt; 1908, July to November, Taft; 1912, July to September, Wilson; 1916, July to November, Wilson.

A chart of leading stocks indicates conditions today approximately the same as during the like period in 1916, and from the steady accumulation during May and June, with a gradual upward trend by these leaders, it is predicted that the next month will see a sharp advance in the entire market.

From a high point last year at which time brokers' loans had reached a total of \$1,500,000,000 the deflation in the stock market has continued steadily for eight months, until a 50 per cent. reduction in loans had been accomplished. We therefore must reach the conclusion, after a most careful analysis, that the stock market is now thoroughly liquidated. The commodity market, however, has yet at least six more months of deflation facing it. The same relative reduction in commodity loans will perhaps have been accomplished by the end of the current year. Bankers throughout the country are determined to do their share in attacking the high cost of living. The reduction of commodity loans is their contribution toward this muchly desired end. These activities in connection with the stock market may produce a "bull market" during the next four months, as it will be necessary to keep idle money active and the "call loan" is the ideal loan at present. Millions of dollars will be sent to New York City to be loaned on "call" while the deflation in "time loans" continues throughout the country.

The liquidation of the stock market has been so complete that stocks now rest securely in strong hands. The same people who sold stocks last November at the peak of the bull market have replaced their holdings. Beginning in July you will see an upward trend in the stock market. Such market leaders as Mexican Petroleum, Crucible, Baldwin, Pan-American, United States Steel, Republic Steel, Bethlehem Steel, and Vanadium will begin to strengthen, the minor stocks

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will follow later, and the stock market will begin to discount the November election as it has always done in the past.—W. C. Gregg, McDonnell & Co., Palace Hotel.

John E. Gallois, who for some years has been resident partner with Harold Mack of McDonnell & Co., has announced his retirement from that investment banking house to join Stephens & Co., investment bankers, as vice-president. The seat on the San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange hitherto held

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by McDonnell & Co. has been transferred to Harold Mack, who will remain in San Francisco in charge of the company's affairs. McDonnell & Co. have decided to adhere strictly to the commission business and will devote their entire time to that class of work.

Wall Street interests generally were well satisfied from the start with the nominations at Chicago, but the market sold off, as so often occurs after a rise to discount expected favor-

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able developments. The bearish interests, of course, attempted to argue that Wall Street was disheartened at the result, but the course of the market in the near future will show quite the contrary, especially as prices generally are low enough to permit a very good advance despite other complications in the situation.

The process of deflating some of our credit balloons has been going on and the headway made will be more apparent later on when crop-moving demands are not so insistent.

The general labor situation continues bothersome. The public is mightily interested in the proposition involved in the open-shop question. The unions have assumed a high and mighty attitude of late, and it may be just as well if the whole issue comes to a head. Some of the stocks naturally affected have been selling pretty low in the market and any real settlement of the trouble should be at once reflected in local issues.

There has been considerable heaviness in some of the old-line standard railway issues of late due to ignorance as to what the Interstate Commerce Commission will decide regarding rate cases. As the roads will be traveling "on their own" after the government guarantee expires September 1st, it is natural that where earnings are not favorable as strong a treasury position as possible should be maintained. Intrinsic values of these standard stocks, however, are not affected in the least by current stock market fluctuations. The Interstate Commerce Commission appraisers have already set values on the different railroad properties which would make their common stocks look like great bargains even at levels higher than they have reached in recent years.

A considerable steel merger has taken place at Wheeling, and there are still hints of one of larger interest that would affect certain popular listed stocks. Bethlehem Steel is spoken of again and again in connection with some merger deal. It requires no merger, however, to suggest Bethlehem securities as susceptible of favorable market operations from anything like current levels. The common stock has a hook value of more than double what it is selling for. In the chemical trade another merger is brewing. Meanwhile the stocks that are likely to be subject of stock dividends have at times been quite strong. Suggested mergers and melons are not hush ammunition except where the inside market conditions are ripe, which in the circumstances seems rather suggestive of possibilities in the market which the hull manipulators have not as yet fully probed.

The investment market is absorbing equipment trust offerings in a manner to suggest that hopes for a sustained buying movement by the railroads will be realized. This is causing quiet confidence in the steel trade generally. Production is increasing, and it only remains for the general traffic situation to become normal to bring about a decided boom in the steel business generally.

Copper seems to be moving abroad now a little more freely than it has been for some time, and as our leading interests arrange the matters of credits and exchanges this movement should grow in volume. The very long unfavorable road which the copper trade has been traveling seems to have turned. Prices for the metal are quite low if production costs are considered.

The sensational decline in silver is likely to be followed by some orderly improvement. The wiping out of speculative accounts in London and the current unfavorable trade conditions in the Orient seem to have been pretty well discounted by the slump that has

been suffered in the market for the white metal, which, it must be admitted, will always be in demand, while current production is anything but large.

McDonnell & Co. announce the removal of their main office to Market Street at New Montgomery in the Palace Hotel, where a commission and investment business will be conducted in all its branches. Here they have one of the finest, best equipped, and most conveniently arranged quarters for the investment business in the country.

June is often a month of erratic and at times very hearish market tendencies. There is a sharp demand for funds this month in connection with the tax and government bond interest payments and in general for mid-year settlements, but on the whole the outlook for money is reasonably satisfactory, especially as freight is moving with greater facility and releasing with proportionate rapidity the congestion of credits.

The market as a whole has recently been through a period of most drastic liquidation, and it now looks as if there is a sufficiently large investment public that is acquainted with the bargain valuations now presented by the stock market list to absorb such offerings as may be made from time to time by weak holders or by the bear crowd.

In passing it may be stated that the bear element is quite as fixed in its opinions now as it was at any time earlier in the year and can see nothing good ahead which would lend an assurance of profit to those who might be brave enough to huy. It seems, however, that the difficulties that have beset the market are gradually dissolving. The Interstate Commerce Commission is arranging to provide funds for a large equipment-huying programme and, as the world generally is short of things that are prerequisite to efficiency in transportation, it looks as if the stocks of the good equipment companies will be more and more in demand and will enjoy at times this year periods of great hullishness.

The Mercantile Marine report for last year was very interesting, showing a net result, after all taxes and interest and other expenses, including a much larger depreciation fund than last year, of over \$17,000,000, which, in turn, was nearly half again as much as the same account for 1918. The net earnings for the two years amounted to close to \$60 per share on the preferred stock, these earnings, of course, being inclusive of the earnings of the subsidiary British lines. There should be another payment in the fall on account of the large arrearage of preferred dividends, and indeed the company is in position to pay up all these dividends at any time it might deem it advisable, though, of course, the sterling exchange situation would entail a loss in bringing funds from England.

The Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company and the Anglo London and Paris National Bank are offering an issue of \$750,000 James Irrigation District (Fresno County) 6 per cent. serial gold bonds, due January 1, 1928 to 1942 inclusive.

The James Irrigation District is comprised of 26,648 productive acres, located twenty-four miles southwest of the City of Fresno. The actual value of the net acreage within this district is appraised at \$3,916,155, or \$150 per acre.

These bonds are a legal investment in California for savings banks, commercial banks, trust companies, trust funds, insurance companies, school funds, and are valuable to secure public deposits. They are totally tax exempt in California and exempt from the Federal income tax and are being offered at prices to yield 6.20 per cent.

On July 1st interest on many bond issues, on mortgages, and on savings accounts was payable. Also many loans came due and were paid. This date is therefore one of the great investment days of the year.

The bond department of the Anglo and London Paris National Bank owns and offers a wide range of investment bonds of the soundest security and the highest rates of interest possible with absolute safety.

The Anglo Bond Book, recently published, containing descriptions of all the bank's offerings, will be mailed upon application.

The thirty-sixth annual report of the Southern Pacific Company to its 39,460 stockholders, as given by Julius Kruttschnitt, chairman of the executive committee, for the year ended December 31, 1919, was made public here June 24th by President William Sproule, and hears eloquent testimony to the shrinkage of the railroad dollar.

With the largest railway operating revenues in the company's history, amounting to over \$239,000,000, an increase of \$18,000,000 over 1918, railway operating expenses soared to almost \$187,000,000, an increase of over \$24,000,000. Net revenue from railway operations fell off six millions of dollars and the government failed by over four million dol

lars to equal the standard return guaranteed the company. Following is a summary of operating revenues, operating expenses, and net revenue from railway operations for the years 1919 and 1918 under Federal control, also, for comparative purposes, for the year 1917, the last year of private operation preceding government control:

Operating revenues—1919, \$239,657,272.35; 1918, \$221,611,206.21; 1917, \$193,971,489.54.

Operating expenses—1919, \$186,927,482.51; 1918, \$162,722,371.84; 1917, \$120,601,822.82.

Net revenue from railway operations—1919, \$52,729,789.84; 1918, \$58,888,834.37; 1917, \$73,369,666.72.

Operating ratio—1919, 78 per cent.; 1918, 73.43 per cent.; 1917, 62.18 per cent.

The above figures illustrate the disproportionate increase in expenses compared with revenues and the fall in net despite higher gross. In 1919, after paying expenses of operating, there was left out of each dollar of revenue only 22 cents, compared with 38 cents remaining in the last year previous to Federal control.

Comparing 1919 with 1918, the increase in operating revenue of \$18,046,066.14, or 8.14 per cent., resulted principally from the fact that passenger and freight rates were not increased until June of 1918 and the beneficial effect of this increase was felt in only half of that year.

There was a decrease of 6.52 per cent. in ton miles of revenue freight, attributed chiefly to the diversion of traffic from the company's lines during the whole of last year, which was practiced during only a part of the preceding year. This diversion of traffic during the operation of the company's lines by the government resulted from the closing of traffic agencies, the disturbance of relationship of both rates and service, and arbitrary routing of freight by governmental agencies.

The revenue passengers carried one mile increased 7.28 per cent., which partially offset the decrease in the volume of freight business and was due to the transportation of discharged and furloughed soldiers and to the general prosperity of the people of the country.

The increase of \$24,205,110.67, or 14.88 per cent., in operating expenses, compared with a decrease of 5.71 per cent. in train mileage, was due principally to additional increases in wages and prices of material, the effect of these increases over previous year being:

Increased wages\$11,420,000
Increase in price of fuel..... 2,534,500
Increase in prices of other materials... 4,879,000

Total increase\$18,833,500

The annual report showed increases in 1918 over 1917 from these causes of \$34,338,000, the total increase in wages and material prices in the two years of Federal control, therefore, being \$53,171,000, increasing operating expenses substantially 40 per cent.

There was an increase of \$5,371,611 in operating expenses in 1919 over 1918 not accounted for by increase wages or prices.

To replace equipment vacated and to provide for increased requirements the company has placed orders with outside concerns for 42 locomotives, 50 passenger-train cars, 750 freight-train cars, and 130 electric cars; and is building at company shops 30 locomotives and 4065 freight-train cars. Orders have been placed, also, for three ocean-going freight steamers—*El Estero*, *El Islee*, and *El Lago*—of 7825 tons displacement each, and one ocean-going tank steamer—*Tamihua*—of 22,900 tons displacement. The cost of this new rolling stock and floating equipment will be approximately \$29,700,000, all of which, except the cost of the steamers, it is proposed to provide by means of an equipment trust.

Mr. A. Carnegie Ross, British consul-general, San Francisco, informs the *Argonaut* that he has just received a copy of the latest issue of the *Scottish Trade Courier*, which is on file in the reference library of this consulate-general, where it is available to all those who may be interested in this district.

Exempt from Federal and local taxes and yielding 6 1/4 per cent., the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company is offering \$192,000 Cordua Irrigation District gold 6 per cent. bonds in denominations of \$1000.

The bonds constitute a tax lien on 6122 acres of productive farm lands, situated in Yuba County about five miles northeast of Marysville. Grain and rice, the principal crops at present, are being replaced by alfalfa, and olive, prune, and fig orchards. All the land in the district has been under cultivation for many years and about 2000 acres have been irrigated continuously since 1913. This is in no sense a construction proposition, as the system has been entirely completed and is in successful operation. Lands in the district have been readily salable for some years for \$75 per acre without water, and are estimated conservatively to be worth in excess of \$125 per acre now that irrigation water is available. The average annual tax for in-

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During the past week J. B. Levison, presi-
dent of the Fireman's Fund, has been attend-
ing the International Congress of the Cham-
bers of Commerce at Paris, where he and
Raphael Weil of San Francisco are represent-
ing the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce.
At the conclusion of the congress on June
28th Mr. Levison left for London, England,
where he will confer with Joseph Hadley, Eu-
ropean marine agent of the Fireman's Fund.


The wooden sidewalks of Petrograd are be-
ing torn up to make firewood.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The French Revolution.

This substantial volume by Mrs. Nesta H. Webster tries to present to us the French Revolution in a new light. It was not, she tells us, the dawning of a French democracy. At least it was not so intended. It had, in fact, no popular basis, even though it resulted in a popular superstructure. It was the result of a combination of plots, some of them dynastic, some of them Prussian, some of them today we might call Bolshevik and directed alike against France and England. These various forces played upon the discontent of the French people, duped into the belief that they were saving themselves, but actually the tools of parties who had no democratic interests, but were selfish, monarchial, or reactionary.

Mrs. Webster is probably right, and this may be said, not alone because of the facts that she cites, but because there has never been a truly democratic movement in the world. Mrs. Webster speaks of the "amazing credulity" of the French people, but was their credulity more amazing than popular credulity has always been? Was it even more general? Revolutions, however democratic they may seem to be, have invariably centered

around the persons of leaders who have just as invariably been swayed by their own ambitions and have sought to seize and to hold an even greater power than that of those against whom they have struggled. There is no such tyranny in the world as that of the democratic revolutionary leader, no slavery so abject as that of those whom he leads. Here in America we know something of the cost in freedom of a world made "safe for democracy," of the tyrannies exercised by democratic leaders. France exchanged a Louis XVI for a Robespierre. Russia has exchanged a Czar for a Lenin. Men are as ready today as they were two hundred years ago to grovel before the "idealist," indifferent to the whip in his hand. And the "idealist" falls a ready prey to the astute reactionaries who use him to their own ends. Robespierre, Danton, Napoleon, a rampant Caesarism and the Commune were the price that France had to pay for such ameliorations as the revolution brought her. Was the price too high?

Mrs. Webster's book is eminently worth reading. It is based on research and erudition. At the least it tells us something of the philosophy of revolutions, something that we ought to learn.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: A STUDY IN DEMOCRACY. By Nesta H. Webster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$8.

Why Men Strike.

One is inclined to believe that Mr. Crowther has written a large book in order to explain the evident. The cause that underlies the combinations of labor is the same cause that underlies the combinations of capital. The cause is the desire for advantage, and the mechanism of operation is coercion and force. The same factors operate elsewhere in the production of wars. Neither strikes nor lock-outs nor wars are likely to cease so long as greed and the desire to dominate are the guiding principles of human life. They will not be banished either by economic changes or by leagues of nations.

Mr. Crowther would abolish labor unrest by the inculcation of thrift. Thrift, it seems, is spending a little less than you earn, a truism once graphically expressed by Mr. Micawber. If the money thus saved were invested the laborer would then have a "stake in the country." He would become a capitalist. His interests would lie in the direction of stability. He would be vitally concerned with the increase of production. Class antagonisms would disappear because there would be only one class. But thrift must not be confused with penuriousness, it must not involve privation. It must be regarded as a sagacious increase of capital and therefore of productive power.

This, of course, is all true enough. If human nature were fundamentally different we should doubtless have a fundamentally different world. But how shall we change human nature?

WHY MEN STRIKE. By Samuel Crowther. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.75.

Parliament and Revolution.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald believes that only socialism can save England, and he writes this book in order to discuss the ways in which socialism can be established. He does not believe in violent revolution. Why shed blood, he seems to ask, while we have a supreme Parliament and the right to elect any one we please to that Parliament? He is aware, he says, that democratic majorities are actually elected by capitalist minorities, which seems to be a rather bitter comment on democratic intelligence, but this implies no censure of the parliamentary system. The mechanism, and an effective one, is there ready to hand. The blame for its failure must be laid on the mechanic and not on the machine.

Mr. MacDonald wants no sovietism, which he says is a pure aristocracy without democratic features. He tells us that "only a low state of political interest will tolerate this system of government." The parliamentary system is fully qualified to do whatever is to be done. It has supreme power. All that is needed is that the people shall elect the right men. And that, we may tell Mr. MacDonald, is what the people are constitutionally and temperamentally incapable of doing.

PARLIAMENT AND REVOLUTION. By J. Ramsay MacDonald. New York: Scott & Selzer.

Prison Sonnets.

The author, now professor of philosophy at Princeton University, enlisted in the British army and was taken prisoner during the great March offensive. These poems were composed during his captivity, a labor, he says, that "stood between my soul and madness." The first part of the book is a series of sonnets describing the author's war experiences before his capture, and the second part is devoted to meditative sonnets suggested by his unfortunate lot. All are of nearly faultless workmanship, but naturally reflective of the melancholy engendered by catastrophe and inaction.

SONNETS FROM A PRISON CAMP. By Archibald Allan Bowman. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

"Personal Aspects of Jane Austen," which the Duttons are announcing, offers a new and wholly personal view of the famous English novelist. It is the work of Mary A. Austen-Leigh and gives glimpses of the development of Miss Austen from a little girl at her lessons to her last years, and also offers some comments on her ethics as revealed in her novels.

Warren G. Harding, the Republican nominee for President, was one of the early employers of Frederick O'Brien, author of "White Shadows in the South Seas," when Mr. O'Brien was tramping about the world and Mr. and Mrs. Harding were running a small paper in Marion, Ohio. Mr. O'Brien was on his way back across the country after having marched on Washington as a "General" in Coxey's army. He stepped out of a side-door sleeper somewhere in Ohio and first began selling hedges to the farmers. A murder trial in Marion attracted his attention, and he offered himself as a great crime reporter to Mr. Harding, proprietor of the *Star*. Mr. O'Brien says that at that time Mr. Harding solicited advertising and Mrs. Harding kept the books and distributed papers to the newsmen.

The credit for "discovery" of Hilda Conkling, the child poet, must be given to Miss Harriet Monroe, the editor of *Poetry*. In 1916 Miss Monroe received from Hilda's mother, Grace Hazard Conkling, a number of poems "made" by the little girl, then five years old. She at once recognized their unique quality. During the next three years at various intervals, thirty-seven of Hilda's poems appeared in the pages of *Poetry*, with other poems written by children under ten.

Leonard Merrick's novels are rapidly finding the large and appreciative audience they were bound to have in this country as soon as they should be adequately brought to the attention of American readers, and now his publishers, E. P. Dutton & Co., are bringing out a story by his wife, Hope Merrick, that will interest and charm those who have grown fond of his work as much as do his own books.

News has been received from Europe that Jacinto Benavente, the Spanish playwright, has been awarded the Nöbel prize for literature. The official public announcement of the award has not yet been made, but the Royal Spanish Academy has been informed in advance, with the request that it prepare a memorial for the occasion.

Basil Mathews, author of "The Argonauts of Faith," a noted English writer, needs no introduction to the American book-reading public. He has a half-dozen important titles to his credit on this side of the water, notably his recent "The Riddle of Nearer Asia" with an introduction by Viscount Bryce and his "Livingstone the Pathfinder," which has gone through many editions.

Seaside Schools for London Children.

Batches of London's children are to get their lessons at the seaside during the coming summer. The London County Council will open a boarding-school at Margate, to which the children will be sent for a six weeks' stay. The school is intended for children who are not strong enough to take full benefit of their lessons in London.

It has been proved at Bushey, where a similar school was opened last year, that even a month of open-air life and schooling makes all the difference possible to ailing children.

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the present, but it will be reserved for boys, and the one at Margate will accommodate only girls.

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On the success of the experiment will depend the putting into force of plans for a number of similar schools.

The hill people of Assam reckon time and distance by the number of quids of betelnuts chewed. According to Washington Irving, the Dutch colonial assembly was invariably dismissed at the last puff of the third pipe of tobacco of Governor Wouter Van Twiller.

The greatest snuff-taking country in the world is France, though it shows a decline in the habit.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

General William Booth.

It is strange that we should have waited so many years for a life of General Booth such as has now been given to us by Mr. Harold Begbie. It would have attracted widespread attention a few years ago. It may do so still, but the conditions are not now favorable. What may he called the dogmatic aspects of General Booth's religion are nearly as extinct as the worship of Juno. Doctrinal Christianity as he understood it can hardly be said to exist. The evangelical references that crowd his utterances seem already like some half-forgotten language. Just as the shadow of the war lies darkly between the old and the new politics, so it lies between the old and the new theologies, if indeed there can be said to be a new theology.

It is with William Booth the philanthropist that we are now most concerned. Mr. Begbie believes that he is "likely to remain for many centuries one of the most signal figures in human history." It is much to be doubted. Booth will never seem to be as great as Bunyan or Wesley. He is incomparable with St. Francis. The greatest religious figure-heads in the world's history have usually been mystics, and there was no mysticism in Booth. This is not the place to discuss the popular efficacies of mysticism, but it seems to be essential to a permanent place in human memory.

Mr. Begbie has done his work in the best possible way. We have learned to distrust the ordinary biography. It is about as truthful as an epitaph. But the biography that consists mainly or largely of letters stands on a different footing. Letters usually reflect the character of the writer, whereas the facts of a life can be arranged into almost any desired pattern. Mr. Begbie gives us a large measure of General Booth's letters, and they are singularly expressive of the mind and manners of their writer. They show a man on fire with compassion for the outcasts of the world and with that saving common sense that recognizes the needs of the physical as a basis for the spiritual. We feel that we are safe in Mr. Begbie's hands and that he is not building to a preconceived model. His first volume leaves us at the year 1881. The second and concluding volume is to appear speedily.

THE LIFE OF GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH. By Harold Begbie. In two volumes. Volume I. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$10.50.

The Six-Hour Shift.

Lord Leverhulme probably makes more money than any other man in the world. His factories are enormous and he employs an army of men and women. The industrial problem is therefore one of self-interest for Lord Leverhulme, and he finds that self-interest and philanthropy go hand in hand.

A six-hour day, says Lord Leverhulme, is beneficial alike to employers and employed. It means a maximum of efficiency and contentment and therefore an increase of profits. He advocates also a profit-sharing plan with the consequent raising of the workman to the status of an employer, but we have schemes of our own to the same end, and it is not new. The six-hour shift is new, and this record of Lord Leverhulme's experiences will be read with interest as the testimony of one who knows what he is saying and who is in no sense a visionary nor an idealist.

THE SIX-HOUR SHIFT AND INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY. By Lord Leverhulme. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Peace in the Making.

Already we have several books of personal impressions of the peace conference written by newspaper men who were competent enough to observe visible facts, but who had little of that comprehensive knowledge of men and affairs necessary to the arrangement and appraisal of those facts. The only exception that comes to our mind at the moment is Dr. Dillon's book.

Mr. H. Wilson Harris, author of "The Peace in the Making," gives us a narrative of the surface events that came to his notice. It has its value, and a distinct one, and it is in no way a disparagement to say that it has no judicial nor interpretive qualities. For example, Mr. Harris announces the dispatch to Petrograd of Bullitt and Steffens as though it were one of those salutary expedients dictated by the exigencies of the moment. But he seems to know nothing of the character or repute of either of these men, nor of the obvious fact that their mission was a white-washing one and was intended to be, and that it constituted a debasing act of surrender to Bolshevik arrogance. The same lack of analysis and interpretation pervades the book, which must be regarded as a personal rather than a political narrative.

THE PEACE IN THE MAKING. By H. Wilson Harris. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Leonard Wood.

This little volume was evidently written for campaign purposes and may therefore he said to have lost some of its significance in view of recent events. But it has its value as a succinct narrative of the main facts in the life of General Wood set forth without futile attempts at character delineation. It contains some interesting illustrations.

THE LIFE OF LEONARD WOOD. By John G. Holme. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Briefer Reviews.

A late addition to the Marden Inspirational Books is "You Can, But Will You?" by Orison Swett Marden (Thomas Y. Crowell Company). It is of the usual order.

Under the title of "Leader of Men," Robert Gordon Anderson has written a eulogy and appreciation of Theodore Roosevelt. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.

The Stanton & Van Vliet Company, Chicago, has published "How to Use Concrete Construction for Town and Farm," by H. Colin Campbell, C. E. It includes formulas, drawing, and specific instruction to enable the

reader to construct farm and town equipment.

The Century Company has published a booklet biography of Frederick O'Brien, author of "White Shadows in the South Seas," and will be glad to send the booklet free to any one who asks for it.

E. De Stein, author of "The Poets in Picardy" (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2), says that the rhymes contained in his volume were all jotted down in France during 1916, 1917, and 1918, either in the trenches, in billets, or in the more dignified purloins of staff offices. Any merit that may be found in them is due, he says, to the influence of that wonderful spirit of light-heartedness that never seemed to desert the men with whom he happened to serve.

The Century Company has published "The Conquest of the Old Southwest," by Archibald Henderson. It was Mr. Henderson's original desire to write a biography of his boyhood hero, Daniel Boone, but while studying the famous scout's career he unearthed a veritable mine of material regarding the early pioneers and the whole movement of westward expansion in the eighteenth century. He became so engrossed in the significance of this movement and was so fascinated by the study of how the spirit of American democracy came to evolve under the grinding pressure of frontier conditions that he extended his original plan and instead of writing the biography of one pioneer he decided to record the history of the entire movement in the Southwest.

New Books Received.

THE SIMIAN WORLD. By Clarence Day, Jr. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
A comparison of men with monkeys.

MRS. CRADDOCK. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: George H. Doran Company.
A novel.

SECRETS OF DETHRONED ROYALTY. By Princess Catherine Radziwill. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.
Intimate stories of royal persons.

THE LIGHT OUT OF THE EAST. By S. R. Crockett. New York: George H. Doran Company.
A novel.

THE SHADOW-SHOW. By J. H. Curle. New York: George H. Doran Company.
A book of travels.

JOHNNY NELSON. By Clarence E. Mulford. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
A novel.

THE PATHWAY OF ADVENTURE. By Ross Tyrell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.90.
A novel.

TRACK ATHLETICS UP TO DATE. By Ellery H. Clark. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50.
With illustrations.

JAPAN, REAL AND IMAGINARY. By Sydney Greenbie. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$4.
The "honest attempt of a man who knows Japan well."

THE LITTLE PLAYBOOK. By Katharine Lord. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50.
Plays for children.

THE HUMAN COSTS OF THE WAR. By Homer Folks. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.25.
The effect of the recent shock on children and exiles.

THE IVORY DISC. By Percy Brehner. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.75.
A novel.

THE BOOK OF SUSAN. By Lee Wilson Dodd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.
A novel.

CONSTANTINE AND THE GREEK PEOPLE. By Paxton Hibben. New York: The Century Company.
An account of what happened in Greece during the war.

YOU CAN BUT WILL YOU? By Orison Swett Marden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.
Issued in the Marden Inspirational Books.

YELLOW SOAP. By Katharine Haviland Taylor. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.
A novel.

A PRISONER OF TROTSKY'S. By Andrew Kalpaschnikoff. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.
The relations of Americans in Russia with the Bolshevik government.

A BRAZILIAN MYSTIC. By R. B. Cunningham Graham. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.
The life and miracles of Antonio Conselheiro.

That the slang and idioms of today will be correct English tomorrow is the opinion of Professor H. Glicksman of the English department, University of Wisconsin. "Our language is made up of what was once slang, idiom, colloquialism, and jargon," he said lately, and warned that the only deplorable feature about slang was its tendency to produce mental slovenliness. Professor Glicksman then referred to the word "moh" as slang of 200 years ago and as such denounced in the *Speculator* by Addison. "It is an abbreviation of the word 'mobile.' Even so the word 'pep' is vital and virile and will survive with the word 'snappy.' But to gain recognition slang must be free from vulgarity and cheapness," said Professor Glicksman.

Freaks of Fame.

Who would have believed that the designer of the Washington monument and the Bunker Hill monument could keep his name from becoming a household word? To have planned either of these monoliths ought to be enough to insure the planner's fame; to have planned both of them would be to take a bond of fate. But how many of those who read the account in last Saturday's *Evening Post* of the career of Robert Mills could remember having heard his name? And what stranger irony could there be than that he owes his present fame to the circumstance that he has been nominated for a place in the Hall of Fame at University Heights? We are interested in him, not because he is famous, but because he ought to be famous. One is tempted to suggest a special section in the Hall of Fame, inscribed "Obscure Immortals."

Architects have always been ill treated by fame. Fickle towards everybody and everything else, the wilful goddess has been consistent in her indifference to those who endeavor to build material monuments more enduring than brass. To know a poem without being able to give the name of the author on demand is a disgrace, but to know who designed a famous monument is pedantic. It isn't done. Engravers are similarly neglected. So are composers of popular songs. Everybody can tell who wrote a musical masterpiece that lies untouched in the music rack, but to say who is the author of the air that we hum as we go about our work is beyond us. The fame of the mortal singer of an undying song may be far greater than that of the one who wrote the song. Jennie Lind's rendition of "Annie Laurie" is familiar history, but who except the compilers of reference books knows of William Douglas? In a desperate effort to compensate for this ignoring of some of those who should be her children, Fame, unlike lightning, sometimes strikes twice in the same place, as when she acknowledged Sir Walter Scott first as poet and then as novelist.—*New York Tribune*.

Something more than a century ago paper was so dear in England that butchers used to give their customers the meat wrapped up in a large vegetable leaf.

The American Expeditionary Forces postal service engaged at one time 4104 men, managed 145 postoffices, and in one month handled 157,422 sacks of mail.

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"WEDDING BELLS."

The endless list of light and smiling plays keeps merrily on. I note that the Curran announces three or four successors to "Wedding Bells," all, apparently, in a similar vein of light comedy, except "Linger Longer, Letty," which is evidently something in the line of musical comedy.

"Wedding Bells," by Salisbury Field, has for its motive the clearing up of the estrangement between a divorced pair who really love each other and who, with the characteristic impetuosity of the young married people that populate plays, have been separated through a mere quibble.

I have wondered sometimes whether it is the custom for lightweight people in real life to get divorces with anything like as little genuine reason for it as the people on the stage. It seems, judging from these Gaylyweds, as if they regarded divorce as a sort of happy reversion, and in their butterfly souls talk it like that. After they have taken it out on the offending partner the threatening clouds will pass away and clearly shines a second wedding day.

That these things don't work so smoothly as all that in real life has little to do with the fact that they do in plays of the "Wedding Bells" type, of which the atmosphere, as felt by the audience, is "Begone, dull care."

The main thing is to have an ingenious and amusing series of complications, witty and yet human dialogue, an ingratiating flavor of sentiment, and delightful people to carry these elements through the footlights. All these conditions have been faithfully observed, both in respect to the play and the people. Margaret Lawrence is a pleasing object in the dramatic landscape, and has that degree of enslaving witchery necessary to account for the constancy of Rosalie's ex-husband. To be sure Reggie, the ex-husband, gets tangled up in an engagement with another pretty and enslaving girl. But then Reggie was just following routine. It is written in the tenets of a fashionable divorce that a second fashionable marriage must soon follow, and poor, constant Reggie, aching for his Rosalie, salves, or tries to salve, over the wound with the honey distilled from the heguling lips of pretty Marcia.

The two women, Margaret Lawrence and Helen Spring, although neither of them are downright beauties, are smart, attractive, and New Yorkish. Margaret Lawrence is more subtle than the other girl. I rather imagine she could tackle a more serious rôle and do it full justice. Miss Lawrence makes of Rosalie a beguiling object for an enamored husband to renounce, suggesting deeps in that young woman's mental outfit that promises ample future entertainment for Reggie. There are very tones in Miss Lawrence's voice which are lost when she raises it; something for an actress otherwise so pleasing to remedy.

Helen Spring cultivates the baby voice, although her physiognomy scarcely accords. She plays a very good second, and we very much enjoy the tournure of these two New York players.

Wallace Eddinger, who captured us in "Boomerang," travels, perhaps, too much on his captivating personality. I can't quite make out whether a somewhat slovenly rapid utterance is assumed or otherwise. But strange to say it is part of this young man's indubitable attraction, as is also his ability to inform his utterances with a flavor of comedy that makes us smile irresistibly.

Clarke Silvernail is a clever young man, and did his half-fervid, half-suggestively com-

edy love-making very neatly. There is, perhaps, a little too much manner in his acting, but better too much than too little.

The balance in this particular was cleverly struck by Percy Ames, who, as Reggie's nonchalant friend, wore an air that was delightfully casual, whether he exchanged carefully restrained hadinage with a servant, amities with his friend, or flirtatious chaff with he-witching Rosalie.

Another good actor in the company is John Harwood, who, as Jackson, the English butler, conveyed precisely the right degree of deference, nicely blended with a discreet love for gentlemanly persiflage and a respectful good-fellowship toward the two men who tolerated Jackson's peccadilloes for the sake of his man's man perfection.

And there are still more in this well-balanced and carefully selected company. Maud Andrew as the ladies' maid expressed, in her demeanor with her equals, that working-girl ability to take care of herself mingled with an irresistible relish for what life, diverting life, offers that was very well conceived.

Mrs. Martin as the mother and Sakichi Iwamoto as the Japanese houseboy were both able to blend that suggestion of humor in their utterances that placed them in general accord with a play built—and successfully built—to put an audience into high good humor and to keep it laughing.

"THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER."

This gay and genial opera, the story of which is founded upon that delightful comedy of G. B. Shaw's which, like many of this writer's works, has been misunderstood because Shaw is always stripping away illusions, is doubly dowered with surpassing talent. Oscar Straus was thoroughly in the vein when he composed the music, and the result is a work which has not become at all outdated.

"Arms and the Man" is a satire on the false idea of military valor and romantic ideals. Bumerli, it will be observed, pricks Nadine's romantic bubbles by carrying an unloaded pistol and a loaded pocket, chocolate being the charge. Nadine's sense of the heroic and the picturesque is outraged, and she calls him "the chocolate soldier," but, although she protests she hates him, she goes back on "her hero," to whom she is betrothed, and loves the common-sense man, who responds easily to her scornful question, "Are you afraid to die?" "All soldiers are, dear lady." In fact, the bubbles pricked by Shaw in "Arms and the Man" are shattered in more burlesque style in "The Chocolate Soldier" because the comedy lends itself so admirably to the heightened satire running into burlesque which is employed in the opera.

Shaw certainly scored in his comedy. We have learned, from the lessons taught by the world war, of the necessity of conserving soldiers' lives, of the folly of exposing them unnecessarily, of the prudence of keeping individual soldiers supplied with food, no matter how slightly, and of the value of chocolate as a light pocket ration. All these points have been developed since Shaw wrote the play, and, oddly enough, they fit admirably into the game of verbal give and take between Bumerli and Nadine when "the chocolate soldier," pursued by the enemy, invades Nadine's maiden tower and methodically eats his chocolate when more enticing provisions are denied him.

Exaggerated into burlesque though the original satire of the play is, yet the chullience of Shaw's temperament is there and the keenness of his wit. There is also quite a lot of atmosphere. Whether or not it is Bulgarian doesn't trouble our ignorance particularly, as long as they have the Bulgarian costumes, the Bulgarian embroidery, and a sort of Balkan suggestions to things. Wherein it lies I couldn't exactly say; perhaps in our willing imagination, but it is very much helped out by the colloquy between the Popoffs and Bumerli, in which Mama Popoff haughtily intimates to the suitor that their silver is all genuine and that they wash themselves almost every day.

A burlesque which has such stimulating material for a base can not but be irresistibly funny. There was a largely Eastern audience there the night I was present, and an Eastern audience is much less receptive and expansive than a Californian one. But the champagne bubble of wit, the genial flow of humor, and the irresistible surge of the burlesque was too much for the audience. The composure of the effete East was shattered. They began to laugh out loud in spite of themselves, and at the finale one heard voices all over the house joining spontaneously in that ever young and popular love song, which is the fine crest of all those joyous waves of Oscar Straus' music.

I call that a triumph for the company, for the opera has lived through such an era of popularity that to theatre habitués it had no novelty to offer. It is a very good company, and rejoices in the possession of a particularly attractive pair of leads. Ann Tasker was not there, but she has been playing, I believe, on alternate nights. Eva Olivetti, her alter-

nate, is more the dependable than the alluring type, but she is an intelligent actress and a fair singer. Marie Horgan as the mother shows naturalness and humor and a solid contralto which tells in the choruses. Lavinia Winn as the heguling Mascha is pretty and sprightly, and the chorus presented an attractive ensemble of youth and good looks, and did up its musical contribution in good shape.

Jefferson De Angelis has no such fat rôle as that of Koko, but all his fine comedy as well as his hurlesque is charged with that perpetual chullience of humor which gives his work its unfailing popularity.

Two very handsome men in the company gladden feminine hearts by their youth, their good looks, and the grace with which they carry their handsome uniforms. J. Humbird Duffey as Bumerli is a heart smasher par excellence. This young man has dash, magnetism, grace, irresistible charm, a set of milk-white teeth which would inspire a dentist to write an ode, a smile which they fitly adorn, and a fine tenor voice, not to mention that he is an easy, graceful, assured actor either as sentimental or light comedian. Edward Quinn, whom we saw during the recent Gilbert and Sullivan season, is a fine athletic figure of a man and is also dowered with a fine assortment of masculine charms, including an excellent haritone, and furthermore acts extremely well. Both men make love so well as to please the romantic observers.

The music, of course, is too familiar to require a verdict. Thoroughly delightful all through, the company, with its engaging equipment of agreeable voices, does it full justice, and whether viewed as satire, hurlesque, or operatic entertainment, the performance was given with animation, spontaneity, and finish.

"RICHARD III."

The summer season and an unusually heavy exodus to the country did not prevent the Players Club from putting on "Richard III" with William S. Rainey in the title rôle. Mr. Rainey, it seems, studied the rôle while in the East, which happened at a time that gave him the opportunity to see John Barrymore in the part. The rôle of Richard is a very taxing one, requiring ample vocal volume and an ability on the player's part to show mockery mingled with the intensity of bitterness toward more fortunate humanity that is felt by the man of saturnine temperament whom destiny has made crippled and deformed.

And accompanying this central figure of evil, this conscienceless monster of iniquity, are the many victims whom Richard slew or had slain in order to accomplish his fell purpose. No prince must be let live who stood between him and the royal succession. It is no light task to portray a character so ruthless, so resolute in crime, so inaccessible to emotions of compunction and pity toward all of his kin.

Mr. Rainey is o'er young to do so, but he has the voice, the talent for tragic impersonation, and the personality that enables him to hold the attention in a central rôle. Also he well expresses the hard mockery with which Richard toyed with his victims.

As to the terror inspired by that sinister figure, well, it takes either a trained veteran or a genius to stir the imagination to such depths as that. The young player fixed a malignant sneer upon his lips, his hack was humped, and one leg dragged. But he was not quite sinister enough, sinister figure though he was. The ability to portray a conscienceless monster so as to inspire in the awed imagination a sense of terror must be a plant of slow growth. It is far easier for an actor to please by the romantic charm with which he invests a character. It is therefore greatly to the credit of the young player that he essayed so ambitious a rôle and that he succeeded in it, even though his success is limited to the proportion fixed by his youth and comparative inexperience.

"Richard III" is a play that draws very heavily upon the personnel of a company. Those royal personages must or should have the grand manner, something that has almost passed away from the stage since strictly modern drama has so displaced Shakespeare and the cape-and-sword plays.

In this respect the company, when one pauses to remember that they are only semi-professional, and some of them hemi-demi-semi, deserves a good mark, and when they give the play at the Greek Theatre during the summer session season at the university they will gain greatly by their increased distance from the audience. The entire performance, indeed, will be quite impressive, for all the rôles have been so carefully trained, and the players have entered into the atmosphere of historical tragedy with such sympathy, and, no doubt, with inward delight, that no jarring note is struck by a single player. The principal fault is the inevitable one with players whose lives are not strictly dedicated to the profession, and that is the inability to so submerge their identity into a character as to completely capture the imagination. It is, indeed, the great difficulty with all players; a

difficulty to meet which requires not only a complaisant imagination, but a pretty complete equipment of the actor's technic; the which can only be acquired by constant experience before the public.

Mrs. A. W. Scott, for instance, a lady who, as Queen Elizabeth, displayed beauty, a queenly port, and a fine stage presence, did not, when the queen descended from the throne she graced so well, move across the stage with the majesty of a sovereign. Her gait was too short-stepped and modern. It was the walk of a fashionable, high-heeled woman. Her emotion, too, was too much on the surface; a thing of outcries and gestures. Nevertheless, except for a tendency to express a climax of feeling by remaining open-mouthed for a moment or so, those external manifestations of queenly revolt against humiliation and anguish were well conceived.

Marie Louise Myers invested with the graces of her youth and beauty the character of Lady Anne, seeming, perhaps, a thought too tenderly young for the royal widow. The young actress read her lines very intelligently, and in the rapid-fire wooing scene expressed the gradations of Lady Anne's gradual surrender with an admirable sense of proportion, considering that this is one of the scenes in which Shakespeare calmly eschewed proportion and probability.

Mr. Purrington's stage accent has improved, although his voice needs some exercises in vocal relaxation to free it from that effect of chronic throat contraction. Mr. Purrington gave the Duke of Clarence's long monologue very creditably, for he made us enjoy the Shakespearean roll of the blank verse. In the famous sword-play scene with Richard—for he doubled the rôle and became Richmond—the two players bore themselves with an effect of physical ardor for the fray, but the conflict was prudently shortened, modern actors even of the regular stage not being up to supplying the thrills in this scene furnished by those former giants of the stage who used to work themselves up in advance for the great fight. Was it not Macready who, seizing an unfortunate chair with which to slay an imaginary enemy, used, just preceding this scene, to pace up and down the stage, gnashing his teeth and uttering furious curses?

Louis Steiger's depiction of Edward IV had good points. Morris Ankrum's Buckingham well expressed the furtive craft of an accomplice of Richard's not quite evil enough to keep abreast with the deeds of the royal murderer. Like Mrs. Scott, Jane Parent was better in externals than in imaginative suggestion. Her reading, also, lacked complete carrying quality.

The general cast did highly creditable work, even down to the children, who had been trained too carefully to strike jarring notes. There are a lot of young men in the cast, too

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numerous to specify, who contributed youthful enthusiasm, athletic contours agreeably in evidence in the costumes of the time, and fine, resounding voices. They will be very important elements in what many witnesses of the performance feel confident will be a Greek Theatre success. Several times in the small Players Club Theatre the emotions of excitement, revolt, and horror seemed too noisily expressed, but on the majestic proportions of the stage of the Greek Theatre all that vocal volume will tell.

Mrs. Scott's ample voice and perhaps that of Mrs. Parent will give those ladies the confidence that comes from a sure prop. Miss Myers' voice has a reliable carrying quality, all the men are vocally dependable, and the throne-room scenes and the well-trained slow and stately entrances and withdrawals to and from the presence of the two kings who hold court will gain greatly in impressiveness.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

No. 54 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, London, the birthplace of John Ruskin, is for sale by private treaty. In the early days of the nineteenth century John James Ruskin came to London from Edinburgh to enter the wine trade. In 1818 he married his cousin, Margaret Cox, and February 8, 1819, the author of "Sesame and Lilies" was born. The house in Hunter Street, which is now distinguished by a commemorative tablet, is of the substantial Georgian type so well known in Bloomsbury, and was erected at a time when that district was particularly in favor among city merchants. The accommodation is ample, and all modern conveniences have been installed.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

Sunday, July 4th. will mark the production at the Columbia Theatre by the New Bostonians of "The Prince of Pilsen," with Jefferson De Angelis in the title-role of Hans Wagner.

Those acquainted with the facts in the case look for a splendid presentation of this delightful piece, for Frank Pixley, who wrote "The Prince of Pilsen," had De Angelis in mind when he created the part of Wagner and San Francisco has never seen De Angelis in the part. The glorious tenor of J. Humbird Duffey will win new laurels for that capable artist as Lieutenant Wagner, Detmar Poppin should prove a delight as Francois, Edward Quinn will be an excellent Prince, and Lavinia Winn should be charming as Nellie.

Leslie Leigh, a prima donna new to these parts, will sing, and others in the cast will be Dorothy Elton, Sam Burton (specially engaged for Artie), Eva De Verna, Billie Newell, and Frank Risdale. The big chorus of the New Bostonians, under the direction of Paul Steindorff, will prove still another magnet. "The Prince of Pilsen" will remain at the Columbia for the rest of the week, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

The Curran Theatre.

Preceded by the most enthusiastic accounts, Charlotte Greenwood, the famous comedienne in Oliver Morosco's latest musical comedy, "Linger Longer Letty," will come to the Curran Theatre on Sunday evening, July 4th, for a limited engagement. The visits here of Miss Greenwood are always eagerly awaited, and it is stated that in "Linger Longer Letty" she is funnier than ever. "Linger Longer Letty" is a sequel to the comedienne's famous comedy, "So Long Letty," in which she was last seen here.

The book is by Anna Nichols, who is responsible for numerous successful comedies, lyrics by Bernard Grossman, and music by Alfred Goodman.

The story has to do with the trials and tribulations of Letty, who is one of a large family, and is made the drudge of the family by her pleasure-loving sisters; because she is the only one of the family that can cook and sew she is tucked away in the kitchen until she finally rebels, goes on a strike, and starts on a social career of her own that leads into the funniest of complications and results.

In the cast surrounding Miss Greenwood there appear such well-known musical-comedy favorites as Charles P. Morrison, Olga Roller, Robert Higgins, Valerie True, George Sweet, Frances Bendsten, and a large chorus of Broadway beauties.

The Alcazar Theatre.

There will be another infusion of new blood in the Alcazar company next Sunday, July 4th. Inez Ragan, a young Eastern leading woman of charm and magnetism, will make her first San Francisco appearance as the heart-hungry little heiress in Edward Childs Carpenter's ideal comedy of youth, love, and laughter, "The Cinderella Man." She should prove a delightful foil to tall, dark Dudley Ayres as the poor but optimistic poet. "The Cinderella Man" is the humorous and pathetic story of a poor little rich girl, fresh from a convent, lonely in a mansion, who plays Santa Claus to the struggling poet, starving in his garret, whose verses have captured her romantic fancy, and who is mistaken by him for her own maid. The cast includes Miss Ragan

as Marjorie Caner, Mr. Ayres as Anthony Quintard, Brady Kline as the lawyer, Henry Shumer as the doctor, Rafael Brunetto as the millionaire, Ben Erway as the society dawdler, Fred Green as the composer, Al Cunningham as the gentle old valet, Walter Belasco as the butler, Jean Oliver as the French maid, and Anna MacNaughton as the Great She-Bear.

"On the Hiring Line," to have first Pacific Coast production Sunday, July 11th, is George C. Tyler's recent New York laughing success by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford, based upon the all-absorbing servant problem, with three love stories and a very funny undercurrent of detective mystery.

The Orpheum.

"Kiss Me" is the somewhat startling title of a new musical extravaganza which will be presented at the Orpheum next week. Musical pieces are mostly composed of girls, and "Kiss Me" is no exception. The girls have been so carefully picked and are so attractive and so handsomely gowned that again the title "Kiss Me" seems appropriate. The music and lyrics are by William B. Friedlander. As is his custom, he has made them a part of the story, so that the plot, for what there is of it is told in both dialogue and song. This concerns a young man who must have a family in order to increase the allowance awarded him by an aunt. There are five principals, with Dorothea Sadlier, Isabelle Winlock, and Harry Meyer enjoying featured distinction.

If one of the characteristics of midnight sons is breaking into song, Eddie Kane and Jay Herman are undoubtedly "midnight sons." They are not serenaders, but are uncommonly good comedy song singers.

Pretty, dainty little "Resista," weighing only ninety-eight pounds, has proved the superiority of mind over matter. If she so desires any one with sufficient strength to lift her can do so, but if she wills otherwise no power in a human frame can lift her tiny toes from off the floor.

John Gardner and Marie Hartman have done their bits in musical comedy these many seasons. They term their efforts "Vaudeville Vagaries." They include a skit called "Before and After Marriage" and a fine assortment of songs and dances.

Eary and Eary present a whirlwind novelty, using Egyptian rings. They are the originators of this kind of act and the only ones performing it.

Buch is the surname of two brothers who offer an amusing athletic sketch called "Spilling the Beans."

M. and Mme. Bartholdi have a novel act in which fifty tropical birds do most diverting feats. Probably the most remarkable is that of riding a bicycle.

The only holdover in this remarkable bill will be Joseph E. Howard and his company in his musical romance, "Chin Toy," which has scored a tremendous hit.

Antonio Scotti.

It has long been acknowledged that Antonio Scotti, the famous baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House, who brings 150 people from the Metropolitan to San Francisco in October for a week of grand opera under the local direction of Frank W. Healy, has been the most powerful art influence that this country has ever known. For years an idol on the Metropolitan stage, he has set a standard almost impossible to equal, and he has been the inspiration of all his colleagues, foreign and American, to give an acceptable performance on the same stage that held him. The secret of the almost instantaneous success with which Mr. Scotti's grand opera company met from the very start lies in the master hand which directs every performance.

"One of the reasons why so many Americans think they do not like grand opera," Scotti says, "is because they have never heard grand opera. They have heard some indifferent performances given in a slipshod manner with perhaps a few good singers, a lot of shabby costumes and scenery, with chorus people who stand around in idle groups walking on and off the stage, sometimes in the right place but more often in the wrong, the whole a potpourri of meaningless jumble without any stage direction, and they go home and say, No more grand opera for me. The finest singers in the world can not save a performance from being dull unless they have the support which comes from faithful attention to every detail of stage direction, scenery, and costuming. It is not so much the size of the company as it is these things which go to make up artistic performances, and when given artistically grand opera can not fail to make its appeal to the most humble music lover, even though he may have never witnessed a performance."

Theda Bara has written a play. It is to be produced by A. H. Woods. Other than that she has written it and Woods will produce it, nothing can be learned as to its nature, its length, or whether the eminent "vamp" will star in it. The parties concerned are silent on these points.



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A highly important use of a magnet is that in which it is sometimes employed to withdraw small pieces of iron from such out-of-the-way places as the human eye. Another use of the tractive force of magnetism on a much larger scale was that to which it was put by Edison in his magnetic ore separator, in which the ore, previously crushed to a fine powder, is dropped down a chute past the poles of powerful electro-magnets, in passing which the iron particles of the ore are deflected to one side, while the non-magnetic stone dust continues undeflected down the chute. Still another instance of the employment of magnetism in a small way is that in which a magnetized tack hammer is used in the manufacture of strawberry baskets on a large scale in conjunction with a mechanical device which presents the tacks, one at a time and head up, to the operative, thereby greatly facilitating his work.

It is a far cry from lifting a tack by means of magnetism to the lifting of massive iron and steel plates weighing four, six, and twelve tons by this same force, which is now done every work day in a number of large steel works. Electro-magnetism, of course, is utilized, the form of the magnet being usually rectangular for this work and presenting a flat surface to the plates lifted. The magnets are suspended by chains from cranes, and pick up the plates by simple contact. The metal plates can be lifted by the magnet while still so hot that it would be impossible for men to handle them. The ratio of weight lifted varies with the machine; in some cases this ratio is thirty. Thus, a magnet is operated by current from a dynamo, controlled by switches and rheostats.

George F. Burba, an Ohio newspaper editor, spent a few days in New York, and while there somebody asked him how he liked the big town. "I care for it very little," replied Burba. "Did you ever think of this: Supposing you lived in New York and wanted to go fishing. Where would you go to dig a can of worms?"

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VANITY FAIR.

The casual observer from foreign parts, Mr. Ibañez for example, may well be puzzled as he tries to identify the standard of feminine popularity in America. Presumably he has been reading our newspapers, looking at our movies, listening to our plays, doing all the things that one does in the effort to gauge the mind and manners of a nation. He has seen the exaltation of the feminine eccentric, and he has heard the plaudits with which her escapades have been rewarded. He has watched the new woman pursuing her soul—usually without success—"blush her own life," whatever that may mean, and passionately demanding a number of things that are specified only in the vaguest terms, but that are generically included in the word freedom. He has heard her vociferously refusing to have babies, or to put on clothes, or to remain unaware of the naughtiest things. And we have put her on the front page of our newspapers, chronicled her doings, passed laws at her bidding, and tried not to blush while she was explaining things to us. Naturally the afore-said intelligent foreigner, Mr. Ibañez again, believes that he has discovered the American ideal of womanhood. He will give it a chapter in the book of "American Impressions" that he intends to write for the edification of his countrymen. Of course he will have to be a little careful. He will dilute his colors and soften his high lights. He must not strain the credulity of his compatriots nor shock the susceptibilities of his own effete civilization. When Du Chaillu, the explorer, first described the gorilla he was denounced as a nature faker. He was told that "there aint no such

a animle," as the countryman said when he first saw the rhinoceros at the zoo. If the popular American woman as caricatured in our Sunday supplements or in the great American drama were presented without precautionary modifications and dilutions to a South European audience she would be rejected as a nature fake.

But let us suppose that the intelligent foreigner—be exists, Senator Borah to the contrary—were here during a presidential election and at a time when the claims of the various candidates were receiving a public attention that is usually quite incommensurate with their merits. What a change then would come over the spirit of his dream. For he would read not only of the celestial virtues of the husbands, but of the domestic virtues of the wives. No character sketch of a presidential aspirant is complete, be it observed, without an adulatory concluding note about the lady who shares his home and inspires his ambitions. And what a model of the proprieties she invariably is. Of course she takes no interest in politics except to hope that the laudable ambitions of her excellent husband, whatever they may be, will be sustained. She is far too busy with church, nursery, and kitchen to engage in the great movements of the day. She belongs to no women's clubs. The home, she says, is the real women's club and it is enough for her. No, she has no views on the suffrage other than those that have been, or may be, expressed by her lord, and such matters as birth control and sex hygiene seem to her hut as echoes from a far-off world from which she is willingly excluded by the tender privacies of home life. And of course she has children, almost invariably. Three is about the correct number, although it is naturally difficult to foresee the exigencies of political life. A family group photograph is always a strong card. It should be taken preferably on the piazza, as a lawn may look a little pretentious. Two girls and a sturdy little boy grasping his mother's skirts are very effective, and if the pet names of the children can be included in the caption, so much the better. The lady should be attired neatly but not gaudily. She should give the impression of having just "tidied up" after a day of domestic toil, and she may appropriately say a few cautious words—but they must be very cautious—about the high cost of living and the consequent strain upon a slender income. But let her not deviate into any other manifestation of intelligence. She must not wander across the line of domesticity. She must not have any opinions on anything under the sun outside the home. Her general deportment should be that of maternal and uxorial idiocy.

No one can imagine anything else. The ideal woman of the newspapers goes by the board in a moment and we go back to the primitive. Imagine, if you can, a presidential biographical or character sketch which announced that the wife of the candidate was a well-known suffragist, that she was one of the ladies who had helped to picket the White House under the previous administration, or that she would be remembered as having aided in burning in effigy the British ambassador. Imagine an announcement that she had participated in a hunger strike, or a "hike," that she had distributed pamphlets on birth control or that she was well known for her advanced opinions on the single standard. Imagine it being known that she had done any one of the things to which we give our cackling applause when they are done by other women. Why she is not allowed even the innocent diversion of a single divorce. Her highest merit is, not that she has been much in the public eye, but that no one ever heard of her before; not that she has advanced opinions, but that she has no opinions at all; not that she is the leader of movements, but that she was never known to move in the least; not that she belongs to the new era, but that she is prehistoric.

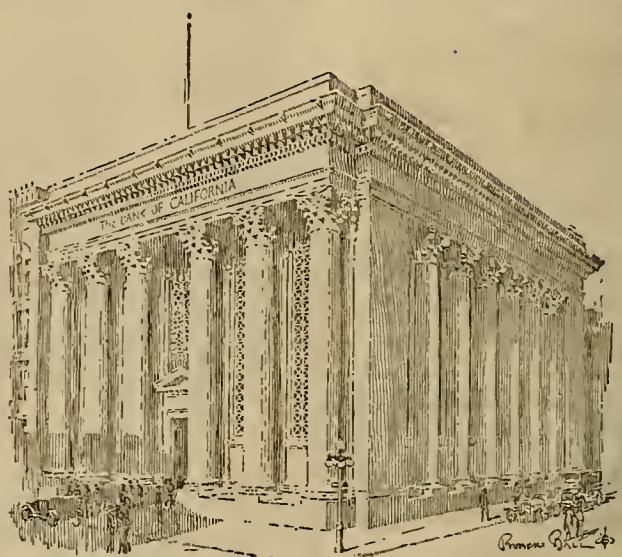
Now either we have two feminine ideals or

one of them is a false one. No would-be President would dare to own a wife who had any one of the characteristics that we seem almost to deify in our ordinary everyday life. He would never come within sight of the nomination. He would not even be a "dark horse," or any sort of a horse. He would not be able even to divorce her without irreparable damage to his hopes. Truly, we are a very extraordinary people.

One of the largest projectiles has just been made in England despite the fact that the war is over. On his recent visit to Sheffield, England, Mr. Lloyd George was shown a full-sized model of a projectile nearly eight feet long and weighing nearly two and one-half tons. The Hadfield works are prepared to undertake the production of this great shell and to guarantee that at point-blank range it will perforate a thickness of four feet of bard-faced armor and at its full range, say twenty-five miles, it would have sufficient energy to perforate an armor plate about sixteen inches thick. The muzzle energy of the gun to fire such a projectile would be about 250,000 foot-tons. Such a gun, however, remains to be made, and furthermore it would require a good-sized war to justify its production, so Sir Robert Hadfield's new toy is likely to remain in the model stage for a time.

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SAN FRANCISCO

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Bishop Flipper said in an Atlanta sermon: "Much homely wisdom is to be gathered from our aged brethren. There is old Brother Wash White, for example. Wash said to me yesterday, in condonation of a politician's errors: 'De man wot haint nevah made a mistake, bishop, haint no saint—he's jest a liar.'"

A wag arriving at a railway station one evening found all seats in the train occupied. Opening one of the doors, he exclaimed, "Why, this train isn't going!" A general stampede ensued, and the wag took a comfortable seat. In the midst of the general indignation he was asked, "Why did you say the train wasn't going?" "Well, it wasn't then," replied the wag, "but it is now."

S. S. McClure said in the smoking-room of the *Mauretania*: "Anybody who thinks that man rules the roost need only consider the bareback gowns. What man wants his wife to go out in a bareback gown for other men to gawk at? And yet, 'I see your wife is sporting in a bareback gown of the most—er—ultra type,' a broker said to a hanker. The banker nodded. 'But you told me you'd never let her wear a bareback gown!' The hanker nodded again. 'She overheard me telling you,' he said."

A student had a barrel of ale deposited in his room, contrary, of course, to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the president. "Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room," said the latter. "Yes, sir." "Well, what explanation can you make?" "Why, the fact is, sir,

my physician advised me to try a little each day as a tonic, and not wishing to go to the various places where the leverage is retailed, I arranged to have a barrel taken to my room." "Indeed, and have you derived any benefit from the use of it?" "Oh, yes, sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it easily."

A critic said at the Players' Club: "All our popular authors managed to get to France on one excuse or another during the war and now they all interlard their stories with French phrases. Those French phrases! How awful they are! How they make you laugh if you know French at all! A woman magazine writer, who gets \$300 apiece for her short stories, came into a restaurant the other day and sat down near me. She wore a 'Y' uniform. I knew she'd had a week or two abroad. 'Got any bon vivant?' she said to the waiter. 'But, madame, I don't understand,' the waiter, a Parisian, stammered. 'Go on! I thought you were French!' said the woman magazine writer. 'Bon vivant means good liver. Bring me some with hacon.'"

A witness before the Senate Committee on Finance, which handles tariff and other revenue bills, was testifying at a hearing regarding dyestuffs, in which industry much alcohol is used. With all the restrictions surrounding the alcohol industry at this time a member of the committee, who was somewhat at a loss to know how the manufacturer obtained alcohol, said: "I suppose you have a great deal of difficulty in obtaining alcohol now?" "Oh, no," said the witness, "none at all. You see, we have a great deal stored and have an almost unlimited supply on hand." "I'll see you later," said the senator with a laugh. Which indicates that the shortage of liquid refreshments among the members of the staid old Senate is beginning to be felt.

Mark Thisthethwaite, secretary to Vice-President Marshall, invented a neat little scheme a while ago for getting rid of the visitor who tarries too long after he has ceased to have anything of real consequence to say. Such a visitor was closeted with the Vice-President and several other callers were waiting outside. Now, Thisthethwaite is an exceptionally courteous young person and would not injure the feelings of even the humblest citizen. Yet he wished that the man with Mr. Marshall would be on his way. Suddenly he had an inspiration. He seized a telegraph blank and wrote on it: "Don't let this man stay all day. There are others waiting to see you." This

he took in and gravely placed before the Vice-President, who scrutinized it thoughtfully, as if it had to do with empire building. "Ah, yes," said Marshall, "I'll dictate a reply to that in just a moment." The visitor took the hint and proceeded on his way.

"I don't know what the young men of today are coming to," said Mr. Smith. "In my young days there wasn't any need for all this courting. The girls then—" But he was cut short by the coal scuttle which Mrs. Smith accidentally dropped on his toes. "I was only going to say, my dear," he remarked, when he had recovered his composure, "that I wish the young fellow who is calling on Christabel would go away and let us get the house shut up. It's past midnight." At that moment there entered the small boy of the household. He had been, for the last hour or so, behind the draught screen in the drawing-room and vowed that he had enjoyed himself better than if he had been at a Punch and Judy show. "It isn't his fault, pa," said the heir of the Smiths. "He can't go; Christabel's sitting on him!"

Two young women entered a car and found only standing room. One of them whispered to her companion: "I'm going to get a seat from one of these men." She looked down the row of passengers and selected a very sedate man, who bore the general settled appearance of a married man. She sailed up to him and boldly opened fire: "My dear Mr. Green, how delighted I am to meet you! You are almost a stranger. Will I accept your seat? Well, I do feel tired, I heartily admit. Thank you so much." The sedate gentleman, a total stranger, of course, looked, listened, then quietly arose and gave her his seat, saying: "Sit down, Jane, my girl. Don't often see you out on a washing day. You must feel tired, I am sure. How's your mistress?" The young woman got her seat, but lost her vivacity.

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Rich Man.
The rich man has his motor-car,
His country and his town estate.
He smokes a fifty-cent cigar
And jeers at Fate.

He frivols through the livelong day,
He knows not Poverty, her pinch.
His lot seems light, his heart seems gay;
He has a cinch.

Yet though my lamp burns low and dim,
Though I must slave for livelihood—
Think you that I would change with him?
You bet I would!
—Franklin P. Adams.

Old Clo'es Man.
The old-fashioned pants with the springs at the bottom,
With welts at the seams and with stripes an inch wide,
Still hang in the attic, I'm glad I have got 'em—
Those duck-footed pants of my passionate pride.
Ah, well I remember how haughty and airy
I strode down the avenue, thrilled to the heart,
With Mazie beside me as blithe as a fairy—
A fashion-plate couple so trim and so tart.

The coat, a Prince Albert of tail-lengthened splendor,
As tight as the skin of an eel, bless my eyes!
Plum-hued, double-breasted—my heart is still tender
For that senatorial garment, a prize!
It went like the flowers of springtime when fashion
Decreed that its usefulness was then out of date?
Quite wrong—in the attic! You can now het your cash on
The fact Uncle dons it again, and with state.

The garments once scorned on the line take an airing
To rid them of scent of moth balls, I should smile!
Your Uncle is wise, and no more he's despairing—
For profiteer sharks are no longer in style.
So, fashion go hang! I am satisfied, truly,
With what I've dug up—for next Sunday arrayed
In attic adornments you het I'll be duly
Observed of observers when out on parade.
—Horace Seymour Keller in *New York Sun*.

Offer \$500 Prize for Poetic Play.

The Poetry Society of America offers the William Lindsey prize of \$500 for the best unproduced and unpublished full-length poetic play that will occupy an evening, written by an American citizen. No restrictions are placed upon the number of acts or scenes, or on the nature of the subject matter. The judges will be George Arliss, Professor George Pierce Baker of Harvard, Clayton Hamilton, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, and Stuart Walker.

Manuscripts should be sent by registered mail, the author's registry receipt to be considered sufficient acknowledgment. They must be submitted in typewritten form, fastened along the left edge of the page in one volume and signed with a pen name. An enclosed sealed envelope should be inscribed with the

title of the play and the pen name, and contain a card with the correct name and address of the author, as well as the title of the play. This sealed envelope should also contain one self-addressed bearing the full amount of return postage, including registry.

The contest will close on July 1, 1921, and the successful play will be announced at the October meeting of the Poetry Society. Manuscripts should be addressed to the Drama Committee of the Poetry Society of America, care of Stuart Walker, chairman, Carnegie Hall, New York City.



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—John Ruskin

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Louis Gharardelli has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Juanita Gharardelli, and Mr. Harry Magee, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Magee. The wedding will be an event of the autumn.

The wedding of Miss Gertrude Hunt, daughter of Judge and Mrs. William Hunt, and Mr. Rulison Knox was solemnized last Saturday in St. John's Church at Ross, Rev. C. P. Deems officiating. The reception was held at the Lagunitas Country Club. Mrs. Barnaby Conrad was the matron of

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honor and the bride's only attendant. Mr. Alexander Knox was the best man, and Mr. Crawford Greene and Mr. Barnaby Conrad were the ushers. At the conclusion of their wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Knox will make their home in Milwaukee.

The marriage of Miss Rose Barreda, daughter of Mrs. Frederick Barreda, and Mr. Wallace Mitchell took place on June 27th at the residence of Mrs. W. A. Mitchell. The ceremony was performed by Rev. P. L. Ryan. Miss Evelyn Perez was the maid of honor and Miss Eileen O'Connor was the flower girl. Mr. H. F. O'Connor was the best man. On the conclusion of their wedding tour Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell will reside in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott have given two dinners within the week at their Burlingame home. At the first, on the 22d, Mr. Alexander H. Spencer of New York, Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. and

Mrs. Louis de Stiguer of Washington. Among those attending the affair were Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mrs. William Devereux, Mrs. Frederick Hussey, and Miss Maud Fay.

The wedding of Mrs. Mazie Hammond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Langhorne, and Captain Chilion Howard was solemnized on Thursday at the Episcopal Church in San Mateo. A reception followed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fentress Hill. Captain and Mrs. Howard have left for Canada, where they will reside.

Miss Marion Zeile gave a luncheon on Monday in honor of Mrs. James Parker. The guests included Mrs. Mazie Hammond, Mrs. Fentress Hill, Mrs. John Gallois, and Mrs. Horace Hill.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained at a dinner on Sunday in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Chester Dolph of Portland. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Dockweiler, and Miss Pauline Howard.

Mr. Homer Curran gave a theatre party several evenings ago, his guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Betty Schmiedell, and Mr. Harry Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kuhn were dinner hosts a few evenings ago, entertaining Mr. and Mrs. George Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin, and Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Scott.

Mrs. Isaac Requa gave a reception at her home in Piedmont last week. She was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Oscar Long, Mrs. Charles Sutton, Mrs. Mark Requa, Miss Sally Long, and Miss Alice Requa.

Mr. and Mrs. William Magee gave a dance on Saturday in compliment to Miss Juanita Gharardelli and Mr. Harry Magee. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Waybur, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gharardelli, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Selby, Mr. and Mrs. John Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. George Baker, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Elvah Gharardelli, Miss Rosamonde Lee, Mr. George McNear, Mr. James Moffitt, Mr. John Boyden, Mr. Léon Walker, Mr. Allen Hariman, Mr. Kenneth Higb, Mr. Richard Lee, and a group of navy officers from visiting ships.

Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt entertained at luncheon several days ago in honor of Dr. Aurelia Rhinehardt.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Friday by Mrs. George Kellham in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George Marye gave a luncheon on Sunday at their home in Burlingame in honor of Mr. Thomas le Breton and Mr. Boris Bakhteff. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett, Mrs. James Keeney, Mrs. George Harding, Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Miss Lily O'Connor, Count and Countess de Limur, and Colonel Sydney Cloom.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker was a luncheon hostess at the Palace on Friday. Her guests were Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Ellita Adams, and Miss Alice Requa.

Mr. Jean de St. Cyr gave a supper-dance last Sunday at his home in San Mateo. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hussey, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Nixon of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Verrier, Captain and Mrs. Charles Lyman, Mrs. Christian de Guigné, Mrs. Jane Hayne, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Isabel Chase, Miss Helen Garritt, Captain Ronald Banon, Commander Lopez, Mr. Rennie Schwerin, Mr. Eric Pedley, Mr. Archie Johnson, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Carlton Miller, and Mr. Robert Burroughs.

Mrs. James Parker was the guest of honor at a luncheon given several days ago by Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker entertained at dinner last Sunday in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Nixon of New York. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Marye, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin.

Miss Ellita Adams and Miss Elizabeth Adams gave a dinner last Saturday, complimenting Miss Alice Requa.

Mr. and Mrs. William Devereux gave a luncheon on Sunday, entertaining Mrs. Mazie Hammond and Mrs. James Parker.

Miss Sue McDonald gave a dance last Saturday evening at Alcatraz. Among those attending the affair were Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Rosamonde Lee, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Audrey Willett, Miss Barbara Willett, and Miss Aileen McIntosh, and a number of naval officers.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreery were luncheon hosts on Friday at the Burlingame Country Club. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. Francis Carolan, and Viscount Furness.

Mr. Léon Walker entertained at dinner several evenings ago, his guests including Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Alice Requa, Mr. William Hendrickson, Mr. Orel Goldarcena, and Mr. William Magee, Jr.

Mrs. James Reid was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Clara Darling several days ago at the Francisca Club.

Mme. Emerito de Ruano gave a dinner last Friday, entertaining Sir Frank and Lady Popbam Young, Mr. and Mrs. William Henshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Chickering, and Dr. Carlos Leiva.

Mrs. Robert Hooker was a luncheon hostess on Friday, entertaining Mrs. Harry Howard, Mrs. Edward Howard, Mrs. Harry Poett, Mrs. William Kuhn, and Miss Emily Carolan.

Miss Mary Louise Phelan gave a luncheon last week, entertaining Mrs. George Harding, Mrs. James Haggin, Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. Page

Brown, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Jr., Mrs. Louis Parrott, Miss May Friedlander, and Miss Carrie Friedlander.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Mulcahy gave an alfresco dinner on Saturday at their home in Atherton. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger, Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stent, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBryde, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mr. Stewart Lowery, and Commander Van Antwerp.

Miss Edna Taylor gave a picnic on Saturday night at Menlo Park. Mr. and Mrs. Will Taylor chaperoned the group, which included Miss Frances Ames, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Ynez Macondray, Miss Florence Russell, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Dolly Kubn, Mr. Gus Taylor, Mr. Frank Drum, Jr., Mr. Calvin Tilden, Mr. Arthur Mejia, Mr. Lalor Crimmins, Mr. John Baldwin, Mr. Edward McDonald, Ensign Atherton Macondray, and Mr. William Dimond.

Mrs. Gaillard Stoney entertained at a tea a few days ago, complimenting Mrs. Francis Pryor. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Murray Sargent and Miss Louise Reding. The guests included Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Morse Erskine, Mrs. Douglas Short, Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Mrs. Robert Coleman, Jr., Miss Pauline Wheeler, Miss Katherine Wheeler, Miss Josephine Moore, Miss Doris Kilgariff, Miss Lucia Sherman, Miss Isabel Sherman, and Mrs. Charles Wheeler.

Miss Aileen McIntosh gave a dinner on Saturday at Woodside in compliment to Miss Jeanette Riley.

Mrs. Stetson Winslow gave a dinner and bridge party on Thursday, entertaining Mrs. George Marye, Mrs. Charles Gove, Mrs. Templin Potts, Mrs. William McKittick, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. George Harding, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. James Keeney, Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. Joseph Crockett, and Miss Lily O'Connor.

Mrs. William Henshaw gave a dinner recently in compliment to Mrs. George Harding.

Miss Gertrude Clark was the guest of honor at a tea given by Mrs. Francis Langton on Thursday. Among those present were Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Helen Foster, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Alice Requa, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Alice Keeler, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Laura Miller, and Miss Doris Schmiedell.

Senator James Pbelan gave a luncheon a few days ago at his home in Saratoga. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. Homer Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Howell, Mrs. Norman Mack, Mr. Wilbur Marsh, Mr. Bruce Kremer, Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fay, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, and Mrs. Truxtun Beale.

Mr. Wadsworth Harris.

Mr. Wadsworth Harris, whose residence in San Francisco some time back is not forgotten, has recently been giving a series of dramatic readings at Los Angeles. In the *Examiner* of that city we find a report of his appearance as guest of honor at a recital and musicale given by Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Guido Castles on Tuesday evening of this present week. Mr. Harris, who is a cousin of the poet Longfellow, has for many years past held high character as a professional interpreter of the finer things in poetic and dramatic literature. It is expected that he will soon visit San Francisco.

The Tiffen Room.

Artists, writers, and theatrical folk, as well as many who are not of the profession, are finding a congenial meeting-place every noon in the Aladdin Studio Tiffen Room at 220 Post Street. This delightful place is decorated in true Chinese art, and the entire atmosphere is Oriental, including the service by attractive little Chinese girls. Miss Hattie Mooser, who organized the Aladdin Children's Theatre, still retains in her studio the theatrical charm, having the walls lined with a most interesting collection of photographs of stars of the stage.

Dr. A. A. Brill, a member of the faculty of New York University, translator of the works of Freud and a leading American psychiatrist, makes a noteworthy contribution to current efforts to diagnose the ouija board craze in a statement in which he says that "the ouija board is used by people who want to get something for nothing." They are apt to be the same people who would go to a fortune-teller or a medium, though not all of them have done so. But the seeming marvels accomplished by the hewitched of furniture are, he says, due to the circumstance that "the ouija board is not guided by ghosts, but by the unconscious impulses of the persons who operate it."

Women mountain-climbers in Switzerland, if they are Americans, French, or English, and value their complexions, smear their faces with soot to protect them from the rays of the sun.

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Mrs. Samuel Knight, and Miss Josselyn were guests. At the second, on the 28th, the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Nixon of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Kent of New York, Governor and Mrs. Smith of New York, with Mr. and Mrs. Mayre of Washington, Mr. David Francis, ambassador to Russia, Mr. Le Breton, ambassador from the Argentine, and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Crockett, Mrs. Lord, Mr. and Mrs. Athearn Folger, and Mr. Kohl of Burlingame were the guests.

Miss Anne Dibblee gave a luncheon on Monday at the Town and Country Club in compliment to Miss Lani Sewall. The guests were Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Alice Requa, and Miss Aileen McIntosh.

Mrs. Kirby Crittenden was a luncheon hostess on Monday, entertaining Mrs. Taylor Evans and

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Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott are at their ranch at St. Helena for a several weeks' visit. Later they will go to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Knowles are enjoying a trip to Lake Tahoe and Yosemite.

Miss Margaret Lee has returned here, after spending several days with Miss Ynez Macondray in Atherton.

Miss Lani Sewall passed the week-end with Miss Margaret Madison at the latter's home in Ross.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge left on Wednesday for Santa Barbara, where they will spend the month of July.

Mrs. Frank West arrived last week from Washington. She will spend the month of July in San Francisco.

Mrs. George Pope returned on Saturday from Boston.

Miss Ruth Hobart arrived last week from Philadelphia to spend the summer in California. Miss Hobart is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart in San Mateo.

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Miss Sallie Calhoun, and Miss Mildred Calhoun arrived on Saturday for a month's visit in California. They will be the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Foster in San Rafael.

Mrs. Mark Requa left last week for Los Angeles to visit Mrs. John Russell.

Count and Countess de Limur, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, and Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Bishop have gone to Del Monte for the Fourth of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker will spend the Fourth of July at Del Monte.

Miss Emily Timlow arrived last week from Philadelphia to visit Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett. Miss Timlow will remain in California until September.

Mr. Stanford Gwin arrived from New York several days ago. He will be with Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett and Miss Emily Timlow will pass the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fee have gone to Del Monte over the Fourth of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, Miss Amanda McNear, and Mr. Barroll McNear on their arrival from New York next week will reopen their home in Ross for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Miss Frances Ames, and Master Preston Ames will spend the summer at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. James Armshy, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Milton Esberg and Mr. and Mrs. Porter Ashe, passed the week-end at Donner Lake.

Miss Marie Louise Baldwin has deferred her return from the East until the last week of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr., Mrs. Fanon

Burr, Mr. Austin Tubbs, and Mr. Jay Bruce have formed a camping party to be gone for sixteen days into the mountains of Yosemite. They left Yosemite Lodge last Saturday.

Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Stillman and Miss Lisa Stillman are established in Belvedere for the summer.

Mrs. Louis Brewer has returned to Marysville, after a fortnight's visit here and in Ross.

Miss Mary Wright returned last week from Los Angeles, where she was the guest of Lady Leaming at Beverly Hills.

Mrs. J. M. Thomas of 4940 Blackston Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and her daughter, Miss Lou Thomas, will arrive tomorrow at the Hotel Shattuck as the guest of Mrs. Dennis Arnold. They are here for the marriage of Miss Virginia Thomas to Mr. H. D. Arnold, Jr., which takes place at St. Mark's Episcopal Church on Monday, July 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Booth Knox are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher, who have been spending a few days at their San Mateo home, returned Saturday to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William Pool arrived last week from Virginia and have reopened their summer home in Menlo Park.

Miss Hildreth Meiere arrived last Saturday from the East and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wilder Bowers. Later she will join Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Meiere at Los Gatos.

Mrs. Alfred Hammersmith and Miss Helen Hammersmith left on Saturday for a few weeks' visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison left on Saturday for a trip through the McCloud River country.

Mrs. J. C. Brant, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher at Montecito, has returned to the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Messer have gone to Wawona for the month of July.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel have returned from their trip throughout California and are at Los Banos.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Wolfe are at Feather River Inn for the season.

Mrs. Oscar Cooper arrived last week from New York to pass the summer in California with Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey.

Dr. and Mrs. Chester Woolsey returned several days ago from a trip to Yosemite.

Miss Cornelia Clappett and Miss Marion Baker returned on Monday from the East. Miss Clappett has been visiting in Illinois for several months, where she was joined by Miss Baker.

Mrs. Downey Harvey and Mrs. Oscar Cooper passed the week-end as the guests of Senator James Phelan at Saratoga.

Mr. Samuel Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tucker of Indianapolis, and Mrs. David Bixler spent several days last week at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin arrived last week from Santa Barbara and are established in their summer home in Ross.

Miss Jeanette Riley is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McIntosh at Woodside.

Mrs. Erle Brownell returned Monday from the Atlantic coast. Mrs. Brownell will spend the summer at Brookdale.

Mrs. Edward Howard closed her home in El Cerrito this week and has gone to Tahoe for the summer.

Mrs. John Reis left San Francisco several days ago. She will join Mrs. Stuart Taylor in New York and both will sail for Paris shortly to spend the summer abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering are spending the summer at Los Altos.

Mr. and Mrs. George Howard will spend the month of July at Tahoe Tavern.

Miss Edith Treanor has taken an apartment at Fillmore and Broadway.

Mrs. Ralph Zane and Miss Barbara Zane will pass the summer in Los Angeles as the guests of Mrs. John Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard will spend the month of July at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams have taken a house in Palo Alto for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Perry and Mrs. William Wilson will go to Lake Tahoe next week for a fortnight.

Mrs. Marshall Williams spent the week-end in Los Gatos as the guest of Mrs. Elia Williams.

Mr. Cornelius Billings, who has been in the East for the last two months has returned to Montecito.

Mrs. George Boardman and Miss Mary Boardman have returned from Yosemite.

Miss Mary Welty and Miss Eleanor Welty are enjoying a visit of several weeks in Mendocino County.

Arrivals at Hotel Whitcomb include Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Smith, Rochester, New York; Miss B. E. Farver, Santa Ana; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hobb, New York; Mr. Milton A. McKee, San Diego; Dr. Hugh T. Williams, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Slay, Fort Worth, Texas; Dr. D. V. Ireland, Columbus, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Foster, Winnipeg; Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Irvine, Portland, Oregon; Mr. and Mrs. J. Benjamin Gonzales, San Salvador; Mr. and Mrs. Angel Guirola, San Salvador; Mr. Edmundo Molino, Dr. C. H. Montgomery, Panama; Mr. James L. Edwards, Yuma, Arizona; Mr. N. J. Halloran, Salt Lake; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ockers, Holland; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Peery, Boulder Creek; Mr. Charles Bennett, Shanghai, China; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bolni, Portland; Mr. B. W. Cormack, Hongkong; Mr. J. M. Moyer, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. John T. O'Malley, Chicago; Mr. Liam Mellows, Ireland; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Williams, Elkhart, Indiana; Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Caples, Norfolk, Virginia; Dr. F. C. Faber, Java; Mr. J. C. McCremmorn, Valparaiso, Chile; Mr. G. A. Swangust, El Salvador; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hafler and daughter, Java; Mr. F. C. Stellingwerf, Shanghai, China.

Among those registered at the Palace Hotel recently are Mr. Robert Small, Washington, D. C.; Mr. A. C. Denman, Jr., Los Angeles; Mr. Byron Price, Washington, D. C.; Mr. W. Allen White, Emporia, Kansas; Mr. K. L. Simpson, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Smith, Clarkburg, West Virginia; Mr. Fred Rightor, Austin, Texas; Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer, Washington, D.

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Registered at the Shasta Springs Hotel, Shasta Springs, are the following residents of the Bay cities: Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore, Mrs. L. S. Martin, Mrs. L. Goodspeed, Miss Mary B. Moore, Miss Dorothy Crawford, Miss Josephine Moore, Mr. George Farley, Mr. William Lockwood, Mr. and Mrs. Roswell Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall P. Madison, Mrs. A. R. Herman, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Zinn, Dr. and Mrs. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. John T. Lane, and Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Shucking.

Recent arrivals at the Fairmont Hotel include Mr. F. A. Pezet, Ambassador of Peru, Washington, D. C.; Mr. F. Le Briton, Ambassador of Argentina, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Perry, Austin, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Mahoney, Dayton, Ohio; Mr. Edward Baldwin, Honolulu; Mr. Carter Harrison, Chicago; Mr. A. J. Sabath, Chicago; Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, Melford, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Richard E. Edwards, Peru, Indiana; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Crawford, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Delaney, New York; Mrs. Maud Wood Parks, Boston.

Among those registered at the St. Francis are Mr. C. A. Stork, Santa Barbara; Mr. V. V. McNitt, New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Danziger, Los Angeles; Mr. R. M. Ginter, Mr. Henry Hall, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Orville V. Rinehart, South Dakota; Mr. John H. McCooey, Brooklyn, New York; Mr. F. W. Stark, Wilmington, Delaware; Mr. Robert N. Harper, Washington, D. C.; Senator E. J. Gay, Louisiana; Dr. E. E. Breckenridge, Mr. T. A. Comes, Lexington, Kentucky; Miss Jenny Lind, Minneapolis; Mr. James R. Nugent, Newark, New Jersey; Mr. Albert C. Ritchie, Baltimore.

Do Moths Use Wireless?

Do moths use wireless telegraphy? This theory is not nearly so grotesque as it may appear (says Hubert Stringer in the London Daily Mail). During the pairing season in the month of June moths of certain species are observed to communicate with each other over distances as great as one or two miles by some means unknown. A female Vaporer moth, for instance, inclosed in a wooden pill-box, will attract males of its species from all directions.

Now, it is not by scent that the position of the female moth is discovered, since the males will approach down wind; neither can it be by a sound of some frequency inaudible to human ears, for a female may be inclosed in a sound-proof box and the males will still unerringly find her. Entomologists so far have shelved this mystery under the head of communication by some means unknown, and there in the textbooks the matter rests.

It is now high time that experiments were made upon the supposition that wireless telegraphy may afford a solution. If this should prove to be the fact it will undoubtedly be found that electro-magnetic waves of exceedingly short wave length are employed. Now, light is an electro-magnetic wave of very short wave length; both glow worms and fire-

flies emit light under similar conditions, so there is nothing so very improbable in the emission of slightly longer, and hence invisible, waves by other insects.

Observed facts seem to lend color to the idea.

Moths have antennae. These, besides acting as feelers, may serve another use—that of transmitting and receiving aërials. The antennae of the female, who is the transmitter, differ in design from those of the male, who receives; that also agrees with wireless practice. Moreover, the male moth when approaching the female, is seen to alight often in an uncertain manner swinging his antennae, much as an operator swings a wireless direction frame to discover from what direction signals emanate.

Most of us have wondered at the curious "singiug" of the telegraph and telephone wires often heard along quiet country roads. It is suggested by one authority that the noises are due to vibrations transmitted to the wires by the posts, which receive them from the earth, and that they are the result of earth vibrations identical with those that the seismograph, or earthquake detector, records. The song of the wires, it is said, is the song of the barometer; if it is low a change in the weather may come in two days; if sharp, it may be immediate.

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Nip—What's the difference between a dance and a dawnce? *Tuck*—About four bucks.—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

"Should a wife tell her husband everything?" "There isn't time. He has to work seven or eight hours a day."—*Judge*.

"Brevity is the soul of wit," observed the Sage. "I guess it is," agreed the Fool. "I never heard a witty sermon."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Redd—Do you believe that no man is a hero to his valet? *Green*—I don't know. But I'm sure that no man is a hero to his caddie.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Father (upstairs)—It is time for that young man to go home. *Young Man*—Your father is a crank. *Father (overhearing)*—Well, when you don't have a self-starter, a crank comes in mighty handy.—*Pitt Panther*.

"How did you enjoy your Mexican trip?" "I was disappointed," replied the tourist. "How so?" "It was announced that Villa in person would rob our train, but he sent an understudy."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Flatbush—Do you and your wife get along pretty well? *Bensonhurst*—Oh, yes. *Flatbush*—And have you both similar tastes? *Bensonhurst*—I think so. I don't believe she likes her cooking either.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"What's the difference between the old Nihilism and Bolshevism?" "The Nihilists wanted to keep everybody from having anything, while the Bolsheviks want to grab everything in sight."—*Baltimore American*.

Goshall—I see by the paper scientists are trying to establish communications with Mars. *Hemlock*—I hope they never succeed. *Goshall*—Why not? *Hemlock*—You just oughta see my long-distance telephone bill for this month.—*Youngstown Telegram*.

"Morning, stranger," began the talkative party as he settled himself in the only vacant half-seat in the smoker. "And what state might you be from?" "Oh," replied the stranger wearily, "it doesn't matter now. One's as dry as another."—*Home Sector*.

"Rattlesnake Bill" is strangely altered. What's the trouble?" "Bill says if he had known what was before him when he went into the movies he would have stuck to train-robbing and kept his self-respect. In the old days no man ever talked to him the way the

director does and lived to tell the tale."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Does your family look ahead?" "Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "Mother and the girls look ahead 'most too much. We spend all winter thinking about where we'll live next summer and all summer thinking about where we'll live next winter."—*Washington Star*.

"That young lady is very striking." "A handsome girl." "But I never see her doing any work around your law office." "She's valuable, however. When the other side has a pretty witness we find her very useful as a counter attraction."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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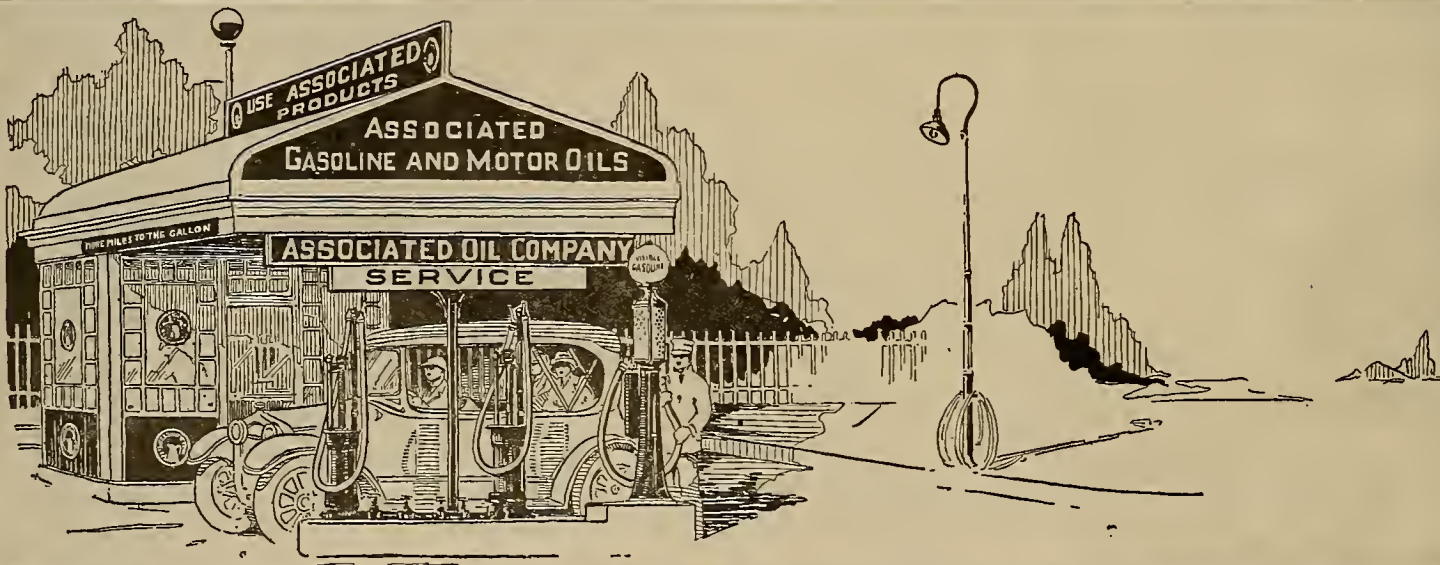
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The Argonaut.

Vol. LXXXVII. No. 2259.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 10, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

Forty-Fourth Year.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - Editor

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The Democratic Convention

To a fair understanding of what was done and why it was done by the Democratic National Convention it will be helpful to glance briefly at the conditions and circumstances of its inspiration—at its background, so to speak. First the President: Mr. Wilson, although a very sick man, clearly does not appreciate the measure of his own incapacity. Assured day by day by a fond wife and an obsequious entourage of physicians and secretaries that he is on the road to renewed health, he no doubt believes it to be true. Furthermore (the editor of the Argonaut was told this seriously by a personal friend) he believes himself divinely ordained as the guide and prophet of the American people. No man involuntarily has ever left the presidential office without feeling that the country was destined to suffer grievously through loss of his directing hand. It may easily be conceived that Mr. Wilson, thus stimulated in ambitions always inordinate, wished the nomination for himself. He would like to have had it if for no other reason than as a tribute to his vanities; possibly with a view to putting aside the crown some time during the campaign and himself naming the man to take his place on the ticket. All this, we believe, was in the back, if not at the front, of Mr. Wilson's amazingly self-centered mind. It accords consistently with the diplomacies by which he practically directed the course of the convention up to the hour it cut loose from leading-strings and ran its own course.

As everybody knows there have these many months

been elements in the President's party critical of his administrative courses, profoundly resentful of his autocratic control of the party machinery. Active among these elements have been the Tammany Society of New York, the combination of Western political forces of which Tom Taggart of Indiana is the foremost figure, and the Thompson-Brennan outfit of Chicago, whose coöperative practice is active in both parties. Some two weeks or more before the meeting at San Francisco representatives of these anti-Wilson elements came together at Taggart's famous resort at French Lick for conference and organization. Men of political shrewdness as they are, they discovered that while they could not control the convention they might serve as a brake upon presidential dictation and ultimately—in the finals—possibly name the candidates. That there was both cunning and force in these calculations is very definitely illustrated in the outcome. Cox and Roosevelt represent, not the choice of the President, but that of the Brennan-Murphy-Taggart combination, which stands opposed to the President and all his works, not with respect to matters of principle, but of authority within the party. By its final action the convention practically abandoned the President and surrendered itself to the guidance of opposing elements.

From the hour of its opening up to within an hour of the nomination of Mr. Cox on the seventh day the presidential authority was absolute. In all ways it appeared to be a Wilson convention, and in truth Mr. Wilson would have been able at any time up to Monday to have named any other candidate than himself. He might even have named himself if he had had the temerity to go at the business boldly. But fear of rebuff made him timid, and although he had the ball fairly in hand, he was so fearful of a failure that he dared not throw it. But in all matters save that of his personal ambition he had his way. He was represented in or near the convention directly by five members of his cabinet, by a "brigade" made up of high officials, and on the floor itself by some hundreds of subservient delegates, holders of office or otherwise directly interested in the Administration. His authority dominated the platform committee and dictated its work. Likewise it threw out by arbitrary action a no less personage than Senator Reed of Missouri, who had given offense by opposing the President's project for the league of nations. It gave the cold shoulder to Mr. Bryan and by artful management succeeded for the first convention in twenty-five years in measurably shutting off his wind. Of the President's immediate group there were four open candidates for the presidential nomination—son-in-law and ex-Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, Attorney-General Palmer, Secretary of State Colby, ex-Secretary of the Treasury Glass. All of these gentlemen were obviously subject to the President's will. He might do with the candidacy of any one of them as he wished. He might in the sixth and even early in the seventh day of the session have dictated the nomination of any one of them. That he did not do so may be taken as proof that his deep-down wish was for his own nomination. In his calculation, as we conceive it, he wished them to hold the boards until the convention in weariness should turn to him.

It was at this point that the Brennan-Murphy-Taggart combination found its opportunity. It had succeeded against tremendous odds in holding its forces practically intact, and in the final moment, when the necessity for nominating somebody became paramount, it succeeded in putting over Governor Cox of Ohio. This could not have been done if the President earlier in the game had been willing to put aside his own candidacy and to have placed the whole of his influence behind any one of the several "friends of the Administration" who had carried themselves thus far well up in

the balloting. Unquestionably he could have named Attorney-General Palmer, and the fact that he did not do it is probably the reason why that gentleman, spurred to resentment, contributed to the nomination of Cox by withdrawal at the very moment the presidential coup was at the convention door.

There comes a time, if he lives long enough, in the career of every great champion of any cause when his powers relax or he is overmatched. Thus Cæsar came to his end. Thus Napoleon came to his Waterloo. Thus—coming down several pegs—John L. Sullivan got his knock-out. So with William J. Bryan. The prestige of his success in former conventions, the acclaim of his convention projects, were not sustained last week. He was, it will be remembered, going to "rip up" the league of nations. Also he was going to put a bone-dry plank in the platform. With respect to these matters there was to be no compromise. Mr. Bryan was to "nail them to the cross" if there should be failure, especially in the matter of the dry plank, to submit to his wishes. As it happened, Mr. Bryan did none of the things he was expected to do. He did not attempt outside of the committee room, where he was roundly snubbed by ex-Secretary Glass, to define the party attitude on the league of nations, and when it came to his "dry" proposal he merely raved about for a brief while, only to surrender in the end to what he saw to be inevitable. The incident marks the definite fall of Mr. Bryan, not indeed from his earlier high estate, for that had long been lost, but from pretensions which have so long persisted in the face of exposure of his essential shallowness and practical incapability.

Mr. Cox is an Ohio man, a three-time governor of that state, an ex-congressman, and publisher of two newspapers at Dayton. He is a man of popular manners and of vote-getting qualities. In his gubernatorial campaigns he has had the support of the "wet" element, and while in his first expression following his nomination he sought to minimize his representative character as a wet champion, he has not succeeded in doing it completely and he will hardly be able to do it later on. A man about whose name there lingers a wet atmosphere, a man nominated through the machinations of Tom Taggart of Indiana (of the famous French Lick resort), of the Thompson-Brennan outfit of Chicago, and of the Tammany Society of New York will find the sledding hard in his efforts to present himself as free from the taint attaching to affiliation with the liquor interest. And the "liquor interest," in this instance, does not mean a conservative attitude antagonistic to hard liquor and not unfriendly to light wines and beers, but the liquor interest as interpreted by the distillers of the great corn belt and of the dealers throughout the country who have recently been put out of a profitable though disreputable business. On the personal side, Governor Cox is a respectable man, though relatively of light intellectual weight. He is a typical politician in a state where politics has long been a recognized vocation. He began life as the secretary of a congressman, busy with the political end of his patron's general activities, and he has held steadily to that line up to now, and always successfully. It is conceivable that in a campaign limited to Ohio and based on state issues Governor Cox might beat Senator Harding. How it may be with the issues broadened to include national affairs and international relations only time may tell. One thing is certain, the campaign in Ohio between now and November will be a continuous and a hot performance.

Mr. Franklin Roosevelt was nominated for the vice-presidency by the Brennan-Murphy-Taggart combine under various motives. First of all, his name was counted upon as a winning card. As a member of the

Federal brigade—he is Assistant Secretary of the Navy and closely in touch with the Administration—his nomination is a sop to Mr. Wilson. He is representative in a sense—he hails from Poughkeepsie—of up-state New York and at the same time is known and acceptable to Tammany. Personally, Mr. Roosevelt is a man of notable appearance and of great personal charm. He is a cousin—in fifth degree—of Theodore Roosevelt and his wife is the daughter of a brother of T. R.

Plainly the ticket was framed with the idea of connecting up the large electoral votes of Ohio and New York with the votes of the Solid South. In the nominations the demands of geography, of personal popularity, of the prestige of success, of the moist sentiment, and of political arithmetic are satisfactorily answered. Unquestionably we shall have a campaign of high emotions and of tremendous enthusiasms. Messrs. Harding and Coolidge have infinitely the more solid qualities. Messrs. Cox and Roosevelt are on the whole a showier team. Harding, it is understood, will remain quietly at home in Ohio during the summer months and receive whoever may care to call upon him "on the front porch." Mr. Cox will tour the country after the bad practice inaugurated some two or three campaigns back. Republicans and those with whom national and international issues, with immediate acquaintance with the working forces of the government, and with respect for substantial qualities are dominant will naturally support Harding and Coolidge. Democrats in general, with the organized groups controlled by Brennan in Illinois, Taggart in the Middle West, and Tammany Hall in New York, will support Cox and Roosevelt. Dry enthusiasts will probably attach themselves to the Harding cause. The liquor traffic in all its branches will assuredly be for Cox and Roosevelt.

The one striking act of personal rebellion against Mr. Wilson's domination of the convention was on the part of Attorney-General Palmer. He may not have conceived the programme—at least he did not take it. It was his withdrawal at a critical point that brought about the nomination of Cox. If he had "held the line" an hour longer the nomination might have gone to Mr. Wilson or to somebody of his choice. By Palmer's act this chance was lost; and with this loss fell Mr. Wilson's hold of the party sceptre. Aforetime we have seen the Wilsonian anger and resentment in action, notably and painfully in the case of Secretary Lansing. It is remorseless and conscienceless. Will Mr. Palmer be forgiven, will he remain in favor, or will he be made a new sacrifice to the wrath of a man profoundly wounded by disappointment and chagrin?

The League of Nations as a Campaign Issue.

The league of nations will be a leading if not the dominant issue of the forthcoming electoral campaign. The President so wills it. By his single decision the United States remains indefinitely in a state of war against Germany and Austria, while all the other great powers have been at peace for many months. The embassy and consular services remain in abeyance. Trade is paralyzed. The shadow of the sword, even though it be only a shadow, is still cast across the world. For the first time in American history the minds of the people will be directed rancorously toward Europe in all its divisions. The derelictions of the older nations, their past offenses, revenges, aggressions, and feuds will become part of American politics to the disturbance of the national unity and to the revival of forgotten and renounced patriotisms. All this is ordained by that spirit of Caesarism against which our armies fought in the field and which has crept behind their ranks and into their homes. Dr. David Jayne Hill says in his "American World Politics": "The statesmen at Paris were ready in March, 1919, to declare immediate peace, for which the whole world was longing; but since that time there has been projected across the luminary of peace the silhouette of a solitary, implacable figure, sternly forbidding the proclamation that the great war is ended, unless it conforms to the mandate imposed by a single will."

The party pronouncements with regard to the league of nations as found in the rival platforms are alike lacking in the precision and energy that inspire and guide. They are indefinite and they are timorous, but none the less they should be set down side by side for such

benefits as comparison may afford. The Republican platform, after a needlessly wordy preamble, says:

The Republican party stands for agreement among the nations to preserve the peace of the world. We believe that such an international association must be based upon international justice, and must provide methods which shall maintain the rule of public right by development of law and the decision of impartial courts, and which shall secure instant and general international conference whenever peace shall be threatened by political action, so that the nations pledged to do and insist upon what is just and fair may exercise their influence and power for the prevention of war.

We believe that all this can be done without compromise of national independence, without depriving the people of the United States in advance of the right to determine for themselves what is just and fair, when the occasion arises, and without involving them as participants and not as peace-makers in a multitude of quarrels, the merits of which they are unable to judge.

The covenant, signed by the President at Paris, failed signally to accomplish this purpose and contained stipulations, not only intolerable for an independent people, but certain to produce the injustice, hostility, and controversy among nations which it proposed to prevent.

That covenant repudiated to a degree wholly unnecessary and unjustifiable the time-honored policy in favor of peace, declared by Washington and Jefferson and Monroe and pursued by all American administrators for more than a century, and it ignored the universal sentiments of America for generations past in favor of international law and arbitration and it rested the hope of the future on mere expediency and negotiation.

The Democratic platform is still more vague and indecisive. Prefacing its declaration by an assertion that the war was won, not by force of arms, but as the result of a "definite assurance to Germany" of the establishment of the league, that Germany in other words was diplomatically bribed to surrender, the platform continues:

We indorse the President's view of our international obligations and his firm stand against reservations designed to cut to pieces the vital provisions of the Versailles treaty and we commend the Democrats in Congress for voting against resolutions for separate peace which would disgrace the nation. We advocate the immediate ratification without reservations which would impair essential integrity; but do not oppose the acceptance of any reservations making clearer or more specific the obligations of the United States to the league associates. Only by doing this we may retrieve the reputation of this nation among the powers of the earth and recover the moral leadership which President Wilson won and which Republican politicians at Washington sacrificed. Only by doing this may we hope to aid effectively in the restoration of order throughout the world and to take the place which we should assume in the front rank of spiritual, commercial, and industrial advancement.

Such are the main issues that will be submitted to the electorate, as to a jury, at the November election. If those issues are to be clarified it is necessary to turn from the shadowy declarations of the platforms to the provisions of the covenant itself, and to study those provisions with at least that same anxious care that would be given to the lease of a house. If America should subscribe to that covenant it would be bound by it *literatim et verbatim*. The assurances of President or presidential supporters that plain words have other than a plain meaning would avail us not at all. We should be held to the letter of the bond, and rightly so.

The essence of the Covenant is contained in Article X. There are other grave and portentous articles, but this is the most bodeful of them all. It may be quoted in full as follows:

The members of the league undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the league. In case of any such aggression or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression the council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled.

Corollary to this article and of equal import is Article XVI. This also may be quoted:

Should any member of the league resort to war in disregard of its covenants under Article XII, XIII, or XV, it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the league, which hereby undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the covenant-breaking state, and the prevention of all financial, commercial, or personal intercourse between the nations of the covenant-breaking state and the nationals of any other state, whether a member of the league or not.

These words are not ambiguous. The pledge that they embody can not be evaded except by dishonor. We bind ourselves "to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the league." The merits of the case, the provocation that may have been given, are not to be considered. There is to be no

deliberation and no debate. The action of the league is to be automatic in the coercive preservation of the "existing political independence" of its members, no matter how iniquitous it may be. Under the terms of this article there could have been no freedom for the Poles by foreign aid. Serbia and Bulgaria must have remained under the Turkish scourge lacking the help of Russia. American armies would have been summoned automatically into the service of a dozen hells, and the American government would have had no more than an insignificant voice in the control of its own forces. It would have a single vote in a council of nine, the other eight votes being European and Asiatic.

But the President's defense—if it can be called a defense—of this amazing bond should be cited. Speaking with the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate on August 19, 1919, the President said: "I understand that article to mean that no nation is at liberty to invade the territorial integrity of another. That does not mean to invade for the purpose of warfare, but to impair the territorial integrity of another nation. Its territorial integrity is not destroyed by armed intervention. It is destroyed by retention, by taking territory away from it, that impairs its territorial integrity." It would seem then that invasion "for purposes of warfare" is not forbidden. To quote again from Dr. Hill: "An enemy might invade any country, so far as this provision for its protection is concerned, take possession of its resources, carry away its portable property, desolate its fields, destroy its mines, and even exterminate its population; but the President declares the obligation of Article X would not be brought into operation until it came to a diplomatic settlement! Then, and then only, would the obligation to 'preserve territorial integrity and political independence' come into operation." No wonder Dr. Hill should say that it is difficult to be patient with such an evasion as this to which no government could resort in practice without losing the respect of mankind, including that of its own people. No such interpretation can be applied to Article X. Its words are explicit. Taken in conjunction with Article XI and Article XVI it means that America becomes automatically a party, a belligerent party, to every national quarrel upon earth, that her army and navy pass from her own control to the control of the council of the league, that the American government abrogates its most vital functions of war and peace, and that the nation becomes a pawn to be moved helplessly and voicelessly on the chessboard at the bidding of a Geneva conclave. Now it may be that we wish to sign a bond of this nature. Time will show. But at least let us know what the bond is.

The Senate reservations should be studied with the same care that is given to the covenant itself. For here lies the dividing line between Republicans and Democrats, a line clearly visible behind the nebulous and evasive terminology. There is no opposition anywhere to a league of nations. It is demanded by the conscience of humanity and for the preservation of the race. The senatorial dissidents have precisely the same sentiments of national benevolence as the rest of us. But they object to so complete a renunciation of American sovereignty. They ask that we be allowed to remain masters in our own house and arbiters of our own action. They decline to allow the nation to be dragged into wars of which it knows nothing and, it may easily be, into the armed defense of wrongs. The reservations imply nothing more than this. They indicate no intention to evade a single responsibility or to refrain from any pacific deed even though it may imply force. But they reserve to America the right of judgment, the right to say for herself, and absolutely to decide for herself, when and how her forces shall be employed. Those reservations are before the public. They are clear and explicit and, moreover, they can be modified. The first reservation gives to America the right to say, in case she should wish to withdraw from the league, whether her obligations have been fulfilled. Is there any American who will dare to say that she ought not to have this right? The second reservation is to the effect that America can not be compelled to go to war under Article X without the consent of Congress. Once more, is there any American who will specifically gainsay this? The third reservation provides that no mandate shall be accepted without the consent of Congress. If the Senate had accepted the treaty and the covenant when they were first presented we should at this mo-

ment be sending an army to Armenia to fight the Turks in an unending war just as the Balkans have been fighting the Turks for five hundred years. Reservation 4 gives to America the right to determine what questions are domestic. Reservation 5 exempts the Monroe Doctrine from the interference of the league. We need not consider the rest of the reservations, as they are of a subsidiary nature. No one of them hinders the effective participation of America in the league of nations.

Here, then, is a clear issue. A Democratic victory means adoption of the covenant as it now stands. A Republican victory means adoption of the covenant with reservations that are intended to retain the sovereignty of America within her own borders, over her own army and navy, over the lives of her sons. In asking for these reservations the Senate has fulfilled its sworn duty under the Constitution. To do otherwise would be a betrayal of its duty.

The issue will be decided at the polls, but after a period of acrimony that will be disruptive and disastrous. Once more, the President so wills it, just as he wills the continuation of the state of war with all its volcanic possibilities. But the result is not in doubt. The only argument that the Republicans need use is the display of the original covenant and the reservations that the Senate has recommended. Unless war, with America as a participant, is to be made perpetual, those reservations must be adopted.

Editorial Correspondence.

I found many opportunities in the course of a recent journey to the Atlantic coast to observe the practical workings of prohibition. It was in early June, practically a year after the going into effect of the Eighteenth Amendment and following nearly three years of "war prohibition." Sufficient time under the new order of things had elapsed to indicate the working value of the prohibitive principle. On the train crossing the country I fell in first or last with eleven acquaintances old and new. Of these, five were provided generously with stimulants of Scotch or Kentucky origin. At my hotel in New York I found several friends, at least half of whom had in their rooms materials promotive of conviviality. In private houses in New York there was no lack of the usual accompaniments of generous living. At hotels and clubs alcoholic drinks were not in evidence, but everywhere else there was abundance. It was the same at Washington. At the table of a high official there were served sherry, claret, and champagne. In the private rooms of club members there was the usual supply of liquors of various kinds. I say usual, though perhaps I would better say unusual, for never before have I found invitations so general or generous. On the part of many there seemed a special zest in a hospitality that implied evasion of a law that all seemed delighted to defy and put in contempt.

My personal experiences did not touch commercialized phases of illicit traffic, but I was informed through many sources that in all of the larger towns and cities there are "blind pigs" in sufficient number and sufficiently stocked to answer all demands. The only difference between these and other days is that the traffic is conducted behind closed doors and at prices anywhere from five to ten times above those prevailing in the period prior to the coming in of the prohibition laws. While I was in Philadelphia there appeared in one of the daily papers a statement over the name of the president of a prohibition enforcement league that the law was practically a dead letter in Pennsylvania. There were, he declared, many places in Philadelphia and other cities where liquors of all kinds were sold openly over bars as in other days. The fact he said was known to the authorities, but they could rarely be induced to proceed against violators of the law, and when they did procedures of prosecution were ineffective, public sentiment failing to support such action. He blamed "the politicians," both Republicans and Democrats he said, who sought favor with "a class of voters" by "pandering to their appetites" and their "defiance of law."

My journey did not extend to the south coast. But there, I was told, there was all but open traffic by smugglers between the Southern ports and Cuba. At Palm Beach last winter all that anybody had to do to get liquors was to write out a list of what he wanted, giving

it to a hotel porter or a bellboy and pay whatever was demanded, usually three or four times the normal price. In the summer season, when the hotels are practically empty, the traffic is carried on between Cuba and Florida ports on a cheaper basis. A gentleman of my acquaintance told me that upon leaving a Florida hotel for the north in April he had left with a "reliable" bell captain the sum of \$2500, with instructions to buy and store for next winter's use a complete stock of liquors. Under the summer schedule of rates he expected to get what he wanted at about double the prices prevailing in pre-prohibition times.

In New York, Washington, and elsewhere prohibition has become a favorite stage joke. At every performance I attended there were references to it intended to be amusing, and in every instance there was hilarious response on the part of the audience. Similarly in private companies there was a constant and running fire of contemptuous persiflage directed at prohibition. Unquestionably there is a large element that takes the matter seriously, but my affiliations did not carry me into these circles. In the convention hall in Chicago references to prohibition were greeted by general laughter, and at one time the vast audience in the Coliseum, including many scores of delegates, joined in the pathetic parody, "Nobody Knows How Dry I Am!"

There is no doubt but that if my interests and occasions had carried me into broader circles—if they had brought me in touch with that large group of people who may be defined, socially as well as religiously, as Methodists, Baptists, Campbellites, and so on—I should have found another phase of sentiment. That there are large and earnest bodies of people morally devoted to the principle of prohibition is obviously true. Such are to be found everywhere, and more particularly apart from the cities in the great Middle West. I suspect that in towns like Shelbyville, Indiana, Adrian, Michigan, and Davenport, Iowa, towns typical of a middling sort of people, throughout the Mississippi and Missouri valleys, a vote on a straight prohibition issue would go four or five to one in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment and of the machinery devised for its enforcement. But in the cities everywhere, especially in the great industrial centres, prohibition is resented and will always be. The classes more or less affiliated with what is known as "fashionable life"—prosperous people habituated to generous living—are almost universally "wet," or at least "damp," in their ideas. Nobody outside the lines of commercial interest, or of the political interest affiliated with it, wants to see return of the saloon. But the general sentiment among the so-called upper classes is for such modification of the Volstead Act as will permit the manufacture and free use of the lighter beverages. Then there is the great industrial class which finds one of the solaces of its life in beer. A man who stands before a furnace fire in a rolling mill eight hours every day can see no reason why he should not have the comfort to be found from time to time in cooling draughts. And he is more eager to enjoy what he deems a right when he sees that his neighbor, with means to buy and with facilities for storage, suffers no inconvenience under the new order of things. He feels that under the present status of prohibition there is privilege for the rich or well-to-do man and denial of it to the relatively poor man. His gorge heaves in knowledge of the fact that he is practically denied that which his less controlled neighbor may have at his pleasure.

A notable effect of prohibition as it works out is in its destruction of respect for law. We have been in the main a law-abiding people. Prohibition is making vast numbers habitual violators of law. Where it is felt that the law infringes upon individual liberty and natural rights there is small conscience or none at all in its evasion. Many who a few years ago would have insisted upon the duty of obeying the law at whatever inconvenience are now resentful of prohibition and contemptuous of it, believing that it was imposed unjustly and by sharp practice and that under it a fanatical minority is seeking to exercise authority over a majority always respectful of common sense and human normality.

The devices by which the law is evaded or nullified are multitudinous. Of stored stocks of liquors there is of course a diminishing quantity. But there are means

of replenishment likely to be permanent and sufficient. I have already described the method by which the southeastern coast is supplied by direct importation from Cuba. Similarly liquors are brought in across the northern border. Then there is growing up under concealment a considerable industry of local manufacture. In thousands of cellars there are being brewed beers and ales comparable in quality with the product of the old-time breweries. The moonshine whisky industry has had a tremendous boom, both in its favorite and traditional seats and in thousands of kitchens and cellars the country over. Whisky of a raw type is very easily made, and if the Volstead Act shall become fixed in the permanent law of the country there will undoubtedly be developed domestic stills to be sold at \$5 per by which anybody may manufacture whisky in limited quantities. Beverages containing everything desired in the way of "kick"—and something more—may easily be made from cider, grape juice, and other fruit products. In California the price of wine grapes has more than doubled under prohibition. The juice is extracted and sealed hermetically, and sold in canisters to whoever may desire to make his own wine. The method is easy. Leave the canister of grape juice open for a few days and you have a product sufficiently alcoholic for any purpose. Nature will do the trick precisely as she does it with apple juice. True, the product may as it gurgles down one's throat have in it some suggestion of a torchlight procession. Connoisseurs are not likely to give approval to these domestic vintages, but they none the less find favor with those to whom the "kick" is the main requirement.

I was told while crossing the country that the ordinary farm silo is a dependable yielder of an alcoholic product, unsavory to be sure, but none the less acceptable to a considerable class of farm laborers. At the bottom of every silo is to be found a syrupy mass running anywhere from 10 to 30 per cent. in alcoholic content. And this stuff is eagerly consumed by persons not scrupulous about refinements in food and drink. I was told that there is more drunkenness in certain parts of the Middle West from the tappings of barnyard silos than there was from the open liquor traffic in other days. I was further told that many negroes in the South and Southwest have discovered crude ways of producing alcoholic "dopes" and that there is a very general consumption of things vastly more injurious than the standard brews of small alcoholic content popularly consumed previous to prohibition.

As yet nobody may know what the effect of prohibition regarded as a political issue, may be. That both parties are afraid of the question is illustrated by their cowardice in dealing with it. Concerning this, the greatest of all popular issues, both the Republican and Democratic platforms are silent. Perhaps not yet has there been time for sentiment one way or the other to adjust itself to political action. But I have not the first doubt that long before another presidential year comes round parties will have to declare themselves one way or the other. Undoubtedly there are multitudes of people, including great masses of the laboring element, who will vote for any party that will propose a "liberty" policy and against any party that stands pat for prohibition. On the other hand there are multitudes of good people who will hold every other question subordinate to what they believe a supreme issue of morals. From my observations at home and elsewhere I am confirmed in the opinion previously declared in these columns that prohibition in the extreme form defined in the Volstead law will not permanently be sustained. It is fundamentally a violation of the principle of individual liberty. The Volstead Act makes a crime of that which many persons—perhaps a majority—believe to be no crime, and this being so, there is small conscience against its violation. No way has ever been found to indict a whole people; and no way can, we believe, ever be found to make multitudes of people other than resentful of prohibition and disposed through resentment to contempt of the law. Ultimately either the law will be modified or we shall become practically a nation of law-breakers. A. H.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 6, 1920.

Employees in the Japanese match industry have accepted a wage cut rather than be laid off. A general decrease in wages is expected as a result of the recent financial panic which hit Japan.

THE VOICE OF THE PRESS.

A Sinn Fein Coup.

(New York Times, June 29th.)

The British army, if one may judge from the contributory negligence of Brigadier-General Cuthbert-Henry Tindall Lucas in allowing himself to be captured by the Sinn Feiners, does not take the state of war in Ireland seriously. Perhaps that is because the government refuses to recognize the Sinn Fein campaign as a military demonstration against the authority of Great Britain. It seems to be the cue to consider the aggressions of the rebels as a series of local disturbances, clownish breaches of the peace, a sort of wild horseplay to be expected of the Irish. "That is just like them," is the official exclamation when the Mullaghmore coast guard station is hurned down, when a small custom house is seized or a post-office is rifled. The street fighting in Londonderry was only a brawl between the Nationalists and the Unionists, to be stopped when there had been enough of it.

British phlegm must not be disturbed by the antics of the Irish. Tempers must be kept, everybody must be stoical—some day the Sinn Feiners will weary of their war upon the British Empire and end by making themselves ridiculous. Then the joke will be upon them. Such seems to be the official view. It is not shared by everybody in Great Britain and Ireland. Most people do not think that the attempt to assassinate Viscount French, the cruel sieges of gallant policemen in their barracks, the murders of officials, the burning of valuable property in rural districts are matters to be complacent about, eulogiums of the Irish temperament to be borne patiently. In the great war conscription was not enforced in Ireland because England dreaded an ugly row in her own household and could not spare soldiers to discipline the refractory. The Sinn Feiners are treated as a big man behaves toward a quarrelsome chap, who wants to make a scene, but is pushed away and told to go about his business. There is no fight in the British in Ireland, although they have troops enough to pacify the country if they cared to use them. The word seems to have gone around that the Sinn Feiners must not be regarded as hellish, but as disorderly characters who are making a nuisance of themselves. It is hoped that they will wear out their welcome in the countryside, when the whole trouble will be over and the soldiers can be withdrawn.

The True Measure of Greatness.

(Boston Transcript.)

After reading those nominating speeches, Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Roosevelt, Julius Caesar, and Napoleon Bonaparte feel like pretty small potatoes.

Transformations.

(Frederick Harrison in Fortnightly Review.)

A portentous sign of the new world in which we live is the suddenness with which rooted ideas are abandoned and dominant changes are made. Reforms that have been fought over for generations pass almost by consent. The franchise is doubled; women have votes and even exceed the male voters; Home Rule is carried by Unionist majorities against the Liberals; Labor becomes the new rich, and the lower middle class, whose "fixed incomes" are now "sinking incomes," become the new poor. Bishops and deans invite Nonconformists to their cathedrals. The Minister of Education welcomes denominationalism to public schools. The House of Lords leads the way in divorce. Socialism is advocated in academic, literary, and aristocratic quarters. The highest empire on earth is transformed into the millennium of labor. And the biggest republic on earth goes "dry" and retires from the world.

Shaw's Solution of the Irish Problem.

(New York Evening Post, June 20th.)

In his articles on the Irish question in our columns Bernard Shaw has argued the case for what is generally known as "home rule all round"; that is, for a constitution applicable to each of the three separate kingdoms of England, Ireland, and Scotland. Federal home rule is by no means a novelty among the many projects which have from time to time been brought forward as a solution of the tangled problem of Anglo-Irish relations. It has constantly been pointed out that England and Scotland, no less than Ireland, suffer from serious disabilities arising out of the existing system of centralized government for the United Kingdom. Mr. Shaw's contribution to the proposal consists in his belief that the British Labor party is to be the chosen instrument of this happy scheme for the settlement of the Irish difficulty and the general improvement of the machinery of government in the British Isles.

Mr. Shaw professes, as a rule, to have few of the illusions of his contemporaries, but he is slightly ingenuous in his desire to credit British labor with qualities of statesmanship of which no evidence is available. If we are to judge by Irish opinion, and more particularly the opinion of Irish labor, the plaintiff in this case is very far from sharing Mr. Shaw's optimistic estimate of the British Labor party's qualifications for solving the Irish problem. When the Irish railroad workers recently "downed tools" on the issue of munition shipments their English colleagues failed to see that there was any analogy between refusing to load munitions for use in Poland against Russia and the Irish refusal to unload munitions for the use of the British Army of Occupation in Ireland.

There is a great deal of vague talk about the miracle-working propensities of labor governments. The public ear is coaxed by the persuasive eloquence of gentlemen who are prepared to guarantee that, once labor is in the saddle, all will be right with the world. Shaw seems guilty of this superstition. He, who is so fond of reminding his fellow-citizens of the disillusioning lessons of the war, does not hesitate to say that the Labor party is "federalist and internationalist," as if English labor, in common with all other European countries, were not still busily engaged in trying to decide which fragment of the shattered International is to be regarded as the true ark of the international covenant.

At the Watervliet Arsenal, New York, the heaviest gun in the world has been named "Big Sam." It is the first wire-bound rifle ever made in the United States and is a heavy navy type. It is wound with about 280 miles of one-eighth inch copper wire. It can hurl a 2400-pound round projectile thirty-one miles. Each round requires 850 pounds of powder. The gun is 68 feet 16 inches long, greatest outside diameter 64 inches, muzzle velocity 2700 feet per second, and it weighs 170 tons. It cost about \$200,000.

It is just fifty years since the medical profession was opened to women in Sweden.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Ella Wilson was the first woman mayor. She was elected to that post at Hunnewell, Kansas, in 1911.

The first woman physician to be appointed a medical examiner by any of the large insurance companies was Dr. Anna D. French of New York, in 1882.

Carl Busch of Kansas City has won the prize contest for the best composition for bands by an American composer. The judges were Victor Herbert and Percy Grainger.

In his capacity as Visiting Professor of English at Princeton, Alfred Noyes surveys, with a satiric smile, the modern apostles of disintegration and anarchy in literature. He sees "ten thousand lonely literary rebels, each chained to his most comfortable peak and chanting a perennial song of hate against all institutions."

George Hardie Squire, for ten years assistant society, music, and drama editor of the New York *Herald*, and the occupant of the same position on the *Sun* and the *New York Herald* since the merging of the two newspapers, has resigned his position to become director of publicity for the National Symphony Orchestra.

Frederick C. Freder was certified by the Society of American Artists and the National Academy of Design as the most promising and deserving art student in America. Mr. Freder, who is twenty-five years of age, was presented with the annual art scholarship, having the value of \$1500. Mr. Freder has been a student at the National Academy of Design Schools since 1913 except during war service.

Isabella Curl-Piana, coloratura soprano, was born at Riverside and was a graduate of the College of Music, University of Southern California. Several years of study abroad put her in a position to appear before Italian, French, and English audiences in opera, recital, and oratorio. Her voice is high and light, but there is a lyric quality in the lower register, and so she was able to undertake such rôles as Violetta, Gilda, and Dinorah, which she did at the Teatro Nazionale at Rome and at the Dalvermi in Milan.

Louis C. Minette, recently accepted for enlistment in the United States Marine Corps at Tulsa, Oklahoma, said that his mother was an American who married a Frenchman in Italy. He was born on a ship flying the Spanish colors while lying in the English Channel. At the age of five his parents died in Sweden, and he was adopted by a German, who brought him to the United States. His adopted father is not a naturalized citizen. "Would you class him as 'the man without a country'?" said the recruiting sergeant. "Man without a country nothing," said the sergeant, "I'd class him as a league of nations."

On June 24th "The Hermit of the Siskiyous" will celebrate his 100th birthday. Friend of Joaquin Miller and John Burroughs, graduate of Heiöelberg and man of high culture, this white-haired old patriarch has lived in the cabin he built since he came from some Eastern city in 1855. He is known as "Old Man Hooper" to the boys of Waldo, eighteen miles down the trail from his hermitage, but he comes down out of the mountains only twice a year—in the spring on snowshoes and in the fall on his pet burro, Jake—to get provisions. His sixty-five years on the lonely pine-clad mountain side have not made him eccentric. Strangely enough, he likes his fellows, and the interior of his cabin presents a picture of cozy comfort with many of the amenities of modern civilization.

James Metcalfe's resignation as dramatic critic of *Life*, following thirty-three years' tenure of office, has brought in its trail certain reminiscent gossip of his celebrated break with Klaw & Erlanger, and his resultant exclusion from the K. & E. theatres. It is an exclusion which has continued for sixteen years and is still in force—only a short time ago, in fact, Mr. Metcalfe, as the writer of a syndicate letter on the theatres, inquired of Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger if it were still their intention to bar him from their houses, and learned that it was. True, he has appeared occasionally in one or two of the K. & E. theatres since that time, but always upon the invitation of the star of the moment, and never through the connivance of K. & E. The break dated back to 1904, when the Iroquois Theatre disaster in Chicago brought forth a certain caustic comment by Mr. Metcalfe and his associates on *Life*. It was a K. & E. theatre playing a K. & E. production, and the climax of *Life's* attack on the partners was the publication of a cartoon to which particular objection was taken. Thereupon came the severance of relations. Whether or not the ban will be lifted, now that Mr. Metcalfe is no longer the dramatic critic of *Life*, has not yet been learned.

The town of Runcorn has long claimed Alfred Dodd, the author of "The Ballad of the Iron Cross," as one of its most notable citizens, but he was born in Manchester and spent most of his youth in the "Cottonopolis." His was a dour childhood, for, when he was four years old, he was placed in the keeping of his grandfather, a strange old man of the hardshell type and the last person to be chosen as the mentor of an imaginative and impressionable child. The only other companion

of Alfred Dodd's youthful days was the old man's daughter—a deaf mute. After receiving a fragmentary education the boy was taken from school at an early age to learn the prosaic business of pawnbroking. And a pawnbroker he remains today, in spite of sustained efforts at the outset of his career to thrust aside what was to him then an almost loathsome destiny. It has been his ambition to be a teacher, and to this end, during his apprenticeship, he devoted all his spare time to study, reading "everything" and absorbing a multitude of beliefs. For a time he combined newspaper work with his regular vocation, and became the representative, in his native place, of various leading journals. Finally, however, commerce conquered art. A business man Dodd became, and a business man he remains—with intervals.

OLD FAVORITES.

Of, in the Stilly Night.

Of, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumher's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumher's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumher's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me. —Thomas Moore.

Jim Bludso.

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see:
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three years,
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks,
The night of the *Prairie Belle*?

He warn't no saint—they engineers
Is pretty much all alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And another one here, in Pike,
A keerkless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row—
But he never flunked, and he never lied—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never he passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the *Prairie Belle* took fire,
A thousand times he swore
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the 'Mississipp'.
And her day come at last—
The *Movastar* was a better boat,
But the *Belle* she wouldn't be passed,
And so she came tearin' along that night,
The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire hust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-hank on the right,
There was runnin' and cursin' but Jim yelled out
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the hank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Thro' the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And know'd he would keep his word,
And sure's you're horn, they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell,
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*.

He warn't no saint—but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead sure thing—
And went for it thar and then:
And Christ aint a-going to lie too hard
On a man who died for men. —John Hay.

Before the world war the American government's expenses amounted to \$1,000,000,000 a year. Now as high as \$6,000,000,000 is the estimated necessary outlay. A few years ago the government had 10,000 civil servants; now its civil servants number 800,000.

Carlsbad, the famous health resort, is built on a crust, underneath which is a subterranean lake of boiling water, and all the hot sulphur springs have to be ceaselessly watched and the pressure kept down lest the town be destroyed.

MY THREE YEARS IN AMERICA.

Count Bernstorff Narrates the Leading Events in His Career as German Ambassador.

Count Bernstorff's book is the most important discussion of the war from the German point of view that has yet appeared. Indeed it is the only presentation of German policies that has been given to us by a German statesman. Count Bernstorff, it is true, was in America, and therefore not in intimate touch with the Berlin government. Indeed he was sometimes in sharp disagreement with it. None the less he was the spokesman of Germany during the war. He represented all that we knew of the German mind at that time. If his narrative were now to be supplemented, as doubtless it will be, by a book by Bethmann-Hollweg or Von Jagow, we should have a complete story of German policies of quite exceptional interest.

Count Bernstorff's book, so far as it relates to ascertainable facts, will of course be subjected to close scrutiny and to comparison with American and other records. But in the meantime a rapid survey of its pages discloses much of interest both in the way of conjecture, characterization, and summary. Thus the author believes that an alliance with England might have been made at the cost of Russia. He tells us, or rather his German readers, that the American does not judge events from a cold and business-like point of view, but "partly under the guidance of merely emotional values." Elsewhere he compares the American with an hysterical woman with whom it is useless to argue. His comments are often shrewd and often bitter, suggestive of contempt and anger.

German propaganda in America was a failure, says the author. It was misguided from Berlin. But Dr. Dernburg did the best that was possible and he succeeded in obtaining the cooperation of the Irish leaders—a point that may be emphasized at the present time:

Dr. Dernburg, then, had not a chance during the eight months of his activity in America of transforming her into a pro-German country, and it is certain that no one else could have done it in his place. But he succeeded to a great extent, and within a comparatively short time, in more or less crippling the enemy propaganda, and at least in gradually rendering ineffective the grossest misrepresentations of our enemies. By his own writings and other methods of spreading the truth, and particularly by the numerous brochures and hooks, which at his suggestion were written by American supporters of the German cause and distributed in thousands directly or indirectly by the Press Bureau with the help of a skilfully compiled address book, he succeeded in exerting very considerable influence. By keeping in touch with American journalists and other influential persons he did much good work, particularly in the first months of the war. His connection with Irish leaders laid the foundation for a cooperation which in the following year was of great importance to our position in the United States, and which, with a somewhat more intelligent backing by our government departments at home, might have been more fruitful still.

The author has much to say about President Wilson. Germany, we are told, "hailed Mr. Wilson as the Messiah who was to save Germany and the whole world from dire distress." Mr. Wilson is the "perfect type of the American politician":

He certainly tries to direct and influence public opinion. But he changes his front at once if he notices that he has strayed from the way that the *aura popularis* would have him follow. In order to form a correct judgment of Mr. Wilson's actions and speeches it is always necessary to ask oneself, in the first place, what end he has in view for his own political position and that of his party in America. He proclaims in a most dazzling way the ideals of the American people. But their realization always depends on his own actual political interests and those of the Democratic party. Mr. Wilson's attitude has always been synonymous with that of his party, because the latter can produce no other personality capable of competing with the President. Therefore, Mr. Wilson always met with little or no opposition within the Democratic party, and he was able to follow for a long time his own inclination to adopt a quite independent policy.

The count has much to say about German conspiracies in America. He complains of the methods employed by the prosecution and arraigns the character of the witnesses, who were usually Germans who had severed all ties with their own countries and wished to secure their footing with the new:

In any case I myself was never a partner to any proceedings which contravened the laws of the United States. I never instigated such proceedings, nor did I consciously afford their authors assistance, whether financially or otherwise. I was in no single instance privy to any illegal acts, or to any preparations for such acts. Indeed, as a rule I heard of them first through the papers, and even then scarcely believed in the very existence of most of the conspiracies for which I was afterwards held accountable. I shall hardly be blamed for this by any one who remembered the number of projects which we were all duly accused of entertaining, such as the various alleged plans for the invasion of Canada with a force recruited from the German-American rifle clubs, and many another wildcat scheme attributed to us in the first months of the war.

The attempt to embroil America with Mexico and Japan receives some scanty attention in these pages. We are told that Mr. Hale "when he was acting in collaboration with us" stipulated that nothing should be done to inflame America and Japan, and Dr. Dernburg assented:

In order to avoid misunderstanding, I wish expressly to state that I do not deny that instructions were sent by Zimmermann, the Secretary of State, to our Embassy in Mexico,

which envisaged cooperation with that country against the United States as well as an understanding with Japan, but must point out that this was recommended in the event—and only in the event—of the United States declaring war on us.

The German mind was never better displayed than by the author's comparison of the British blockade with the German submarine war. That the former involved no loss of life and that the latter involved wholesale murder seems not to have occurred to him:

The chief germ of dissension lay in the fact that the British blockade, which was defended by its authors as being merely an extension of the rights of sea warfare to square with the progress of the modern military machine, was met on America's part only by paper protests, while our own extension of the same rights by means of submarine warfare was treated as a *casus belli*. At a later period of the war the Imperial Government made certain proposals to the United States; who, might, by accepting them, have safeguarded all their commercial and shipping interests, not to mention the lives of their citizens, to the fullest possible extent, and yet have allowed us a free field for our submarine warfare. These proposals the United States rejected; thus she set herself to combat with all her strength any continuance of the blockade restrictions through our submarines, while conniving at the similar restrictions exercised by England, although these latter infringed far more seriously the rights of neutral powers.

Reporting to Berlin on April 4, 1916, the author refers to the sinking of the *Sussex*. He warns his government that President Wilson "will, as usual, be in a fearful hurry and bring us to the brink of war." He will view the matter, he says, "exclusively from the standpoint of the approaching presidential election." Continuing the dispatch, he says:

Except for the surprises that are usual over here, things are at present quite calm. This is due, in the first place, to the desire for peace shown by the population, who are not anxious to be disturbed in their congenial occupation of money-making, and secondly, to the development of the Mexican question. This latter question stands in the forefront of public interest, and it seems to be increasingly probable that the punitive expedition against Villa will lead to a full-dress intervention. A few days ago it was reported that Villa was defeated, then wounded, and finally even a prisoner. All this good news proved later to be false, and now Villa is said to have escaped south and won over fresh supporters. So long as the Mexican question holds the stage here we are, I believe, safe from an act of aggression on the part of the American government.

Later on we find another reference to German propaganda, and one of commendable frankness:

Here I may touch on another question which was engaging my attention at that time. Since the *Lusitania* catastrophe I had adopted the principle, and put it into practice as far as possible, of leaving the propaganda to our American friends, who were in a position to get an earlier hearing than we, and in any case understood the psychology of the Americans better than the Imperial German agents. Indeed, the words "German propagandist" had already become a term of abuse in America. We were reproached there with being too indulgent, while in Germany the opposite criticism was leveled at us. In spite of the difficulty of the situation, however, there were Americans of German and other origin, who had the courage openly to champion our cause and to swim against the stream. Among others, a "Citizens' Committee for Food Shipments" was formed, whose activities spread through the whole country, and were avowedly pro-German. A special function of the committee with Dr. von Mach as executive chief, was a month of propaganda throughout the country, with the object of obtaining the means to supply the children of Germany with milk. The English control of the post even led to the bold plan of building a submarine to run the milk through the English blockade. The propaganda was very rigorously attacked by the greater part of the American press, but pursued its course unafraid, collected money, submitted protests to the State Department against the attitude of the Entente, and so on.

Germany always misunderstood the situation in America, says the author. Propaganda was thereby made difficult and the German cause suffered:

At the time of which I am speaking occurred also the much-discussed Bolo affair. It is quite astonishing how many lies were told before the commission of inquiry of the American Senate with regard to this affair. Among others, hotel servants, chauffeurs, etc., were sworn, and gave evidence that I had met Bolo in the apartments of Mr. Hearst. True I have often visited Mr. Hearst, which goes without saying, as he was the only important newspaper proprietor who maintained a neutral attitude throughout the war. I did not, however, meet Bolo, either there or anywhere else; I have never made his acquaintance, or even seen him in the distance. I heard his name for the first time when he was brought up for trial in Paris.

If the statements made before the commission of inquiry are to be relied on in any point at all, it is to be assumed that Bolo first came to America to arrange a combine between the *Journal* and the Hearst Press. This combine was to support the cause of Pacifism after the war. Who Bolo's principal was I do not know, but so much seems to be established, that he was connected with the *Journal*. Apparently, Bolo wanted to sell shares in this paper to Mr. Hearst, in order to acquire funds for the Pacifist agitation. This theory seems justified since Bolo, on the voyage to America, got into touch with Mr. Bartelli, Hearst's representative in Paris. The latter did fall in with Bolo's ideas.

The author makes many shrewd valuations of the situation in America. Cabling to Berlin on October 11, 1916, he says that Wilson is anxious to make peace "because in that case he would have been sure of being reelected." If reelected without this he would have to take the initiative himself. To this he received the following reply from Bethmann-Hollweg:

Demand for unrestricted submarine campaign increasing here with prolongation of war and improbability of decisive military blow, without, however, shaking the government's attitude.

Direct request for Wilson's mediation still impossible, in view of favor hitherto shown to Entente, and after last speeches of Asquith and Lloyd George. Spontaneous appeal for peace, towards which I again ask you to encourage him, would be gladly accepted by us. You should point out Wilson's power, and consequently his duty, to put a stop to slaughter. If he can not make up his mind to act alone he should get into communication with Pope, King of Spain, and European neutrals. Such joint action, since it can not be

rejected by the Entente, would insure him reelection and historical fame.

The count denies that he tried to influence German-Americans to secure the election of Wilson. On the other hand he was charged with favoring Hughes in order to punish Wilson:

I never for a moment denied that I personally should be glad to see Mr. Wilson reelected, as I was convinced that he had the determination and the power to bring about peace. It was at that time impossible for me to foresee that our government would change its attitude to this question. All American pacifists belonged to the Democratic camp, all militarists belonged to the Republican party.

In December, 1911, the author prepared a report on the attitude of the American press toward Germany and the other belligerent nations, a report in which he expresses the gratitude of Germany to Mr. Hearst:

On the other side the consistently friendly attitude of the ten papers of the Hearst syndicate, which come daily into the hands of more than three million readers in all parts of the country, has of late become even much more friendly as a result of the English boycott of the International News Service and the exclusion of all the Hearst publications from circulation in Canada. Mr. Hearst has replied to the inconceivably short-sighted policy of the British authorities towards his news service in a series of forcible, full-page leading articles against the British censorship which must have seriously shaken the confidence, apart from this already weakened long ago, of the American Press in all news coming from England. Not only did the articles in question contain a crushing criticism of the English system of suppressing and distorting the truth, but they also proved that for years America had been misled systematically from London in its judgment of foreign nations—e. g., the "degenerate" French. Apart from this the Hearst newspapers repeatedly explained in detail how in the autumn of 1916 the position of the Central Powers was excellent, while that of England and her allies was completely hopeless. It should be emphasized, however, that the Hearst newspapers are, nevertheless, not blindly pro-German, for they publish a good deal that can hardly be desirable for us—e. g., occasional articles on the "German Peril," for which new food was provided by the exploits of the *Deutschland*, and more especially *U-53*, and was exploited here to support the idea of increasing the army and navy. The papers named are based on a sound American policy, but with their sharp, anti-English tendency do us much more good than papers with admitted pro-German bias. The chief value of the pro-German attitude of the organs of the Hearst syndicate lies in the fact that their influence is not limited to any particular town or district, but extends over the whole Union. An English critic, S. K. Ratcliffe, recently wrote about American newspapers in the *Manchester Guardian*. . . . "Northern papers are of no account in the South; the most influential New York journals do not exist for the people of the Pacific Coast, and carry little weight in the Middle States. Hence, summaries of opinion—confined to a small number of papers published east of the Mississippi—are imperfectly representative of the republic." This accurately observed geographical limitation of the influence of the leading American newspapers is substantially overcome by the Hearst organization, for the leading articles which appear in the *New York American* today will appear tomorrow in the allied papers of Boston, Chicago and Atlanta, and the day after in San Francisco and Los Angeles.

The count had high hopes that America would force a peace conference by placing an embargo on exports. He expresses this hope in a telegram to Berlin dated January, 1917, in which he says that both the President and Colonel House "praise the Hearst press article," demanding such a conference:

From the above it is clear that we can not afford to have any difficulties over the old U-boat question. As regards the question of armed merchant vessels, I hope to arrive at a *modus vivendi*. But we must be careful not to act hastily and carelessly, so as not to create conflict before the President has taken further steps. Remarkable as this may sound to German ears, Wilson is regarded here very generally as pro-German. His note was traced to our influence, and Gerard's speech strengthened this impression. This speech is in accordance with instructions which Mr. Gerard is receiving. Our present enemies have gone literally raving mad, and leave no stone unturned in order to put obstacles in Wilson's way. This explains the attacks against the President, as also the scurrilous attempt engineered by the Republicans to charge the Administration with Stock Exchange speculations. Without any justification, of course, my name also was mentioned in this regard. The German Embassy, as is well known, is held responsible for everything by our enemies in this country.

Count Bernstorff returned to Germany only to find himself at sharp variance with the German military chiefs, who were then in the position of dictators. Some sharp words passed between him and Ludendorff, and he was given to understand that he would not again be employed in the foreign service of his country. Republics, it would seem, have no monopoly of ingratitude.

MY THREE YEARS IN AMERICA. By Count Bernstorff. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$5.

From Sonora to Yucatan in Mexico more than fifty separate dialects are spoken. All the inhabitants of the West Coast, however, with the exception of some hill tribes of Indians, can understand Spanish. Of these Indians the 8000 Yaquis, with their crude Bacatete hill forts, their weird ceremonial masque dances and their warlike attitude, are easily most conspicuous. Many are enlisted with the Federal army or employed as ranch hands and mine or railroad laborers. The Yaquis with the Federal troops are termed "Manzos," or "tame" Yaquis; those in the hills, wild and hostile, are the "Bronchos." The latter are a vagrant lot, robbing ranches for food and animals, carrying rawhide drums and water gourds, wearing sandals of green cowskins—living by their wits. Pressed by hunger, they subsist as well on burros as beef.

Nine thousand five hundred acres of forest are being cut down every day of the year simply for pulp for paper manufacture.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending July 3, 1920, were \$167,900,000; for the corresponding week of 1919, \$116,900,000; a gain of \$51,000,000.

Total gold reserves of the local Federal Reserve Bank decreased \$12,558,000 to \$168,200,000 during the week end July 2d, according to the bank's weekly statement issued Saturday, July 3d. Gold held by member banks fell off \$9,256,000.

Resources gained \$5,138,000 to \$423,273,000, while total earning assets increased \$14,559,000 to \$209,101,000 and bills on hand rose \$13,351,000 to \$194,056,000.

Increased discount rates can hardly be expected to do more than check further borrowing, according to the National Bank of Commerce in New York, until the railroad

than check further borrowing; thereafter they should be a strong influence in effecting a curtailment of outstanding credit, in preparation for the heavy autumn requirements."

George H. Burr & Co., investment bankers, make the announcement that they have admitted to membership in the firm Mr. H. Courtney Burr, Mr. Laurence A. Davis, and Mr. Arthur S. Kleeman, manager investment department. All are experienced men in the investment business.

The general industrial situation is exceedingly erratic. Not a few factories have closed down or are working only part time in a good many trades, particularly in the general textile industries. This is in response to the readjustment going on in the credit situation and the tendency of the public to curtail its extravagant buying.

The unrest in business finds some of the underlying trades increasingly active, however, and it is to be hoped the readjustment will bring such increase in production of necessities as may result in diminished costs of living. The big thing, however, is the failure of labor generally to measure up to any degree of efficiency, encouraged as it is by union agitators to insist upon an increasing compensation for a diminishing amount of toil.

Prices are rising in the steel trade as a whole, notwithstanding rapidly increasing production. Indeed, the trade is swinging into a greater rate of production than at any time since the armistice.

The shortage of railway equipment throughout the world and the outstanding proposition that at least many of our economic ills may be traced to transportation difficulties point to an enormous underlying demand for steel that promises to continue for several years. The president of one of the locomotive companies returned recently from Europe, after consummating a deal involving the exchange of tens of millions of dollars' worth of locomotives for oil, and, notwithstanding the apparent bankrupt condition of the Central Powers of Europe, it will prove a mere matter of Yankee ingenuity to extend this business of barter profitably. When Europe comes to understand that toil will be compensated by food and other necessities and something more there will be less whimpering about bankrupt conditions over there.

Metals generally have been stiffening in the markets of late, and this has followed some rather severe price collapses, especially in tin. With the steel mills active almost all metals will be affected favorably.

There was a decision rendered in Rochester the other day against the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America for a permanent injunction against picketing and \$100,000 strike damages in favor of a clothing company. The court at some length placed itself on record as refusing to countenance monopoly, whether of labor or capital. The plain, ordinary, common people of the United States will be very encouraged at this decision and will follow the case hopefully as it comes up for consideration in higher courts.

Labor agitators have a way of making themselves very obnoxious to the majority of people, especially during a year of great political activity, when they are prone to put forward their claims by way of demands flanked by all manner of threats against the body politic. The talk of a third party is to be disregarded so far as the results next November are concerned. There are already a great many parties in the field, but the next campaign will be fought out by the Democrats and Republicans and, so far as Wall Street is concerned, it has every reason to believe that the successful candidate will be favorable to a safe and sane policy in the administration of public affairs.

Gold imports to help in the settlement of the Anglo-French maturities should ease materially the credit situation during the important crop-moving period. The Interstate Commerce Commission is reaching the end of the hearings in regard to railway rates, and it is to be hoped that the decision granting the railroads a right to charge living rates will not be postponed for long.

The recent actions of the directors of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads in maintaining their stocks on a 7 per cent. dividend basis have reassured the confidence of railway investors generally, which had been sadly shaken by the Chicago and Northwestern episode.

Intrinsically considered, there is not a railroad stock on the list that is not worth a great deal more than it is selling for and, now that peace has prevailed for nearly two years, certainly we should be getting around to the point where railroad stocks will turn the corner for some very radical advance to discount these actual values and a new era of prosperity which it is to be hoped they will soon enter.

Bullish activity continues here and there on the stock market. The equipment companies are overrun with business and are really afraid to take too many foreign orders lest

domestic demands suffer. Consequently there is persistent buying in this group of stocks, with Baldwin Locomotive lending itself to very sharp movements as traders pull and haul. The bulk of Baldwin Locomotive holdings, however, seems in very strong hands, and hands that are willing to hold on until a capital readjustment has been made that will permit a more adequate discounting of its real value.

The new president of Mexico has delivered himself of some very favorable ideas regarding this country and the closer relationship which he thinks should obtain between the United States and his own land. Let us trust that his fine promises will be made good. At any rate, confidence has increased among American investors in Mexico, and very big things are expected in the oil regions in the near future, as drilling operations are more extensive than has been the case for many months and actual shipments are at a point where all records should be broken soon. There is scarcely any country in the world of the same size which has greater resources either in agricultural or mineral wealth than Mexico, and a virile, honest, efficient government there would be followed by an era of tremendous prosperity which would be reflected in many ways in Wall Street.—The Financier.

The report from the San Francisco Clearing House shows that the bank clearings for the first six months of 1920 amounted to \$4,022,812,973. This is the second highest figure for bank clearings for any half-year in the history of San Francisco, and is almost the same as for the last six months of 1919, the previous high record, when the total bank clearings were \$4,126,296,493.

The block of \$275,000 6 per cent. bonds of Delta Farms Reclamation District No. 2044, which were offered for bidders on Wednesday, were sold to the district itself, which will put the securities into its treasury. The legal clause which forbade their sale at under 90 prevented the bonds from being worth while at present. The district probably will hold them until the market for them appreciates, according to E. R. Elliott of the William R. Staats Company.

There are seven reclamation districts in Contra Costa and San Joaquin counties interested in the complete issue of 6 per cent. serial bonds authorized. Taking the various districts, Nos. 2024-2030, both inclusive, maturities are as follows: 1928, \$300,000; 1929, \$306,000; 1930-35, both inclusive, \$298,000 annually; 1936, \$271,000; 1937, \$169,000; 1938, \$44,000.

E. H. Rollins & Sons and Gilbert H. A. Rech, representing locally Harris, Forbes & Co., are offering Pen Public Service Corporation first and refunding mortgage 7½ per cent. fifteen-year bonds, due 1935, at 95½ and interest to yield over 8 per cent.

This public utility operates an electric light and power system serving over fifty communities in Western Pennsylvania and reports annual net earnings of more than twice bond interest charges. The offering is an interesting example of the present exceptional opportunities to purchase bonds returning an unusually high yield over a long term of years.

The consolidation between Mercantile National Bank of San Francisco, Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco, and Savings Union Bank and Trust Company will become effective on the morning of Tuesday, July 6, 1920, says Manager Frederick H. Colburn in a letter to members of the local Clearing House Association.

The name of the new consolidated bank will be Mercantile Trust Company.

Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco was formerly a member of the San Francisco Clearing House Association (with No. 26) and was succeeded by Mercantile National Bank of San Francisco (with same number), which institution will be succeeded as a Clearing House member by Mercantile Trust Company, which retains the Clearing House number 26.

The principal place of business of Mercantile Trust Company will be 464 California Street.

The branch to be maintained at Grant Avenue and O'Farrell Street will be known as Mercantile Trust Company Savings Union Branch.

At the conference in Washington last May of the bankers of the country with the Federal Reserve Board there were emphatic warnings as to the growing strain on credit due to advancing prices and wages, curtailed production, and expanding loans. Governor Harding of the board estimated the expansion of banking credit properly attributable to the war at \$11,000,000,000, while money in circulation had increased \$1,900,000,000. Liberty bonds had fallen so far in current quotations that certain issues were selling on a basis of no less than 6.30 per cent. return. It was made clear that either credit must be reduced more

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rapidly than production is diminished, or production must be increased at a rate greater than the expansion of credit. Following these warnings came on May 29th a drastic vertical raise in the Federal Reserve Bank's discount rate. The New York institution established its discount rate at 7 per cent., the fourth consecutive increase since last November in the campaign to put the brakes on inflation. On all commercial papers, except bankers' acceptances, member banks of the Federal Reserve system must now pay 7 per cent., as against 5½ per cent. last November, when the rate increases began. The rate on advances secured by Liberty bonds has been raised from 5 to 6 per cent. and those on United States treasury certificates from 5 to 5½ per cent. In some other sections of the country, the Dallas and Kansas City regions, a

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represents tangible assets. This company is subsidiary to the National Oil Company of Delaware, one of the stronger Independent Companies operating in the Mid-Continent Oil Fields. Its properties are pipelines, tank cars, oil well supplies, and producing wells in an established oil field. It is the merchandising end of a large oil business. Dividend paid quarterly.

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different method is being used to slow up the expansion of credit. Here there are varying discount rates increasing as any individual borrowing bank increases its discounts, thus penalizing those who borrow beyond a certain limit.

Some interesting testimony was introduced in the rate hearings last month before the Interstate Commerce Commission as to the actual physical value of the railroads. It will be remembered that it is a basic premise of the advocates of the Plumb plan that the roads are probably really worth some \$8,000,000,000 less than the figures of their "property accounts" show. As the Esch-Cummins bill provides for rates to produce 5½ or 6 per cent. on the actual fair value of the railroads, this question of a genuine appraisal of the properties becomes all-important at present and really the deciding question between the sufficiency or insufficiency of the rates prescribed

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situation improves so as to permit prompt liquidation of commercial and agricultural credits. In its money market discussion in the July number of its magazine, *Commerce Monthly*, the bank declares that the present partial breakdown of transportation, by interfering with the movement of products, has prevented the liquidation of a tremendous volume of credits such as is normally effected at this season of the year.

"During the period from May 16th to June 15th," the bank points out, "the money market has experienced continued tension which, largely as a consequence of the traffic situation, had become pronounced during the preceding month. The strain on credit facilities has been reflected in a further general ad-

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vance in money rates. While some improvement of the traffic situation, mainly potential rather than actual, has been accomplished, it has not proceeded sufficiently to release any considerable part of the credit which has been locked up, and traffic conditions can be expected to improve only slowly. Meanwhile the credit requirements of a new crop movement will become pressing in the not distant future.

"Until the railroad situation improves sufficiently to afford an adequate physical basis for the prompt liquidation of commercial and agricultural credits, the increased discount rates adopted by many of the Federal Reserve Banks can hardly be expected to do more

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in the legislation now to be tried. The government has been engaged for seven years in working out the true physical value of the roads and has spent \$30,000,000 already in the task, but until the present rate hearing nothing has been heard of the results of this

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At the Close of Business, June 30, 1920

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$42,958,005.63
U. S. Bonds to Secure Circulation.....	3,700,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds and Certificates.....	8,972,062.00
Other Bonds	8,478,009.86
Other Assets	1,552,098.18
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit and Acceptances.....	24,670,046.73
Commodity Drafts in Transit.....	\$ 8,482,198.43
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	22,541,010.47
	31,023,208.90
	\$121,353,431.30
LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock	\$ 5,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	3,294,749.69
Circulation	3,576,800.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign and Acceptances.....	24,670,046.73
Federal Reserve Bank.....	4,697,000.00
Bonds Borrowed	2,012,000.00
Deposits	78,102,834.88
	\$121,353,431.30
OFFICERS	
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investigation sufficiently broad and representative to be of service.

In the testimony presented to the Commerce Commission last month, however, an officer of the carriers' valuation committee made public the government's determination of the value of fifty railroad systems, aggregating 51,853 miles, showing that their cost of reproduction even at 1914 prices would be \$3,203,782,543, while their property investment accounts showed \$3,158,275,156 carried on the books of the companies. On the basis of present prices of construction instead of those obtaining six years ago the current valuation of their properties would obviously be many billions greater. The spokesman for the carriers said that railway experts believe the completed valuation report will show the properties to be worth at least \$2,000,000,000 in excess of their capitalization and \$6,000,000,000 more than the present market value of their stocks and bonds. The aggregate railway investment claimed by the carriers in these hearings is \$20,616,000,000.—*Review of Reviews.*

Bradford, Weeden & Co. announce the removal of their offices from 404 Insurance Exchange Building to 616 in the same building, where they are much more favorably located to serve their clientele.

George H. Burr & Co. are offering \$8,000,000 Utah-Idaho Sugar Company first mortgage serial 7 per cent. golds bonds in denominations of \$1000 and \$500. Redeemable at 101 and accrued interest on any interest date upon sixty days' notice in whole or in series. Interest payable without deduction for Federal income taxes now or hereafter deductible at the source not in excess of 2 per cent.

The Utah-Idaho Sugar Company is one of the three largest beet-sugar producers in the United States, ranking with the American Beet Sugar Company and the Great Western Sugar Company. It has total net assets of \$32,776,424 and its average earnings for the four years ending February 28, 1920, were \$3,123,943 per annum, or nearly six times the maximum interest charges on their issue of 7 per cent. bonds.

These bonds will be secured by closed first mortgage on all of the land, buildings, machinery, and equipment of the company (except farm lands exempted to facilitate transfer or lease to farmers, if desired), subject only to a purchase money obligation of \$600,000 on the factory at Delta, Utah.

The mortgage will cover fifteen sugar factories located in Utah, Idaho, and Washington, all engaged in manufacturing and refining granulated beet sugar. These properties have been appraised as of June, 1920, at \$20,642,000, by the Dyer Company, engineers.

As additional security the company will covenant that during the life of these bonds it will maintain current assets as defined in the mortgage equal to at least 100 per cent. of all liabilities, including the principal amount of this issue at the time outstanding.

As a result of the war and of the inflation which followed it the United States promises to become better insured than ever before, says the *New York Journal of Commerce*, though just now the country is more underinsured than it was five years ago, as the increase in values has been more rapid than the increase in insurance rates to protect them. Proceeding, this observer says:

"When in the earlier years of the war industrial activity was stimulated by war orders from abroad prospective profits become so great that those who expected to make them could take no unnecessary chances of losing them. Accordingly they were readily induced to take various classes of insurance to which they had previously paid little or no attention, such as explosion, war-cover, fire use and occupancy, steam-boiler use and occupancy, and some other forms. Farm crops became so valuable that in districts where hail damage was imminent the prudent farmer had to take more hail insurance per acre. The increased value of live stock created additional demand for live stock insurance. As the need of insurance of these various kinds became greater the ability to pay for it increased even faster.

"With advancing prices and wages, fire, tornado, burglary, personal accident, and health insurance had to be increased if the assured was to be reasonably protected, and as the purchasing power of the dollar decreased men who were providing for their families through life insurance had to increase their lines. The discontinuance of building operations had made leases so valuable and rentals so high as to create a marked demand for leasehold and rent insurance. With the resumption of building operations, high cost of material and labor, and uncertainty as to the ability to get either made it the more necessary to require bonds from contractors.

"Meanwhile, insurance and surety companies and agencies have enlarged their organizations in order to handle the greatly increased volume of business. As values become stationary and eventually begin to decline they will put forth the greater efforts to keep up the volume of business they are organized to handle. As insurance has not increased in volume as rapidly as values, partly because of inertia and oversight and partly because the assured did not realize how greatly their property had appreciated in value, so when values decline the same factors will operate to retard the reduction in the amount of insurance carried. The public having been educated to carry insurance of previously little-known kinds and agents being increasingly active in their efforts to keep up their volume of business, values will be more fully protected by insurance than ever before in the country's history."

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company is participating in an offering of \$25,000,000 Government of Switzerland twenty-year 8 per cent. gold bonds—coupon bonds in denominations of \$500 and \$1000. Both principal and interest on these bonds will be payable without deduction for any taxes established or levied by or within the Swiss Confederation. These bonds will be the direct obligation of the Government of Switzerland.

The general debt of Switzerland is about \$360,000,000. In addition the government has incurred or assumed a total debt of about \$386,000,000, including this issue, in the acquisition of 1758 miles of railroad, more than one-half of the total mileage in Switzerland. In normal years the railroads have shown a substantial profit considerably in excess of the annual requirements for interest and sinking funds. The railroads are kept in first-class physical condition, and the methods of accounting are believed to be highly conservative.

Switzerland is considered one of the wealthiest countries in Europe. National wealth, comprising both private and public property, was officially estimated in 1913 at \$4,400,000,000, or \$1135 per capita (1913 population). If allowance should be made for recapitalization of wealth in accordance with present level of prices, this figure should probably be over \$6,000,000,000, showing a per capita wealth of about \$1400. Swiss capital invested abroad was estimated in 1913 at \$1,250,000,000.

Production in the steel and iron trade holds up at a rather remarkable rate in comparison with what is going on in most industries. Transportation difficulties have increased latterly and some people are prone to think that the steel concerns are anxious to lay up large stores of their products against possible labor troubles later on of greater extent than those of last year.

However, when the railway equipment concerns are loaded up with all the orders they care to take and most countries in the world are standing in line in order to book their enormous demands, it usually means that the steel trade will be most prosperous in its turn. Prices are the subject of considerable difference of opinion just now. There are no such fancy premiums for prompt-delivery steel as were ruling a short while since, and the Steel Corporation holds steadfastly to the government schedules of the spring of 1919. Yet pig-iron is selling in the open market around

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\$45 per ton as compared with the "government price" of \$27.75. Presumably the United States Steel Corporation is not selling pig-iron at any such figures as the government suggested. Yet it is selling steel, or booking orders, at prices based more or less on \$27.75 iron. Probably the bulk of its orders are variable as to price, but it is evident that either pig-iron is abnormally high at \$45 or the government's steel price schedule is ridiculously low. Possibly some middle path will develop later.

The Siamese, like the Chinese, wear their finger nails very long. The women sometimes have them tipped with silver.

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June 30th, 1920.

Assets.....\$66,840,376.95
Deposits.....63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up.....1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund.....330,931.36

THE LATEST BOOKS.

Costs of the War.

Let us hope that the Recording Angel will attribute to ignorance the dire offense of those who ask why Europe does not get to work and produce. Mr. Homer Folks supplies the answer in this substantial volume. He was chief of the Department of Civilian Relief of the American Red Cross. He saw a large part of a continent devastated by the human cyclone, veritably ripped and torn to tatters, its soil poisoned with gas and metal, a wilderness more desolate and more hopeless than any of the relatively kindly deserts of nature. Machinery and live stock had disappeared. There was grain neither for food nor planting. Once populous towns were represented by holes in the blackened ground, and unnumbered thousands of people were homeless and starving, victims to the pestilences that followed in the wake of war and rapidly sinking into incurable apathy.

But Mr. Folks gives us no mere catalogue of horrors. Indeed he seems to avoid them so far as possible. But he gives us facts so far as facts are necessary to his presentation of conditions. He confines himself largely to Serbia, Belgium, France, Italy, and Greece. Serbia, he tells us, lost from all causes 1,188,000 persons, including 150,000 from typhus. In France the death rate rose from 27.73 per 1000 in 1915 to 41.55 per 1000 in 1918. Births in the uninhabited departments fell from 604,811 in 1913 to 399,041 in 1918. The excess of deaths over births rose from 53,327 in 1914 to 389,575 in 1918, or a total excess of deaths over births of 1,272,735 for the five years. Italy's losses from all causes were extremely heavy, amounting to 2,877,000, including the

deficit in births. In the year 1918 alone she lost 540,000 people from influenza, which may certainly be counted as a war disease.

War, says Mr. Folks, and with good reason, is the negation of all the race has striven for through all the centuries. It denies that life is worth while. The changes that it must bring are only vaguely in sight. The world will either be more democratic or more imperialistic, but as yet it is not clear which. It is a time for the searching of national consciences and for the mutual bearing of national burdens.

THE HUMAN COSTS OF THE WAR. By Homer Folks. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.25.

Theodore Roosevelt.

The author, the Rev. Russell J. Wilbur, is described in a preface as "wholly a Catholic, partly a Tory, very much a Progressive," and his poems as "political portraiture." There are 38 of these sonnets and they are all somewhat in the nature of rhapsodies, although not wholly uncritical. Perhaps the citation of a single example will best illustrate their temper and scope. It is entitled "T. R. Dionysus":
Iacchos! Iacchos! heartening Vine,
Spirit of Ecstasy, mantic descend;
Make of our sloth and our cowardice end
When through our veins runs thy maddening wine.
Break down the barriers behind which repine
Powers long pent up which yearn for release;
Give to the humdrum of habit surcease,
Exhilaration, elation, divine.

"Iacchos! Iacchos! charlatan drunk!"—
Thus bellowed round thee the plutocrat ring;
Pompous nonentities all in a funk,
Smitten as liars in far Islipening;
Varlets in torpor conservative sung
Ken not thy bacchanals rightly to sing.

This is not poetry, but rather a sort of musical frenzy. And were the plutocrats "all in a funk"? At least they have made a speedy recovery.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By the Rev. Russell J. Wilbur. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.

British Airships.

In this volume the author gives us a brief history of the airship as it has been developed in the various countries of the world with a

brief survey of its possibilities in peace and war. Particularly useful is the exact information as to the carrying power of the airship and its fuel limitation. The book is freely illustrated.

BRITISH AIRSHIPS PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE. By George Whale, late major, R. A. F. New York: John Lane Company.

Birds.

Mr. W. H. Hudson writes an apology instead of an introduction for his new book about birds. Dozens of books about birds are written every year and there are many observers who know how to study bird life with sympathy and intelligence. But the average mortal knows nothing about birds even though he think himself a bird lover. He has yet to experience the delight of having bird friends, of establishing such confidence with members of the tribe as to permit of close and intimate observation. How many of us, for instance, can accurately describe any bird at all. Thus Mr. Hudson tells us of a friend who enthusiastically described to him a bird visitor about the size of a thrush with a long sharp yellow beak, the entire plumage of a very dark purple and green color, so glossy that it sparkled like silver in the sunshine and sprinkled all over with minute white and cream colored spots. He was rather unhappy when told that it was a starling. He had seen starlings in flocks, but never before at close quarters.

Mr. Hudson has not written a "scientific" book, but rather a sort of autobiography, a series of intimate character sketches of some of the birds that he has known. Some of his stories would have been incredible a few years ago, but we have learned much of animal life during the last few years and our respect for its attainments has been increased. It need not be said that Mr. Hudson is as delightful as he always is. His unrivaled powers as a narrator were never better displayed.

ADVENTURES AMONG BIRDS. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4.

Police and Public.

The author, Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Woods, was formerly police commissioner of New York City. He now writes a little volume intended to create a bridge of sympathy between the police and the public by explaining the duties of the policeman, the shortcomings of which he has been guilty, and the improvements that may be noted in his bearing and morale. He writes in a lively and entertaining way and with copious dialogue and incident. He certainly succeeds in showing that "the policeman's lot is not a happy one" and that he is often forced into positions that could be filled successfully only by an archangel.

Colonel Woods writes necessarily from the New York point of view, and his remarks have therefore a local and somewhat restricted bearing. He says that a proper understanding between police and public "would make intolerable any action on their part (the police) that would tend to commit them more to the service of one part of the community than another." We do not know quite what measures he would recommend to this end, but it is certain that the police are almost invariably partisans in labor troubles and that they will continue to show the same vice so long as present methods of selection and control are perpetuated. The public, of course, is to blame, and it is to be feared that even the police strike in Boston has had small effect in awakening other municipalities to the dangers of a divided authority in police control.

THE POLICEMAN AND THE PUBLIC. By Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Woods, A. M. New York: Yale University Press; \$1.35.

Briefer Reviews.

"Bobbins of Belgium," by Charlotte Kellogg (Funk & Wagnalls Company), contains a full account of the lace-making industry of Belgium, written in a popular way and with numerous practical illustrations.

"Writing Through Reading," by Robert M. Gay, professor of English, Simmons College, Boston, is described as "a suggestive method of writing English with directions and exercises." It is published by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published "Foster's Auction Made Easy," by R. F. Foster. It is described as "intended more especially for the beginner, although the more advanced player will also find many useful hints for improving his game." The price is \$1.60.

Our commercial English leaves much to be desired, grammatically and in every other way. For this reason there should be a welcome for a little book just published by Harper & Brothers. It is entitled "Handbook of Business English," by George Burton Hotchkiss, M. A., and Edward Jones Kilduff, M. A., and it seems to be in every way satisfactory.

The handle of a new dustpan can be adjusted at any angle and is tubular so that an extension rod can be inserted into it to enable a person to use it without bending over.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Democracy and Ideals.

The war has brought Americans into close contact with Europeans, and upon both sides a certain amount of wonder has been aroused by habits of thought and action that are unfamiliar. There has been a kindly conflict of ideals, and we may suppose that this will not be without more or less permanent and modifying results upon both sides of the Atlantic.

This may be said to be the subject of Professor John Erskine's new book on "Democracy and Ideals." He asks what weaknesses have been disclosed by our recent national experience and how they may be remedied. In other words, what shall we now do with our democracy in the light of current events? And incidentally how can we overcome our national fault of detachment from the past.

The trouble is that we have so many pasts. The immigrant, and we are most of us immigrants, can hardly be expected to "enthruse" over national events in which neither he nor his forefathers bore a part, and while his memory is filled with other national and European events in which he and his forefathers did bear a part. If he knows anything of American historical events it is because he learned of them at school, but they can hardly be a part of himself as they are to the old-time American. But now there has been a national event, the war, in which all participated. We have seen the birth of an universal American tradition.

There are other differences of ideals between America and Europe and they should be recognized. The Frenchman, for example, seems to lack delicacy in matters of what the author calls physical hygiene. But his mental delicacy far exceeds ours. He does not slap his new acquaintance on the back nor call him by his first name, nor admit him readily to the intimacy of his home. If we wonder at the Frenchman's lack of delicacy in one respect he wonders equally at ours in another.

The war has painfully disclosed the large number of Americans who are illiterate, who can not speak English, who have had no sort of training for a career. These are evils that must be recognized and remedied. But the author does not preach. Never were admo-

nitions given in so kindly a tone or with more sympathy.

Particularly good is the author's reply to certain German critics who have defended their own cruelties by a citation of American cruelties. It is true, says Professor Erskine, that negroes are sometimes burned in America, but Americans are ashamed of their wrong-doing, whereas the German does wrong and is not ashamed of it, nor even aware of it. We learned that a whole nation had no sense of honor, that it deplored its crimes, not because they were crimes, but because they were errors.

DEMOCRACY AND IDEALS. By John Erskine. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Vanished Friend.

This is one of the now almost innumerable books intended to establish the fact of communication with the dead. It is described as "evidence, theoretical and practical, of the survival of human identity after death." But we fail to find the evidence. It is true that there are communications with the conscious minds of the sitters, but we can not find anything more than unsustained assertion that these communications are from the dead. And we are strongly inclined to believe that they have no such source in view of what we now know of the subconsciousness and the hitherto unsuspected range of those outlying fields of consciousness of which the purport and the meaning are still matters of conjecture. It is not often that a foreword is found to throw doubt on the conclusions of the author, but Margaret Deland, who supplies the foreword to Mr. Thibault's book, says of it that it must be considered uneventual. She remarks that "M. Thibault's experiments in telekinesis may be credited to the operation of some unconscious incarnate mind; the mental phenomena he has observed may be explained by saying that the information he states he has received from invisible intelligences has reached him telepathically from the living; or else, having been known to the dead, it exists in the cosmic mind, and has been apprehended by the medium." The part of wisdom seems to be to accept the authenticated facts and to waive the theories to one side, and particularly the theories that spring from an uncritical credulity. And it is hard to place M. Thibault's theories in any other category.

THE VANISHED FRIEND. From the French of Jules Thibault. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The Scribners promise a timely new book in the announcement that they will shortly bring out "Dalmatia and the Yugoslav Movement," by the well-known Yugoslav diplomatist, Count Louis Voinovitch. The book is said to throw much light on the real nature and development of the peoples in this much-discussed corner of Europe.

King Victor Emanuel of Italy has awarded to E. Alexander Powell, author of "Italy at War," "New Frontiers of Freedom," etc., the

order of the Crown of Italy. Mr. Powell was the first of the war writers properly to interpret the importance of Italy's part in the war and to reveal the military efforts of that nation, which the general public had been inclined to underrate.

Otto H. Kahn, author of "Our Economic and Other Problems," is one of the world's best-known financiers, a member of the famous private banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. in New York. He is of German birth and parentage, but is one of the most conspicuously public-spirited Americans. He made a notable record in war work and publicly embraced the Allied cause from the beginning of the world war. France made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor for his services to the Allies. Italy and Belgium made him a commander of the order of the Crown of Italy and Belgium respectively. Mr. Kahn is chairman of the Metropolitan Opera, the French Theatre, and a leader in many other institutions of the musical and art world.

No man today is better qualified to talk on world policies and national affairs than David Jayne Hill, author of "American World Policies." He was Assistant Secretary of State under John Hay during the administrations of McKinley and Roosevelt, was minister to Switzerland and Holland, delegate to the great Hague Peace Conferences, and ambassador to Germany, which he left in 1911, when he saw it was impossible to prevent the Kaiser from bringing on the Great War.

New Books Received.

FIVE MONTHS IN THE ARGENTINE. By Katherine S. Dreier. New York: Frederic Fairchild Sherman.

From a woman's point of view.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON. By the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$8.

A character sketch.

WHAT HAPPENED TO EUROPE. By Frank A. Vandierp. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

New edition with a new preface.

THE CHARM OF FINE MANNERS. By Mrs. Helen Ekin Starrett. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

A book about behavior.

OUR GREAT WAR AND THE GREAT WAR OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS. By Gilbert Murray. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

A historical comparison.

THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM. By Douglas Goldring. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

A play.

THE NEGRO FACES AMERICA. By Herbert J. Seligmann. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.75. "A stimulating treatment of the whole problem."

TROUT-FISHING IN BROOKS. By G. Garrows-Green. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Its science and art.

WHITHER? OR, THE BRITISH DREYFUS CASE. By Major W. A. Adams, M. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A fragment of contemporary history.

THE VANISHED FRIEND. From the French of Jules Thibault. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

"Evidence, theoretical and practical, of the survival of human identity after death."

A MAKER OF SAINTS. By Hamilton Drummond. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

A novel.

LIMBO. By Aldous Huxley. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Short stories.

THE PRIME MINISTER. By Harold Spender. New York: George H. Doran Company.

An authoritative life of David Lloyd George.

DEMOCRACY AND IDEALS. By John Erskine. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A definition.

NEXT BESTERS. By Lulah Ragsdale. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A novel.

WUNPOST. By Dane Coolidge. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A novel.

BOLSHEVISM AN INTERNATIONAL DANGER. By Paul Miliukov, LL. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The evolution of Bolshevism.

FOSTER'S AUCTION MADE EASY. By R. F. Foster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.60.

A text-book for the beginner, the average player, and the expert.

MY THREE YEARS IN AMERICA. By Count Bernstorff. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$5.

A chapter of war history.

HANDBOOK OF BUSINESS ENGLISH. By George Burton Hotchkiss, M. A. and Edward Jones Kilguff, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Revised edition.

CHANCE AND CHANGE IN CHINA. By A. S. Roe. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Dealing with the spirit of China.

GROWING UP. By Mary Heaton Vorse. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$1.75.

A story of children.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY FRENCH WRITERS. By Madame Duclaux. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

An analysis of twentieth-century poets and novelists.

Chinese Fruits.

Some of the Chinese fruits, cunningly coaxed and lovingly cherished through many centuries, are said by experts to be delicious. There is an orange grown in China that is reported to surpass in sweetness and delicacy any of the oranges to which the people of Europe or of America are accustomed; and it may be grown in places where the temperature falls 20 degrees below the freezing point. There is also a peach unlike anything to which the West is accustomed, and a winter muskmelon that will appeal irresistibly to the American palate. This melon is at its best in December and January. There are many other good things in China to which the United States will doubtless be introduced in time. Of some of the choice Chinese dishes, such as bird's nest soup and the like, there are better things in reserve. The fruits are described as surpassing those of any other country.

Five hundred Armenian women employed by the American Red Cross have built 100 miles of stone roads and reconstructed several steel bridges in Mesopotamia in the last four months.

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A. P. GIANNINI, President.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1920, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after THURSDAY, July 1, 1920. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1920. Money deposited on or before July 10, 1920, will draw interest from July 1, 1920.

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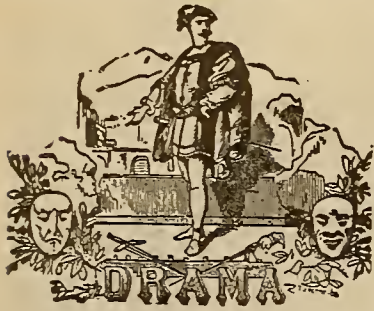
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"LINGER LONGER LETTY."

The piece that is the vehicle for long-limbed Charlotte Greenwood is by Anna Nichols, and it is very plain that this writer knows all the Greenwood qualities so well that she shows them off to the best advantage in her creation of the character of Letty. Letty is the ugly duckling in the Larkin family, which has a plurality of pretty girl sisters who blithely annex all the young men on the horizon, and, as a matter of course, utterly extinguish Letty. Letty the invaluable spends all her time in the kitchen haking, brewing, and washing clothes.

There was a time in the history of womankind when the Marthas took their insignificance, and their shadowy corner, and their medicine, and never peeped. But that time is over. The era of unfairness is coming to an end. Since woman vigorous revolutes when man is unkind to her the insurrection is getting to be even more marked when her fellow-woman is unfair to her. So Letty, who has hitherto been the domestic drudge, calls in a hearty cultist, who plans her costumes with an eye to her peculiar style of beauty, and the kitchen is deserted.

Charlotte Greenwood, of course, at first wears rather a grotesque rig, cultivates the peeled-onion style of coiffure, and, referring to her lack of curvilinear dimensions, makes many discouraged references to her lack of natural projections, so to speak. Charlotte wears bloomers, aggressive, long-drawn-out bloomers, and rather suggests a member of the Scandinavian race as she whacks off a batch of biscuit, manipulates an electric iron, and humbly washes the domestic dish.

But you can't take your eyes off her a single minute. If you do you may be sorry, for she is apt to wave one leg over the top of a dresser, or accomplish a cat-like leap that lands her from the middle of one room to the middle of the next.

But it isn't only her muscular feats that hold our attention. This long-limbed siren has personality, an abounding sense of humor,

spontaneity in conveying it, and a temperament that hubbles like champagne. She has, too, a warm, magnetic voice and a delightful way of vitalizing everything she says. There is the spring of youth and a resilient temperament expressed in her sparkling face and in everything she says, or does, or looks. In fact the girl is sui generis.

Well, take this long-legged, long-armed, double-jointed blonde geyser of fun, put her as the centre attraction in a piece that was written all around her, and you have a tremendous drawing-card; one that succeeded in filling the Curran to the doors.

The star has the support of a whole raft of good-looking satin-clad girls and young men of an age to match. Robert Higgins plays opposite to her, his rôle being also that of an ugly, or at least a disregarded duckling, a navy duckling, who finally captures the abstracted female gaze by becoming such a dandy in his civilian clothes as to outshine his military rival.

Mr. Higgins also has personality, although he rather over-stresses his assumed voice and manner, the which throws out Charlotte Greenwood's natural style into even stronger relief.

She is an intelligent thing, that Charlotte. She isn't just a double-jointer, but she expresses things naturally and vividly. When things go well with Letty, Charlotte's face is alive with fun and humor. When Letty is down and out her sparkle is quenched, and every feature droops.

The rest of the company is all right, but call for no special comment, being of that order of utilitarian stage material that they send here so often. For rarely indeed is it that we see, in musical comedy, a complete first-class cast.

However, the girls are pretty and prettily gowned, the comedy is continually lively and entertaining, there is enough music to please the lover of melody jingles—the music by Alfred Goodman—and the "Linger Longer Letty" number is pretty, yearning, and expressive.

They keep us waiting a long time before Charlotte Greenwood appears in her hearty harness, which is rich in color and telling in design. But somehow I prefer Charlotte's countenance in the kitchen rig. She looks younger, more innocent, more unworldly, and less materialistic.

Charlotte Greenwood is a great card, and no mistake. With all her other qualifications she is richly dowered indeed to be so spontaneously humorous.

"THE PRINCE OF PILSEN."

Evidently "The Prince of Pilsen" was received at the Columbia for the San Francisco engagement, for, although the very good company gave a very good performance of this most tuneful opera, it did not show the high polish that was a marked characteristic of "The Chocolate Soldier." The two personable young men were mysteriously stripped of their glamour, the dashing and gayly satirical Bernerli of "The Chocolate Soldier" having been transformed into a highly proper, conventional, and almost if not quite starched young naval lieutenant who might have come from the most rigorously respectable precincts of New England.

Ann Tasker and her alternate have disappeared, and Leslie Leigh, an engaging, clear-voiced, and sartorially smart young lady, having assumed the lead in their place. Lavinia Winn, the Mascha of "The Chocolate Soldier," was also in a prominent rôle, and Dorothy Elton, inexperienced, unpolished, a little de-

ficient in a sense of rhythm, but sweetly pretty in a winningly natural, dark-haired, soft-eyed style, was also brought forward as the sweetheart of the young lieutenant.

Jefferson De Angelis was, of course, extremely funny as the Cincinnati brewer, with just the right degree of dialect, and depicting Hans Wagner's alcoholic exhilaration with the abandon tempered by the discretion of a comedian. Sam J. Burton of the Alcazar forces was horrified for the rôle of Artie, Earl of Shrimpton, and as this rôle fits his particular style and specialty he proved himself an acquisition. Detmar Poppin, the light-heeled one who was so very funny as the hurler captain in "The Chocolate Soldier," was equally light-heeled, but not so funny, as the head waiter. If he had had the material, however, he would have made good, as this actor has any quantity of "pep." Eva de Verna, although no singer, was the coquettishly smart maid to the life, and the chorus, both men and women, repeated the good impression already made.

There is an enjoyable atmosphere of ex-Europe in the comedy; that smiling, howling, hill-presenting Europe, loved of the tourist, that it will take time, much time, to bring back. The world's playground became a camp, and now is a workshop, and our billionnaires, millionaires, and hundred-thousand-dollaraires will have to put up with Florida, California, our sight-seeing trips, and the Canadian resorts. Will that Europe, now so starved, stripped, and denuded, ever come back in our time? Well, they'll make a mighty hard try at it, for there's lots of money in this tourist-ing business.

"The Prince of Pilsen" is crammed with a pleasure-seeking population, among whom are five Heidelberg students off for a lark. Led by the fine haritone of Edward Quinn they sang "Old Heidelberg," and were encored repeatedly. Yes, the war is over, and its angry animosities, with us, at least, are becoming modified. Hans Wagner's Germanisms, the young German prince from the real Pilsen, the Heidelberg students singing the song that would have been hooted from the stage two years ago; how odd it seems.

Mr. J. Humbird Duffey also charmed the ear with some of the familiar love lyrics that have become almost all classics. In fact the opera itself, in its light line, has become a classic, for Gustav Luders is a composer of superior attainments, much above the average in his line.

I note, by the way, that this very capable organization is killed for another piece, "The Firefly," in which Mahel Riegelman will appear for the first time on the musical-comedy stage. This is very distinctly a tremendous treat, and gives some idea of the very solid nature of the musical attainments of the company. Not the least of the dependable elements is the presence of our old friend Mr. Paul Steindorff, who is the leader of the orchestra; a position in which we have sat under him many a time and oft in old Tivoli days.

AT THE ALCAZAR.

There are new faces at the Alcazar this week, and the audiences are scanning the new leading lady and man from the seats of judgment and saying, "Will they pass?"

Inez Ragan, the successor to Belle Bennett, is not, on the whole, a very great deviation in appearance from her predecessor, being plump, white-skinned, blonde, and golden-haired. Miss Ragan has a good, carrying voice, and marked distinctness of enunciation. She also seems to be a tasteful and dainty dresser. Her personality is agreeable, and she assumes at will the slightly pensive air and tone of the romantic heroine with whom things are going at cross-purposes.

Mr. Dudley Ayres is a young man of attractive appearance, good features, and bristling coloring. He speaks well, walks well, and acts well in the lavishly diluted sentimentalities of "The Cinderella Man." But I do not consider that I know much about the histrionic capabilities of either of these players, as "The Cinderella Man" merely enshrines youth and good looks in sentimentally heguling attitudes. It makes no particular call on the acting ability, for it has no genuineness of sentiment.

For instance: Knowing human nature as well as we do, what are we to think of the common sense and judgment of the young lady of the twentieth century heging her father prettily to disinherit her so that the poor Mr. Cinderellaman writing poetry in his garret will propose to her. And "Why yes," said the family friend; that good old dramatic lay figure borrowed from the French who pets and indulges the heroine and automatically encircles her waist with his arm whenever they approach each other (although the French would never, never allow that). "Why, of course," says Mr. Family Friend to the indignant and incredulous millionaire father; "give the child her way, you old blowhard," or words to that effect. "Here she wants something precious that money won't buy, and you

come interfering along, planning to leave the poor child your ugly old million dollars."

I confess to finding myself unable to breathe naturally in such a rarefied atmosphere. However, the child-like, confiding public sucks it down like sugar candy, and as "The Cinderella Man" is a pretty well-known play, this being a revival after former runs, we may feel sure that that wise guy, the author, Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter, has retained his honeyed sentimentalities for a good, solid figure.

Rather discouraging for the real, genuine article of play-writer, but what would you? The varying tastes of the public must be gratified. I see there are two merry comedies im-

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minent, to be followed by the David Belasco success, "Daddies," and by the time these are done we may feel better acquainted with the attractive strangers.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

Because of the popular deoand it has been decided to keep "The Prince of Pilsen" on the hoards at the Columbia Theatre for another week with Jefferson De Angelis in the rôle of Hans Wagner, supported by Leslie Leigh as Mrs. Madison Crocker and the full strength of the New Bostonians. The final week begins this Sunday.

As played by De Angelis, Hans Wagner is one of the funniest characters ever to step on the stage. Miss Leigh is ideal as the dashing widow and the other members of the New Bostonians show to excellent advantage.

J. Humbird Duffey has a splendid rôle for his talents in Tom Wagner, the young American naval lieutenant; Edward Quinn is imposing as the real Prince of Pilsen; Detmar Poppin keeps the audience in continual up- roars of merriment through the medium of his François; Lavinia Winn is delightful as Nellie; Dorothy Elton plays Edith nicely, and Sam Burton is excellent as the foppish Artie.

"The Prince of Pilsen" continues for the

entire week, with matinées on Wednesday and Saturday and will be followed by "The Firefly," with Mahel Riegelman, the celebrated grand opera prima donna, in the principal rôle of Nina. Miss Riegelman has just joined the New Bostonians and will make her début in the rôle. Jefferson De Angelis will be seen as Jenkins, the droll confidential secretary.

The Curran Theatre.

The Curran Theatre offers the most attractive offering of the present season, Charlotte Greenwood. Sunday night will begin her second week in her latest and greatest musical comedy, "Linger Longer Letty." In the new fun-making vehicle the only Charlotte scored the same pronounced hit that she did in her former success, "So Long Letty."

Oliver Morosco is presenting the entire New York company and a big chorus of Broadway beauties, who embellish the musical numbers supplied by Alfred Goodman and Bernard Grossman.

Anna Nichols wrote the hook, and she has kept away from the common devices of musical comedy and has injected into it a new brand of humor with enough genuine laughs to supply a dozen ordinary musical comedies. Supporting Miss Greenwood is a typical Morosco cast of well-known musical-comedy artists and a large and youthful chorus. Prominent in the cast are Robert Higgins, Charles Morrison, George Sweet, Virginia Tavares, Olga Roller, and Curtyne Englar.

The Orpheum.

Four theatrical celebrities will hold forth at the Orpheum throughout all of next week, starting Sunday matinée. These are Louise Dresser, Jack Gardner, Elsa Ryan, and Clara Morton.

The former two are working together in an act which is described as a cycle of individual songs. Both are well known for the manner in which they have put over songs in productions and vaudeville, and both hail from principal rôles in musical productions which enjoyed a nation-wide reputation. Miss Dresser is a statuesque blonde of excellent appearance and personality. Gardner is one of the most likable chaps on the stage, it is said. He is declared to have given a good account of himself in "The Chocolate Soldier" and "Madame Sherry."

Elsa Ryan, in a neat skit entitled "Peg-for-Short," will demonstrate her skill in depiction of a dramatic rôle which has won her much favorable comment throughout her Orpheum tour.

Clara Morton, formerly one of "The Four Mortons," one of the widest known families of vaudeville, will return as a single in the same natural character which established her reputation when a member of the family act.

Other favored twins among the Orpheum's new-comers next week will be Harrison Greene and Katherine Parker in a minstrel

afterpiece provided for them by James H. Morton, Palo and Palet, two thoroughly finished musicians, and the Novelty Clintons in an unusual leaping act. "Kiss Me," musical comedy, holds over. Topics of the day and weekly events complete the bill.

The Alcazar Theatre.

Its new leading players, Inez Ragan and Dudley Ayres, having scored brilliantly and decisively in "The Cinderella Man" this week, the Alcazar now has the strongest organization in years. Next Sunday's offering is "On the Hiring Line," George C. Tyler's recent hit. It is by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford, who are credited with one of the wittiest comedies of the past New York season. Mrs. Fessenden, ex-actress, does not like the country and drives the servants away, forcing her husband and step-daughter to do all the work. Fessenden swears he will get servants who will stick. He engages two private detectives, man and wife, to act as butler and cook. They stumble on a proposed elopement and a mysterious love letter, and the whole household, including several guests, are plunged into a whirlpool of comic cross purposes. There is a splendid cast, headed by Dudley Ayres as the distracted householder; Inez Ragan, the actress-stepmother; Jean Oliver and Ben Erway as the young elopers; Brady Kline a temperamental actor; Rafael Brunetto and Emily Pinter as a flirtatious couple; Al Cunningham and Anna McNaughton as the detective servants.

"Peg o' My Heart," the most phenomenally successful romantic comedy ever acted in America, will be given for one week commencing Sunday, July 18th. This is the beginning of a series of famous plays in rapid succession.

DUTCH CELEBRATE SAILING.

A distinguished committee has been formed in the Netherlands for the observance of the tercentenary of the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers. It includes several ministers of state, an ex-premier, the chief burgomasters and the leading governors of provinces. The universities are well represented on it—especially that of Leyden, as is fitting—and the historians are well to the fore. Dr. Henry Van Dyke of Princeton and Dr. J. Rendel Harris of Manchester are members from America and England respectively, as are Viscount Bryce, the great exponent of American institutions in Europe, and Lord Reay, the Dutch statesman, who years ago was summoned to become heir to the MacKay estates in Great Britain.

The representative committee of management have already done much, having outlined the plan of their meetings for the celebrations and congress. The "congress" is the learned part of the festival and will be held chiefly in the Leyden University, where the scholarly side of Pilgrim history will be considered.

After two days in Leyden the congress will move to Amsterdam, where a truly regal reception awaits them. They will visit the State Picture Gallery and take part in religious services in the ancient Bagynkerk (the English Reformed Church), where the remnant of the Pilgrim community (those that remained on in Amsterdam in 1620) finally sought church membership.

On Thursday, September 2d, it is proposed that American members of the congress be carried by canal boats from Leyden to Delfshaven—or at least part of that way—along the exact route traversed on July 31, 1620, by the earliest group of Pilgrims that sought a home in New England. On arriving at Rotterdam (of which Delfshaven is now an integral part) the visitors will be taken by boat around the harbors, luncheon will be served on board, and afterward dinner. During the interval a service will be conducted in the venerable Dutch Church of Delfshaven and a popular concert of American and Dutch sacred music will be given in the Cathedral of St. Lawrence. This edifice, recently restored, is one of the most stately and impressive in the Netherlands.

It is replete with historic mementos, and as it seats some five thousand hearers one may judge what impression this function may make both on American and Dutch delegates. It will be the crowning event in this series. On the preceding Sundays devotional services have been arranged to be addressed by eminent American pastors in the ancient Scots Church of Rotterdam—the church of the exiled Covenanters banished by Charles II—and in the still more venerable English Reformed Church in the Bagynhof, Amsterdam. The latter is associated not only with Pilgrim history, but with the curious and heroic stories of the Reformed Church of America and the Reformed Church in the United States. It is expected that one of the events of the Amsterdam visit will be the unveiling of memorial windows.

No doubt also the plan to have a fitting memorial erected in memory of the Pilgrims at Delfshaven will be carried out. One can scarcely exaggerate what America, and, in-



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deed, the world, owes to Holland. And that debt is due to Holland, not merely through the Pilgrims, but through the Dutch influence in New York and through the influence of the Reformed Church in the United States still further south. But the main subject of this sympathetic Dutch celebration will be the Pilgrims' heritage—and that is a marvelous one.

The Pilgrims loved liberty before they sought refuge in Holland, but in Holland they had their love of liberty immeasurably deepened and intensified. They learned tolerance (as the most tolerant nation then existing understood it), they learned representative government, freedom of press, personal care and concern for the poor and such practical concerns as the keeping of archives, the documenting of titles and deeds. And it must not be forgotten that the twelve years that the Pilgrims spent in the "Federation of States," now called Holland, taught them to analyze and think out the problem of states' rights and Federal government.

The English celebrations begin at the conclusion of the Dutch congress and last a week. They will be held in part at Southampton and Plymouth and in part at Scrooby, the cradle of the Pilgrim community. Thus the two series of meetings are closely coordinated.

The supervisor in charge of the Blackfeet agency at Browning, Montana, has issued a circular advertising for sale certain Indian lands. The list of the allottees shows that the years have not driven out all the picturesque Indian names. There are Chief All Over and Richard Calf Tail and Blanket Woman Don't Go Out among the old-fashioned kind. But what sort of a name is Everbody Looks at Marrow Bones? It sounds like a song. And Annie Rides at the Door might be the title of a poem. Lucy Iron Eater is no name for a gentle lady, but it is easier to write than Yellow Bird Takes Gun on Top or Strikes on Top Morning Eagle. Petrified Russell has a Puritan sound. Chipping too Deep Night Shoots is too deep for us.—New York Sun.

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In a New Musical Comedy
"Linger Longer Letty"

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Orpheum Circuit
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LOUISE DRESSER ELSA RYAN
JACK GARDNER & RODNEY RANOUS
GREENE & PARKER PALO PALET
"KISS ME"
ANITA DIAZ MONKEYS NOVELTY CLINTONS
CLARA MORTON
Evenings, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1
Matinees, 25c, 50c, 75c
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VANITY FAIR.

It is said that a certain gloom pervaded the atmosphere when the jewels of Gaby Deslys were sold by auction in a public gallery in Paris. Perhaps it was only the fancy of an impressionable correspondent, but the Parisians are a sentimental people, and the gulf between anything so personal as jewelry and a public auction room is wide and obvious. Every glittering trinket there must have had its history in emotion, in the joy of purchase or gift, in the ecstasy of possession. Every one must have been fragrant with romance and with a voiceless eloquence of hound and footlights. If only they could tell their stories, but perhaps it is as well that they can not. There is hardly an antique jewel in the world without its record of blood and crime as well as of love, hardly one without its guilt of greed and murder.

But what an astonishing mass of jewelry was owned by Gaby Deslys. One wonders where it all came from, but that is one of the things that we are never likely to be told. No matter how large her earnings as a dancer she could hardly have bought a half of it. The most wonderful thing there was a platinum collar carrying an enormous diamond and four splendid pearls. In the centre was a great black pearl weighing 140 grammes flanked by two white pearls nearly as large. It had been valued at 500,000 francs, but the auctioneer was unable to raise the bids above 402,000 francs, and it went to some unknown person who was supposed to be acting for a wealthy client. Doubtless we shall hear more about this resplendent collar, and it is fairly safe to assume that the news will come from somewhere in America.

Gaby Deslys was a lover of pearls and there was much curiosity to see her collection. A chain of 154 pearls was sold for 280,000 francs, and three pearl necklaces brought a total of 1,054,000 francs. A platinum net bag studded with diamonds and pearls was sold for 39,000 francs, which was said to be much less than its value. But the most curious of all the articles offered for sale was a belt

made of American gold coins, including seven-teen twenty-dollar pieces. This brought 4100 francs, a curiously low price, seeing that the coins alone were worth more than that amount. Presumably the belt was the gift of some American admirer, and it may be that the donors themselves were in some cases among the hiders. It would be strange if it were not so, for who would wish to see his gift to a lady fall into strange hands and amid the prosaic associations of an auction room?

Gaby Deslys left nearly the whole of her fortune to the poor of her native town, Marseilles. Her name had frequently been linked with that of the ex-King of Portugal, and the supposed scandal will probably live until both are forgotten. But the story was a pure invention. Probably the king never once spoke to Gaby Deslys. Certainly he was never in love with her nor she with him.

St. Paul said that the glory of a woman is her hair, but, as Hosea Bigelow once sagely remarked, "They didn't know everything down in Judee." The apostle doubtless had his conservatism, and indeed it may be that he was protesting against the fashion of hobbling the hair. For who knows? There is nothing new under the sun, and feminine fashions subside and reappear with the regularity of the seasons.

There is no doubt that we are in for a cycle of short-haired women. Very nice they look, too, some of them, but unluckily the fashion is not confined to those whom it suits. Fashions rarely are.

"Girls past twenty," says a writer in the New York Times, will sometimes hesitate for weeks before allowing their crowning glory to be cut away. But when they have once crossed the Rubicon it has been observed that a change in demeanor at once follows. They become kittenish. Is it possible that the hair has an actual effect upon the disposition, or do these decidedly adult girls feel that they must "live up to" their rejuvenated looks? The latter alternative is probably the correct one.

It was the war that popularized the new fashion, says the Times writer. Welfare workers cut off their hair before going to France. It was hygienic, it was comfortable, it saved time in "fixing," and it lessened the labors of washing. Then came the influenza epidemic with its sequel of falling hair which could be remedied only by the drastic scissors. Such, at least, was the excuse, although no one ever suggested that influenza produced falling hair among men. It seems that the short-haired woman originated in Russia, and it may be observed that the long-haired man, who is even more of a horror, also abounds in that unlucky land. The revolutionary women of Russia were in the habit of wearing short hair as a disguise. A number of them came to New York many years ago and they were imitated by the art women of Greenwich village. So we owe to Russia both the short-haired woman and the Bolshevik. One is inclined to wonder to what further extent Russia will place us in her debt.

The short-haired woman has the decided advantage in sea bathing. She need not wear those appalling rubber caps which are hideous enough to justify divorce on the spot. And, by the way, it is surprising to notice how few women show to advantage when bathing. An English magistrate has just been advocating separate bathing beaches for men and women at the seaside resorts. He does not seem to be an uplifter or a purist. He hates his demand on public policy. Broken engagements, he says, and therefore a lowered marriage rate result from mixed bathing. Women do not show to advantage when they are in the water or after they leave it. A wet woman is usually uncharming to the eye. She is unattractive when covered by an adequate bathing dress. She is apt to be still more uncharming if the bathing dress is inadequate, as it usually is. When St. Paul said that a woman's glory is her hair he certainly did

not refer to wet hair, which has nothing of the glorious about it. Quite the contrary. It is a shade more objectionable than the rubber cap. But the woman with short hair may wet it with impunity, since it can be dried in five minutes. None the less it seems to us that if we were a woman of the common or garden type we should think it the part of prudence to take our ocean bathing at some spot far removed from the vision of our male admirers. We should be cautious of disillusionment. We should seek to preserve the mystery, so to speak. At the present time the bathing beach constitutes a grave warning against matrimony.

No one (says the London Daily Telegraph) has a good word to say for modern dancing. Ecclesiastics, moralists, journalists, when graveled for lack of matter, fill up their time and space by denouncing its ugliness and impropriety. The phenomenon is not even modern. Addison made as much fuss over the fashions of his hallrooms as the early Victorians over the waltz or we over the tango and the fox trot. And probably, if all were known, there were Druids who said the most unpleasant things about the dancing round Stonehenge. But while oldish people from age to age indulge in the delights of disapproval of the young, the young go on dancing, and, as they fondly believe, are happy in their own sweet way. But it is not so. They do not dance as they like, but as they are told. Over them broods a congress of dancing masters. It has just ended its sittings at Paris, the centre of civilization, the home of congresses; it has made decisions which, we are assured, "will affect the daily lives of millions of human beings." And who shall contest the claim?

The English masters, it appears, found themselves unable to agree, even after demonstration, to the principles of the foreign schools, and we have to remain insular Terpsichorean Athanasiaes against the world. This is disheartening for true believers in the league of nations. If we can not dance internationally, what hope is there of agreement in minor things?

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COMBINED STATEMENT OF CONDITION
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BANK OF ITALY

SAVINGS

COMMERCIAL

TRUST

HEAD OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

June 29, 1920

RESOURCES

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate.....	\$37,442,749.93	
Others Loans and Discounts.....	45,891,387.93	
Bankers' Acceptances.....	427,944.56	\$ 83,762,082.42
United States Bonds and Certificates of Indebtedness.....	\$17,353,836.42	
State, County and Municipal Bonds.....	10,080,453.08	
Other Bonds.....	7,200,961.60	34,635,251.10
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank.....		255,000.00
Cash and Exchanges.....	\$ 6,678,694.64	
Due from Federal Reserve Bank.....	5,869,073.75	
Due from Other Banks.....	3,729,077.79	
TOTAL CASH AND DUE FROM BANKS.....		16,276,848.18
Banking Premises, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults.....		4,499,983.40
Other Real Estate Owned.....		303,840.01
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit and Acceptances.....		2,119,746.49
Interest Earned But Not Collected.....		783,634.18
Employees' Pension Fund (carried on books at).....		1.00
Other Resources.....		1,222,070.74
Total Resources.....		\$143,858,457.52

LIABILITIES

DEPOSITS.....	\$129,599,593.18
*Capital Paid In.....	\$ 7,000,000.00
Surplus.....	1,500,000.00
Undivided Profits.....	1,924,959.37
TOTAL CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS.....	10,424,959.37
Dividends Unpaid.....	351,698.09
Discount Collected, But Not Earned.....	214,777.03
Reserved for Taxes and Interest Accrued.....	147,683.36
Letters of Credit, Acceptances and Time Drafts.....	2,119,746.49
Federal Reserve Bank (U. S. Certificates of Indebtedness).....	1,000,000.00
Total Liabilities.....	\$143,858,457.52

*Paid in Capital will be increased to \$9,000,000 on July 14, 1920.

All charge-offs, expenses and interest payable to end of half-year have been deducted in above statement.

A. P. Giannini and W. R. Williams, being separately duly sworn each for himself, says that said A. P. Giannini is President and that said W. R. Williams is Cashier of the Bank of Italy, the Corporation above mentioned, and that every statement contained hereiu is true of his own knowledge and belief.

A. P. GIANNINI.
W. R. WILLIAMS.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of June, 1920.
THOMAS S. BURNES, Notary Public.

THE STORY OF OUR GROWTH

As Shown by a Comparative Statement of Our Resources

June 30, 1905.....	\$633,298.02
June 30, 1907.....	\$2,243,846.91
June 30, 1909.....	\$3,037,955.09
June 30, 1911.....	\$7,333,665.55
June 30, 1913.....	\$14,162,357.50
June 30, 1915.....	\$19,080,264.20
June 30, 1917.....	\$48,828,678.14
June 30, 1919.....	\$107,506,382.75
June 29, 1920.....	\$143,858,457.52

Number of Depositors 205,149

Savings Deposits Made on or Before July 10, 1920, will Earn Interest from July 1, 1920.

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SAN FRANCISCO

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A small storekeeper put up in his window not long ago an elaborate new blind. Quoth his neighbor: "Nice blind of yours, Isaac." "Yes," was the reply. "Who paid for it, Isaac?" "The customers paid." "What? You say the customers paid for it, Isaac?" "Yes. I put a leedle box on my counter and labeled it, 'For the Blind,' and they paid for it."

A college professor who was always ready for a joke was asked by a student one day if he would like a good recipe for catching rabbits. "Why, yes," replied the professor. "What is it?" "Well," said the student, "you crouch down behind a thick stone wall and make a noise like a turnip." "That may be," said the professor, with a twinkle in his eye, "but a better way than that would be for you to go and sit quietly in a bed of cabbage heads and look natural."

Mother was telling Cyril of some occurrence in the neighborhood in which a man had been cruel to his dog. "He ought to be arrested and fined," Cyril said hotly when the story was finished. "Mother, don't you think we ought to have him arrested?" Mother shook her head. "We'll just wait and let God punish him," she proposed. Cyril thought a little while. Then he came back to his parent. "Mother, why not wait after this when I'm naughty and let God punish me, too?" he asked.

A little girl walked into a confectionery, placed a nickel on the counter, and called for an ice-cream cone. "Ice-cream cones are 7

cents, little girl," the fizz clerk announced. "Well, then, gimme a soda pop." "Six cents." "Got any root beer?" "Yep; 6 cents, too." The little girl sighed disappointedly and started out, leaving her nickel on the counter. "Here, little girl, you're leaving your nickel," the clerk called to her. "Oh, that's all right," the child shouted back. "It's no good to me—it won't buy anything."

"Fare!" The passenger gave no heed. "Fare, please!" Still the passenger was oblivious. "By the ejaculatory term 'Fare!'" said the conductor, "I imply no reference to the state of the weather, the complexion of the admirable blonde you observe in the contiguous seat, nor even to the quality of the service vouchsafed by this philanthropic corporation. I merely allude, in a manner perhaps lacking in delicacy, but not in conciseness, to the monetary obligation set up by your presence in this car, and suggest that you liquidate." At this point the passenger emerged from his trance.

Augustine Birrell some time ago, while traveling in a third-class railway carriage in the north of England, sat down hurriedly next to a little girl in shawl and clogs. Happening to glance at her a moment or two afterward, he saw that she was regarding him with no great favor. It dawned upon him that he was sitting on her newspaper. "Here, my dear," said Mr. Birrell, pulling the paper from under him and handing it to her; "I'm sorry." The little girl did not look quite satisfied, but she said nothing till a few minutes later the train drew up at a station. "Please, sir," she then inquired weakly, "may I have my fried fish?" It was in the paper.

Recently while on an extended automobile tour a party of men came to grief through engine trouble and, after two hours' tinkering with the motor and several thousand suggestions, the owner of the car decided the trip at an end. His friends, with the promise to send a team of horses from the nearest farm, commenced their hike to the railroad station, eight miles distant. They had traversed less than a mile when they were startled to hear the welcome honk of an auto and beheld their friend with his car behind them. With a smile he said: "Jump in, fellows. She's all right now. I had a fellow fix it up. Smart man, too. He found the trouble in less than a minute, but wouldn't take a cent. I promised to send him a box of smokes and he gave me his card. Here it

is." "No wonder he fixed it quickly. He ought to," exclaimed one of the party. "Why?" asked the owner with surprise. "He was only a farmer." "Well," answered the first, "he may be taking a little vacation, but he is the chief engineer of the V— Motor Company, the people who built your car."

"I wish to marry your daughter," said the young man to the girl's father. "Does she love you?" asked the father. "Yes, sir. And I love her." "Well, that, of course, is the first necessary condition, but there are a few more questions I must ask. Have you made any shopping tours with her lately?" "No, sir." "Ever been in a department store and asked the price of women's suits and hats?" "No, sir." "Know anything at all about the cost of provisions?" "Only that which I have learned from the talk of others." "Well, young man, my advice to you is to make a trip of investigation. I don't know what your present income is, but after you've learned for yourself just what those clothes she wears are costing me, if you come back and say that you can support her in the style to which she has been accustomed lately, I'll give my consent."

A neighborhood story down Lisbon way has to do with a father who, one evening when his three small daughters were having too much fun jumping about and playing in their bed, went to the bottom of the stairs and threatened to spank them if they didn't become quiet. The girls remained quiet for a few minutes, then the fun broke out again. After this performance had been repeated several times the father went upstairs to carry out his promise. Without taking the trouble to light a lamp the father administered three spankings and went back downstairs. Next morning the eldest of the girls complained bitterly. "I don't see why you spanked me twice," she said. "I didn't," the father replied. "You surely did." "How could that happen?" "After you spanked me the first time Ethel flopped under the bed and came in at the front and you missed her altogether."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Decision.

Maude has asked me to the mountains,
Grace has asked me to the sea,
And I know that both these places
Are as lovely as can be.
Maude says: "Don't bring many dresses!
No one fusses much up here!"
Um! I'm very good at guesses—
Not a man up there this year!

Grace says in her hurried letter:
"Not much time to write, you know.
Bring your gowns, the best, and better—
Such a place to make a show!"
Yes, I'm very good at guessing—
Maude has had a useless chase!
Think I'll wire her—time is pressing!
I must pack and rush to Grace!

—Town Topics.

A Ballade of Happiness

On happiness I sometimes muse,
And definitions dim recall;
I ponder on the varied views
Concerning that which holds in thrall
The short, the tall, the great, the small,
And while I query, while I guess,
Of this I have no doubt at all—
Keen is the golfer's happiness!
If mountain-climbing one pursues,
I wonder if it does not pall
With muscles sore and wearied thews
When night descends the mountain wall.
The horseman rides unto a fall;
What do his vivid words express?
Of this I have no doubt at all;
Keen is the golfer's happiness!
And those that o'er the waters cruise,
Should their craft be yacht or yawl,
Do they with ardor still enthuse
When blind and bitter blows the squall?
And is there not some drop of gall
For those who fish, and catch no "mess"?
Of this I have no doubt at all;
Keen is the golfer's happiness!

ENVOI.

O ye who smite the nimble ball,
Whatever may be your success,
Of this I have no doubt at all,
Keen is the golfer's happiness!

—Clinton Scollard in Life.

Is Fame Becoming Extinct?

A ballplayer of national prominence was hailed into court not long ago in connection with some misdemeanor. One can picture this darling of the public approaching the bar of justice—self-possessed, tolerant, and, perhaps, slightly amused. What, then, was his shock to find that the judge had never heard of him! The blow to his pride must have been far greater than the humiliation of his original arrest.

Yet this incident is only a sign of the times. With blinking eyes I have watched the world for the past few years and asked myself whether fame has ceased to be the reward of achievement or distinction. We have close at hand a really startling proof that it has.

It would be ridiculous even to assume that any reader of these lines has not been familiar

from infancy—or from the event—with the names and achievements of Grant, Lee, Sherman, Sheridan, McClellan, Jackson, Meade, Hooker, Custer, and probably Longstreet and Beauregard, leaders in a war fought nearly sixty years ago. To the public of 1867 these names were certainly as vivid as they are to-day, yet how many readers can name a single American general who commanded any one of the huge separate armies into which our troops in France were divided? Who led the American forces at Saint-Mihiel? At Belleau Wood? At the Argonne? We all know that General Butler occupied New Orleans. Who occupied Germany?

Instinctively most of us would explain this phenomenon by some vague reference to "modern trench warfare," but the present-day anonymity of military heroes can be strangely duplicated in every one of those lines of prowess in which great fame has always been the peculiar reward.—Philip Curtiss in Harper's Magazine.




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—John Ruskin

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The wedding of Miss Ursula Hooper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hooper, and Mr. Chouteau Johnson of St. Louis was solemnized on Saturday afternoon at the Hooper residence on Green Street. Rev. Martin Ryan officiated at the ceremony. Miss Margaret Downing was the maid of honor and Mr. Robert Elliot was the best man. The ushers were

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Mr. Kenneth Montague, Mr. Corbett Moody, Mr. William Parrott, Mr. Wilder Bowers, Mr. Wendell Kuhn, and Mr. Edward Clark. Mr. Johnson is the son of Captain David Johnson of New York. Upon the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Johnson will make their home in San Jose.

Senator James Phelan gave a luncheon on Sunday at Saratoga, complimenting Vice-President and Mrs. Thomas Marshall.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon gave a luncheon on Monday, complimenting Mrs. James Haggin. Among those present were Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. James Flood, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. George Mendell, Mrs. William Tevis, Mrs. Horace Chase, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. James Keeney,

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Mrs. George Marye, Mrs. Richard Sprague, Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mrs. William Crocker, Mrs. George Harding, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

Colonel and Mrs. J. T. Clark gave a dinner on Sunday at the Presidio in honor of Colonel and Mrs. Wilson. The guests included Colonel and Mrs. Benjamin Alvord, General Richard Blatchford, Mrs. W. B. Baxter, and Miss Loughborough.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope gave a luncheon on Sunday at their home in Burlingame. Among the guests were Ambassador and Mrs. Mathieu, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Chase, Mr. and Mrs. James Folger, Mr. and Mrs. George Marye, Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. George Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Fentress Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. George Baker, Mr. Thomas le Breton, Ambassador Boris Bakmeteff, Mr. James Gerard, Mr. John Drum, Governor Albert Ritchie, Mr. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. Stewart Lowery, Mr. Francis Carolan, Colonel Sydney Croman, and Mr. J. C. Fordyce.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling entertained at dinner on Friday in honor of Ambassador James Gerard and Ambassador Thomas le Breton.

Mrs. Paul Foster entertained at a reception at her home in Ross a few days ago, complimenting Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Miss Sallie Calhoun, and Miss Mildred Calhoun. Among those attending the affair were Mrs. Arthur Foster, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. Thomas Brooke, Mrs. Jonathan Crooks, Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee, Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Mrs. James Jenkins, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mrs. Crawford Greene, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Truxtun Beale, Mrs. James Coffin, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Mrs. Henry Kuechler, Mrs. Almer Newhall, Mrs. William Horne, Mrs. Stanleigh Arnold, Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mrs. Harry Evans, Mrs. John Cushing, Mrs. Robert Menzies, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. Christian Miller, Miss Alice Oge, Miss Alice Keeler, Miss Sara Coffin, Miss Lani Sewall, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Caroline Madison, and Miss Mauricia Mintzer.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller gave a dinner in honor of Senator and Mrs. Charles Henderson several evenings ago. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Frank King, Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mr. John Drum, and Mr. Wellington Smith.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor gave a luncheon last Monday in compliment to Mrs. T. W. Tutill of New York.

Miss Elita Adams gave a luncheon several days ago in honor of Miss Alice Requa. The guests were Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Cornelia Clampett, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Elizabeth Magee, and Miss Elizabeth Adams.

A no-host dinner was given at the Burlingame Country Club last Saturday. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Jr., Miss Anne Peters, and Miss Helen Garritt.

Admiral and Mrs. Joseph Jayne gave a dinner on Saturday at Yerba Buena, complimenting Secretary Joseph Daniels. Among the guests were Governor and Mrs. William Stephens, Admiral and Mrs. Albert McCormick, Admiral and Mrs. Clarence Williams, Captain and Mrs. H. B. Price, Mr. and Mrs. Gavin McNah, Mrs. Randolph Zane, Miss Laura McKinstry, Captain George Bauer, Lieutenant Burleigh, and Senator Patrick Harrison.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Kaime gave a dinner-dance at Del Monte Lodge on July 4th. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Elena Folger, Mrs. Dorothy Johnson, Mr. Robert Miller, Mr. Eric Pedley, and Mr. Jerome Kuhn.

Mr. Jean St. Cyr gave a dinner on Sunday at Del Monte Lodge, entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent, Mrs. Jane Selby Hayne, Miss Ysabel Chase, and Mr. Harry Hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins entertained at luncheon on Sunday at Del Monte Lodge. Their guests were Mrs. Christian de Guigné, Mrs. Jane Hayne, Miss Ysabel Chase, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mr. Eric Pedley, Mr. Hugh Drury, and Mr. Robert Burroughs.

Mrs. Harry Mendell gave a luncheon several days ago, complimenting Mrs. James Haggin. The guests included Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mrs. George Marye, Mrs. George Harding, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. Stetson Wheeler, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, and Mrs. William Tevis.

Miss Julia George entertained at luncheon on Friday at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. and Mrs. Samuel Knight gave a dinner Saturday, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. George Marye, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. Thomas le Breton, and Governor Albert Ritchie of Maryland.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson Grubb are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son at their home in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Lowery are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter at their home in New York.

Frank Bacon, famous American actor and one of the veteran thespians, prescribes work as an antidote for that tired feeling. He finds relaxation in sawing wood or doing other odd bits of work about his Long Island home.

A telephone bell was recently rung from a distance of thirty miles by wireless telegraphy.

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CURRENT VERSE.

Night Is the Time.

Night is the time! Look out and see;
Out of your window is mystery.

Lean far out, and leaning far,
Look down at the Earth and up at a star.

There is no earth, for in between
Sways a shadow deep and green;

And this makes all the odder still
The bark of a dog on a neighboring hill;

The sound of footsteps coming near;
The talk of two lovers, soft and clear:

Some one whistles; some one calls;
Somehow utter silence falls:

Until, far off, a voice once more,
And unseen laughter passes your door.

That is the lovely thing about night,
You see without hearing, and hear without sight.

For if you turn your head to the sky,
Quite unheard the crowd goes by:

Never a sound from the rustling wind
And close warm mystery leaves your mind;

Quiet and far and very bright,
The unheard star fills all the night.

—From "Songs and Portraits," by Maxwell Strathurs Burt. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Flyers.

We are the children of Science that mated with
Vision,

Sons of a song that was wedded to furnace and
wheel;

We are the riders of vapor and vastness Elysian—
Oceans impalpable dying in light at our keel;
We are the stranglers of storms and the wild
playfellows

Of dusk that obscures and empurples, of dawn that
yellows

The paths of Icarus over an earth engirdled
With rail of iron and rope of copper and steel!

We are the bearers of thunder to sector and city,
We are the sowers of death from the heights of
the world,

Flinging our missiles of flame on the thousands
we pity,

Watching the harvest that leaps to the seed we
have hurled;

We are the stalkers of prey for the hard-lipped
slayers,

We are the makers of sorrow for mourners and
prayers,

Makers of bate for the fury and glory of battle
Till slaying is slain and the flags of the slayers
are furled.

We are the merchants of morrows whose caravels
marry

Lima with London, and Boston with Omsk or
Bombay,

Carry cargoes or men as the cables taht carry
Thought on a flutter of sound in a flutter of day;

We are the sellers of speed and the strong-souled
buyers

Of time that the millions mourn and a world
desires—

The gem men lust for, the thief that ruins and
plunders,

The heast we hunt through the heavens and find
and slay.

We are the bearers of freedom to millions be-
sotted,

Men that have moiled in the mill of the office or
trade,

Losing their souls in the grind of the labor
allotted,

Slaves by surrender to habit, the starved and
dismayed;

We are the masters that bind to a new indenture,
Waking the soul with imperial call of adventure

In cloud and cold and infinite isolation—
The lure, the challenge, the quest, and the high
crusade!

Ye that are cheated of life by the toil that sus-
tains you,

Ye that have wasted your days for the want of
a goal,

Ye that have need of a sword for the sin that
profanes you,

Ye that are avid of life to the least of its whole—
Come to the gates of the sky and the great-sailed
galleys,

Seek ye the wine of speed in the cloud-walled
alleys,

Riding the road of gods till the paths ye follow
Shall wake the god that sleeps in the dust of your
soul! —Frank Ernest Hill, in the Nation.

Observing a passage of Exodus which re-
fers to the discovery of Moses in the bull-
rushes in an ark "daubed with slime and with
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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. George Baker arrived in California last week. She will spend the summer at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker returned last week from Chicago and are reestablished at their home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hutchinson spent the week-end at Del Monte.

Miss Constance Hart returned here Tuesday, after having spent a fortnight at Del Monte.

Miss Dorothy Mann, Miss Cornelia Clappett, and Mr. Donald Clappett passed the holidays at Cloverdale as the guests of Mrs. Henry Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall left last week for New York and Europe. They plan to be away three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Monteagle and Mr. Paige Monteagle spent the Fourth of July at Del Monte.

Miss Audrey Willett has returned from Menlo Park, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor for a week, and has joined Mr. and Mrs. Walter Willett on their trip through the Kern River country.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Verdier, who have postponed their trip to Europe, have rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Marye in Burlingame for the summer.

Mrs. Parker Whitney and Mrs. James Blaine are spending the summer at Del Monte.

Miss Mary Louise Phelan spent the week-end at Saratoga.

Mr. Covington Jani has arrived here from Har-

vard to pass the summer with Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Mendell.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton chaperoned Miss Anne Peters, Miss Constance Hart, and Mr. Benno Hart, Jr., at Del Monte over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fee, Miss Marcia Fee, and Miss Elizabeth Fee passed the Fourth of July at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moore, Miss Mary Bernice Moore, and Miss Dorothy Crawford spent the holidays at Shasta Springs, returning on Friday to Brookdale.

Miss Helen Garritt has been enjoying a week in Burlingame as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker.

Dr. and Mrs. Erle Brownell left on Friday for Brookdale, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin are spending a month with Mrs. John Parrott and Miss Emilie Parrott at St. Helena.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Dray left last week for Montecito, where they will remain throughout the summer.

Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer and Miss Laura Meyer are spending the summer at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. James Bull and Mr. Wilfrid Bull have returned from Southern California to the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer and Miss Lawton Filer will spend the summer at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Willard Drown will leave in a few days for Oregon, where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston. Later Mrs. Drown will go to Santa Barbara for a brief visit with Mrs. Joseph Coleman.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Elita Adams, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., Mr. Léon Walker, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, and Mr. William Hendrickson formed a party over the week-end at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. John Beale left on Sunday for Los Angeles en route to New York. Mrs. Beale will be joined in the southern city by Mrs. Barrett Fithian, who will accompany her across the continent.

Dr. and Mrs. Adolph Rosenthal returned on Saturday from the Yosemite, where they spent the month of June.

Miss Jean Boyd has left Washington and is now the guest of Miss Carmela Scott at Lake Forest. Miss Boyd will return to California at the end of July and will join Mrs. Boyd and Miss Cynthia Boyd in San Rafael.

Captain and Mrs. Robert McMillan will leave in several days for Alabama, where they will be stationed for three or four years.

Mrs. Spencer Eddy arrived last week from New York and is the guest of Mrs. Eleanor Dore in San Mateo. Mrs. Eddy will rejoin Mr. Eddy in August to sail for France.

Mrs. Charles Page will spend the summer with Mrs. Benjamin Hoffacker at Bolinas. She will return to New York in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley have returned to San Rafael, after having spent several days in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Banning and Miss Katherine Banning arrived last week from Los Angeles. They will spend the month of July in the Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, and Miss Betty Schmiedell left on July 1st for Lake Tahoe, where they will remain until August.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Knowles and Miss Jessie Knowles are spending several weeks at Lake Tahoe. They will visit the Yosemite before returning to their home in Piedmont.

Mrs. Henry Lund, Miss Beatrice Lund, and Miss Marion Lund will spend the month of July in Santa Barbara. They will pass the late summer at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Klink, Miss Carol Klink, and Miss Elizabeth Klink will pass the summer at Palo Alto.

Mrs. James Parker left on Tuesday to join Commander Parker at Newport.

Mrs. Bernard Ford is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Randolph Zane left several days ago for Los Angeles to remain throughout the summer.

Mrs. Thomas Breze and Mrs. Macondray Moore left Monday for Tahoe to be away until the end of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Daulton Mann have returned from a trip to Del Monte.

Mr. William Tevis left several days ago for Del Monte to be gone a month.

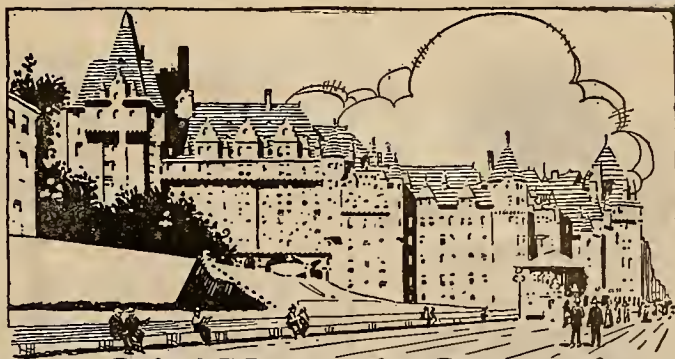
Miss Louise Janin has returned from a brief sojourn at Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henry Phelps of New York, former residents of San Francisco and Oakland, are at the Hotel Richelieu, where they will remain the next month or longer. Mrs. Phelps prior to her marriage was Miss Booth of Piedmont, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Booth.

Among those registered at the Fairmont Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Powell, Milwaukee; Mrs. Frank H. Short, Fresno; and Mrs. H. H. Craycroft, Fresno.

Among those stopping at the Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Jordan, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. James M. McCormick, Tacoma; Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Allen, Los Angeles; Mr. G. H. Lawrence, Phoenix; Mr. and Mrs. E. Kelly, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Keiser, Birmingham, Alabama; Mr. Francisco Gomez, Seattle; Major S. C. Schwartz, wife and child, U. S. A.; Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Longwill, Madera; and Mrs. J. M. Evans, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. E. Mason, Sacramento; Mr. George E. Young, Arcadia; Mr. W. E. Quodson, Portland, Oregon; Mrs. M. F. Mouse, Boston; Dr. Frank Einbrey, Philadelphia; Mr. E. R. Bechtell, Fresno.

Recent arrivals at Shasta Springs Hotel are Mrs. Adam Andrew, Miss Carol Andrew, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Grosse, Mr. W. S. Sawyer, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Lundy, Mrs. C. R. Lewers, Mrs. N. Goldstein, Mrs. Sidney Shirek and family, Mrs. Henry R. Jacob and family, Mrs. Roy B. Alexander and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Casper, Mr. George W. Murray, Mrs. Andrew A. Jacob and children, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Weil, Mrs. Max Mierson, Mr. Augustus Mierson, Miss Pauline



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Transmitting Power.

The question of transmitting power long distances by means of gas made in the coalfields is raised by the engineering supplement of a British paper. One of the objects sought in erecting the proposed capital power stations in England and distributing electricity from them is to save the cost of conveying coal to individual factories. It is possible that the same advantage would be realized by transmitting gas instead of electricity. It is suggested further that the gas now made in a multiplicity of gas works scattered all over the country could be generated on modern lines in large works on the coalfields. The writer calculates that the money spent on the carriage of one year's coal by one of the London gas undertakings would alone suffice to pay for a main large enough to bring from Yorkshire all the gas it makes in the year.

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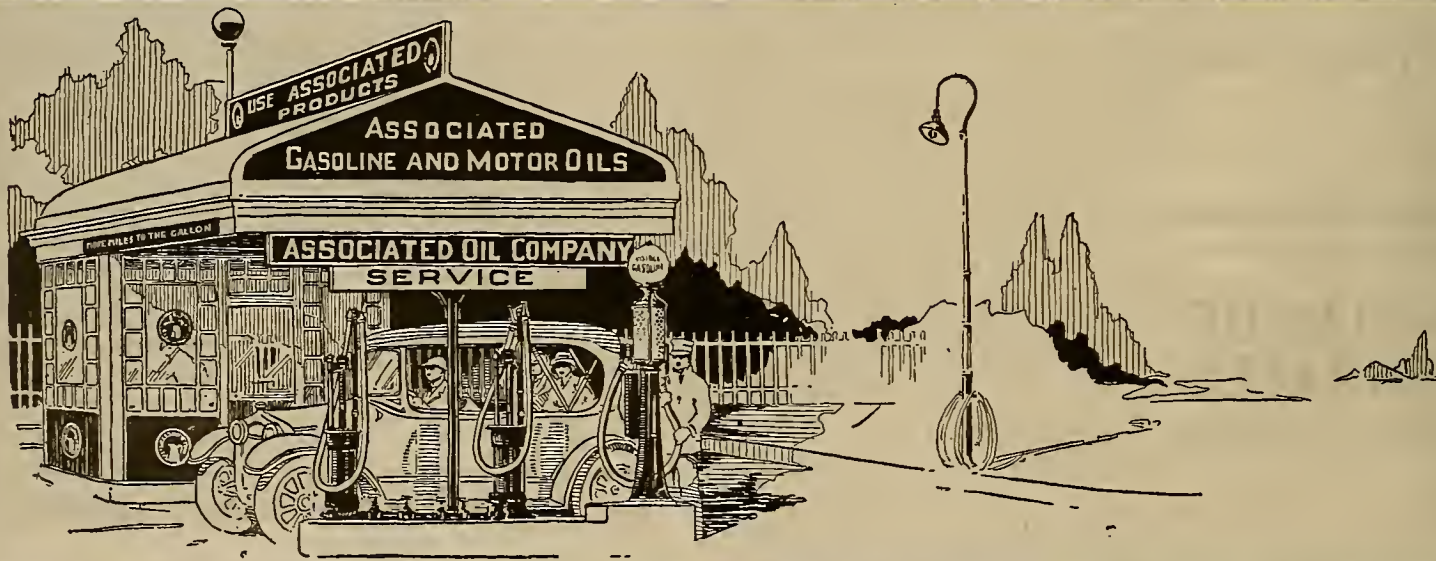
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VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2260.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 17, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

Forty-Fourth Year.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Birds of Different Feather.

Regarded as a protest against vital or whimsically-imagined derelictions of the standard political organizations, the third party movement is not irrational. Regarded as a practical adventure in politics, it is an absurdity. No political movement ever got into effective and sustained existence upon a basis of negation and minus the inspiration of constructive purpose. A party made up of dissimilar, unsympathetic, and incongruous elements is in truth no party at all. At its best it can be nothing better than a temporary coalition of individuals or groups lacking the moral cement of a common aim and a common enthusiasm, subject to a thousand diverging forces and destined speedily to relapse into antagonistic factions. The first essential of political coöperation is coöperation of mind and purpose. To work together men must measurably at least think alike; and above all they must be imbued with the coöperative spirit.

The half-dozen or more groups now seeking at Chicago to unify themselves have in truth nothing in common. On the other hand they are representative of individual, of class, and of sentimental interests having no relationship to each other—tending, in truth, to pull apart rather than pull together. Can there be any mind so fatuous as to believe for a moment that Mr. Hearst, Mr. Pinchot, Mr. La Follette, and the half-score other chronic individualists now in conference at Chicago can strike and maintain a common gait toward a common objective? They will no sooner get their party ma-

chinery organized than their differences, with their rivalries for leadership, will smash it into its original elements. There can be no combination of men and groups so fundamentally divergent, each led by men so personally vain or vindictive, or both, as those who represent chronic bias and chronic discontent, the inspirations of vanity, with the various fads of nihilism, socialism, the single-tax theory, labor radicalism, and the spirit of negation.

It is conceivable that this movement may for the moment patch up a project, call it by a party name, and endow it with the outward marks of vitality, but it will be foredoomed from the start, and it can hardly be said that that which is destined to collapse can have any real existence.

The movement, if it shall actually get upon its feet, may stagger about for a brief time, but its only practical effect will be to relieve the standard parties of pestiferous irreconcilables, always a nuisance and commonly a menace. It is, perhaps, just as well all round that the faddists, the kickers, the congenital and chronic cranks should get themselves out from the old parties and even for a little while flock together. Birds of different feathers, they will speedily flock separately.

Mr. David Lawrence, the well-known correspondent—an habitual guesser who usually guesses wrong—ventures to prophesy that the "third party" will draw more votes from Harding than from Cox. It may be so, but we fail to discover a supporting reason for this judgment, and are led to conclude that the wish inspires the thought. Not in many years has the Republican party had anything like consistent support—anything, in fact, excepting criticism, protest, and obstruction—from the chronic malcontents. The party will be better off in every way if the individuals and the groups that have fraudulently assumed affiliation with it shall definitely break away and gang their own courses. Similarly with the Democratic party. It has gained nothing from such coöperation as it has had from protesting groups of malcontents and faddists. Its most serious mistakes of policy—its diverges from its traditions—have been made in futile effort to hold to party allegiance factions that know not the name of good faith and that have repaid concession with contempt and treason.

Politics in Flux.

In no presidential campaign of recent times have there been so many conditions of a sort that may be termed fluid. First, and possibly most important, is the increase in the electorate involved in extension of suffrage to women. Here we have a condition incalculable by any standard of precedent either as to the number of new voters or as to the tendencies of their action in politics. Of theories there are many, to be sure, but only time and events can give any approach to assurance of how the "woman vote" will affect the coming election.

The league of nations project gives to the present campaign another unknown quantity. What proportion of the voters of the country are for the Wilson league without reservations, for a league with some reservations, for a league with other reservations, or for no league at all—these are points wholly speculative in character. There are, to be sure, those who tell the country in phrases of assumed authority what the American people want, how they will vote, etc. The truth, none the less, is that nobody really knows.

In the issue of prohibition we have another unknown quantity. To what extent has sentiment in respect of prohibition become crystallized as a fixed and paramount motive of political action? Nobody knows more than that there is a radical element, presumably a minority, that will subordinate all other issues and motives to an enthusiasm for the "dry" cause. That the elements sentimentally "wet" or moderately "moist"

have as yet attained a degree of resentment sufficient to control their votes is uncertain. The radical "drys," as yet questionable in point of numbers, will naturally vote for Harding, who, though no radical, is recorded as having given his vote in the Senate for the Volstead Act, and who therefore comes nearer to affiliation with the "dry" element than Cox, who, if not an out-and-out "wet," has a "moist" record, and who owes his nomination to elements distinctly affiliated with the liquor traffic, not only in its moderate and sentimental, but in its commercial phases.

There is uncertainty, too, about the labor element. That it has measurably abandoned allegiance to old party standards is obvious, likewise that it has largely become imbued with a class sense. Will its favor be given to the relatively conservative Harding, more dry than moist, or to the relatively radical Cox, more moist than dry? Political speculation tends to the judgment that the balance of favor will rest with the latter alternative. But nobody really knows.

The nomination of Cox by forces under the direction of the Brennan-Taggart-Murphy combine—definitely "practical" in its political inspirations and motives—would seem likely in the natural order of things to alienate the intellectual, idealistic, and otherwise sentimental elements that up to now have stood in solid support of the Wilsonian vagaries. How will the college professors, the schoolteachers, the fire-eyed uplifters, be disposed to political action in a situation which presents the alternatives of Harding, an old-line Republican frankly proposing to bring the government back to its constitutional basis, and Cox, rather more than less representative of sinister politics and an open repudiator of Wilsonianism?

Then there is the new "third party" now in process of organization. In what ratio will it draw votes from the candidates of the standard parties? Probably, if we accept the estimates of certain calculators, in approximately equal numbers. But again nobody really knows.

Very much will depend upon the terms in which Messrs. Harding and Cox shall declare their acceptances and urge their candidacies. For be it remembered that in their formal declarations of principles and policies both conventions have so fumbled, juggled, and evaded the issues as to have left it to the candidates to make their own platforms. Not the formal platforms, but the party names, plus the backgrounds of the candidates with what they shall say between now and November, will become the real platforms.

Of one thing we may be certain, namely, that there is general weariness in the country of methods of administration imposed during the past seven years in the name and by the authority of the Democratic party. In positive degree there is general weariness of Democracy as it has been interpreted and enforced by the Wilson régime. A sufficient demonstration of this fact is supplied in the final overthrow of Administration influence by a convention that up to the point of definite action was dominated by Administration agents.

San Francisco Invites the Republicans.

The movement to bring the Republican National Convention of 1924 to San Francisco is well in advance of the event. It comes too soon to accomplish anything more than registration of San Francisco's wish in the matter; and in that respect it may not be regarded as untimely. In view of our recent success with the Democratic Convention the project becomes a practicable one, although there will be many considerations favoring a more central location to be overcome by those who shall speak in behalf of San Francisco. The disadvantages of cost and of time are of course serious, but the advantage of climate is very great and will have weight with all who have suffered the stress of summer conventions at Chicago and other Mid-West-

ern cities. Unquestionably San Francisco highly commended itself by the entertainment it gave its recent visitors. Hotel room was found sufficient to the comfort of all comers. There was nothing in the way of extortion. The policing arrangements of the convention hall were the best ever. Telegraphic facilities, to the surprise of everybody, were found adequate. These considerations will make largely in support of future invitations to national political gatherings.

Editorial Correspondence.

For long years I have joined in the more or less amiable "flinging" at Chicago and all its ways to which San Franciscans are addicted. There are many reasons why we have not liked Chicago. Something of jealousy there may be, due to a lively competition between the two communities in the commodity of brag. Neither is precisely modest and each has, perhaps unconsciously, found motives of irritation in the vociferous self-satisfaction of the other. Something of resentment on our part there may have been all these years on the score of Chicago's amazing material fortunes, undeniably more "stupendous" than our own, as illustrated in comparison of census reports, of transportation exchanges, of the statistics of hog-killings, and other indicia of material significance.

Those of us who go often to the East have resented the enforced change of trains with the incidental stop-over in a city that presents few attractions to the traveler whose main purpose is to get on East, and who interprets the interruption of his journey as a requirement wholly in the interest of Chicago's pie-counters. Having neither reason nor wish to spend time in Chicago, we have naturally hated the city whose business policy enforced by various forms of hold-up has made stopping over between trains a fixed requirement. It is not so much the small sums in the form of taxicab fares, restaurant rates, and other petty charges that we have from time out of mind had to yield in tribute to Chicago as spiritual resentment against having to yield tribute at all.

The prodigious energies and the amazing materiality of Chicago—very considerably, let it be confessed, in advance of our own—have given us our cue. It has pleased us to regard Chicago as a cormorant—not merely as a cormorant, but as a vulgar cormorant. We have loved to gibe at Chicago as a gross materialist; and under comparison of certain superficial conditions of climate, irritating bustle, coal smoke, mosquitoes, thunder and lightning, etc., we have dwelt both viciously and lovingly—therein illustrating how incongruities may be made to congrue—upon our own better fortune as marked in more salubrious airs, more or less perpetual sunshine, fruits, flowers, and other joyfulnesses of our situation and clime.

I come now, if not to repudiation of long-cherished sentiments and long-sustained resentments, to open confession that there may be found at Chicago certain conditions, influences, and with due hesitation I may add examples, worthy the attention even of San Francisco. This altered state of mind comes, as do most altered states of mind, through personal experience. Somebody with a middling tight grip upon the philosophies inherent in men and things has said that we like that which we know; at least it may be declared as a fairly sound principle that we cease to dislike that which we have been brought to understand. My newer views of Chicago have their inspiration very largely in hospitalities in connection with a week's sojourn there during the period of the national convention last month. Chicago as seen in a state of violent commotion and of crowded hotels attendant upon great popular gatherings—and Chicago is always having conventions—is one thing. Chicago as seen from the vantage of guestship in a charming house with every condition contributing to comfort and for unhurried observation of things beyond view of the traveler soiled and dejected from one railroad ride and in haste to get on with another, and with the knowledge that it is two thousand miles in one direction and a thousand in the other to a bath and fresh linen, is quite another thing. Let me confess that one week of the best side of Chicago has essentially modified the impressions of a hundred more or less stop-overs, ranging in time from the period required by a Parmelee cab to make jolting passage from the Northwestern station to Adams Street, to half a dozen weary hours spent dawdling in hotel corridors

or in killing time on the lake front where never a bench may be found.

Here let me interject a lesson learned some thirty years ago in a brief but privileged intimacy with a great man of that day, none other than the late James Anthony Froude. I had set forth to Mr. Froude in conversations running through the better part of a week the things which to a then youthful mind appeared to import the glories and dignities of our Pacific Coast country. He had listened with what I took for interest, but what I now know to have been merely patience and toleration. At the end of my tale he remarked in the rich brogue whose best exponent in San Francisco is my friend Gavin McNab, "*Me young freend—me veery young freend—ye hove told me much that I moy concede to possess o certain incidental value. Mind ye I soy incidental. But let me give ye a word of truth. I core something, but not much, for yeer statistics of corn, potatoes, cured plums, and growth of yeer peoples. Allow me to soy to ye that all yeer clearings of forests, all yeer incomings of men and weemen, all yeer multiplication of towns and commodities, come to nothing—nothing—unless with these odvancements ye have with them the groce of intellectual and moral progress.*" What in the raw innocence of youth I failed to take in its full significance, I have in such wisdom as maturer years have given me taken to heart as a lesson in essential morals and, in larger view, as a measure of real as distinct from false values.

In the course of a leisurely week in Chicago—leisurely in spite of the convention hubbub, thanks to provident and gracious hosts—I kept in mind Mr. Froude's standard of appraisement. I shied at the Board of Trade. I sought no statistics of railroads, of lake tonnage, of manufactures, of wholesale or retail trade. I even had the fortitude to decline repeated and pressing suggestions of visitation to the stock yards. I took for granted the very obvious truth that Chicago is a veritable mine of human energy and that her accomplishments in the ways of augmented population and in general "of multiplication of commodities" was everything that the most windy of enthusiasts ventures to picture. My observation and inquiries were centered upon things that Chicago has done and is doing in the way of developing and sustaining civilization. There was both entertainment and charm in the study, and happily it did not call for much delving in obscurities or mysteries. Evidences of "intellectual and moral progress" are plenty enough in Chicago if one will only take a little time and a little pains to look for them.

Let it be remembered that within the memory of men still living the site of Chicago was little better than a swamp, stagnant and miasmatic, infected with millions of insects that breed in shallows. All this is of the past. The physical foundations of the city have been made solid; the infested waters with the wastages that human occupation yields have been led into innocuous channels by an engineering courage and invention that have given an inspiring example with many helpful devices to the world. That which a few decades back was a pestilent breeding ground has become in its better districts a really beautiful city.

Let nobody smile when I declare that there are quarters of Chicago which distinctly recall something of the atmosphere and grace of Paris. Not even the famed Champs-Élysées may outrival in sheer beauty the long stretch of lake front extending northward from the site of old Fort Dearborn, flanked on the western side by sumptuous domestic establishments and rich between traffic-track and the beach with greenery of lawn and foliage. I know not where may be found avenues better furnished with all that makes for elegance and repose than those paralleling Lincoln Park on the west; and can anybody point to anything anywhere in the way of artificially developed beauty comparable with Lincoln Park itself, rich in cultivation and glorified by art, with the beautiful St. Gaudens Lincoln as its masterpiece? And Lincoln Park is only one of many, one leading to another by a series of boulevards whose animation, at least in the summer season, makes appeal both to the eye and to the spirit. Lacking Chicago is plainly in the charm of varied elevations, but in compensation of this deficiency there have been developed conditions hardly matched in any other American city. It is not, I think, generally known that some dozen or more years ago an association of beauty lovers took upon themselves

the making of a general plan looking to ultimate harmonies upon ideal conceptions. Mr. Burnham, whose genius was the inspiration of our own Civic Centre, was brought to this task. It will take decades to work out plans that have been elaborately formulated. But something has already been done, and when with progress of years the dream shall become reality the City by the Lake will rank below none other on this round globe. Much may be said for the spirit of a generation which has thus made generous sacrifice for generations to come.

Even the hurried and the worried traveler can not fail to have noted the great structure on the lake front dedicated to the higher forms of art. Taste and liberality have already richly endowed it, as they have likewise endowed the greater Field Museum in another quarter of the city. It is, I fancy, not generally known that in this beautiful building there is maintained a school of art under the inspiration and instruction of world-famous masters and that this school is attended by students from in and about Chicago and its neighboring states more than double in number any other similar foundation in this country. To be sure, not every dabbler with palette and brush becomes a Rafael. Not every ambitious draftsman becomes a Sir Christopher Wren or a Richardson; but who may venture to limit the inspirations of this great school as they are carried year by year by returned students to every city and village in the widespread Middle West? Smile as you may at the suggestion of artistic inspirations as related to Wisconsin or Kansas—none the less their reflections may already be discerned in developments noble or humble to be found from Oshkosh to Emporia. I may cite as specially meritorious that interesting gallery of art at Milwaukee which bears the name of its founder—Lathan if my memory serves.

Assuredly it will come surprisingly to those who think of Chicago only as a stupendous agglomeration of materialities to know that nowhere else on the American continent is there such enthusiasm in the cause—if I may so style it—of classical literature. From no other source proceed such spreading influences of serious study. Few, I fancy, know that a Shakespearean Society in Chicago maintains and has for years maintained an active propaganda of Shakespearean interpretation energetically carried out by itinerant professional readers through wide circuits in cities and towns from the Texas border to and even beyond the Canadian line. I was told that Chicago is the home port, so to speak, of a race of literary voyagers who go from town to town—and find audiences, too—giving readings from all that is noblest in literature from Homer to Mark Twain.

Chicago has been the leader in a movement that the country has been slow to recognize as essential under the newer order of things to the vitality and spirit of the race. Few, perhaps, have been led to consider that conditions are vastly changed since the period of a generation ago when anywhere in America "all out of doors" was a children's gymnasium. In our own part of the world there still remains a fairly spacious out of doors with its facilities for physical development of childhood. But in many parts of the country, more particularly the manufacturing centres, children must play in the streets at hazard of life or limb or not play at all. Who has not noted the pale skin, the hollow eye, the narrow chest, the retarded vitality of town-bred children? Chicago, with foresight and generosity, has led off in the creation of playgrounds to the end of sustaining the physical stamina with the moral qualities depending upon it of the rising generation. That San Francisco has made a start in this highly humanitarian enterprise—even more notably our neighboring city Oakland, thanks to the enthusiasm of Miss Ethel Moore—is due primarily to the example of Chicago. To her honorable distinction let this fact be recorded and remembered.

The highest classical authority has celebrated the social value of music. Personally I do not concede that much that claims character as music is pure uplift. Very early in life I became imbued with the idea that music is not so much a thing of mathematical calculation and of harmonies conceivable only by the esoteric few—and the fashionable many—as that once defined as concord of sweet sounds. But putting the point of dispute to one side, there must be conceded to Chicago

a definite leadership established long ago by Theodore Thomas, and since generously sustained, in an elevated form of musical art. In the language of old Gorgan Graham, Chicago is the headquarters—"begad, sir, the headquarters"—of orchestral music in America. If the musical development of Chicago has not yet overborne the packing industry as a source of pride and fame it yet has much to its credit. There is no symphony organization from Boston to San Francisco free from obligation to the school of music so long and generously maintained at Chicago.

This writing is not intended to be a catalogue of the civilizing forces of Chicago. But I am almost tempted to make it so, in the wish to pay tribute to certain minor achievements. Among them I reckon the local taxicab service, sanitary in its equipment and operated in a spirit other than that of highway robbery. I should like to compliment Chicago upon the fact that at last it has achieved a first-class hotel. These and various other practical developments are truly worth noting. There is, too, that in Chicago's clubs that tends to a civilizing grace of life. I may I trust without impertinence add that in my judgment it is high time Chicago, premier city of conventions, should have a better audience room than a Coliseum that might be mistaken for a barn if it were smaller and for a railroad yard if it were bigger.

In what has been set down I have had no thought of exploiting Chicago as holding leadership in the things of high civilization. I would not needlessly offend the sensibilities of Boston, trample upon the traditional pretensions of Baltimore, seek to minimize the values that abide in "little old New York," nor thrust my beloved home town into the discard. The notable and most worthy thing about Chicago is not that it has attained preëminence in American civilization—for truly it has not. Its ideal of worth and dignity is still the packer. But many developing conditions as they present themselves to sympathetic examination do illustrate a spirit of ambition, a spirit of liberality, a generous provision for future needs of non-material kind—in short a real ambition and a sound hope beyond mere "multiplication of towns and commodities," for what is highest and best in community achievement.

My congratulations to Chicago upon the upward look of her leading men and women and upon the faith and energy with which they are backing the things that make for "intellectual and moral progress." A. H.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 12, 1920.

From Bad to Worse.

Pending negotiations between the Obregon government—if that which is no government may be so styled—and the bandit Villa affords concrete illustration of the state of affairs in Mexico. In all the commotions and transitions that have marked the six years between the Huerta régime and today there has been no change for the better—practically no change at all. The confusions and horrors with reference to which the Washington government has watchfully waited continue. The murderings, the maimings, the ravagings, the confiscations go on as merrily as ever. The rights alike of contract and humanity are wholly in abeyance.

Nor is there a sign of better things in prospect. Mexico seems less capable today of her own restoration under civilized standards than when Mr. Wilson practically drove from the seat of authority the only man whose force of character gave any hope of administrative efficiency. While we have watched and waited conditions have gone from bad to worse. What was originally an acute inflammation has become a chronic sore. The hope that any healing process may come from within is now both vain and stupid.

Every passing month serves more deeply to emphasize the fact that pacification of Mexico with rehabilitation of orderly life must come, if at all, from without; and this is only another way of saying that it must come from the United States. Under our traditions and under sanctions of the world at large, the moral responsibilities of Mexican readjustment relate directly to us; and there is in the situation an obligation that we may not shirk either in interest or in honor.

The practical difficulties of setting Mexico to rights have been vastly over-appraised. The military men who talk glibly of vast armaments as essential to pacification of Mexico wholly disregard the practical operation of moral forces. They do not take into account the fact that the representatives of intelligence and property

in Mexico will welcome intervention and open to it a hundred doors. No man intelligent with respect to the conditions and spirit of Mexico questions for one moment that little more than a demonstration will be essential to establishment of American authority in the country, for in truth there are in Mexico no forces capable of sustained and morally-inspired resistance. The Obregons, the Villas, the Felix Diazes, and all the rest of the local captains of aggrandizement and disorder would fade out of sight before advancing American forces. That we should have so much as to fight a single battle in taking authority over Mexico is much to be doubted. And with American authority definitely established in the seat of government all the rest would be easy. A few companies or battalions of native *rurales* organized under American authority and direction would in short order clean up the confusions that flourish under the leadership of bandits of the Villa type.

Of course nothing is to be expected from or through the existing Administration at Washington. Committed in turn to a dozen policies in half a dozen years, it has been consistent and faithful in none. It has watched and waited supinely and fruitlessly; it has bluffed again and still again shamelessly. Vowing it would hold hands off, it connived to drive from the country the one man who might have pacified it. It has tamely endured repeated affronts and insults. It has permitted American citizens and aliens of other countries to be plundered and murdered. It has allowed the once high prestige of the American name in Mexico to fall into contempt and derision. It has punished the one official—Mr. Lansing—who had the manly courage even to speak with promptness and in the spirit of national self-respect. It goes without saying that nothing is to be expected from this Administration and that the country must wait with such patience as it may command for the coming into authority of rational judgment, moral courage, and a reasonable sense of moral obligation.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Prohibition, et Sic de Similibus.

PORTLAND, ORE., July 9, 1920.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In a few years the 4th of July will be celebrated as a day of tears, lamentations, unavailing regrets, and longings for the liberty that this country enjoyed when it was under the government of King George III.
J. H. MANSELL.

A Crisis in Rice.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 12, 1920.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: To show the public how little real news the daily papers of San Francisco give us, reference is made to two brief articles regarding the rice situation in Havana which appeared in the shipping news column of July 10th in the two morning dailies.

The situation is a most serious one and has been agitating California Street for the last two weeks, but the papers have never mentioned the subject.

Most of the large firms and banks have fingers in the pie and the loss to be divided will be between ten and twelve million dollars gold. The situation in a nutshell is Cuba bought heavily of our merchants of rice for direct shipment from Rangoon, Siam, and China a total of some 75,000 tons—value \$20,000,000—and because between the time of purchase and of arrival of the steamers in Cuba the rice market has dropped from 13 cents to 5 cents per pound the Cubans repudiate their purchases and some one will be called upon to pay the difference of \$12,000,000 loss in market prices.

No names need be mentioned, but all the leading firms who do Cuban business are involved and have sent their managers to Havana, and these men are now cabling home to ask if the United States State Department can not act in forcing these Spanish firms to comply with the terms of an honorable contract.

It is a well-known fact that the Cuban traders are the hardest tight-wads of the commercial world and generally burn the fingers of all but the most expert traders. It is said that there are no Jews and no Scotchmen in Havana, as the Cuban can beat them in every game, but seriously speaking, should not our State Department see that our merchants get justice in the Cuban courts and if our people have complied with their sides of the contract that the Cuban buyers be forced to pay the drafts and take delivery of the rice, regardless of the price of the rice market.

We made "Cuba Libre," gave them a government, and today are buying their sugars at a net profit to them of over \$400 United States gold per ton, and the above rice situation is the way they treat us in return.

There are some who think the trifling stevedores' strike mentioned in the papers was gotten up by the "Havana Rice Syndicate," hoping that delay might start the weevils in the rice, and then the buyers will claim rejection on account of "bad quality."

Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 8, 1920.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: "A wilfu' man maun e'en hae his way." President Wilson's platform, filled with lavish encomiums of his administration from 1912 till now, and endorsing his league of nations precisely as presented by him to the Senate, was forced upon reluctant delegates of the late Democratic National Convention after the manner that the master of Dotheboys Hall administered treacle. Then, after doing things that it ought not to have done and leaving undone things that it ought to have done, the convention adjourned. Intertribal disaffections are already in evidence. McAdoo's followers worked diligently and tirelessly for his nomination, were bitterly opposed therein from the outset by Tammany

Hall in particular, and by Brennan, Nugent, Taggart, and other bosses, not then united, but at one nevertheless in hostility toward the alleged Administration candidate. The clan McAdoo, however dour they may feel, will grin, of course; but does any one suppose they will "get out and whoop-her-up!"

Tammany's delegates and Nugent, Brennan, Taggart, et al., are active Sinn Feiners. Thousands upon thousands of all-American Democrats abhor Sinn Feinism—in very soberness "will view with suspicion" a Sinn Fein selection for President. They can not but feel distrust toward any one who might listen patiently to any suggestion that would tend to the disturbance of amicable relations obtaining between this country and Great Britain. Moreover, they have not forgotten their shame—the red wrath that flamed up in them—when news of the exhibition by the Irish hyphenates before the President on the eve of his departure for the peace conference reached them: "We ask you to demand from the peace conference political freedom for Ireland! Will you do it?" This, mind you, to the President of the United States, not to some ward-heeler! And the "demand," be it remembered, in no wise affecting territory of a foe, but, to the contrary, the exclusive domestic government of an ally in the war! They will long remember that choice but characteristic bit of Irish hyphenate impertinence.

After the convention adjourned Mr. Bryan said that failure to adopt a prohibition plank "opened the door to the nomination of a 'wet' candidate." Mark Sullivan, a very careful reporter, also reported that "Tammany's 'wet' forces won the nomination for Cox," being aided therein by Brennan, "political successor to the old Sullivan machine of Illinois," by Nugent of New Jersey, "most aggressive 'wet' of the country," and others of lesser note of the same ilk. Tammany announced before starting westward that its delegates were "wet." After it became certain that Edwards (self-proclaimed "wet") and the favorite sons were out of the running, the "wets," marshaled by Tammany, united on Cox. Cox's candidacy in his own state has always had the support of the "wets." These facts will have significance for temperance folk of Democratic politics throughout the land. They have never been in doubt touching the significance of prohibition in the states, nor as to the strength of the forces behind that forced the Congress to propose the Eighteenth Amendment, nor of the force behind that impelled legislatures to adopt that amendment. They know that but for the grim and mighty hand of Mars they would never have been delivered from the hands of the whisky barons—mightier even than government in times of peace. Nor are they under any delusion as to the source of the cry for legislative relief that is being lifted up in the land. They are not fools. They realize perfectly that the purveyors of light beers and wines are but the skirmishers; that behind the skirmishers the solid columns of the old-time, sullen, insolent barons of Barleycorn are massed for attack and that they are out to reconquer the seats of the mighty and to repossess the halls of legislation! "And Achan, the son of Zerah, committed a trespass in the accursed thing, and wrath fell on all the congregation of Israel."

* * * * *
Look! Do you not see it blazing—there on the wall! Thou hast been weighed in the balance and found wanting! The people of the United States are tired of the Democratic party; tired of a party that (per its party platform) approves of all that the leader of that party has done during his incumbency, including, of course, the "watchful waiting" scandal, the shameless pussyfoot avowal, "too proud to fight," etc. Bah!

In the last congressional election President Wilson deliberately turned out of the path both of precedent and propriety to ask the country to elect a Democratic Congress—and was denied!
EDWARD A. BELCHER.

THE EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE.

The death of the ex-Empress Eugénie at the age of ninety-four, which occurred at Madrid on July 11th, severs well nigh the last link with the régime of Napoleon. The ex-empress, Eugénie Marie de Montijo, was born in Andalusia, and was educated in France, Spain, and England. She married the Emperor Napoleon III on January 30, 1853, and her only son, the Prince Imperial, was born March 26, 1856.

When the charming Countess de Montijo married the Prince Imperial in the early 'fifties, says a writer some few years ago in the *Literary Digest*, poets vied in singing her praises and finding similes for her loveliness. She had come from Spain, and she had been fascinating enough at twenty-seven to catch the gilded roué Louis Napoleon. And then began a life that is seldom equaled outside of story books. The French Empire came and went, and the republic rose from its ashes. But the empress lived through it all, surrounded with only the memories of triumphs. In 1916 the *London Daily Chronicle* said of her declining days:

The Empress Eugénie, who was once the most beautiful woman in France, is today the most wonderful old lady in the world. Not long since she celebrated her ninetieth birthday.

At the age of fourscore years and ten the vitality of the empress is extraordinary. Since the war began she has, of course, discontinued her travels, but up to her eighty-seventh year she took an annual trip in her yacht or on a steamer. Queen Victoria was not fonder of the open air; and as in her youth she delighted to be on horseback, to ride swiftly, and to hunt, so in old age she found her chief pleasures at sea, which is never too rough for her. All the coasts of the Mediterranean are known to the empress; when past eighty she returned to Egypt, and the Indies, of which she has beheld but the fringe, she still hopes to visit.

The empress must always be occupied. She has the royal mania for building, and has wrought great changes at her lovely Hampshire home, Farnborough.

"If she did not assiduously watch the building works which she orders to be carried out, they would not interest her," says one person of her. "Nothing is left to chance. She occupies herself with everything, even the slightest details, and attaches as much importance to the harmony of a building as to the shape of a door, the exact place for a piece of furniture, the color of a carpet. When a new idea occurs to her it must be executed immediately. She explains and discusses everything, is eager to see the work begun, asks the advice of this one and that one, remains standing for hours together, is untiring, holds out against fatigue longer than any one, and will not leave the place until she is satisfied with what is being done."

Thus Farnborough, we were told, became one of the most elaborate residences in Britain, as it is also one of the best Napoleonic museums in Europe. Here, as at

sembled all the relics that came to her through the Bonaparte family, including even the wash-basin which the Little Corporal took with him in his campaigns. And here the faded rose of a dead empire passed most of her last days, alone with the shadows of glory. Says the account:

Every morning sees the empress in her study, with her large-scale maps before her, following the course of the war. It has been said that she has long lived altogether in the past, but this is not the case. She does not shrink from recalling it, but she has a wonderful power of detaching herself from it, and this she can do even when she visits Paris and walks in the gardens of the Tuileries. Since the war commenced she has followed the whole course of it with characteristic mental energy. As early as the autumn of 1914 (after having visited in the spring and early summer Cap Martin, Paris, Milan, Venice, and the King and Queen of Spain at Madrid—eighty-eight years of age!) her majesty converted a wing of her house into a sanatorium for wounded officers, and no day, save when prevented by indisposition, has she failed to pay a call in each of the eight rooms and chat with all the patients. "Soldier talk," it is said, comes naturally to her, and for many years her dinner guests have included officers stationed at Aldershot. One day in September, 1914, the empress had a visit from Lord Portsmouth, a former under-secretary of war.

He found her, it is said, intently studying the maps, and remained to dine with the empress, who, when they had seated themselves at table, said apologetically to her guest: "I can offer you only a *diner de guerre*, you know, as my cooks have left to join the army in France."

From Edward Legge, who has just published a volume on this subject, it might be inferred that, if the Empress Eugénie had no other occupation, her correspondence alone would provide a fair day's work.

"It is the sole work of one person to examine this correspondence before submitting it to the empress, who herself verifies the accuracy of the statements."

Begging letters are received from every country in the world, and apparently there are persons in France who think that Eugénie is still their empress, for she is occasionally asked to set some petitioner up in a *bureau de tabac*. Neither in France nor in England has the empress ever scattered recklessly what is believed to be a very considerable fortune (none but herself knows the amount), but her alms are lavishly bestowed, and for the most part carefully concealed.

She detests fuss, and over-zealous people weary her. She does not want any one to carry her cloak or her sunshade, being quite persuaded that a woman of ninety can very well do these things herself. Locks of hair, old gloves, and all such *idolatrie macabre* she cordially despises. At the age she has reached, far from seeking to use up the energies of friends or attendants, she prefers to rely on her own powers. She is the most independent woman of ninety in Europe. Her eye is keen and clear, her voice vibrates, her pen is driven by a steady hand. She astonishes every one who approaches her. She has a determined and determinate thoroughness for all under her roof and her servants hold the empress in nothing less than affection. In her own words, they are not her "domestics," they are her "*serviteurs*"; and in France, at all events, there is a certain nice difference in the terms.

The *Cincinnati Enquirer*, noting the fact that the King and Queen of England went to have tea with the empress on an occasion in 1916, said:

Poor old lady! How utterly hollow to her thought must be the state in which she still moves, to be still addressed as "your majesty," and to exchange courtesies with royalty. Her bitterest enemies, if enemies she still may have, could hardly wish her a sadder life than that of his survival of all that was ever dear to her in the power of her influence over men, her vanities, friendships, devotion of husband, love of only child, admiration of the millions who thought of her only frankly to admire her grace and beauty.

And the tragedies she aided in bringing to nations! There was that of Maximilian in Mexico, and then insistence upon "my war," as she called it, that of 1870, with Prussia in which French armies were destroyed or captured, a billion francs indemnity wrung from the people, Alsace and Lorraine gone. Then the Commune and flight to England, sad life at Chislehurst, death of the deposed emperor, and finally the killing of her son in British service in Zululand. He who was to have been Napoleon IV run through with an assegai by a greasy Zulu!

But Eugénie made amends for her errors of head. Perhaps she had few or no errors of heart. Certain it is that millions of her countrymen will remember her with affection and reverence.

THE VOICE OF THE PRESS.

The San Francisco Platform.

(New York Tribune.)

The San Francisco platform is a colorless and unexplicit instrument. On important matters which divide public opinion it is silent or it dodges.

Thus it is silent concerning prohibition, offers nothing specific with respect to the reconciliation of employer and employed, has nothing to suggest as to the railroads except to wait, avoids the tariff question, outlines no merchant marine policy, is cloudy as to Mexico and straddles the treaty and Irish issues.

Political platforms are commonly designed to cajole and deceive, while avoiding anything likely to cause party disharmony. So the vague and evasive San Francisco declaration is no novelty. But seldom has there been indefiniteness so open, and a new high-water mark of wordiness is set.

The Irish plank must prove particularly offensive to those honestly believing in the validity of Irish national aspirations. By declaring sympathy with the principle of self-determination the hope that something will be done for Ireland is held out. But then follows the proviso that nothing is to be done which is not "within the limitations of international comity and usage." As it would be contrary to international comity and usage to intervene in the dispute between Britain and Ireland, the plank, if it means anything, means that nothing is to be done unless Britain freely consents. It is for men of Irish birth and extraction to determine how they regard this. But to an outsider it looks as if Irish aspirations are not sympathized with, but flouted and insulted.

The platform is heavily charged with extreme partisanship and is full of misstatements of fact. The Democratic party claims to be progressive. Yet its most recent entry with respect to a great progressive measure is furnished by its attitude toward the ratification of the woman suffrage amendment. Twenty-eight Republican states have voted *against* seven Democratic ones. The legislation of the Democratic states with respect to social amelioration is

of the Dark Ages. Nevertheless the other party is most energetically attacked for non-progressiveness.

The platform, except the announcement of the party's conversion to reservations to the covenant, and perhaps the Irish plank, is not likely to be much discussed. It will drop to the oblivion where it plainly belongs. Many complain of the speak-easy quality of the Chicago platform. Compared with its brother of San Francisco, the Chicago product is a model of decisiveness.

Progressive Sulkers and Diners.

(New York Times, July 3d.)

Out in California a strong man sits broken-hearted beside the sad sea waves. Conscious of being one of the "original" Progressives, the running mate, in fact, of Colonel Roosevelt in 1912, Hiram Johnson left the Chicago convention profoundly dejected. He had there seen both Progressive doctrines and Progressive candidates contemptuously treated. He had seen the Old Guard of hated memory resume business at the old stand, say laughily, as Johnson himself gives the language, "the public be damned," and joyously nominate Senator Harding. After that spectacle Johnson had just strength enough left to drag himself back to California, there to suffer and sulk.

Though he refuses to talk—as yet—he probably reads the newspapers. And it must add a new pang to his personal tragedy when he learns that in New York the Progressives are gayly dining and pledging support to Harding. No such painful contrast has been presented since the Lisbon earthquake. "In Paris they dance," wrote Voltaire. "In New York they dine," may exclaim the stricken Johnson.

Seeking further details of what must seem to him the heartless banqueting of Progressives on Thursday night in New York, he will find that the merry-makers described themselves as "followers of the late Theodore Roosevelt." Then he will discover that what they particularly like about Senator Harding is that he "does not believe in a one-man government." After that, anything is possible. And Johnson will therefore be braced for the shock of reading that these festive Progressives are proud to recall the fact that they were "all active in the third party movement," but are now just as proud to be reabsorbed into the Republican party, led by a man who denounced Colonel Roosevelt eight years ago as an offensive compound of Benedict Arnold and Judas Iscariot.

This rush back to the party from which the Progressives came out in 1912, as from an unclean thing, will doubtless embitter the grief of Hiram Johnson and some other simple-minded Westerners. But in others it can not fail to provoke a little quiet laughter. They will see in it the final and complete demonstration that the great Progressive holt of 1912 was purely a personal affair. The chief principle in it was that of following a leader, no matter where he gave orders to go. Now that he is gone, the Progressive party is gone. Therefore order the dinner and have a Harding love feast.

OLD FAVORITES.

Little Phil.

"Make me a headboard, mister, smooth and painted, you see:

Our ma she died last winter, and sister and Jack and me, Last Sunday, could hardly find her, so many new graves about.

And Bud cried out, 'We've lost her,' when Jack gave a little shout.

We have worked and saved all winter—been hungry sometimes, I own—

But we hid this much from father under the old doorstone. He never goes there to see her; he hated her; scolded Jack When he heard us talking about her, and wishing she'd come back.

But up in the garret we whisper, and have a good time to cry. Our beautiful mother who kissed us, and wasn't afraid to die: Put on it that she was forty, in November she went away, That she was the best of mothers, and we haven't forgot to pray;

And we mean to do as she taught us—be loving and true and square,

To work and read, to love her, till we go to her up there. Let the board be white, like mother"—the small chin quivered here,

And the lad coughed something under, and conquered a rebel tear.

"Here is all we could keep from father—a dollar and thirty cents;

The rest he has got for coal and flour, and partly to pay the rents."

Blushing the white lie over, and dropping the honest eyes, "What is the price of headboards, with writing, and handsome size?"

"Three dollars?"—a young roe, wounded, just falls with a moan; and he,

With a face like the ghost of his mother, sank down on his tattered knee,

"Three dollars! and we shall lose her, next winter in the graves and the snow!"

But the boss had his arms about him, and cuddled the head of tow

Close up to the great heart's shelter, and womanly tears fell fast:

"Dear boy, you shall never lose her. O, cling to your sacred past!

Come tomorrow, and bring your sister and Jack, and the board shall be

The best that the shop can furnish; then come here and live with me."

* * * * *

When the orphans loaded their treasure on the rugged old cart

next day,

The surprise of a footboard varnished, with all that their love could say;

And "*Edith St. John, Our Mother!*" Baby Jack gave his little shout,

And Bud, like a mountain daisy, went dancing her doll about. But Phil grew white and trembled, and close to the boss he crept,

Kissing him like a woman, shivered and laughed and wept: "Do you think, my benefactor, in heaven that *she'll* be glad?"

"Not as glad as *you* are, Philip. But finish this job, my lad."

—Mrs. Helen Rich.

A committee has recently started in London to raise £10,000 to purchase the house called Wentworth Place, formerly known as Lawn Bank, which was the last home in England of the poet Keats. This house is situated close to Hampstead Heath. Attention was called to it when the place was offered for sale as an eligible building site. Next year is the centenary of the death of Keats.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Stanislaw Roman Lewandowski, the sculptor, was born in 1857 and educated at the Academy of Fine Arts in Cracow, and later in Vienna. In 1886 he received the Imperial Medal for his "Thetis Praying to Jove for the Revenge of the Trojans," and in 1887 the Gold Medal at Warsaw for "Slave Breaking Chains," which is now at Cracow. He has been a consistent contributor and art critic to the *Weekly Review*, the *Illustrated Weekly*, and other Galician periodicals.

Miss Adelaide Wright is head of the most unique lost and found bureau in the world. Her specialty is not diamonds or Pekingese pups or silver mesh bags—but people. And these she finds at the rate of several hundred a month. As the head of the Personal Service Bureau of the Near East Relief Miss Dwight locates and reunites the missing members of Armenian families whose relatives here have had no word of them since the deportations, and Armenian-Americans in this country for whom their kinsmen in the old have sent inquiries.

Calvin Coolidge, who now is well on the way to Washington, if we are to believe the predictions of his friends, lives in one-half of a two-family house in Northampton, Massachusetts, when he is at home. He pays \$32 a month rent and has a three-room apartment in a hotel in Boston (not the best hotel in the city either). He visits his old home near Plymouth, Vermont, regularly each year and plows and stacks hay and rides horseback into the village for provisions for the week-end. His wife and two young sons declare he is "a mighty fine father and husband."

Perry Hale, former football hero of Yale, is now blind. But for his own unconquerable soul and unshaken body, but for his wife's strong devotion, but for his faithful pal, Bill, his Scotch collie, and but for the friends who answer his letters, the man who was unmoved by wild Yale cheers and idolatry and love twenty years back would have long ago given way to despair. Though like a stricken Saul, he is just as buoyant and confident and cheery and magnetic of personality, smiling through his blindness, as in the day when he was the idol of Yale's followers and hero of the team that made the finest record of any eleven Yale has turned out.

The retirement of Dr. McMaster from the University of Pennsylvania carries us back to 1883, the year, not only when he joined its faculty, but when there appeared the first volume of his great work. While McMaster has taught at the University of Pennsylvania for thirty-seven years, his largest classes have been the readers of his history—a history of which he published the first volume at his own risk, but which has been read beyond any rival. He was the first really to give an account of the progress of society apart from the conventional "events" of history. He was the first to bring into American history such topics as the actual methods of politics or the labor problem. He was the first Eastern historian to give something like fair treatment to the South and the West.

The Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, M. P., Minister of Education and President of the Board of Education, holds a unique portfolio. Mr. Fisher as a member of the British cabinet shares the responsibility of the government. But aside from that he is the most all-round man in the British system. Mr. Fisher was one of the three men responsible for the Irish bill. He does a great deal of speaking on his own subject, but it is not unusual to read his speeches on housing, labor, and many kindred topics. To follow his activities for a week one might be tempted to speak of him as a "Jack of all trades," but surely the other line of that familiar couplet does not apply. He is responsible for what is termed "England's educational charter," the education bill of 1918. This bill has done more for education of the masses in England than any previous measure in its compulsory school attendance for all children until eighteen years old in the so-called continuation schools after work hours.

From his association with the late Rev. H. Boswell Bates, founder of the Neighborhood House, George A. Merritt learned how little was being done to make cripples self-supporting and how common, almost universal, was the belief that owing to various afflictions these unhappy ones must always be a burden on others. This was not his belief, and so strong did he hold an opposite conviction that, with the aid of a few charitable persons whom he inspired with it, he founded the Path School at 60 West Twenty-Fifth Street, New York, in order to teach cripples commercial and railroad telegraphy and thus give to them that greatest boon, a means of livelihood. This school is still young, but it has already proved itself many times over. It trains legless, armless, and deformed persons, but especially the young who are thus afflicted, either in the course laid out by the school or in some other line most suitable to individual cases. It is free to all, non-sectarian, and it has already in its short life lifted nearly fifty poor creatures from a state of dependence, or even penury, to positions where by honest labor they earn from \$12 to \$18 per week and have the joy that comes from self-support.

THE PRIME MINISTER.

Mr. Harold Spender Writes a Life of Lloyd George with Special Emphasis on His War Career.

David Lloyd George, although a Welshman, was born in Manchester on January 17, 1863. His father dying at about the time of his birth, the child was taken by his relatives to Wales, to the little village of Llanystumdwy—Welsh of the Welsh in name, situation, and tradition. It was in this little village that David grew from infancy to manhood.

Mr. Harold Spender, who writes this biography of the British premier, wisely confines his narrative of his hero's childhood to the briefest dimensions. We are spared the usually tiresome domestic details with which the biographer so often encumbers his work. On the fiftieth page we find a reference to the young man's admiration for Joseph Chamberlain, who at that time was the hope and inspiration of British radicalism. He writes an article for the *North Wales Observer* in which he describes Chamberlain as "unquestioningly the future leader of the people." In 1884 David Lloyd George went to London to pass his final law examination, and he describes the ceremony of admission as disappointing:

On the occasion of this visit to London he again attended the House of Commons, and for the first time listened to a debate. He was fortunate enough to be present at a lively skirmish between Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Gladstone. "It was a clever piece of comedy," he said some years afterwards, recalling the scene. "I thought Churchill an impudent puppy, as every Liberal was bound to do—but I thoroughly enjoyed his speech." Then, as now, he could never sufficiently express his admiration for courage in any field of life and on any side.

Lloyd George's first cause célèbre was in connection with the burial of an old Welsh quarryman. The rector refused to allow the old man to be buried in that part of the graveyard consecrated to members of the Church of England, assigning to him a spot "bleak and sinister," a place reserved for shipwrecked sailors and suicides. The indignant relatives of the dead man consulted David Lloyd George:

Without any hesitation Mr. Lloyd George advised them to act on their rights. Following his daring counsel, they entered the graveyard and reopened the filled-in grave. Then they made a pathetic appeal to the rector. He still forbade them to act. Then they made a demand on the rector. He still refused. Meanwhile young David had spent a fortnight in foraging and rummaging through the church records, and he had discovered that in 1864 the rector had allowed the public to enclose the piece of ground without any conditions. He advised the relatives to go on. Let them, if necessary, break into the churchyard.

They went on. They broke into the churchyard. They borrowed a bier from the church. They gave the old man a Christian burial by his daughter. The Calvinist minister spoke the service, and the relatives went home happier—contented with the feeling that they had buried the old man where he had wished to lie.

The courts confirmed the young man in his action, and the name of David Lloyd George was heard of all over the country.

His next great incursion into the public field was in connection with the Boer war. Lloyd George was what was known as a pro-Boer. He opposed the war tooth and nail and he entered into a campaign against it throughout the length and breadth of the country. He was now a member of Parliament, and although many of his parliamentary friends refused to join him he went straight on and faced the music in every part of the kingdom:

Since John Bright's great fight against the Crimean war nothing of the kind had been seen in England. It is no light thing to meet the war passion full front.

But none of these fears held back Mr. Lloyd George at this great moment. He went everywhere and faced hostile crowds in the very heart of the war country. He faced a violent mob at Glasgow; he defied Mr. Chamberlain's own followers at Birmingham; he narrowly escaped death in one of his own boroughs—Bangor.

Whatever men might think of his views, no one could deny his courage. It was no easy campaign to conduct. The charge of treason was always in the air. "Do you wish the Boers to win?" shouted a heckler after one of his most eloquent defenses of the Dutch Republicans. He was silent for a moment, then he said slowly and impressively: "God defend the right!"

Lloyd George speedily made a name for himself in Parliament. He was the spokesman of the unbroken radicalism of Wales. He championed free trade and all of the ameliorative reforms that were then coming to the front in England. Mr. Asquith took the lead and Lloyd George was always his faithful "junior." Chamberlain was the first statesman to recognize the existence of that England which so few statesmen had yet recognized—the England of the poor:

As the campaign went on Mr. Chamberlain grew bolder and bolder along these lines. He contended that tariffs, and tariffs alone, would provide the money for Old Age Pensions. He hinted at even vaster booms that were coming to England if she would only turn her back on that sour and pinchbeck old lady—Free Trade.

Mr. Lloyd George perceived at once the danger of this attack. He, at any rate, knew the "deep sighing of the poor." He realized the black abyss which lay below the surface of England's wealth. He feared the appeal to the hungry mouths of our neglected masses.

From that day forward he set out to prove that Free Trade also could remedy poverty—aye! and remedy it all the more easily because it brought wealth in its train. The great need was that that wealth should hear its due burden. That was to be his cure for the trouble.

In 1908 Lloyd George went on a tour through Ger-

many. At Stuttgart he witnessed a scene that he must have often recalled. He saw the experimental flight of one of the first Zeppelins and the disaster that befell the new monster. Bethmann-Hollweg treated the visitor with distinction. He invited him to dinner at the Zoological Gardens, and Lloyd George, for the honor of England, or perhaps of Wales, did his best to cope with the gigantic glasses of foaming beer:

Bethmann-Hollweg did not talk politics until towards the end of dinner. The conversation drifted to King Edward's visit to the Russian Czar at Réval. That visit had caused a great ferment in Germany, and grave suspicion of British intentions. Bethmann-Hollweg voiced those suspicions in the frankest manner. "You are trying to encircle us!" he cried to Mr. Lloyd George. "You and France and Russia are attempting to strangle us!"

Mr. Lloyd George assured him of the friendliness of Great Britain towards all the great powers; but for the moment he refused to be appeased. He thumped the table with his hand. "The Prussian government has only to lift a finger," he cried, "and every living Prussian will die for the Fatherland!"

Mr. Lloyd George listened to all this with his characteristic calmness and good humor. "But what about the other Germans?" he put in at this point.

A shadow passed over the face of the Prussian minister. "Oh! they?" he said with a gesture. "They, too, will come along!"

From the moment of the declaration of war against England, Lloyd George put away all his doubts and perplexities. He could understand opposing a war, but he could not understand supporting a war in a half-hearted way. He prepared to bend the whole energies of the state to the colossal problem confronting it:

He realized at once that Great Britain was up against the most terrible danger that had ever faced it in the whole course of its existence. He knew Germany; he had a thorough understanding of German efficiency. Especially did he grasp the full strength and power given to the German government by the patriotism of the German people. In entering upon this mighty enterprise, he approached the matter with the utmost gravity and seriousness. I never saw him so grave-minded as he was during those first months of the war. We rallied him one morning at breakfast for refusing to laugh at some jest. "The times are very serious," he said, and once more he seemed to be lost in his own thoughts again. He used to describe the moment when the Western world paused from peace to war as the most solemn and awful in his whole life. "We sat waiting for Big Ben to strike the hour when the ultimatum expired. We all fell quite silent. As the great blows of the hammer sounded on the bell we seemed to be passing into another world."

The situation looked black in February, 1915, although Italy had declared war against Austria, and Botha, the Boer general, had conquered the Germans in Southwest Africa. In the autumn of 1915 Lloyd George issued his great war address foreshadowing the need of conscription. In the dramatic climax of that address he said:

If the nation hesitates, when the need is clear, to take the necessary steps to call forth its manhood to defend honor and existence; if vital decisions are postponed until too late; if we neglect to make ready for all probable eventualities; if, in fact, we give ground for the accusation that we are slouching into disaster as if we were walking along the ordinary paths of peace without an enemy in sight—then I can see no hope. But if we sacrifice all we own, and all we like for our native land; if our preparations are characterized by grip, resolution, and a prompt readiness in every sphere—then victory is assured.

The winter months passed, and Lloyd George was now called upon to face the deficiency in munitions and to meet the demand for a larger supply of guns. There were rumors of heavy British losses through inferior artillery:

In February a new danger became instantly vital. The news came from the east of Europe of the definite breakdown of the Russian armaments. Their gigantic armies threatened to become unarmed mobs.

In the worst things were little better. During February and March fuller details began to reach London—of one British machine gun against ten German; of four British shells against forty German. The suppression of the free and independent war correspondent had cast a veil of silence over the realities of the war. The truth was struggling to come through; and not all the efforts of all the censors could entirely suffocate and strangle it. But it meant that any zealous minister had to fight hard against a lethal atmosphere of secrecy that soon bred ignorance.

A still greater danger that had to be met was from the war weariness at home and the discontent that arose from the forced labor in the factories. It became necessary to tap other sources of labor, and so the women were called to the aid of the men:

Mr. Lloyd George ventured on a bold appeal. He asked the women to come from their pleasures and their comforts; he asked them to save the lives of their brothers, their sweethearts, and their husbands. They came in multitudes. They filled the ranks, and they filled the shells. They silenced their sourest critics, even in their own sex. They worked by day and they work by night. They earned for themselves a new position in the state. They showed that women could be patriots themselves, as well as the wives and mothers of patriots. Not easily will England forget those splendid women of 1915-18.

The greatest and most exacting of all the tasks was the munition-making. In June, 1915, the army had only 75,000 shells on hand. When Lloyd George left the Ministry of Munitions in June, 1916, he had provided shells in millions. He himself mastered the technic of shell-making; he visited the factories and studied the machinery:

The real secret, indeed, of his work was that he kept in touch with the armies of the western front, constantly visiting them, studying their needs on the spot, listening to the actual fighting men. Above all he studied the German inventions. After a short while, thanks to the labors of our young scientists from the universities, he was able to provide our soldiers with gas-masks that enabled them to face unshaken the worst devilry of the enemy, and with gas that was a fit reply to theirs. He provided our men with flame-throwers which made

them a fair match when they faced the flame-throwers of the Teuton.

I remember his taking me, one day in 1915, to see his little collection of these horrible devices in the basement of the old Metropole Hotel. He showed me the model shells, mounting by slow gradations to a giant's height. He lingered half-way along this row of shells. He put his hand on one. "When I started the ministry," he said, "our shells only went as high as this. The German shells went to the top of the range. Was that fair to our soldiers?" It was a vivid illustration of what they were achieving.

The last year of the war was the most critical, and we have General Ludendorff's testimony to the effect that the chief reason for the German defeat was the war spirit which had been aroused in England by Lloyd George and in France by Clemenceau. The author tells us of some of the scenes as untrained boys marched away to the firing line:

Another scene comes back to me from those dark days. I was standing in front of one of the large-scale maps at Downing Street, noting the point reached by the Germans in one of those tremendous and determined efforts to drive us into the sea during the April of 1918. There was the sound of a step behind us, and suddenly we turned to find the Prime Minister also observing the map with a close and concentrated gaze. We knew that things were serious, and that there were influences at the centre in favor of withdrawing our armies from France. But of all the company he was the serene. "Serious? Yes!" he said. "But by no means desperate. Look here!" and he pointed to the north of Calais. "We can flood that area if necessary. Then, if they drive us south of Calais, we can still hold on. France is a large place, and it has many ports. Retire from France? No, we will stand by our Allies to the last!" And he went away singing, as undismayed as those boys whom I had seen marching to France. A worthy leader of a worthy nation!

On another day I remember him describing to me a visit he had paid to the fighting line at the most critical moment of that great peril. He spoke with flashing eyes. "We motored," he said, "from the coast right up to the fighting front, and we did not meet a single British soldier in flight. Not one had turned his back to the enemy, not one!" Yet during that time the German guns were enfilading our trenches lined with English boys, and the chance of survival in that defense without death or injury had been reduced almost to the point of zero.

The great German offensive could be met only by sending across the Channel the entire forces that had been reserved for home defense. But the numbers were still insufficient. The Germans were working on the calculation that the Americans could not come across until 1919 or 1920, but the Americans only required the S. O. S. signal, says the author, and Lloyd George determined to give it:

One morning that spring he made up his mind. "We have to get 500,000 Americans over in four months, at the rate of 125,000 a month. How can that be done?" That was the problem as he saw it and as he expressed it. He began to send a series of telegrams to President Wilson through Lord Reading, explaining to Mr. Wilson the peril and the need of instant help. President Wilson immediately grasped the crisis. Mr. Lloyd George organized the Navy and the Merchant Service for the work of transport on the British side of the Atlantic, and President Wilson did the same on his side. So began that great Armada of help from the New World. The American divisions poured across the Atlantic, overcrowded on their transports, packed almost to suffocation, but willing to suffer all things in the great crusade on which they were bent. The Americans, indeed, did far better than the British government had expected. They sent a million men. It was a magnificent performance, and must ever be remembered to the credit of that great nation.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Lloyd George may yet give occasion for an extension of his biography and that many years of service lie in front of him. In the meantime we may appreciate to the full the excellent volume that Mr. Spender has given us.

THE PRIME MINISTER. By Harold Spender. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The conventional saw has recently appeared in a new rôle, namely, as a musical instrument. Indeed one of the leading novelties of a current New York musical revue is the musical carpenter, who uses his saw as a violin. After protracted experimentation and untiring practice, Sam Moore of New York City has succeeded in getting very agreeable music from the ordinary carpenter's saw. He holds the saw handle between his legs, holds the tip of the saw in one hand, and works the usual violin bow with the other. The vibrating steel blade emits soft, appealing notes, the pitch of which is varied by changing the curvature of the blade. All sorts of queer effects can be obtained by the adept manipulation of the blade; in fact the music derived by this means can hardly be described. If anything, it resembles the human voice; then again, it has the queer wail of the Hawaiian ukulele. All in all, the effect is startling and pleasing.

It appears that a London financier has been treated with monkey glands given by Dr. Voronoff and has been reduced in age from seventy-two to thirty-six. His name is Robert George Laws. If this is true, a grave danger menaces us. As the supply of monkeys is limited, there not being as many of them as there are human beings, it is evident only those people who can afford to pay for it are going to be restored to youth. We understand that Mr. Bryan has considerable money saved up. If he gets hold of some of the monkey glands and is made over into twenty-five he can run for the presidency for the next fifty years without interruption. And that is only one instance. God help us, say we, if this thing gets started.—Life.

A woman's brain reaches its greatest weight about the age of twenty-five.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending July 10, 1920, were \$128,400,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$137,900,000; a gain of \$9,500,000.

Every total item in the report of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco for the week ending July 9th showed gains over the previous week's items, according to the bank's weekly statement issued Saturday. The feature of the report was the big increase of \$11,189,000 in total gold held by member banks. Gold reserves were higher by \$3,169,000 as compared with the week before.

Total bills on hand increased \$4,947,000 to \$199,003,000, while earning assets jumped \$3,864,000 to \$212,965,000 and resources rose \$3,344,000 to \$426,617,000.

Upon the United States rests the responsibility of making up the tremendous world-

the amount Belgium can export will not greatly affect the international market in the immediate future.

"The only active competitors of the American iron and steel producers at the present time are the iron-makers of the United Kingdom. Steel output in the United Kingdom during the first five months of 1920, although at a lower rate than in 1917, was above the rate for any other year. Exports of iron and steel must still increase before they reach the rate maintained in 1913. Remarkable increases over exports for 1919 are shown by the British figures for the first four months of 1920. Gains were made in all the items except six, the gain for the different classes of products ranging from 8 per cent. to over 400 per cent. The British position is improving and must not be underrated.

"The arrears caused by four years' destruction of steel and by reduced output after the armistice can not be made up in the near future by any country except the United States. Yet in the first calendar year after the war American pig-iron output dropped to 31,015,000 tons, which was 8,000,000 tons below that of 1918 and practically the level of 1913. The fact that this reduction occurred without financial or industrial disturbance is a matter for congratulation, but in view of the five years' accumulated need of steel throughout the world it is a calamity. The first three months of 1920 showed an expanding rate of production, but the railroad strike brought about a serious reduction, so that the April output of pig-iron dropped to 2,740,000 tons. The total for the first five months of 1920 was 15,000,000 tons. In spite of fluctuations, production in the United States is being maintained at a rate more than double the present output of Germany and the United Kingdom combined.

"Despite unfavorable exchange, Canada must buy American sheets and plates to keep the wheels turning in her own industries. The United Kingdom received much larger quantities of steel ingots and billets from the United States in March, 1920, than during the corresponding month of 1919. Steel for shipbuilding was exported to France in April of this year in spite of exchange difficulties, and shipments of steel plates to Italy in March exceeded those made in March, 1919. It is to be expected that foreign customers will restrict their purchasing at times in response to disadvantageous exchange conditions, but in such periods the shortage grows and must eventually be met.

"Even assuming a production of pig-iron in 1920 equal to that of the best war year, and a rate of export somewhat higher than that of the pre-war years, the exportable surplus of the United States is not likely to equal Germany's annual exports in the years immediately preceding 1914. The United Kingdom is unable at present to recover her former volume of exports except at a sacrifice of domestic needs. There can be no question, therefore, as sufficient foreign outlets for all the United States can spare and more. The American iron and steel industry has the resources, the capacity, and the industrial organization to produce largely beyond domestic needs. A responsibility rests upon this country to maintain production at a point where the industry can do its share toward satisfying the world-wide need of steel."

Unfilled orders of the United States Steel Corporation for the month ending June 30th were 10,978,817 tons, it was announced Saturday. This is an increase of 31,351 tons from the previous month, when the figures were 10,947,466.

With imports into the United States aggregating \$5,000,000,000 in the fiscal year just ended as against \$1,894,000,000 in the year immediately preceding the war, a question naturally arises as to the class of materials in which this increase occurs. One answer could be stated in a single word, "luxuries," but happily another answer can be given in two words of a more satisfactory character, "manufacturing materials," which aggregate over \$2,000,000,000 in 1920, against \$633,000,000 in 1914.

Luxuries do, however, says a statement by the National City Bank of New York, show tremendous increases in the fiscal year 1920 as compared with the fiscal year 1914, which ended just before the outbreak of the war. These increases are in many cases very striking. Take the single group, "diamonds and other precious stones." The total of the entire group for the year 1920 is in round terms \$120,000,000 against \$34,000,000 in 1914. Diamonds alone total \$95,000,000 as against \$25,000,000 in 1914, pearls about \$13,000,000 as against \$4,000,000 in 1914.

Laces and embroideries are another item in which the 1920 total shows a tremendous gain over that of 1914, the grand total of laces and embroideries, including those of silk, fibres, and cotton, having aggregated in 1920 \$120,000,000 against about \$36,000,000 in 1914, the bulk of this increase occurring in cotton laces. Furs show even a greater gain,

the total for 1920 being \$130,000,000 against \$14,000,000 in 1914.

Silk, no longer considered a luxury, shows astonishing gains, both as to manufactures and raw silk to be used by our own manufacturers. The total value of raw silk imported in the fiscal year 1920 is in round terms \$450,000,000, silk manufactures \$100,000,000, and artificial silk \$10,000,000, making \$560,000,000 worth of raw and manufactured silks imported in the fiscal year 1920 against \$135,000,000 worth imported in 1914. Of raw silk, the imports of 1920 were, as above indicated, \$450,000,000 as against \$100,000,000 in 1914, of silk manufactures \$100,000,000 against \$35,000,000 in 1914, and of artificial silk \$10,000,000 against \$4,000,000 in 1914.

Tobacco imports in all forms show for 1920 about \$90,000,000 as against \$40,000,000 in 1914. Goatskins, used chiefly in the manufacture of shoes and gloves, show for 1920 a total value of approximately \$125,000,000 as against \$22,000,000 in 1914; fruits and nuts \$125,000,000 as against \$33,000,000 in 1914; olive oil \$15,000,000 against \$8,000,000 in 1914. Our coffee, tea, and cocoa bill for 1920 aggregates \$430,000,000 in the countries of production against \$150,000,000 in 1914.

Sugar, while not of course to be classed as a luxury, is another of the articles showing the enormous increase in the imports of 1920, with a total of about \$750,000,000, including that brought from our own islands, against \$150,000,000 in 1914.

While it is not claimed, says the bank's statement, that all of the above-named articles are properly included in the "luxuries" class, it is remarkable to what extent these big increases do occur in actual luxuries. On the other hand, the increase in manufacturing material also shows a tremendous gain, since the grand total of raw material for use in manufacturing shows for 1920 over \$2,000,000,000 against \$633,000,000 in 1914.

Of course, a considerable share of the above increase is due to the higher price of the articles enumerated, but in large part to actual increase in quantity.

Changed conditions in commerce and industry demand larger banking units. This is the day of bank consolidations and in many large cities in the United States important amalgamation of local banks have taken place during the last year.

The purchase of the Seaboard National Bank of San Francisco recently by Mortimer Fleishacker for the Anglo-California Trust Company marked the successful culmination of an investigation by the officers of the Trust Company regarding the advisability of establishing a branch bank near the water-front. For some time they have realized the growing importance of the business and shipping district tributary to lower Market Street, and the purchase of the Seaboard National Bank and its enlargement into a complete branch of the Trust Company is evidence of their determination to provide this growing district with the best possible banking facilities.

During the last year many reports have come to the Anglo-California Trust Company from government and city officials that sailors who made their temporary or permanent homes along the water-front were disposing of their Liberty Bonds freely, and in many instances at prices below the market because they did not have a safe place in which to keep them. The Anglo-California Trust Company was the first bank in San Francisco to start a Liberty Bond safe-keeping department, wherein Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps are kept free of charge for the public. When these reports came from government officials regarding the reckless selling of Liberty Bonds by sailors and seamen the officials of the Trust Company at once decided that they would make a special effort to encourage the sailors to open Liberty Bond safe-keeping accounts. This one point, as well as a number of others, made it necessary for the Trust Company to have a branch near the water-front, so the purchase of the Seaboard National Bank was a natural result.

In the purchase of the Seaboard the Anglo-California Trust Company has acquired a very valuable institution. The bank has a well-organized commercial, savings, and safe deposit departments. For many years the Seaboard and the lumber shipping interests of San Francisco have been closely allied. It is said that this bank has done more than any other in San Francisco toward building up the city as an important lumber and shipping port.

In addition to the valuable acquisition of the Seaboard National Bank the Anglo-California Trust Company is particularly fortunate in securing a new director. James Tyson, president of the Charles Nelson Company, and a former director of the Seaboard National Bank, has been elected to the board of directors of the Anglo-California Trust Company. With the addition of Mr. Tyson, the directorate of the Trust Company now numbers fifteen prominent business men.

The Seaboard Bank (now the Seaboard National Bank) was organized on April 15, 1905,

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and opened for business on May 2, 1905, at 24 Market Street. The original officers and directors were as follows: C. M. Goodall, president; R. J. Tyson, vice-president; H. J. Knowles, secretary. The directorate was made up of these three men and A. S. Carman, Edwin Goodall, W. H. Marston, and James Tyson.

Originally a state bank, conducting business under the name of the Seaboard Bank, the directors decided that a national bank

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Howell says. "The United States, Great Britain, and Germany produce 80 per cent. or more of the total iron and steel output of the world, while Belgium is a considerable factor in the international market. The war had varying effects on the industries of these three European countries. The case of Germany is clear. As a producer of iron and steel for the international market, that country need not be reckoned with at present. French production is dependent on German coal, and lack of fuel and industrial disorganization have thus far kept it much below the pre-war level. The Belgian industry shows encouraging features and exports are increasing, but domestic demand is heavy and

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would be better able to serve the lumber and shipping interests, so on May 27th, 1908, the institution became a member of the national banking system. At about the same time the bank moved into the Seaboard Bank Building at 101 Market Street.

During the last fifteen years the bank has had a conservative but steady growth. The deposits as of June 30th were \$3,603,648.09 and the resources \$4,416,199.57. When these amounts are added to the present deposits and resources of the Anglo-California Trust Com-

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pany the company will have deposits of \$28,000,000 and resources of \$32,000,000.

The Anglo-California Trust Company now has the main bank at Market and Sansome Streets, and four branches: Seaboard Branch, 101 Market Street; Fillmore Branch, Fillmore and Geary Streets; Mission Branch, Sixteenth and Mission Streets, and Potrero Branch, Third and Twentieth Streets. Through its various departments and branches the company gives a complete city-wide banking service.

With the splendid growth in new business during the last one and a half years, and with the addition of the deposits of the Seaboard National Bank, the Anglo-California Trust Company becomes one of the leading trust and savings banks in San Francisco.

The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* says:

"Trading in the wool market last week has been very desultory with prices showing an easier tendency. The reports from the West indicate no settled policy of doing business either on the part of the growers or sellers, some consignments being reported and a little outright buying. The market for goods is flat, as might be supposed from the general closing of the mills.

"Prices, scored basis: Texas—Fine twelve months, \$1.60@1.65; fine, eight months, \$1.45.

"California — Northern, \$1.65; Middle County, \$1.55; Southern, \$1.30@1.35.

"Oregon—Eastern, No. 1 staple, \$1.65@1.70; Eastern clothing, \$1.50; Valley, No. 1, \$1.55@1.60.

"Territory—Fine staple, \$1.70; half blood combing, \$1.50; three-eighths blood combing, \$1@1.05; fine clothing, \$1.50; fine medium clothing, \$1.45@1.50.

"Pulled—Delaine, \$1.70; AA, \$1.50@1.55; A supers, \$1.30@1.40.

"Mohairs—Best combing, 53c@56c; best carding, 48c@50c."

Subscriptions were opened here last week by the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco to two new issues of treasury certificates of indebtedness, Series B 1921 and TM2 1921. Both bear interest at 5 3/4 per cent. and are dated July 15th, and the former is due January 15th and the latter March 15th next year. The latter alone has an interest coupon attached. The total amount sought is \$200,000,000, and books will be closed at a date fixed in accordance with the rapidity with which subscriptions come in. The usual tax exemptions are granted, including income taxes up to \$5000. The latter issue is in anticipation of taxes. Denominations are \$500, \$1000, \$5000, \$10,000, and \$100,000.

When a union man with the strike habit kicks about the price and scarcity of sugar it would be well if the grocer could show him a chart which appears in the latest issue of the *American Sugar Bulletin*.

This chart shows that from the first of January to the present time there has not been a day when the manufacture or shipment of sugar has not been impeded by strikes.

Plantation workers went out in Hawaii and Porto Rico. Refinery employees struck in Chalmette and Revere. Dock workers struck in Havana, Jamaica, New Orleans, and Boston. Boatmen struck in New York and Philadelphia. The railroad strike added to the agony.

Sugar, of course, is but one of the many important industries. All the others could be charted the same way. Business is completely interlocked and a strike in one line affects practically all the other lines.

The striking switchman who growls because there is no sugar in the bowl must remember that he was one of the causes. And he is being blamed by the Havana dock laborer who has no flour in the bin.—*New York Sun*.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company, who handled a large block of the \$60,000,000 Armour & Co. 7 per cent. ten-year convertible gold notes, advises the *Argonaut* that the entire allotment has been oversold. These notes were sold at 94.84 and interest, to yield over 7.75 per cent.

Mr. F. W. Le Porin, sales manager of the bond department of Henry L. Doherty & Co., New York, recently returned from an extended tour of Europe, during which he visited Great Britain, Belgium, France, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, and other countries. Mr. Le Porin had exceptional opportunities to meet leading financiers in these countries, and he has the following to say about his impression of present financial and economic conditions across the water: "There are several factors of such uncertain and undeterminable effect upon the general international financial structure in Europe that only time and patient effort will make apparent the trend of ultimate solution. Among these factors may be mentioned the shifting of gold and its concentration in the hands of relatively few nations; the shifting of wealth from one set of individuals to another within na-

tions; the increased standard of living and consequent abnormal increase in wages; the decrease in efficiency of labor; the probably inevitable restandardizing of fixed exchange values; the general inflation of currency and the largely decreased security thereof; the decrease in gold reserves, not only national, but provincial and local; the loss in man power, especially within the 'productive ages,' twenty to forty-five years; the decrease in birth rate; hoarding of precious metal currency; the destruction and wearing out of essential means of transportation; the possible obsolescence of some of the former means of transportation and the urgent demand of development of new means, especially aeronautics; the obvious over-reaching in the evolutionary process of democratizing of nations, such over-reaching leading to revolution; the establishment of many new nations and the revision of boundaries under the theory of self-determination; the present inadequacy of old fixed incomes; the growing importance of Asiatic influence in world economies. These are only a few of the more important factors which make for great complexity in analyzing the financial flux of the countries of Europe and speculating upon the means by which the turbid mass may be clarified."

The advice of a Federal Reserve Bank official to "sell Liberty Bonds only if necessary, and then deal only with banks or with legitimate brokerage concerns," is confirmed (says *Financial America*) by an experiment recently made by a newspaper man in a New York city. He had heard that prices for Liberty Bonds varied in different places, and decided to investigate. The financial daily, which thinks that his experience may be duplicated in almost any community, proceeds to tell what happened:

"He took a \$100 third issue, 4 1/4 per cent. bond, and offered it for sale at a bank. There he was offered the list price in that day's quotation, which was \$90.17. The bank would also redeem the attached interest coupons, totaling \$7.86, making the entire sum of \$98.03.

"Since his quest was purely for information, he refused this offer, and next presented his bond to a well-known legitimate brokerage firm dealing in such securities. It made the same offer as the bank, with a fee of 50 cents for handling.

"Next the investigator visited a cigar store which displayed a price-quotation board in its window, but the proprietor would give only \$96.57 for the bond with its interest coupons. Thence the quest went on down the line of small dealers and pawnbrokers, the prices offered gradually diminishing, the lowest one being \$83, which the pawnbroker claimed was 'about the current quotation,' though it was in reality \$7.17 less than the list price for the bond without coupons. Having learned what he wanted to know, the inquisitive soul went home and put his bond away, safely."

The United States Geological Survey, Department of the Interior, has given out some preliminary figures showing the production of gold throughout the world in 1919. The production in the United States was \$58,285,196; Canada is reported to have produced \$14,687,000; India, \$10,028,000; Australia (not including New Zealand or the Islands), \$29,268,000; the Transvaal, \$171,640,123; Rhodesia and West Africa, \$18,631,070. There was a probably large decrease in the production of gold in Russia and Siberia in 1919. Some increase was probably made in the output of Central America and South America, which, however, was doubtless offset by decreases in the output of other countries. The incomplete returns now available indicate that the world's production of gold in 1919 was between \$345,000,000 and \$350,000,000. The world's production in 1918 amounted to \$380,924,500.

The Geological Survey further states that information received during the first six months of 1920 indicate a still further decrease in the production of gold in the United States and that the output for the year will probably be less in 1920 than it was in 1919, because water is very short for placer mining and many stamp mills are closed. Canada as a whole may increase its output, although the production of the Yukon districts will be smaller than last year. The output of Russia can not be estimated. That of Australia will show a decrease. That of South Africa and South America will probably show no radical decrease. According to the Geological Survey the indications are that the decrease in the world's production of gold in 1920 will not be so great as it was in 1919.

While there are signs of a coming improvement in the situation of the electric railway industry of the country, as yet this has not affected the market for securities of this class of corporations (says the *July Investment Bulletin* of Henry L. Doherty & Co. of New York). There are more electric railway securities in default of interest today than at any other time in the history of the industry.

Many of these defaulted bonds are selling at prices that have not only discounted the default in interest, but also discount a most drastic reorganization of the issuing companies. In substantially every instance default in interest payments was due to the fact that the electric railway companies were unable to meet their fixed charges because of the restrictions under which they labored as to rates of fare. The high cost of labor and material caused by war conditions has resulted in steady increases in operating expenses so that in many instances electric railway companies have been unable to earn operating expenses on peace-time rates of fares, let alone earning sufficient money to meet their interest charges. So far as stocks of most of the electric railway companies of the country are concerned, they do not figure at all as the companies would, under present conditions and with pre-war rates of fares, be satisfied to earn fixed charges.

There have been increases in fares granted in a number of important cities of the countries, but the advance in operating expenses has very often more than taken up the increased revenue from the advanced fares. The standard 5-cent rate in these cities has been raised to 6, 7, and 8 cents, and in a few instances to 10 cents. In addition, in many cities charges have been put in effect for transfers.

The world's wheat requirements for the coming year will barely be met by the available surplus of exporting countries (says the Canadian Bank of Commerce in their monthly commercial letter on general business conditions). In the United States the yield is estimated to be less than that of last year and it would thus appear that prices for cereals will remain firm. Industrial recovery in Europe, now rapidly taking place, will maintain the demand for all kinds of foodstuffs, which are the mainstay of Canadian exports. It is also encouraging to note that sterling exchange, in which currency the greater part of our exports is paid for, is steadily rising. Domestic trade has slackened, consumers having apparently realized that the advance in prices can only be checked effectively by a lessening of consumption, and high-priced articles not ranking as essentials are now more difficult to dispose of. Progress in the construction of new industrial plants has been retarded by the difficulty of procuring capital and labor on reasonable terms. These tendencies have induced more careful purchasing, the reduction of stocks and the cancellation of orders to a limited extent. Imports, particularly from the United States, continue to be large, with the result that the premium on New York funds remains high. During May securities amounting to \$25,000,000 were reported as being sold in the United States, but this had no appreciable effect on the rate of exchange. The balance of Canada's foreign trade for April, 1920, was unfavorable to the extent of \$46,000,000, as against a favorable balance of \$10,000,000 a year ago.

McDonnell & Co. and Stephens & Co. announce that effective July 1, 1920, Mr. John Gallois has retired from the firm of McDonnell & Co. and become associated with Stephens & Co. as vice-president. McDonnell & Co. will continue to conduct a strictly commission business in listed and unlisted stocks and bonds. The underwriting business heretofore conducted by McDonnell & Co. has been taken over by Stephens & Co. and Mr. Ben McGee of McDonnell & Co. and formerly of Kissel, Kinnicutt & Co., New York, has become associated with this firm.

The foreign trade of the United States in the fiscal year which ends with this month will make a new "high record." In both imports and exports (says a statement by the National City Bank of New York) the figures of the fiscal year 1920 will exceed in value those of any preceding year. Exports will apparently exceed \$8,000,000,000 against \$7,250,000,000 in the fiscal year 1919, \$6,250,000,000 in 1917, and \$2,333,000,000 in the year immediately preceding the war. Imports will make the astonishingly high record of \$5,000,000,000 against \$3,000,000,000 in 1919, a little over \$2,500,000,000 in 1917, and less than \$2,000,000,000 in 1914, the year preceding the war. The total foreign trade for the year will exceed \$13,000,000,000 against \$10,333,000,000 in 1919, slightly less than \$9,000,000,000 in 1918 and 1917, and \$4,250,000,000 in the year prior to the war.

Raw manufacturing material showed by far the largest growth on the import side and will apparently exceed \$2,000,000,000 against \$1,250,000,000 in the former high record years 1919 and 1918, and \$633,000,000 in the year preceding the war. Manufactures exported will show a total of about \$3,750,000,000, only exceeded in 1917, when war materials were being exported in enormous quantities, and \$1,100,000,000 in the pre-war year 1914. Manufactures exported will be three and one-half times as much in value as in the year before the war and raw manufacturing ma-

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terial imported three times as much in value as in the pre-war year.

Charles J. Wilson of Chicago, in an ordinary seven-passenger car, leaped over a twenty-seven-foot yawning gap where a bridge had been washed out near Elgin, Illinois, the car leaping more than twice the necessary distance, or exactly fifty-eight feet. Upon investigation of the car, no harm had been done to the engine, which was found to be running after the car landed; none of the tires burst under the terrific force of the impact as the car struck the ground after its record-breaking leap.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Limits of Socialism.

The hest meant effort of the reformer is often damned by the label that he affixes to it. We condemn whole systems of theory and experiment because of some feature or practice that has aroused our antipathy. Socialism is under such a ban at the present time. It suggests Bolshevism or revolution or pro-Germanism. Its possible merits are submerged under its obvious demerits.

But there is something wrong somewhere. There are social evils, some of them curable, some of them incurable. The remedies must be found and the name that we give to the cure does not much matter. But the remedy will not be found in the jettisoning of a whole social and economic system and the substitution of another thereof. Evils must be diagnosed and corrected one by one.

Professor O. Fred Boucke challenges the socialist contentions. Can socialism produce so much more than individualism? Can it insure each man his product? How far may we hope for racial improvement through socialist reforms? Can the people be led to direct themselves politically? This leads us to the greatest of all questions: Is there a rationale of meliorism?

The general answer to these questions is that socialism has promised more than it can perform. We must attack our evils one by

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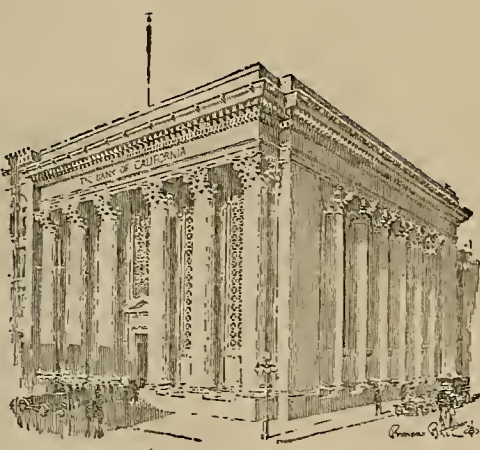
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one, and not by the general application of formulas.

None the less the author's programme is a radical one. He would abolish by taxation the right of inheritance. Taxes should be revised on a collective and not an individualistic basis. Education should be made compulsory and free. All should be obliged to toil. There must be guaranteed leisure for the young and recuperation for the aged.

THE LIMITS OF SOCIALISM. By Professor O Fred Boucke. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Humanizing Industry.

The world is gradually coming to the conviction that human labor is not a commodity, and that an economic system in which ethics hears no part is foredoomed to failure if not to calamity. It is along these lines that Mr. R. C. Feld has written his "Humanizing Industry."

He has put his arguments somewhat in the form of a novel, although we are carefully informed that it is not fiction. The purport of the hook is to show that such devices as health measures, pensions, housing, and profit-sharing are not along the lines of philanthropy, but of sound business sense, and that if they are to the advantage of the workman they are even more to the advantage of the employer. The harrier between labor and capital, says the author, must be broken down, an axiom often repeated, but difficult of application. Mr. Feld has the advantage of being able to make his characters say anything that he pleases. We are not sure that they would always speak as he would have them, nor are we sure that he makes full allowance for the desire to dominate that is inherent in human nature. None the less he writes sanely and constructively, and his book must be looked upon as a useful contribution to the greatest of all modern problems.

HUMANIZING INDUSTRY. By R. C. Feld. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

On the Ohio.

The author and his wife intended to make their journey in three phases: the first was to comprise 400 miles down the Missouri; the next about 200 miles down the Mississippi to Cairo, and the third was to cover 1050 miles up the Ohio, from Cairo to Pittsburgh. Circumstances compelled some modifications of the plan, but none the less it was a great trip.

The author is to be congratulated on a vivacious narrative that is composed almost entirely of incident and colloquy and that is withal distinctly humorous. The excellent illustrations are from drawings by Mrs. Abby.

ON THE OHIO. By Harry Bennett Abby. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

India.

The political wisecracks of today talk fluently of the liberation of India, and of self-determination for India, in blissful ignorance of the fact that India is as deeply entrenched with frontiers, governments, religions, and languages as Europe, and that there is no such thing in India as a national sentiment or unity of thought. Over one-third of India is governed by native princes under a British supervision that is usually nominal. Antagonistic religious systems and the practice of caste stand as nearly hopeless barriers to unified political thought. Mr. Lajpat Rai has done the best that he can to present the cause of India from the standpoint of the political party to which he belongs, but it is hard to resist the conviction that he would have written a different sort of hook if his audience had been acquainted with the real conditions existing in India. The actual force of Indian unrest is not to be found in the visible political parties, all of which would be swept away in twenty-four hours in the event of Indian revolution. It lies somewhere in the mysterious and secret depths of Indian life, and these are the forces of which the government of India is most afraid. Mr. Rai's hook will doubtless satisfy the groundlings who look upon India as a nation very much as they look upon France or Italy. But it can hardly be regarded as an important contribution to a practical problem.

THE POLITICAL FUTURE OF INDIA. By Lajpat Rai. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1.50.

French Writers.

If any one is competent to summarize a literary movement without the invasion of prejudices it is Mme. Duclaux, who renders this service to the "brilliant band of twentieth-century poets and novelists who not only sang the glory of France, but readily shed their blood for the love of it." Among those thus exalted by Mme. Duclaux are Maurice Barrés, Romain Rolland, Edmond Rostand, Paul Claudel, Charles Peguy, and the Countess de Noailles.

Maurice Barrés is the religionist of the group, and yet, says the author, he seems to be inspired by a sense of ancestral piety rather than by what we usually term religion. Thus he asks that the state undertake the repair of all churches, but "it is not as a Catholic that he pleads the cause of the altar, but in the name of civilization." And he calls upon the younger generation thus to defend the altar and the heltry.

Romain Rolland is of course almost a synonym for "Jean-Christophe." He is the "great spectator of our times." But will this quality of criticism, this combination of preaching and painting, outlive the generation that called it forth? Mme. Duclaux seems to doubt it. Rolland is "perhaps one of a race who exist rather because of a certain flame of life, a force of personality, than because of the perfection of their work."

As for Rostand, he is peculiarly compared by the author with Kipling. Both are "colossal, undoubtedly, but hardly literary." There is something in them that is "inelegant, cocksure, aggressive, sometimes a little superficial." They gather no violets, "but what a quantity of buttercups and daisies."

Mme. Duclaux treats Henri Barbusse with the brevity that he merits. She does not like him. Who could? None the less, "I admire him for his reaction, his revolt against that which most of us so readily accept—the sufferings of the unknown mass. It is well that there should be writers who rouse and reveal, though their trumpet notes be harsh and unmodulated—well there should be those who shake the sleepers from their sloth and bid them save their neighbors and themselves, building anew, lest the pillars of the temple fall and crush us all in their ruin."

It would be interesting to give more of the author's brilliant summaries, but they should be read in conjunction with the evidence, so to speak. There are few hooks of literary criticism so brilliant as this.

TWENTIETH CENTURY FRENCH WRITERS. By Mme. Duclaux. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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volumes, will be less fatiguing, not only to the eyes, head, and neck, but also to the arms and hands. Mr. Winslow's idea is to print a book so that you read straight ahead from right-hand page to right-hand page, these being numbered consecutively; then, when you have read through to the last right-hand page, you turn the hook upside down and continue reading as before, what in ordinary books are left-hand pages now being right-hand pages. This, of course, involves printing all left-hand pages upside down and numbering them consecutively from the back of the hook. This would easily be arranged by the printer in laying out the forms, though to get the pagination of a large hook correct would require some nice calculation on the printer's part.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

International Bolshevism.

Dr. Paul Miliukov needs no introduction as a patriotic and intellectual Russian whose efforts on the part of his country were cut short by revolution. That he played so large a part in the recent history of Russia is evidence of his competence as a commentator, while it may also suggest a certain caution in accepting his more pessimistic conclusions. Dr. Miliukov has lived so close to the volcano that he may sometimes exaggerate the lava flow.

The author tells us that Russian Bolshevism is one thing and international Bolshevism is another. The former is a national phenomenon. The latter a universal theory. It is with the international variety that he deals.

We may confess to only a slight interest in the history of Bolshevism in Russia, but those who are concerned with this aspect of the question will find a satisfactory narrative in Dr. Miliukov's volume. The collapse of military Russia revealed the Bolshevik movement, hitherto strictly national, as a huge and powerful machine for the propaganda of the world revolution. Attempts were made to revolutionize Germany and Austro-Hungary. Neutral countries were similarly assailed and the work still continues with disquieting results. We are told of the Bolshevik efforts in Europe, efforts that seem always to fail so far as actual outbreaks are concerned, but that always succeed in breeding discontent and in sowing the seeds of new and evil ideals in the minds of men. Toward the end of his book Dr. Miliukov gives us a résumé of Bolshevik efforts in America, and it may be said that it is a formidable one. He shows clearly the connection between Bolshevism and the Sinn Féin. A telegram from Helsingfors dated April 25th says: "The Council of People's Commissaries has rescinded the vote of 300,000,000 roubles for propaganda in France. Instead they have voted the sum of 500,000,000 roubles monthly for the bureau of general foreign propaganda. The first payment of 500,000,000 roubles, for the month of February, was sent to the Sinn Féiners in Ireland." Mr. McCartan, the "Envoy of the Republic of Ireland," says that there should exist between the Irish and the Russian Extremists "that sense of brotherhood which common purpose can alone induce."

Especially deplorable, says the author, is the

"hands off Russia" and the "let Russia stew in her own juice" policy. This means the salvation of the Soviet republics. It is the policy that has been adopted by the Allied governments. The result is that "a new wave of Bolshevism is rising and sweeping over Europe." Mr. Lincoln Eyre of the New York *World* says: "In the seven weeks I spent in Moscow three (Communist) delegates arrived from the United States, and literally scores from Germany, Hungary, Austria, Switzerland, Scandinavia, Roumania, Bulgaria, Italy, China, Japan, Korea, India, Afghanistan, and the countries of Asia Minor. The only important states from which few Communist envoys come are Great Britain and France." Communication with Russia is now easy, and as a result our newspapers are full of letters from Russia, or of "news" from Russia, singing the praises of Lenin, Trotsky, and Zinoviev.

Dr. Miliukov's book will be described as alarmist. It will be received with incredulous apathy in America, where nothing short of accomplished facts can impinge upon the public mind. None the less one reaches the last page with a sense of foreboding which is not lessened by such scraps of news as a mysterious but very real censorship permits us to read.

BOLSHEVISM: AN INTERNATIONAL DANGER. By Paul Miliukov, LL. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.75.

Briefer Reviews.

Under the title of "Kosovo" the Houghton Mifflin Company has published a collection of the heroic songs of the Serbs, translated from the original by Helen Rootham, with an introduction by Maurice Baring, an historical preface by Janko Lavrin, and a frontispiece by Toma Rosandic. Price, \$1.25.

"The Railroad Problem: A Suggestion," by Walter W. Davis, has been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It consists of a plan "for an undivided administration of the railroads, for promoting competition in railroad service, and for stimulating local initiative in railroad development." The chief feature of the plan provides for ownership of all interstate railroads by a national corporation with stock distributed among the security holders of the existing railroads.

"Gone West" is a collection of supposed communications from a "Soldier Doctor" who died in the war. There are now scores of volumes such as this, their main feature being an utter and hopeless disagreement as to the nature of the post-mortem life in which their alleged authors find themselves. The book is edited by H. M. G. and M. M. H., with a preface by Frederick W. Kendall of the *Buffalo Express*, and published by Alfred A. Knopf. Price, \$1.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

A trying illness, from which he is slowly recuperating, has not prevented John Spargo author of "Russia as an American Problem," from reading proof on his latest book on Russia, which the Harpers will bring out next

month. Mr. Spargo lives very quietly at Old Bennington—as he himself describes it—"taking his work seriously, but himself not too seriously, enjoying the flowers when in good health, and working hard." Mr. Spargo's new book will be called "The Greatest Failure in All History."

The Princeton University Press published a book last month which should prove of unusual interest and value at this time. Its title is "The Constitution and What It Means Today." Its author is Edward S. Corwin, professor of jurisprudence in Princeton University. The title describes the book exactly; it contains the full text of the Constitution of the United States and all amendments, with simple explanations of all passages as interpreted during the last 130 years.

One of the most interesting of the pamphlets announced for immediate publication by E. W. Huebsch, Inc., is an American reprint of the London *Nation's* recent widely discussed American supplement. In this supplement were gathered together five papers, each by an authority, on as many phases of current American thought, as follows: Morris R. Cohen writes on "American Philosophy," Francis Hackett on "American Fiction," H. L. Mencken on "Chicago as a Literary Centre," Joel E. Spingarn on "American Criticism," and Padraic Colum on "American Poetry."

Vicente Blasco Ibañez sailed for his home in Spain recently on the steamer *La France* of the French line, after six or more exceedingly busy months in the United States and Mexico, in the course of which he traveled over a goodly part of the territory of this country, lecturing and studying American life. He expects to return for another long visit next January.

New Books Received.

OUR ECONOMIC AND OTHER PROBLEMS. By Otto H. Kahn. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A financier's point of view.

PATRIOTISM AND POPULAR EDUCATION. By Henry Arthur Jones. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4. In the form of a letter addressed to the president of the British Board of Education.

PAN-AMERICANISM: ITS BEGINNINGS. By Joseph B. Lockey. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$5.

A thorough and authoritative study.

THE INFLUENCE OF OVERSEA EXPANSION ON ENGLAND TO 1700. By James E. Gillespie, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University.

Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

HISTORY OF JOURNALISM IN THE UNITED STATES. By George Henry Payne. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.50.

A short history.

THE HIGHLANDS OF CENTRAL INDIA. By Captain J. Forsyth. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Notes on their forests and wild tribes, natural history and sports.

THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT. By Zephine Humphrey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

A novel.

PATHS OF JUNE. By Dorothy Stockbridge. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

A volume of verse.

AMERICAN WORLD POLICIES. By David Jayne Hill. New York: George H. Doran Company. A discussion of the peace treaty.

TOUCH AND GO. By D. H. Lawrence. New York: Thomas Seltzer. A play.

OUR PETER. By George Woden. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

A story.

Aurora and Hertzian Waves.

That auroras may be due to Hertzian waves emitted by the sun is suggested by a distinguished scientist. Observations show, he points out, that most auroras are seen during the early hours of the night in all latitudes, and their splendor, as well as their number, diminishes through the night toward the morning. Experiment proves that, owing to the diffraction of the atmosphere, Hertzian waves, especially of great wave length, turn corners, or, in other words, pass around intervening obstacles. The waves of the wireless telegraph, for example, surmount the intervening convexity of the earth between two distant stations. It is not surprising, therefore, that auroras should be visible in the polar regions during winter, although the ordinary rays of the sun do not reach them.

Nordmann, seeing that Hertzian waves have passed between Newfoundland and England, a distance of about thirty degrees on a great circle of the earth, argues that at the equinox polar auroras should be most frequent within thirty degrees from the pole, and that has been found to be the case. It would follow from the above that auroras would be most frequent in the early hours of the night and morning, but another factor comes in. It has been proved that the luminescence of a rarefied gas is brighter the more free ions exist in it. In a small tube the free ions disappear mainly by diffusion, but in the atmosphere by recombination of positive and negative ions.

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The upper atmosphere is, it is thought, ionized during the day by the violet and ultraviolet rays of the sun, but through the night toward morning there are fewer free ions in the atmosphere, and so the Hertzian waves of the sun do not readily excite luminescence in the atmosphere at that time. The number and intensity of auroras, therefore, ought to be greatest in the early hours of the evening and decrease toward morning.

The first daily newspaper in the world is said to have been established by a woman, Miss Elizabeth Mallet, in London, March, 1702. She published and edited the *Daily Courant*, which she founded "for the purpose of doing greater justice for women in general through the elimination of impertinences which the ordinary papers contain."

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"ON THE HIRING LINE"

Not had, that title, for the play at the Alcazar. In these days, when labor is mysteriously short and the house-working class has taken to itself wings and flown away, we all know how it is ourselves. We are all wailing for house servants; and, by the way, if those who were formerly servants, or are now, or ever shall be, demand that we cease calling them by that appellation, we will willingly give it up; "oh, most content and cheerful." This is the time for them to strike for that change, for in such matters the world is in a conceding mood. And besides, we have heard echoes, not yet materialized into articulate sound, that seemed to intimate the evolution of a new order of intelligent, organized domestic workers, of superior ability to those that such of us as can not afford the highly trained servants of the rich are used to. So far the experiment, begun in New York under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A., seems to have made no noise in the world, that element of the situation being principally contributed by wailing householders, who pine for the routine of pre-war life.

Alas, that golden age will never come back; not in our time, at least, which is never to us.

The situation has both its tragic and its comic side; tragic, because there are worn and weary women trying to do all the cooking and housecleaning in their households, besides nursing some disabled member of the household; a paralyzed octogenarian, or perhaps taking care of a quiverful of children with the measles.

And people starving in Europe and Asia. How topsy-turvy and unreasonable the whole condition seems.

To be sure, there is a rumor—perhaps wild and baseless—that certain laws, rules, or regulations are to be suspended in order to get over here one hundred thousand of the destitute women of Austria who are threatened with starvation if they stay, poor souls, in their lighted country. But if they come those one hundred thousand will be absorbed

as quickly as the morning dew by the summer sun.

There's just one good thing out of it all. We are all learning by practice a good many things that we formerly knew by theory only. No more can the haughty person in the kitchen put it over us as to how long it takes to cook string beans, or just how one contrives an unumpy white sauce. Oh, we're learning lots of things; how to live the simple life, for one; the superior economy gained by dispensing with a servant and a servant's waste, for another. Also, some women find they like to do the cooking. And the money saved thereby justifies occasional downtown dinner jamborees for the whole family.

And there's still another result. Take note, oh young womanhood, for it may influence you in your choice of a husband! Did you know that lots of young men, unable or unwilling to pay the prices ordinarily charged for board since the h. c. l. reared its fell head, have taken to living in apartments and doing, not only their own cooking, but their own housework? Some of them, probably, do it badly, but the intelligent ones are not going to put up with ruining good food material at prevailing prices by had cooking. Any one who does that sort of thing nowadays for other people's consumption ought to be put in the stocks. For food is going higher, since the farmer, incensed at the unreasonableness of the industrial workers, has concluded he will no longer be the goat. The farmer has jumped his job in the Eastern industrial sections, and has gone to work in the factories at high wages such as his farming profits never dared to touch. And food commodities are going to soar. Just you wait until next winter!

To return to the male housekeeper, I was told by a census worker that she saw repeatedly, in households where she was collecting her data, the man of the house caring for a sick wife, dressing the children, washing, cooking, and ironing.

Why do people hate cooking so? Partly, I think, because they are shut up in a dull kitchen, partly because it is so messy, and partly because it is so monotonous. I think the monotony of the task might be broken up by the women, or the men, if it is a masculine establishment, doing K. P. week about. And then, in milder climates than ours, they will be obliged, if this new order of things keeps up, to have pleasant kitchen porches, which the family will not avoid if they are vine-covered, or made attractive with potted plants. There the cook of the week can enjoy the calm joys of social intercourse with members of her family engaged on other tasks while she shells the peas, or chases the water-drops off the lettuce's crisp hack, or contrives the succulent mayonnaise.

But this is a dream. Real estate, like everything else, is disgustingly high—although equally disgustingly difficult to sell—and rear porches big enough to be pleasant require increased expenditure and increased work. So let's tackle our job with what cheer we may.

"On the Hiring Line" is a comedy verging on farce, in which the servant problem is treated in a jocular spirit. It is by Harvey O'Higgins—expert in plays and short stories—and Harriet Ford, these two tried and tested collaborators having hit the hull's-eye in New York with this play, because it is bright, amusing, timely, and because the authors have the kind of taste that prefers humor presented with verisimilitude. It's the way I prefer humor myself, usually, and above all I do like to see authors who are presenting the

purely comic able to do so without resorting to acrobatic humor.

"On the Hiring Line," therefore, presents a group of people in a domestic entourage, which we always like. Then the wife has been an actress; which seems to involve interesting possibilities. And the daughter is receiving constant proposals of marriage from the chauffeur; which is promising, to say the least. The husband is still in love with his wife, the wife still in love with her husband—which isn't as tame as it sounds—and they are all living in the country; which means a constant state of hurrah-hoys, as living in the country is conducive to many domestic excitements on a small scale; such as the brooding hen getting out of her coop, or the discovery that the hired man has vamoosed with the car when the family discover, at 1 o'clock in the morning, that they wanted to all huddle in and motor to the fire ten miles away, and find whether it is old man Smith's barn or young man Jones' new nest for his bridal birdie.

So excitements range all through "On the Hiring Line," which is a well-built comedy—or farce-comedy; take your choice—well constructed, with good situations, witty dialogue, and a double finale which tickles the ribs the way it meets the servant problem.

It was a real comfort to see the company able to walk instead of gallop through the play. I didn't see a single leap over the furniture, and though there was a pursuit it was neither unduly lengthened nor unduly exaggerated.

I think the company, which appeared to advantage in the play, enjoyed themselves thoroughly; more especially as nobody had to get under the hed or climb through a tansom; and still more especially because the lines of the play were received with constant hursts of laughter.

THE ORPHEUM.

There are various signs at the Orpheum of the change in the personnel of the Orpheum staff, which seems to carry with it an intention to freshen up the interior. There is a gorgeously embroidered screen at the central ticket-entrance, and even while the programme was in progress at the day performances this week an artist was busy on the other side of a huge canvas ceiling-screen, the which greatly stimulated our curiosity as to what we shall see when the screen is removed. Furthermore the new régime is going to wage a righteous war against the ticket speculators, for after each printed number on the programme appears a line warning the public against believing the ticket speculator who says there are no tickets to be had at the box-office.

This week's bill is extra good, both in quality and variety. "Kiss Me," a musical-comedy act, Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner in songs, Elsa Ryan in "Peg—For Short" are the headliners. But there are several other acts that, if their performers had not such popular names in vaudeville to contend against, might easily rank as headliners.

For instance, the extraordinary jumping by "Mrs. Clinton's husband" is one of the neatest, most airily perfect demonstrations of its kind we are apt to see in vaudeville. The jumper is as light and sure in his movements as the flight of a bird to a hough, the whole performance showing constant and untiring practice by an athlete with unusual balance and muscular resilience.

Palo and Palet, "Les Bouffons Musicals," give a particularly melodious act, beginning with performances on that vaudeville contraption with a keyboard that is more like an accordion than anything else and tapering off with a variety of unnamed brass instruments that were played with great skill. I rather took it for granted that the youth was the son of the sad-eyed senior, and—was it my romantic imagination, or did not the music played by the son reflect the lightsome moods of youth, while that of the elder seemed to supply the element of sorrow and sadness that youth has scarcely had time to live through and feel? It seemed to me that the operatic and popular selections were particularly well chosen, and that the handsome clown costumes and the odd background gave a pleasingly foreign suggestion to the whole act that seemed to be in some degree borne out by the countenances of the two performers.

This is a week for the display of ladies' tresses. I use the expression tresses, as distinctive from plain hair, because of the gorgeous display made by the ladies in this particular. Clara Morton lavishly exhibited, not only a plump and saucy pair of pantaletted—to the knee—legs, but a fine suit of dark hair which manifestly grew on her scalp and flowed down her back in curls. Curls also were displayed by Katherine Parker in a well-played darkly impersonation act in which Harrison Greene was so much the darky to the life that arguing members of the audience were relieved when, at the end of the act, he removed his cap and showed the line of demarcation between white skin and black. Elsa Ryan showed a bewildering confusion of blonde

curliness, which made a charming frame to her beguiling countenance in "Peggy—For Short," a playlet in which the Irish drolleries of the comedienne and the stern misogamy of the finally beguiled, conquered, and annexed male, as played by Rodney Ramous, were the prominent features.

There was a very considerable thatch mixed in with the vamp head-dress of Dorothea Sadlier in "Kiss Me," a taldoid musical comedy the story of which really captured our attention, so curious did we become as to how Bohhie was going to untangle himself from his wife imhroglio. And Margaret Evans had a perfect Niagara of store curls on the top of an already copiously endowed head. And—let

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us he fair, since we're mentioning hair endowments—Mrs. Clinton's husband's wife had no slouch of a brown chevelure soaring above her English countenance.

These ladies, however, were able to do livelier things than merely display hair. Margaret Evans isn't much on singing, but she carries her clothes with style and has a nice little twittering personality, although it took a back seat compared to that of Dorothea Sadlier. This actress, who played the vamp in "Kiss Me," has melodramatic eyes, a deep-toned voice, and a fount of energy that causes her to put in her best licks in her slightest saying and least gesture. She was quite an important element in the fun of "Kiss Me," Harry Meyer playing, in lively style, the rôle of a loquacious schemer who is looking for a fake wife so as to capture Aunt Julia's boodle.

Clara Morton cracks jokes, sings jolly songs, and displays a variety of costumes—not to mention a pair of short, plump, pattering legs.

Louise Dresser—whose neat blonde tresses seemed to reproach the tumbled profusion of Elsa Ryan's and the vamp's—joined with Jack Gardner in a sort of alphabetical song competition which revealed an agreeable personality and refined treatment on the lady's part, and a light comedy style on the gentleman's, which kept the audience looking for the next ditty like interested and amused children.

A trained monkey act, conducted by a woman trainer, Anita Diaz by name, who affected to carry on whispered colloquies with her submissive charges and allowed some of them more liberty from their leashes than is usual in animal acts, pleased that element to whom animal shows particularly appeal. The trainer knows her business, and the little brutes, so almost mournful in their grotesque ugliness, did all their stunts with obedient precision.

It will be perceived that there is quite a variety of entertainment on the bill of the week, and as there is a very showy chorus in "Kiss Me," including the novelty of a gorgeously costumed, semi-historical "vamp" parade, the pursuer of vaudeville joys was not much left to wish for.

POWDERING THE NOSE.

She was a pretty thing; yes, although she was engaging in the act of abstracting, with milk-white teeth, a generous crescent from an apple pie. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike her. Out came—yes, right in the midst of her repast—her vanity bag. And she powdered a charming nose.

And we see them doing it everywhere. At the theatre, between acts; sometimes even when the hounds of the drama are in full cry on the stage. The stenographers do it at their desks; or sometimes as they walk up Market Street. The girls calmly glide their puffs over their noses at the end of a dance, as they exchange persiflage with their partners.

And then, the spectacle of a middle-aged woman obtruding her toilet operations on the public eye, what of the good taste? Quite putting aside the question of dignity, is it the act of a lady? And if the elders are not going to furnish standards for the young, who is? And if it is allowable to powder one's complexion, why not paint it, equally, under the public eye? Why not adjust false teeth and re-pack those astonishing ear-bags that hang heavily over the ears?

To be sure there is the question of vanity involved. Does a pretty young woman want to admit that her bloom is not natural, her teeth all there, and her hair as nature made it? Certainly not, although some of the more advanced spirits do use their lip-sticks in public.

The presumption is that women think that men do not criticize them for making up in public. But they do. I have seen a whole row of men at the theatre deriding, among themselves, the performances of a charmingly pretty girl studying her face absorbedly in a portable mirror, and touching it up lovingly with powder and rouge.

The trouble is the girls have too much nerve since the era of public semi-nudity has come in. It is the easiest thing in the world to shed modesty, which seems to be a plant of purely artificial growth. Many people think that the free unveiling of their charms by girls—and the middle-aged, and, yes, sometimes the old—is due to a vulgar desire freely to exhibit their physical advantages. There is, however, a certain quality of literalness in many women which, once a style is a style, causes them to enthrone it in sanctity. A style is made to be followed. Therefore they powder their noses in public—since all stylish girls do—nonchalantly reveal their backs to the waist-line, and their fronts as far down as the law allows. Have you ever smiled in amusement at the abrupt slant made by the top line of an evening bodice when it passes under the arms and shoots down to the back belt? It is to laugh—or, preferably, for the judicious to grieve.

Every time a girl powders in public or bares her back to the general gaze she makes a confession of personal vanity. But she seems to care not a whit.

And the men don't like it, at least not in their own womankind, or in girls they admire and would woo. It subtracts from the divinity of their divinities.

The girls say, "I should worry." But why shouldn't they worry? Isn't it abnormal not to care. The real, normal, human, lovable girl will always care. Wasn't she put on this earth to care, to value the opinion of her man, and to love him and the children she bears him?

Oh, girls, you geese! Why don't you let the poor fellows have some occasion for keeping up the worshipping attitude? It doesn't last, of course, but it is a pleasant feature of life for the young of both sexes. And if you don't get your share of it as a girl, mark my words, you'll never get it at all.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Using the Useless.

What to do with the immense amount of furnace slag that accumulates in the iron foundries was successfully solved some time ago by an English concern, which has converted this slag into paving flags, paving tiles, bricks, etc.

The process of making the paving flags is about as follows: The slag is carried to a crusher having a capacity of about one hundred tons daily, where it is broken up and then taken to screens, where it is graded, the coarse being run into cars to be used as ballast and the rest subjected to further crushing. The excess dust is removed by screening and used for the manufacture of tiles.

The slag suitable for paving flags is mixed in a dry state with a cement-like material and then water is added and the whole thoroughly incorporated. A pressure of four hundred tons is exercised upon this mixture by a hydraulic press and all the moisture is forced out, leaving a hard, dense block of uniform character.

A different cementing material is employed in making tiles from the dust, the effect being to give the mixture a certain amount of plasticity which allows it to be moulded by mechanical means and permits it setting into a dense mass. If rapidity of production is desired the action of setting can be accelerated by artificial means and the goods made ready for use within twenty-four hours. The addition of coloring matter allows the construction of building blocks of various hues. Experience with these slag materials shows that exposure to cold and frost has no effect except to produce a greater hardness in the material.

We have noticed (says Christopher Morley in the New York Evening Post) with great satisfaction that there is a lot of good sense going the rounds in regard to Anglo-American relations. It is partly due to the delightful good sense and personal charm of some of the English and Irishmen who have been visiting this country in the past year or so. Men like Galsworthy, Philip Gibbs, Hugh Walpole, Drinkwater, Lord Dunsany, St. John Ervine, Sassoon, Massingham. Shorter, Ernest Barker return to England carrying with them the warm affection of those with whom they have associated over here. They have shown an almost embarrassing readiness to be enthusiastic about what they have seen. They have chafed us, we have chafed them, in the way that only friends can do. As for complete "understanding," we hope that will never come to pass, for it is the subtle differences in the English and American points of view that make transatlantic intercourse so agreeable. It is when we understand people thoroughly and completely that we begin to weary of them.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

A fine musical entertainment is in store for the patrons of the Columbia Theatre Monday evening, July 19th. The attraction is "The Firefly," and in addition to the artists already included in the cast of the New Bostonians there is Mabel Riegelman, who has just joined the organization and makes her debut in the rôle of Nina.

Miss Riegelman is too well known to need introduction. She has long been associated with the Chicago and the Boston grand opera companies and recently completed a long and successful tour. She has never played Nina previously, but is well suited to the rôle.

Other notable in the cast are J. Humbird Duffey, Lavinia Winn, Edward Quinn, Leslie Leigh, Detmar Poppin, Marie Horgan, Sam A. Burton, and Dorothy Elton. The feature numbers of the piece are "A Beautiful Ship from Toyland," "Sympathy," "Giannina Mia," and "Love Is Like a Firefly." Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

The Curran Theatre.

Charlotte Greenwood, who is attracting capacity houses in Oliver Morosco's latest musical-comedy hit, "Linger Longer Letty," will begin her last two weeks at the Curran Theatre next Sunday night, July 18th. She has made a big personal hit as a sort of Cinderella who rises from the kitchen to the drawing-room. Miss Greenwood is unique in her fun-making and she is irresistible.

She is surrounded by a capable cast and a snappy chorus. Robert Higgins lends great support to the entertaining qualities of the performance. Harry James conducts the orchestra.

The Alcazar Theatre.

"Peg o' My Heart" has been secured by the Alcazar for its last and only week on the San Francisco stage, beginning at next Sunday's matinee. "Peg o' My Heart," since the famous two years in New York, has smashed box-office records in every American city, large and small. So phenomenal a success has been unequalled in the history of the stage. It is one of those rare comedies that one never tires of seeing. Inez Ragan should be an ideal "Peg." Very interesting will be the special engagement of Emelie Melville in the grand dame rôle, which she created and played hundreds of times in the original New York production of "Peg."

"A Tailor Made Man," another popular success, will follow on Sunday, July 25th.

The Orpheum.

Special interest attaches to the Orpheum bill which opens Sunday. Irene Franklin is singing her own songs, each of which give her the opportunity to bring to the stage some character made familiar to every one by daily association. Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin will return with their new act, which has scored a triumphant trip over the entire Orpheum Circuit. The story deals plenty of laughter through the possibilities of a quart of a forbidden liquid which escaped the attention of prohibition officers until it is uncorked in 1970. Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner, musical-comedy stars with an individual song cycle, are holdovers from the preceding week. These two artists will assist materially in maintaining the high altitude of the new bill. "Creole Fashion Plate" will delineate song and fashion. Val and Ernie Stanton, "English Boys from America"; "The Man Off the Ice Wagon," a recently discovered iceman who possesses a marvelous voice; Three Danoise Sisters, a triangle of beauty, grace, and agility; and Chong and Rosie Moey, with their Oriental version of American songs and dances, are other new acts. Topics of the day, news events, and the Orpheum orchestra are other attractions.

AMERICA HAD BIGGEST ANIMALS.

Stealing a dinosaur sounds about as feasible as walking off the Brooklyn Bridge, but dispatches from Buenos Ayres tell of an expedition recently sent to Patagonia to study a mammoth specimen discovered a year ago, and found it missing!

"Today we must go to Africa for the biggest game, but there was a time in the dim, distant past when America produced animals larger than any now living," says a communication to the National Geographic Society by Barnum Brown.

"That was so long ago that nothing remains of these creatures except their bones, and they are turned to stone. Hidden away under strata of earth, their spoor has long since grown cold.

"The animals are dinosaurs; for the moment we will call them lizards—not the creeping, crawling kind, but huge reptiles that stalked upright through the jungles, rivaling in size the elephant, the hippopotamus, and the rhinoceros.

"In the marshes of prehistoric times dwelt a host of reptiles, some large, some small, and



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of various forms, flesh eaters and herb eaters, but all sharing certain characters in common and known as dinosaurs. Not any were closely related to any living reptile, yet they had some characters common to the lizards, crocodiles, and birds.

"Of the kinds characteristic of the period one species, a herb eater named Trachodon, was more than thirty feet long and about fifteen feet high when standing erect. Its head, with broadly expanded mouth, resembled that of a duck, but back of the beak there were more than two thousand small teeth, disposed in many vertical rows, each containing several individual teeth, the new ones coming up from below as the old ones wore out.

"The long hind feet terminated in three large-hoofed toes, and the shorter, slender front feet were partially webbed. A long, thin, slender tail acted as a powerful swimming organ, and the body was covered with rough tuberculate skin. Having no means of defense, it lived chiefly in the water, where it was free from attacks of the flesh eaters.

"With the 'duck-billed' Trachodon there were other large closely related forms inhabiting the water. Saurolophus was similar in build, but characterized by a large crest extending above the skull, and pelvic bones that were developed for attachment of powerful tail muscles. It was probably a distinctly aquatic type.

"Along the shores lived Ornithomimus, the bird mimic, as the name implies, one of the most remarkable of the dinosaurs. A skeleton found last year shows it to have been a toothless creature, the jaws sheathed like the beak of a bird."

The restoration of the Louvain Library has been commenced by the German government. Many valuable paintings and books which were carried to Germany are now being returned under the compulsory terms of the peace treaty.

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VANITY FAIR.

Among the things that one would rather not have said we may include Mr. McAdoo's assertion that he could not afford to be President. One must provide for one's family, said Mr. McAdoo in effect, and this could hardly be done on a salary of \$75,000 a year and an allowance of \$25,000 a year for traveling expenses. The cost of living, as we all know, is high. Sugar is 30 cents a pound or thereabouts, and the hoot and shoe bill for the youngsters is something staggering. Mr. McAdoo did not actually enter on these domestic details, but doubtless they arrayed themselves at the back of his frugal mind. He felt himself compelled to seek more remunerative employment. Perhaps he remembered the Scriptural warning that he who provides not for his own family is worse than a heathen.

None the less Mr. McAdoo probably wishes that he had not said this. It grates a little. Every one knows, of course, that a President must live and pay his bills, and that he must have money to do it with. There need be no false modesty about that. But delicacy, not to speak of patriotism, seems to suggest that the presidential office and the presidential salary be kept in separate mental compartments, so to speak. There is something a little repugnant in the conception of the presidency as a means of getting one's living, as a kind of "job," to be accepted or rejected in the light of its financial merits. Why not stipulate also for an eight-hour day and overtime and accident insurance? It is almost as though General Joffre had refused to fight the battle of the Marne without an increase of pay, or had declined to fight at all because of the high cost of living. It is just one of the things that are not done. One can not quite say why. It is a matter of instinct. Either one has it or not. *Voila tout.*

But the salary of the President is actually a very sufficient one. If the White House were a private home it would be insufficient. It would probably tax an economist to "run" it in its present style on an income of \$75,000 a year. But the main expenses of the White House are not paid by the President. The only demands that are made on his private pocket are for the food eaten by himself, his family, and his few personal servants; the salaries of his personal servants, and the family clothes. There is practically nothing else. He is vastly better off financially than

the private citizen who has the same salary.

To begin with he has no rent to pay, nor interest on rental values. Repairs do not concern him at all. They are all done at the cost of the nation. The nation provides all the furnishings of the White House, all decorations, and all replenishings.

All the servants, except some half-dozen, are paid by the government. The large staff that is ordinarily in evidence is no concern of the President. He has his own cook and a few maids who look after the personal needs of the presidential family, and these are paid from the President's private funds. But no others. His automobiles and carriages cost him nothing. He need not worry about the price of gasoline or the expensiveness of tires. No one need worry about these things except the taxpayer, and he has other and more intimate worries of his own. The President himself pays no taxes. Not only is he furnished with an automobile and carriages, but also with a sumptuous yacht, and if these means of transportation should prove inadequate there is the allowance of \$25,000 a year for traveling expenses.

There are a dozen other items that must be met by the private citizen but that are spared to the President. For example, every place of amusement is open to him without charge. The theatres in Washington have their presidential boxes perpetually at his service, and all he has to do is to signify his intention to occupy them. He pays no club dues, for every club in the country is open to him. When all these factors are duly considered it will be seen that the presidential salary is actually a very reasonable one and implies a financial ease far greater than that enjoyed by the private citizen whose income is nominally the same. Indeed the *New York Times* quotes a former secretary to a President to the effect that \$50,000 a year can easily be saved out of the salary and the traveling allowance.

It is fortunate in more ways than one that Mr. McAdoo will not now be called upon to make the financial sacrifice incidental to the presidential office. It must be a relief to his mind to know that he may still hold himself open to whatever offers may come his way, and so to provide for his family in a way worthy of their exalted status. He can hardly say with Julius Caesar that thrice was he offered a kingly crown and he did thrice refuse it. But in the years to come, when the kindly waters of time have effaced some of the ripples on the sands of current events, he may perhaps make some airy references in the seclusion of his home to the little presidential job that once came his way and that he was compelled to "turn down" because it was not quite "good enough."

There is something a little pathetic in the plight of some of the former guests of the old Manhattan Hotel in New York, now closed in deference to the spirit of the new age, which demands office buildings in the place of hostilities. Many of these guests have lived at the Manhattan Hotel for years. It was their permanent home and they never supposed that they would have to seek another. They took up their abode at the Manhattan

long before there were even rumors of a scarcity of accommodation in flats and apartment houses. They read of such things in the vague and incurious way of those who were not personally interested, just as we read of the cholera in Thibet or a flood in China. And now they suddenly find themselves cast forth on an overcrowded world, and a very indifferent world, and they do not know where to lay their heads. More than a hundred families were thus evicted, and a good many of them are still wandering about from one temporary habitation to another and with their confidence in the stability of things pretty badly shaken. In a way these poor people are typical of humanity at large. We are all more or less wrenched from the moorings that we thought were so firm, and maybe there is a good deal of drifting ahead of us.

Three resident hotels have gone out of business during the past year—the Holland House, the Knickerbocker, and now the Manhattan. The Knickerbocker catered mainly to the theatrical crowd. Caruso lived there for years. He was married from there and his daughter was born there. President Wilson used to stay there a good deal when he was governor of New Jersey, and Admiral Togo's name is to be found in its visitor's book.

President Wilson stayed also at the Manhattan and President McKinley made it his New York home. Theodore Roosevelt directed his Progressive campaign from the Manhattan, and there were other Presidents and celebrities of lesser rank who were familiar figures in its precincts.

The Manhattan was the *ne plus ultra* of respectability. High school girls were allowed to go to the Manhattan without a chaperon, and at a time when chaperons had very real duties to perform. And now at last it falls from its high estate. No wonder there should be consternation and the shaking of conservative heads.

JOKES AT ROYAL EXPENSE.

Thomas Carlyle observed that "kings are ill to joke with," but there have nevertheless been plenty of jokers so audacious as to "josh" kings with a well-developed sense of humor, such as Charles II, capable of enjoying a sally at their own expense (declares a writer in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*).

It is related that one day when Charles was inspecting a warship at Catham he asked Killigrew, "Don't you think that I should have made a good shipwright?" Charles was proud of his reputed skill in naval architecture, and, no doubt, by this query sought a compliment. But Killigrew, who was nothing of a courtier, replied instead:

"I have always thought that your majesty would do better at any trade than your own."

A lively example of French retort to royalty is afforded by the story of Marshal Bassompierre and Louis XIII. The marshal had given his majesty an account of his embassy to Spain, setting forth the manner in which he had entered the Spanish capital mounted on a mule. "An ass seated on a mule!" exclaimed Louis, with a laugh. "Yes, sire," replied the marshal, "and the joke of it was I represented you!"

Good old Queen Bess, it appears, had a pretty wit, which she was by no means loth to exercise upon her subjects. In one verbal duel, at least, Elizabeth got the worst of it. Observing in the garden a courtier to whom she had promised promotion that had not materialized, her majesty thrust her head out of the window and called to him:

"What does a man think of, Sir Edward, when he thinks of me?"

"Of a woman's promise, your majesty," was Edward's response.

Among the neatest retorts to royalty whereof we have record was that alleged to have been made to the Prince of Wales, afterward King William IV, by the secretary of the admiralty.

Now, William had been hantering the secretary for some time at table. "When I am king," said he, "you shall not be secretary of the admiralty. What do you say to that?"

"God save the king!" rejoined the witty secretary.

Charles II once asked his chaplain, Dr. Stillingfleet: "How is it that you always read your sermons before me, when, as I understand, you can preach eloquently elsewhere without hook or notes?"

The good doctor answered that he was so overwhelmed by his majesty's presence that he could not trust himself otherwise, continuing: "And now, sire, may it please you to tell me why you read your speeches when you have no such excuse?"

When Charles, meeting Rochester one day, accosted him thus, "I believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions," the witty nobleman immediately made answer:

"For a subject, sir, I really think I am."

Almost as disconcerting an answer was once given Frederick the Great, who, wishing to humiliate his physician, asked: "How many men, my doctor, have you sent into the other world?"

"Not nearly so many as your majesty," was

the retort, "but with infinitely less glory."

When George III first met Sir John Irwin, a thirsty soul, he remarked facetiously: "They tell me, Sir John, you're fond of a glass of wine."

"Your majesty," gravely responded the courtier, "your informants do me a great injustice. They should have said a bottle."

In the early Christian era butter was regarded merely as a medicine, while among the Romans the use of butter proved the distinguishing mark between the rich and the poor.

Perhaps those overall clubs are being formed so a salaried man can disguise himself like a wage-earner and not be looked down upon.

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THE STANDARD SINCE 1852

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mrs. Edwin was showing Selma, the new Swedish maid, "the ropes." "This," she said, "is my son's room. He is in Yale." "Ya?" Selma's face lit up with sympathetic understanding. "My brudder hane there, too." "Is that so? What year?" asked Mrs. Edwin, somewhat surprised. "Ach, he bane got no year; the judge yust say, 'You, Axel, sixty days in yail.'"

The conversation around the long dinner-table ended, as do most conversations nowadays, with the subject of spiritualism. The guests and the members of the family gave their opinions as to whether or not the dead could communicate with the living, but it remained for "Sweet Sixteen" to present the only original thought on the subject. "It's hard enough now for me to keep up my correspondence," she said. "When I die I want a rest."

Aunt Mary was very strict—too strict for Eric and his little sister, who were fed up with staying with her. She certainly tried her best to amuse them, and one morning took them to the zoo. But it was a failure. "Eric, keep away from that cage! Molly, your hat's crooked! Those seats are dirty,

Eric—keep off them. If you hite the finger of your glove again, Molly, I shall take you straight home!" It was like a never-ending gramophone record on good behavior, and Aunt Mary never seemed to tire. At last the little party paused before a cage, and Aunt Mary consulted her catalogue. "This, children," she announced, "is an ant-eater." Eric looked cautiously round as he whispered to Molly: "Can't we push her in?"

Recently a small farmer in Honduras called at a city drug store and asked for some poison with which to kill wild animals that were destroying his poultry. On being informed that no poison could be sold without a personal recommendation from the mayor of the town, he went in search of that functionary and soon returned with the following note: "Please give Mr. W—a little poison, as he is an honest man." The note was signed by the mayor.

Mr. A is a very enthusiastic lodge man, spending about five nights out of every seven at various lodge-rooms—all of which lodges he is a member. His wife, who is rather tolerant of the whole business, however does occasionally get peeved enough to say a few sarcastic things. And the other night came her chance. For a wonder her husband was at home for an evening, curled up in a rocking-chair before the grate fire she had

made and reading very busily. For a long time she sat silent watching him, then she asked, "John, what are you reading?" "My ritual," he answered. "Well, I must say," she remarked with some spirit, "if you had studied your marriage vows as much as you have studied that ritual you would be a model husband."

"Now, boys," said the schoolmaster, "I want you to bear in mind that the word 'stan' at the end of a word means 'the place of.' Thus we have Afghanistan—the place of the Afghans; also Hindustan—the place of the Hindus. Can any one give me another example?" Nobody appeared very anxious to do so, until little Johnny Snaggs, the joy of his mother and the terror of the cats, said proudly: "Yes, sir, I can. Umbrellastan—the place for umbrellas."

A nervous neighbor returned from his first driving lesson boasting of his easy mastery of the new car. To please him several of his family consented to ride with him, and things went well until they reached a good country road, when a car coming up behind them honked its horn. The startled driver jerked his wheel to the right, running down a steep bank, then to the left, heading into a fence, and to the right again, luckily bringing up in the road. "Dad, what in thunder are you trying to do?" demanded his breathless son. "Why, son," replied the new driver calmly, "I was just practicing to turn out for teams."

A number of English officers were sitting in a German restaurant in Cologne having a very good time for people who were away from home. They were struck by a rather lively conversation between the leader of the orchestra and several of its members. All of a sudden the orchestra began to play "Die Wacht am Rhein." Every one rose to his feet, while the officers, including the English, stood at attention, until the last note had been played. The leader was so surprised that he came down to the English officers and began the following conversation: "Gentlemen, may I ask you a question?" "Go ahead!" "Did you recognize the piece we just played?" "Sure!" "Do you know that was 'Die Wacht am Rhein'?" "Why, certainly," said one of the Englishmen, raising his voice so as to be heard all over the hall; "hut that's all right. Die Wacht am Rhein—that's us."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Gentle Query of a Disciple of Izaak Walton.

Along about this time of year
I think of waters brown and clear,
And mossy banks where one can sit
And watch the restless shadows flit,
And listen to the swishing
Of halmy breezes in the boughs
And lazily relax and drowse,
While in the ripples trails the line
To coax the speckled trout to dine—
I want to go a-fishing!

I have a book of silken flies
To tempt the wariest finny prize.
I have a nifty rod and reel,
And new, capacious willow creel—
But what's the use of wishing?
The sportive perch and red fin may
All unmolested leap and play,
The sunfish in the shallows bask.
Without the old-time pocket flask
How can I go a-fishing?
—Minna Irving in New York Times.

A Modern Sonnet.

Clorinda, you're the girl for me!
I caught you Tuesday darning hose,
And even the dullest eye can see
Neat patches on your last year's clothes!
Your shoe-black hat, home-laundered blouse,
Your gloves with well-linked finger-tips,
Your careful ways about the house,
Bring praises to a lover's lips.

I picture some safe inglenook,
A kitchenette, with you the qucen.
I've heard you say you love to cook
The costly spud, the humble bean.
I've learned how simple are your tastes—
You're mindful of a poor clerk's purse;
Scorn her who coin on candy wastes—
Vow ices had and lobster worse!

Ah, my Clorinda, heed these rhymes
Of one whose love will e'er prove true—
Who, in these fearsome, high-price times,
A treasure, girlie, sees in you!
Applied Domestic Science, pet,
Your household platform's chiefest plank;
Out of the salary I get
Each week a dime we ought to hank!
—Ella A. Fanning in New York Herald.

Victoria and Albert Docks

A writer to the London Times describes the Victoria and Albert docks at Tilbury as being "crowded to their fullest capacity with big ships," many of which "look absolutely dead for the simple reason that they can not be unloaded because there is nowhere to put their cargoes." Of ships carrying Australian meat it is said to be "a common thing to wait anything up to a month for a berth and to lie another month tied up against the wharf, unloading and reloading." Inefficiency of labor

is in a large degree responsible, for the average discharging output per shift of thirteen men in a nine-hour day has been reduced from 100 to sixty-three tons. The cause is partly the loss of many good men in the war, partly loafing on the job to make work for as many men as possible. Congestion of the ports is attributed to state control over essential imports, to state control over railroads, and to reduction of the bours of labor. By these means the carrying power of ships has been reduced at least 30 per cent. below pre-war standards.



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STATEMENT
of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities
—OF—
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY
HIBERNIA BANK
DATED JUNE 30, 1920

ASSETS
1—BONDS OF THE UNITED STATES (\$12,697,600.00), of the State of California and the Cities and Counties thereof (\$12,693,025.00), of the State of New York (\$2,149,000.00), of the City of New York (\$1,000,000.00), of the State of Massachusetts (\$1,162,000.00), of the County of Bergen, New Jersey (\$200,000.00), of the County of Cuyahoga, Ohio (\$90,000.00), of the City of Chicago (\$645,000.00), of the City of Cleveland (\$100,000.00), of the City of Albany (\$200,000.00), of the City of St. Paul (\$100,000.00), of the City of Philadelphia (\$350,000.00), of the City of San Antonio, Texas (\$72,000.00), the actual value of which is.....\$31,373,497.47
2—MISCELLANEOUS BONDS comprising Steam Railway Bonds (\$1,768,000.00), Street Railway Bonds (\$1,486,594.51), Quasi-Public Corporation Bonds (\$2,334,000.00), Municipal Notes (\$1,525,000.00), and Bankers' Acceptances (\$127,356.00), the actual value of which is 6,666,424.17
3—CASH ON HAND..... 3,534,879.44
4—PROMISSORY NOTES and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... 29,011,525.34
Said Promissory Notes are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State, and the States of Oregon, Nevada and Washington.
5—PROMISSORY NOTES and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... 296,761.04
Said Promissory Notes are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge of Bonds and other securities.
6—(a) REAL ESTATE situate in the City and County of San Francisco (\$517,653.45), and in the Counties of Alameda (\$33,019.20), San Mateo (\$33,980.50), Los Angeles (\$74,680.70), Contra Costa (\$73,073.29), and Sonoma (\$27,083.86), in this State, the actual value of which is..... 759,493.00
(b) THE LAND AND BUILDING in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is..... 972,330.47
TOTAL ASSETS\$72,614,910.93

LIABILITIES
1—SAID CORPORATION OWES DEPOSITS amounting to and the actual value of which is.....\$69,940,008.20
NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS.....81,300
AVERAGE DEPOSIT.....\$860.24
2—RESERVE FUND, ACTUAL VALUE..... 2,674,902.73
TOTAL LIABILITIES\$72,614,910.93

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By E. J. TOBIN, President.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
City and County of San Francisco

E. J. TOBIN and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself says: That said E. J. TOBIN is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

E. J. TOBIN, President.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of July, 1920.
CHAS. T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of
San Francisco, State of California.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rosenfelt of Portland have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Delphine Rosenfelt, and Mr. Robert Koshland, son of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland of San Francisco. The wedding will be an event of the late fall.

Commander William Van Antwerp entertained a number of friends at a dance last evening. The affair was held at the Burlingame Country Club.

Mrs. Templeton Crocker was a luncheon hostess Tuesday at her home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Verdier gave a dinner Wednesday evening in Burlingame, where they are established in the Marye house for the summer.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor entertained at luncheon a few days ago in compliment to Mrs. Haggin and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun. Among the guests were Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. James Keeney, Mrs. George Harding, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. William Tevis, and Mrs. George Marye.

Miss Alice Keeler was the guest of honor at a tea given Wednesday by Mrs. Ralph Palmer in San Rafael. Those in the receiving party included Mrs. James Armshy, Mrs. Philip Brown, Mrs. Arthur Ford, Mrs. F. K. Pittmann, Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mrs. Charles Deems, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Lloyd Hardie, Miss Marjorie Pittman, and Miss Katherine Pittman.

Mrs. Nion Tucker gave a children's party Tuesday in Burlingame to celebrate the birthdays of her little daughter, Miss Phyllis Anne Tucker, and

Chase, Mr. and Mrs. George Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith, Mr. Robert Burroughs, and Mr. Campbell Stewart.

Miss Frances Pringle entertained at luncheon on Tuesday, her guests having included Miss Jeanette Riley, Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Isabelle Bishop, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Florence Russell, Miss Ynez Macdonald, and Miss Francesca Deering.

Mrs. Stuart Courtney entertained at luncheon last Wednesday in Montecito in compliment to Mrs. Eleanor Doe. The guests included Mrs. John Oliver, Mrs. G. C. Murphy, Mrs. Leigh Sypher, Mrs. John Page, Mrs. John Moore, Mrs. Lois Long, Mrs. George Coleman, Mrs. Joseph Fithian, Mrs. Arthur Ogilvy, Mrs. William Macdougall, Mrs. Seth Keeney, Mrs. R. L. Girvin, and Miss Alice Grimes.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Boardman are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

The Oldest Cities.

Archæologists have long remarked the absence of the name of the city of Damascus in the thousands of clay tablets of biblical and pre-biblical records already found by digging in the ruins of the East. Professor Albert T. Clay, curator of the Babylonian Collection at Yale University, says of this in his "Empire of the Amorites": "It could scarcely have been other than a city of the greatest [commercial and historical] importance in the earliest period of the world's history." There is an old Arabian saying that the first two cities to be rebuilt after the flood were Harran (Ammun) and Damascus, showing that both were known to the Arabians as very ancient cities.

Clay identifies Mash and Ki-Mash in numerous inscriptions found of the King Gudea and in the date formulae of the Ur dynasty as the ancient name of the city. "It is highly probable," he says, "that Mesnes in the Old Testament (Genesis 15:2) is the same, namely, Mashqi." Many years of laborious work over these cuneiform remains are often needed to identify localities and things as we know them, by their very ancient names. But Damascus is here placed as far back as 3000 B. C.

Aleppo, scene of Allenby's triumphs in 1918, is an ancient spot. Scholars have long considered Hallapi, also written Halman and Helma on the old bricks, as one with Aleppo.

Older than Damascus or Aleppo, however, is Amurru, capital of the land of the Amorites. This is a nearly forgotten people whose history is being slowly reconstructed by Professor Clay, older than the Hittites, data concerning whom was unearthed by Professor Sayce in the last century. The Amorites left no personal records, as far as the archæologists can determine, and "all the light that can be thrown upon the early history of the country (Amurru) is gathered from contemporary sources and inscriptions of a later period." At that the Yale man is making out a convincing case for the importance and antiquity of Amurru.

A Silly Tale.

There are very many silly tales in books concerning the old Franciscan Missions of California, but the silliest of them all is that one which is forever cropping up to the effect that many hundreds of thousands of dollars in gold were hoarded in these establishments.

One has only to ask one's self, Where did this huge store of money come from? California had little traffic with the outside world in the days of the missions. Hides and tallow were traded to Yankee ships for clothing and ornaments, but not for money. And gold had not yet been discovered here.

Next to Junipero Serra himself, the most respected figure in the early history of California is Padre Lasuen. Even Bancroft glows over Lasuen. Surely the word of this venerated man may be taken for truth.

When the King of Spain once sent to the California missions for money, Padre Lasuen answered the request as follows: "Inasmuch as the fathers are placed in poverty by their profession, and the Indian wards by their nature, I think that his majesty does not want of us a temporal offering. I am myself without even a stipend to which I am entitled, and the stipends that my brethren receive they turn over for the advancement of the missions."

Anything that purports to be history must be supported by the testimony of an authentic and reliable witness. And here we have the testimony unimpeachable of Padre Lasuen.

There are a lot of lying books that should be fed to bonfires.—*Los Angeles Times.*

"Speaking of hopeful dispositions, there's Mrs. Blobs." "What about Mrs. Blobs?" "She's bought a ouija board with the expectation of finding out where and how Blobs spends his evenings."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

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CURRENT VERSE.

The Ape.

I yearned to romp and frolic,
I yearned to laugh and play,
I yearned to be a rover
Along the gipsy way,
And wander hithly singing
Forever and a day.

There was an ape that saw me.
"You are my slave!" he cried.
He seized my hands and hound them.
My dancing feet he tied.
"Oh, let me loose!" I pleaded.

Said he: "Have you no pride?"
I wailed: "Farewell to gladness!"
"Be thankful!" muttered he.
"Just think of what a scandal
If you escaped from me!
I'll hold you chained forever;
I am your Dignity!"

—Stanton A. Coblenz in *New York Times.*

Petunia.

When I have a daughter I shall name her Petunia:
Petunia, Petunia, I shall call her;
In the rooms of my house she shall dance, her
small face

So bright that no sorrow'll befall her.
From this dark pot of earth, from this sun-clouded
hollow

Like a rainbow she'll spring and a blue sky shall
follow,
Green trees shall blow in and gay fountains of
water

Ripple the voice of earth's last fairest daughter.
And I'll teach her the songs of Apollo.

The songs of Apollo that white-armed maidens
Sing in the soft dusks of summer,
In the gardens of Zante the sea-girt, the yellow,
Where the black and gold bees hum and clum-

mer;
Where the oranges glowing with sun-stolen fire
Lie in heaps for the galleys of Phocæ and Tyre;
Where, orbed in clear water, languidly lying
In green, shallow pools the mermaids, faint crying,
To the Sun in the gold West quire.

In the green of their eyes in the green of their
tresses

The forests of ocean are blowing,
They glint with strange gleams of cold stone and
of metal

Through the veins of the blind earth flowing;
Round those wavering, gold, orange-pyramids
swimming,

The heading clear water their ivory breasts brim-

ming,
They sing, and faint-floating the songs they sing
Through fields and cities and men's hearts ring,
The glory of martial life dimming.

From all small-mouth shells on the shining wet
sands

A shadowy roar is fleeting.
The roar of great oceans chained fast to the
Moon

From the shores of the dark world retreating:
And the maids who to bright Aphrodite cry
Hear naught but the ebb-tide faintly sigh
Far-off in the dusk, see dark tresses drifting
And the sudden-flashed gleam of white arms lifting
Dim hands in the sable sky.

Warm earth-maids in groups with arms white as
the stars

On the edge of the solid world crying,
Their faint shadows trembling in cold, salt pools
Where the Moon at the bottom is lying,
Cry out to the weeds on the bright sea rocking—
The dark-bearded gods in their moon-ships rock-

ing—
On the beach their white bodies in moon-vapor
limned

Pale shadows on cliffs and on water dimmed,
To the bloom of the sea-foam flocking.

Aphrodite! Aphrodite; thou shalt touch and awake
her,

She shall gaze on her body in wonder,
She shall bathe in thy foam, in her veins the great
tide

Of the world beat its shadowy thunder.

All youth that, of old, lifted hand to the sky
By thine altars shall awaken, shall rise and cry
In her heart the song by all lovers begun—
As the ghosts of all flowers rise each year to the
sun

From where their cold shapes lie.

And wrinkled and worn I shall gaze on her face
And worship the God there sleeping,
The ancient glory that flows up at dawn

Out of earth's darkness leaping,
I shall remember the beauty of water,
Of stillness, of lilies; in the face of my daughter
Youth's vanished loveliness I shall find;

The frosts of Winter thy hand shall unhind,
Petunia, Petunia, my daughter!

The dark walls will crumble, the hills glow re-

lighted,
My spirit, that slumbering lover

Shall stare at the sky and once more and forever
The stars shall their beauty uncover.
The trees that droop crowding to see their dark
limbs

When the dusk of that evening each clear image
dims

In the lake of my soul shall quiver and gleam,
And depart—thou, too, Petunia—a Dream

As the earth fades out to its rims.
—From "The Dark Wind," by W. J. Turner.
Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

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her niece, Miss Consuela Tobin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton gave a dinner Friday, entertaining Miss Anne Peters, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Lorna Williamson, Mr. Benno Hart, Jr., Mr. Donald Lewis, and Mr. William Veach.

Mrs. Millen Griffith gave a tea several days ago at Ross, complimenting Miss Lani Sewall and Miss Camilla Loyall. Among the guests were Mrs. Paul Foster, Mrs. Leonard Abbott, Mrs. Crawford Greene, Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Mrs. Philip Brown, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Stanleigh Arnold, Mrs. Thomas Kent, Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Miss Mauricia Mintzer, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Mildred Calhoun, and Miss Sallie Calhoun.

Mrs. Frank Deering was a luncheon hostess a few days ago in honor of Mrs. Patrick Calhoun. Her guests included Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. William Wheeler, Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. Charles Winslow, Mrs. Richard Sprague, Mrs. Thomas Cobb, and Mrs. Leroy Nickel.

Mr. Frederick Van Sicken gave a picnic on Sunday at the Spring Valley Lakes. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mr. and Mrs. James Jackman, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Lorna Williamson, Mr. William Veach, and Mr. Benno Hart.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Verdier entertained at luncheon on Sunday at their home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Joseph Crockett was a luncheon hostess Thursday at her home in Burlingame.

Mrs. Philip Brown gave a kitchen shower Friday at the Marin Golf and Country Club in honor of Miss Alice Keeler.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean de Saint Cyr gave a dinner Sunday, complimenting Mrs. George Harding of Philadelphia and Mrs. James Keeney. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. George Marye, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mendell, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Horace

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Arthur W. Foster and Miss Louisiana Foster are spending the summer at the Foster ranch in Sonoma.

Colonel and Mrs. S. M. de Loffre left on Monday for a trip to Salt Lake and Yellowstone Park. They will be away until August.

Miss Elizabeth Adams is spending a fortnight in Sonoma as the guest of Mrs. Henry Crocker.

Mrs. Armstrong Taylor, accompanied by Mrs. Henry Horn, left on Sunday for Vancouver. They will be joined there by Dr. Armstrong. Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong will sail for Europe in August.

Miss Virginia Loop and Miss Rosario Moran left on Friday for Los Angeles, where for two weeks they will be the house guests of Miss Marguerite Brunswig.

Miss Ellita Adams is the guest of Miss Mary Elena Macondray at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Mailler Seales, Miss Jean Seales, and Miss Emily Seales are spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moore at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois are at Lake Tahoe, where they will remain for two months.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron and Mrs. Ferdinand Thieriot arrived in New York Tuesday from France. They will return to California next week.

Mrs. Arthur Sharp and Miss Adrienne Sharp have gone to Tahoe for a fortnight's sojourn.

Miss Isabelle Jennings has returned to Menlo Park from a trip to the mountains.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has closed her home in

Sausalito and has gone to Los Angeles. Mrs. Atherton will spend two months in the southern city.

Mrs. Macondray Moore and Mrs. Thomas Breeze have gone to Lake Tahoe to remain until the fall. Mr. and Mrs. Norris Davis are at Lake Tahoe, where they will stay until August.

Baron J. C. Van Eck has returned from England and has rejoined Mrs. Van Eck in San Mateo. Judge and Mrs. Edgar Zook spent the week-end at Bolinas.

Mr. and Mrs. Forest Carey and Miss Suzanne Carey have returned to San Rafael, after a visit at Tahoe.

Mr. Uda Waldrop left last week for the Bohemian Grove. He will be away until August. Mrs. Waldrop is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raas in Ross during his absence.

Mrs. Samuel Monserrat spent the week-end at Tahoe.

Miss Catherine Wheeler is enjoying a visit in San Diego. She will return in a fortnight with Miss Pauline Wheeler, who has been taking a trip through the southern part of the state.

Mrs. Victor Borosini, who has been visiting Mrs. Chauncey Penoyer in Burlingame for several months, has gone to Santa Barbara for the remainder of the summer. Mrs. Penoyer will join Mrs. Borosini this week.

Dr. and Mrs. George Bolling Lee have left New York, en route to California. They will spend several days in Santa Barbara with Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker before joining Mrs. James Keeney in San Francisco.

Mrs. Jean de Saint Cyr returned to San Mateo Friday, after a visit of several weeks on Long Island, where she was the guest of Princess Miguel de Briganza.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison will return Monday from Banff and Lake Louise. They will spend several days with Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre at Menlo Park before taking possession of their home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Oscar Cooper returned from Saratoga on Monday. She spent the rest of the month with Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. George Raymond will leave the Ojai Valley next week for San Francisco. They plan to spend a fortnight with Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones.

Mrs. Frederick Magee, Mrs. John Mboon, and Miss Anne Miller left a few days ago for a trip to Southern California. Before returning to Piedmont they will spend a week in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken will return from Alaska within a few days, going to San Rafael for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. George Marye left on Wednesday for New York and Washington. Mrs. Marye will return to San Francisco the latter part of September, accompanied by Miss Helen Marye.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spieker are occupying the residence of Mr. John Drum in Burlingame for the summer months.

Miss Lani Sewall left Monday for her home in Maine.

Mr. Howard Spreckels is spending a fortnight on the Russian River with Mr. and Mrs. John McNear.

Mrs. Benjamin Brodie left several days ago for Santa Barbara to spend the remainder of the summer.

Miss Louise Boyd will leave the Atlantic coast the end of the month for California.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Korbel spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. George McNear at Petaluma.

Miss Ruth Hobart is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alexander in San Rafael. She will join Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart at Lake Tahoe next week, to remain throughout the month.

Mrs. Charles Austin arrived from Santa Barbara several days ago. She is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Austin.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Nafziger are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George McNear in Petaluma.

Mrs. Alexander Rutherford will return to California the latter part of the month.

Mrs. James Robinson, accompanied by Mrs. James Goodwin, left last week for Santa Barbara to spend the summer.

Miss Madeline Raoul-Duval and Miss Elizabeth Raoul-Duval have gone to Santa Barbara, where they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Vail.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Nixon left several days ago for their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart left on Saturday for Lake Tahoe, where they will spend the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Hobart plan to return to the Atlantic coast for several weeks in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hobart spent the week-end at Pebble Beach, having as their house guests Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, and Mrs. Frank Rohner.

Mrs. Edna Davis Moore has returned from Oroville, where she was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wolff, and has gone to Montecito for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart White returned this week from a trip to Alaska.

Mr. Roderick White arrived from Santa Barbara on Friday and will go to the Bohemian Grove to remain until after the annual big jinks.

Mr. Martin Dinkelspiel arrived last week from Harvard and has joined Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dinkelspiel.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bishop will leave next week for Lake Tahoe for a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Law.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Mrs. Fanon Burr, and Mr. Jay Bruce returned on Sunday from a hunting trip in the Sierras.

Colonel and Mrs. Samuel Murphy sailed several days ago from New York for Europe, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. Léon Walker is enjoying a visit of several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. John McNear at their home on the Russian River.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Harrison, Miss Mary Harrison, and Miss Agnes Harrison, who have been at Tahoe since the first of June, returned last Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Pritchett have arrived in

California from New York and are visiting in Santa Barbara. Dr. Pritchett will come north to be the guest of Mr. William Crocker at the Bohemian Grove for the annual play.

Mrs. Alfred de Ropp, Jr., will spend the month of August in San Francisco. She is established at the De Ropp ranch in Trona for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Hasket Derby have left Ross Valley, and have gone to Brookdale to remain for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Morgan, accompanied by Miss Eleanor Morgan, have returned from Wawona. They will spend a week here, before going to Santa Barbara for the month of August.

Mrs. Francis Pryor, who is enjoying a visit of a fortnight in Pacific Grove, will return to San Francisco next week, and will rejoin Mr. and Mrs. Gaillard Stoney.

Baron and Baroness Alfred de Ropp are in Santa Barbara visiting Mr. and Mrs. Howard Webb.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cline left last week for a trip through Southern California. They will be away until August.

Mrs. Evan Williams has returned from Los Angeles to Palo Alto.

Mrs. Edward Lowe arrived several days ago from Santa Barbara. She will remain with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson until Mr. Lowe returns from the East.

Among those registered at the Hotel Oakland during the past week were Mr. A. L. Houmand, Salem, Oregon; Mr. W. J. Elliott, Sacramento; Mrs. H. James Carling, Fresno.

Recent arrivals at the Palace Hotel include Mr. and Mrs. James H. Hall, Kansas City, Missouri; Mr. W. J. Dingee, Sacramento; Mr. E. J. Miley, Los Angeles; Mr. S. I. Allard, Eureka; Mr. W. H. Snedaker, Tacoma; Mr. H. Curiel, Watsonville; Professor E. A. Lindermann, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Staats, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. Ivar H. Salomon, Copenhagen, Denmark; Mr. T. G. Furney, Chicago; Mr. Bennett McNulty, Mrs. C. J. McNulty, Philadelphia.

Arrivals at the St. Francis during the past week include Mr. and Mrs. A. Brownstein, Los Angeles; Mr. L. Block, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Kelly, South America; Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Goddard, Denver; Mr. Ludwig Hoefling, Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. Auguste R. Marquise, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Ray C. Henderson and party, Waco, Texas; Mr. Menick E. Ham, Tulsa; Mr. H. J. Ackermann, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Anderson, Copenhagen, Denmark; Mr. A. C. Mann, Hollywood; General and Mrs. Philip Crozier, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Daniel Schwab, New York City.

Among those recently registered at the Fairmont Hotel were Mrs. Jesse Lasky, Hollywood; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Brownson, Dallas, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. George A. Wallace, Winnipeg; Miss Anabel Lloyd, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Barrett and party, Christ Church, New Zealand; Mr. Russell Weigh, Mr. Edward Thwaite, Grand Rapids, Michigan; Mr. C. A. English, Los Angeles; Miss Sadie A. McFarland, Boston; Mr. G. B. Montgomery, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Harkness, Mrs. P. A. Valentine and son, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brewer, South Bend, Indiana.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. H. M. Garcia and son, San Jose; Mrs. James R. Erskine and daughter, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Jones, Reno; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jenkins, Dallas, Texas; Mr. J. J. Sinnott, Washington, D. C.; Mr. R. E. Caigo, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Schmitt, Los Angeles; Mr. John J. Penrose, Globe, Arizona; Mr. W. J. Donovan, Marysville; Mr. and Mrs. R. Bracker, Cleveland; Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Lockwood, Mexico; Mr. F. V. Schmitt, Fresno; Mr. R. E. Doyle, Roseburg; Mr. O. H. Dahlen, Minneapolis; Mr. M. Derte and family, Consul-General from Peru; Colonel and Mrs. L. C. Haskell, Memphis; Captain Richard P. Hobson, Montgomery, Alabama; Dr. J. S. McKenna, Fresno.

Recent arrivals at Shasta Springs resort are Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, Miss Erma E. O'Brien, Miss C. H. Lowe, Mr. Allan White, Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Field, Miss C. Louise Effinger, Mr. and Mrs. John Effinger, Miss Alice Effinger, Honolulu; Mr. and Mrs. William Oliver and party, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Rotberg, Mrs. John P. Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Hamlin, Mr. R. R.

Hamlin, Mr. John Hamlin, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Boist, Miss Marion Boist, Miss Elizabeth Forsman, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Bonney, Chicago; Mr. Byron T. Williams, Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Stover, Miss Virginia Stover, Mr. B. R. Stover, San Luis Obispo; Mr. N. J. Brown, Miss Alta Raglin, Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Crumrine, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Crumrine, Mrs. A. Sutherland, Mr. Herman Sutherland, Miss Neva Carlson, Red Bluff; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Livermore, Miss Mildred Wirthheimer, Miss Mary B. Baldwin, Mrs. Jane Van Cleve, Miss C. Huntington, New York City; Mr. J. F. Humburg, Mr. George F. Foye and sister, Piedmont; Mr. Max Mieson, Mr. M. C. Nystrom, Mr. James S. Rotburg, Mrs. Maud Prody, Miss Marion Ryan, Miss Martha F. Grant, Mr. J. D. Spreckels, Jr., Mr. Adolph Spreckels, Mr. Richard Fanto, Dr. M. R. Gambitz, Dr. L. R. Gambitz, Mr. A. Rosenbach, Mr. M. Rosenbach, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Zinn and son, Mr. L. J. Wells, Mrs. J. Wood, Mr. Reuben J. Wood, Miss Lulu McNaughton, Mr. and Mrs. Shotwell, Dr. J. A. Black and party, Mrs. H. Rosenfeld and party, San Francisco; Mrs. A. Jennings, Miss I. Jennings, Mr. Thomas M. Jennings, Menlo Park; Mr. R. S. Rowe, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Mark Taylor, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. Melville Klauber, Miss Amy J. Klauber, Mr. Allan S. Klauber, San Diego; Mr. and Mrs. Loescher, Vancouver, B. C.

The practice of giving numbers and letters instead of names to the streets and avenues of our cities is so familiar to us that it excites no thought, except of convenience. But it is a practice often remarked upon by foreigners as peculiar to the United States and as evidence of the matter-of-fact, unimaginative character of our people. Historical dates have been called picturesque names for streets. The French set the fashion in this respect. Paris has its Rue du 29 Juillet and its Rue du 9 Septembre. This fad has spread even to South America, Buenos Aires has its Parque 3 du Febrero, its July Promenade, its 16th of November Square, and also its 25th of May Street.

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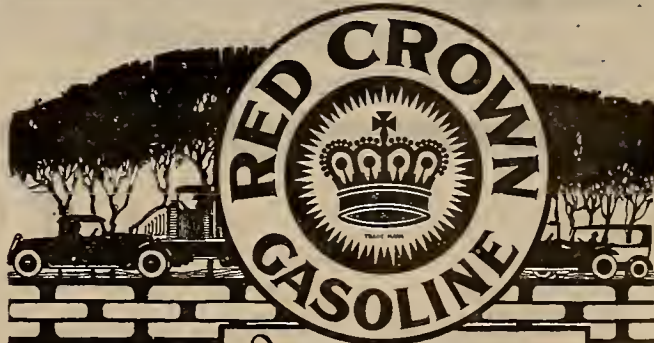
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"Do you know anything about flirting?" "No, I only tried it once and the girl married me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

He—Why so sad, dearest? Hasn't my avowal the true ring? She—Yes, but my finger hasn't, as yet.—*Baltimore American.*

Myrtle—Is that picture a sunrise or a sunset? Mortin—Sunset. I knew the artist. He never got up early enough to paint a sunrise.—*Toledo Blade.*

"Wonder why all these ex-soldiers are leaving Whingville?" "They heard the city was going to adopt the commission form of government."—*Home Sector.*

Wife—Do you expect to get to heaven by hanging on to my skirts? Husband—No; but I might by showing St. Peter the hills for them.—*Boston Transcript.*

"He is a man of extremes in his moods. He is either up in the garret or down in the cellar." "Well, if he was prudent enough to lay in a private stock I bet most of the time he's down in the cellar."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

He (to the fair one)—Gracious! What's that clicking sound—woodpeckers? She—No, darling! It's the man taking moving pictures of your proposal to me, to be used in case I have to sue you for breach of promise.—*Dollos News.*

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"Nothin' doin'," responded the latter. "My audiences don't like them wild animal pictsers no more."—*Film Fun.*

"Half the women in the world retail gossip," growled Mr. Gabh. "Only half of them?" sneered Mrs. Gabh. "Yes," replied Mr. Gabh. "The other half wholesale it."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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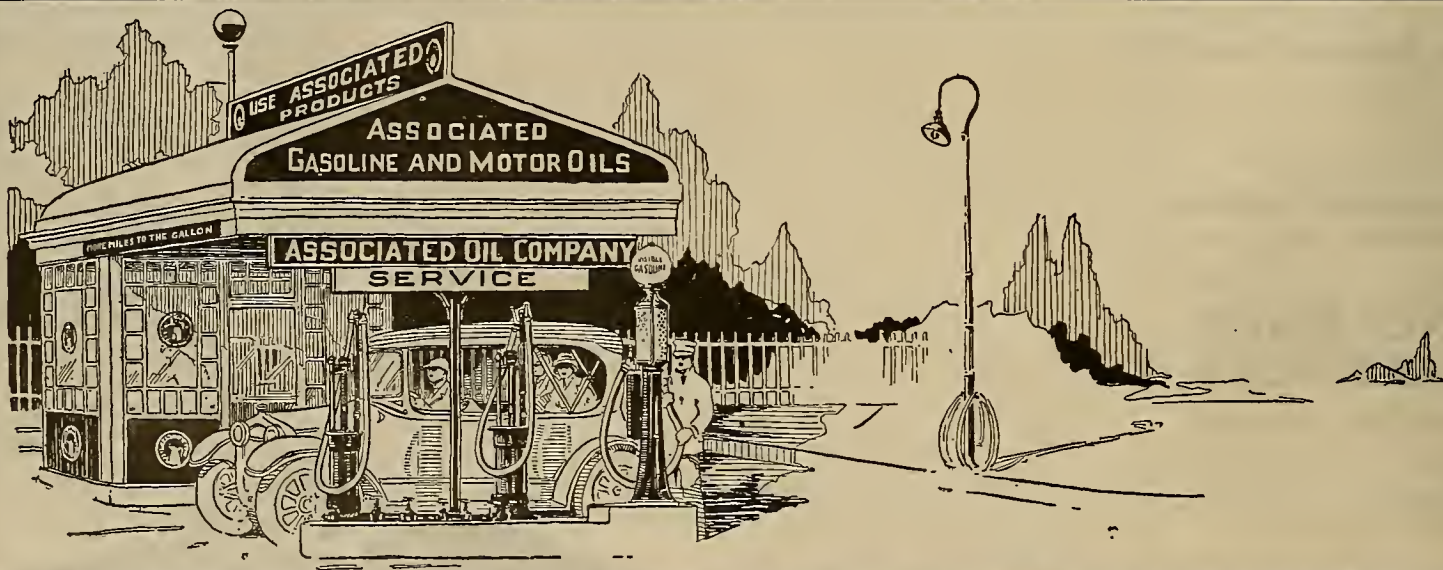
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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2261.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 24, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Third Party.

The Third party has come to something like an ignominious end in Chicago. Based on a hatred of all existing political institutions and organizations, its component parts ended by hating one another. The Labor party would have nothing to do with the Non-Partisan League, and neither would have anything to do with the Single-Taxers or the American Constitutional party, which presumably is another name for Mr. Hearst.

The Third party was never taken very seriously by any one except by the rather dreary fanatics who composed it. There was no single tie to unite them except that of their respective inflammatory grievances and their malevolence toward the existing parties. The whole nation, we were asked to believe, is made up of dupes or knaves, with the exception of the forty-eight wise men, but who were not wise enough to draw up a platform or even to agree on any single tenet that should be equally acceptable to them all. It was ever the way with the rabid reformer. He can make quite an impressive showing so long as there is no necessity for combinations with others and so long as his work is purely destructive. He can not enter into combinations because he is too fanatically selfish, too much centered on his own particular grouch. And he can not turn his mind toward constructive work because his narrow vision hides from him everything except the smallest section of the political landscape.

But probably the forty-eight had a good time. They

were able to utter their fiery protests, each one restrained by nothing more substantial than the impatient desire of his neighbor to talk about something else. Doubtless they all feel better after the general cursing in which they indulged, and if they will now keep silence for a while we may all agree that the occasion was a success.

America and Japan.

It is high time effort should be made to define the Japanese question in its true outlines and proportions as distinct from the distorted pictures presented by politicians and journalistic sensationalists. First, as to the idea that in time near or remote there is impending war between Japan and our own country: This notion has been exploited persistently for ten years or more, but with no real basis of justification. Nobody who knows the Japanese either from visitation in their country or through acquaintance with their leading men has ever for a moment regarded the prevalent "war talk" seriously. Assuredly we have no motives for war with Japan. And as little has Japan motives for war with us. Tradition and interest combine to incline the two countries to pacific relations; and we have never discovered a wish—much less a purpose—on the part of either to break a friendly connection that began with the entrance of Japan into the fraternity of nations and which has persisted until now.

War in its modern development is practically impossible between a small country and a large one. When combatants fought man to man or with small weapons it was the fighting front that counted, and oftentimes small nations by their spirit or skill were able to meet and overcome nations stronger in numbers. But today it is not so much what may be called the foreground of war as its background that must be reckoned with. Modern war is mainly an affair of engineering. It is impracticable without the support of industrial organization. We have only to glance at the relative material resources of the United States and Japan to see that war between the two countries is out of all reasonable calculation. It is conceivable that with her very considerable naval strength Japan might make a sudden and successful raid upon our Pacific Coast, just as a desperate man may run amuck anywhere. But the inevitable effect of such a movement would be fatal. In anything like war between the two countries our incalculable superiority in men and means would speedily make us victor. Nobody more truly appraises the dynamics of the situation than the statesmen of Japan. They know that they are safe in the pacific spirit of this country. They know that aggression on their part would end in disaster for Japan. We repeat that nothing is further from the wish or the intention of Japan than war with America.

There is but one conceivable condition under which the two countries might become involved in war and that is in connection with a possible alliance between Japan and some powerful European nation. And that is a contingency which need not in the present posture of world affairs disturb the serenity of anybody. Nobody may visualize the future. But for the present there is neither prospect nor possibility of effective combination between Japan and any European country looking to war with America. Whatever time may bring forth, this generation at least may shut both eyes and ears against rumor-mongers who talk of war with Japan.

The immediate issue in the relations between this country and Japan has reference to the fact that very considerable numbers of Japanese are finding their way into American territory and are seeking to establish themselves as owners of land and otherwise as permanent residents. Already the number of Japanese in our mid-Pacific territory of Hawaii outnumbers all other

elements of the local population. In California there is a large and rapidly growing element of Japanese, and despite a certain diplomatic contract known as a "gentleman's agreement," under which Japanese laborers are nominally debarred from entrance into our country, they continue under one device or another to come. That they serve an economic purpose is conceded. The country is short at the point of labor and the Japanese now here supply a vital need. They are highly efficient in certain lines of work and they do not sell their labor cheap. Despite the outcry of the trade unionist and the politician, distinct economic benefits flow from the presence in California of the Japanese now here. If they came as did the Chinese a generation ago, only as workers and transient residents, there would in the present state of the labor market be no vital objection to them. But they do not come as transient workers. They come in numbers with the idea of remaining permanently in the country; and with that end in view, many are acquiring lands through purchase or lease and are establishing themselves as farmers and tradesmen. Here is the situation that has created, and justly we think, serious apprehension. Is it desirable or expedient that we should permit a race of men alien in blood, alien in mind and tradition, permanently unassimilable, to get definite footing in the country and so add another to our race problems?

There is a widely cherished theory that this country is a melting pot that takes in all manner of men and transmutes them into good Americans. Events in connection with the world war, and more recently with the Sinn Fein movement in Ireland, have to some extent shaken this conception; none the less it persists. But the truth is that despite the presumed efficiency of our melting pot it does not in practice yield the results claimed for it. As a matter of fact certain alien races have curiously maintained themselves in this country despite the public school, a common tongue, and other unifying influences and forces. Passing for the moment that great element marked off and held as a separate caste by the distinction of color, we may cite certain communities whose great-grandfathers were born in America, but which even to this day speak a foreign tongue. In Minnesota, in Nebraska, here in California, and in many other parts of the country there are whole communities of native-born Americans, yet wholly foreign in speech, domestic habits, national sympathies, and whatnot else differentiating them from the typical American. The very considerable number of foreign-language newspapers, alien religious organizations, and schools of alien instruction and inspiration bear witness to the persistence of racial types and of alien ideas. Every community which thus rejects and stands out against Americanizing influences is in the nature of things a source of political and social danger. Every unassimilated and unassimilable group is more or less a breeder of mischief. In ordinary times such communities, voting *en bloc*, are sold to the highest bidder, thus becoming a factor in the worst practices of our politics. We have recently seen how in the emergency of war alien sympathies may be transmuted into treason. If there had not been in this country large groups of Americans in name, but Germans in sympathy and spirit, much of our sacrifice in the war would have been saved, and the war itself brought to an end full two years prior to its actual close. It was the German element in America that made cowards of our administrative agents and so held back a participation that we owed to self-respect and humanity and which would have forced a conclusion of the great struggle full two years prior to the armistice.

When we see races and sects, presumably assimilable but practically unassimilated, we may well take stock of the hazard involved in permitting entrance into our

country of individuals, and more especially groups, definitely marked off by the distinction of color. The status of the negro in America, with his growing menace to American life, sufficiently illustrates the case. Is it desirable or expedient to add to our negro problem—not to mention half a dozen other minor racial embarrassments—another problem in the shape of an Oriental problem? *Verily, it is not.* Already we have as many undigested and indigestible groups as we can carry without increasing hazards that we have no right to impose upon oncoming generations.

The very virtues of the Japanese lower orders who are flocking to this country becomes a powerful argument for their exclusion. Granted that they have the merits of industry, of temperance, of frugality, of thrift. These qualities, exercised in connection with low standards of living make the Japanese dangerous factors in the industrial life of the country. To meet their competition we should have to have a class similarly indifferent to the refinements of life. Our whole effort has been to develop higher standards and a better social order. We want here no class so devoted and inured, so restricted in its privileges and ambitions, that it may hold ground against groups of aliens like those that have intruded themselves upon various sections of the Sacramento Valley and are elbowing out of their homes old communities of American farmers. It is unthinkable that we should yield to an alien and unassimilable population seats of life and industry that we have reclaimed from the wilderness and established as centres of American life. And it is similarly unthinkable that we should wish or consent to such reductions in the standards of American life and industry as will hold considerable sections of our country against the competition of a low-grade alienism. The economic argument—the need for labor in industry—does not justify and can not be made to justify the importation of human elements whose competition must be fatal to the normal interests of normal American life.

None the less the methods by which opposition to the incoming Japanese is being sustained are unworthy, even deplorable. They are reflective rather of a sinister political aim rather than of sound moral purpose. Furthermore, they are calculated to destroy sympathy between our country and Japan, if not, indeed, to drive Japan to resentment, hatred, and possibly to calculations of reprisal. They are needlessly wounding the pride of a sensitive and ambitious people. We say needlessly because that which is being done offensively and in terms of insult might as easily be done graciously and without offense. It is both cruel and stupid to wound the "face" of Japan; and there is positive criminality in the employment of brutal means in promotion of personal and political aims. Japan has shown her willingness to deal with us in the matter under discussion upon even terms. That she will engage upon conditions mutual in all respects to restrain movement of her lower orders to this country is a demonstrated assurance. We have only to take the matter up in calm spirit and in terms of mutual respect to get from Japan any engagement that our interest requires. The national ambition of Japan does not look to conquest of any part of the United States by "peaceful penetration" or by any other method. The national aims of Japan relate to the Orient. She aspires to a character in relation to the eastern frontage upon the Pacific that we hold on our frontage. If we will yield to Japan a position in her part of the world similar to that which we hold under the Monroe Doctrine in our own she will be content, even grateful. And with due reservation in respect of our fixed obligation to China, there is no reason why we may not concede to Japan everything that her national spirit demands. In truth we have as little right to intrude upon Japan's natural sphere of influence as she has to intrude upon ours.

The political method of dealing with the Japanese problem—the method now in vogue at the hands of our politicians and social agitators—can only end in the substitution of ill-will and resentment for friendship and a proper coöperation. There is imperatively needed at Washington such understanding of the situation, such statesman-like grasp of the facts of the case, as will yield policies that will harmonize with our traditional friendship with Japan. There is not the first doubt in the mind of the *Argonaut* that if a properly organized and authorized commission of Americans could be

brought into conference with a similar group of Japanese statesmen all the interests in question could be brought to a just and friendly accommodation. The interests and ambitions of the two countries are not in collision. There is in the normal order of things no necessity for conflict or even of serious difference. In truth there is no Japanese problem not capable of solution by means comfortable with fair dealing and common sense.

Issues Forecasted.

As we write in mid-week the country is waiting eagerly for the terms and conditions of the campaign as they shall be defined by the presidential candidates in formal acceptances. For practically it was left to the candidates by both party conventions to outline the issues—in other words to make the party platforms. In the matter of more or less casual utterances Mr. Harding is rather more outspoken than Mr. Cox. He has found occasion to make himself very distinctly understood in respect of several important matters. Especially significant is his announcement that if elected he will closely associate the Vice-President with the administration of the government to the extent of inviting his presence at cabinet meetings and of counseling with him in important affairs. This is a departure from precedent of real significance; and it tends to emphasize Mr. Harding's further assurance that he will make the government something very different from the one-man affair that it has been during the Wilson régime. By character and temperament, no less than by practice in affairs, Mr. Harding is a man addicted to counsel. His is distinctly the coöperative mind. He will bring the government back to the constitutional basis and he will bring to bear upon questions as they arise such wisdom as may be gained by conference and comparison of information and judgments. He will have a cabinet that will be something more than a group of subservient clerks—a real cabinet made up of the best talent that the public life of the country affords. Surely the change is one that the country will welcome. We have had enough of inspirational genius. It will be a relief to get back to conditions in which the government in its determinations in matters great and small shall reflect, not the ideals and whims of a "super-man," but the conceptions and purposes of plain common sense. Government is not idealism. It is practical business. In the past our affairs have never gone so fortunately as when it has been representative of the composite character, the composite mind, the composite purpose of the American people. Its failures have always been associated with the whimsicalities of administration at the hands of officials whose assumption and vanity have led them to stray from the broad road of tradition and practice.

Mr. Harding has fairly and without diplomatic evasion taken ground with respect to the league of nations. He would have the United States associate itself with international affairs to the fullest extent compatible with its complete independence of international authority. He is for a league of nations, but not for the league as defined at Paris and sought to be imposed "sight unseen" by Mr. Wilson. He would so re-write the "covenant" as to reserve to the United States determination of its course in emergencies as they shall arise. He would not subject action on the part of the American government to the judgment or will of any international council. In brief Mr. Harding stands opposed to the Wilson league of nations until it shall be so pruned and purged as to exempt us from any obligation under it inconsistent with that detachment and independence which we have been taught to sustain by every leader in patriotic thought from Washington to Roosevelt.

So much of Mr. Harding's views and aims have already been given to the public in advance of the more comprehensive statement promised in his declaration of formal acceptance. Thus we see in the man, even in advance of a more complete setting forth of his views, reflection of the qualities of mind and character that prompted his nomination. He is no inspired genius; he is no super-man. He makes no pretensions of being other than a man of sound character, of experience in public affairs, of close acquaintance with the machinery of government, of working common sense.

It is to be said of Mr. Cox that since his nomination he has carried himself with modesty and dignity. It is perhaps due to lack of occasion that he has been more reserved than his Republican rival. But he has shown

no disposition to evasion and there seems every reason to expect from him as time shall go on the fullest measure of plain-spoken candor. In times past it has been understood that Mr. Cox's views and sympathies have been with that faction of his party rather more than less unsympathetic with Mr. Wilson. It has come therefore as a surprise that after conference with the President he has declared his mind with respect to the league of nations as going with that of the President. He is for the league of nations as written at Paris without any modification. To what degree his view has been a concession to party unity, we may not know. Only this: Mr. Cox has the right to be taken at his word. He will go before the country for the league without the dotting of an i or the crossing of a t; just as Mr. Harding will go before the country for a league limited by reservations.

As to Prohibition.

Neither of the standard political parties found the courage to deal in its formal declaration of principles and policies with a question concerning which the country is profoundly interested, namely, that of prohibition. Of Mr. Cox's position we have a fair outline in his public career in Ohio. Disclaiming the character of a "wet" in the radical sense, he has had nevertheless in his three gubernatorial campaigns in Ohio the support of wet elements. His nomination at San Francisco was primarily supported by that faction of the Democratic party rather more than less affiliated with wet interests and distinctly representative of professional politics, always in the nature of things opposed to prohibition. Further, he is more or less affiliated politically with the labor element which openly protests the Volstead Act with its radical restrictions and its more than radical machinery of execution.

It may turn out that Mr. Cox and Mr. Harding stand on pretty much the same ground with respect to this great issue. True, Harding gave his vote in the Senate to the Volstead Act, also to the Eighteenth Amendment; but it was done in conjunction with a statement indicating a distinct lack of sympathy with much that was involved in it. In a speech on August 1st of last year, with reference to the then pending constitutional amendment, Mr. Harding declared that he was not a prohibitionist and that he considered it "unwise, imprudent, inconsiderate" to force the issue of extreme prohibition. "I do not," he said, "question the sincerity or the high purpose of the prohibition forces, but I do believe that it is a misfortune to the country to divide American citizenship into two hostile camps over this question of personal liberty at a time when we ought to be promoting the concord of citizenship that is essential to win this war. But since it is insistent that we must reach a decision now, I find myself impelled to take the side which I think must in the end contribute to the most good of our people."

Proceeding to the practical aspects of the issue, Mr. Harding said: "I do not think a prohibition amendment will be effective. You can not make any law stronger than the public sentiment which sees to its enforcement":

Ever since I have been in public life in a small way I have seen men continually measured by the wet and dry yardstick, and the submission of this amendment is going to measure every candidate for public office by the wet and dry yardstick until the final settlement. When I say that I have expressed my strongest reason for putting a limitation upon the pendency of the amendment. I want to see this question settled. I want to take it out of the halls of Congress and refer it to the people, who must make the ultimate decision. I want to make the demand for submission and witness a decision.

So then, in spite of its untimeliness, in spite of the lack of prudence in submitting it now, since we have come to this question of prohibition as a war measure and there has been a yielding on the one hand against drastic prohibition in the Food bill, I think this submission is a sort of compromise between the contending forces, and I am willing to be counted a compromising agent.

All our great movements are the result of such endeavors. I do not hesitate to say that I approach the question from a strong sense of justice, and if this amendment is submitted to the people of the United States and receives the sanction of three-fourths of the general assemblies, then if my tenure of office still obtains, I am willing to go further and join in a movement to make it effective through a process of compensation to the business destroyed.

Evidently neither in Mr. Cox nor Mr. Harding are we to have in the presidency a man radically, fanatically, hysterically predisposed in the matter of prohibition. This, in the judgment of the *Argonaut*, is to the good. Ultimate adjustment of this issue must be in

accord with the dictates of moderation and common sense, so considerate of the higher public moralities as not to permit the hysterical and radical minority to impose an impertinent will in contempt of the fundamental principles of individual liberty.

Oil Supply for the Navy.

Back of the Union Oil Company's "defi" of Secretary Daniels—still pending—there is a significant history. When the United States entered the war in 1917 the wholesale market price of fuel oil at San Francisco was \$1.30 per barrel. At this rate for fuel oil, and at varying rates for varying grades, oils were in strong commercial demand, the supply not being greater than the consumption for ordinary uses. One railroad company, consuming annually approximately fourteen million barrels (588,000,000 gallons), paid these prices, and the same with other wholesale consumers. Rates were defined by the commercial balance of demand and supply and there was no criticism of them as extortionate or unreasonable. Like other consumers of oil, the United States Navy supplied its needs at these rates.

In the first year of the war the commercial price of fuel oil in the San Francisco market advanced from \$1.30 per barrel to \$1.50, due to advances in wages and the general charges of production and transportation. As the consumptive demand increased out of ratio with production the Fuel Administration, seeking to stimulate activity in the fields, requested the marketing oil companies in California to advance the rate for crude oil at the wells from 98 cents per barrel to \$1.23. This rate—or higher—has since been paid at the wells, three hundred or more miles from tide water. Concurrently the Fuel Administration requested that the market rate to consumers be not increased more than 15 cents per barrel. In other words it was desired by the Fuel Administration that the marketing companies, while increasing the price paid to producers at the wells in the sum of 25 cents per barrel, should themselves absorb the differential between the buying price and the selling price to the extent of 10 cents per barrel; and to this suggestion the marketing companies consented. The immediate effect was to advance the commercial rate at the seaboard to \$1.60 per barrel, and this rate was paid by all wholesale purchasers, including the Army and the Federal Railroad Administration.

The Navy Department, as has already been stated, supplied its demands previous to our entrance into the war at the ordinary commercial rates. But in the early period of the war the naval authorities took ground that oil prices were excessive. They did not go so far as to declare what the rates should be, but on the theory that the basic price of \$1.60 per barrel was unreasonable they presented contracts in the form of requisition orders (required to be formally accepted) in which was written in an arbitrary basic rate of \$1.08 per barrel for fuel oil. These orders, in effect contracts, did not assume that the rate of \$1.08 per barrel was just compensation for the product requisitioned. They recited that it was "impracticable to now determine just compensation for the material to be delivered"; and further, "the fixing of the price will be subject to later determination." The suppliers were "assured of just compensation." Thus the procedure of the Navy Department expressly disregarded specific provisions of the several war acts to the effect that in the exercise of power to commandeer or seize material in the case of imminent war emergency the President shall first fix just compensation for the material taken.

In the first year of the war the Navy Department commandeered its Pacific Coast oil supply at the tentative rate of \$1.08 per barrel, whereas the commercial rate ranged from \$1.30 to \$1.60 per barrel. Early in 1918 the Navy Department advanced its tentative payments from \$1.08 to \$1.47 per barrel, still leaving the matter of final price to future adjustment, but assuring the marketing companies that they would be allowed a "reasonable profit." Upon expiration of the 1918 requisition orders the Navy Department, without explanation and with no apparent justification, reduced the rate for fuel oil in its requisition orders from \$1.47 per barrel to 86 cents per barrel. No explanation was offered nor any plan proposed under which the marketing companies might proceed in collecting or even adjusting the difference between the prescribed price and the market price. This new requisition, made under the commandeering authority of war legislation, came to the marketing oil companies of California at a time when the war had

been ended approximately a year before and when peace terms had been accepted by the German government. The market price of fuel oil in California was then \$1.60 per barrel, which as compared with the arbitrary price (86 cents) prescribed and enforced by the Navy Department left the wide margin of 74 cents per barrel.

Such was the situation on the first of July, 1919, when requisition was made upon the Shell Company at Martinez for delivery of fuel oil to the Navy under an order from the Navy Department to demand supply at the rate of 86 cents per barrel, and in case this demand should not be accepted to take the oil by force. Under threat of seizure of its plant the Shell Company, though protesting, yielded to the demand, thus surrendering at 86 cents per barrel a product for which it had paid \$1.23 at the wells, three hundred miles inland. Other companies have followed this precedent, and now for something more than a year the Navy has been supplying its needs by requisition backed by threat of seizure at practically half the price paid by ordinary consumers.

Thus in time of actual peace (though of theoretical war), when there is no military or other emergency, the Navy Department has been taking from the oil companies of California a product commercially in large demand at practically half its value, still under assurance of ultimate adjustments. Under this procedure there is due from the Navy Department to the marketing oil companies of California somewhere between two and four million dollars. The accounts are being carried under promise of adjustment, but no attempt at adjustment has been made. When Secretary Daniels has been requested to make adjustment he has put the matter off with vague promises and, if truth be told, in terms of studied insolence.

The action of the Union Oil Company in declining to answer a requisition for oil for the Navy at a rate below the market price, and in defying the naval authorities to proceed by force, has brought a long-sustained contention to a final test. Secretary Daniels is present in Pacific waters and it is for him to determine if the Navy Department is to continue its policy of arbitrary purchase of oil supply at rates far below market price by exercise of force. Up to last reports Mr. Daniels has not acted. The Union Oil Company has not responded to the demand of the naval authorities and the latter have not followed up their threat of taking forcible possession of the Union plant and thus supplying their needs. Mr. Daniels is evidently taking second thought.

The Fifth Amendment of the Federal Constitution provides "nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation." This is one of the articles of the Bill of Rights adopted as a restraint on the powers of the Federal government over the states and the inhabitants thereof. The Supreme Court of the United States has repeatedly interpreted the language of the Fifth Amendment, which, it has said, "carries the idea of equivalent," and the court pointed out that "just compensation" means "a full and perfect equivalent for the property taken." The cost, the court said, is not the criterion, but rather the value to the owner. The Federal courts have repeatedly said that the compensation to be paid for private property taken for public use is "the market value of such property at the time of the exercise of the power." In another case the Supreme Court has said that "the considerations are to be the same as in the sale of property between private parties."

The policy of Congress as declared in war legislation—and it is under the Lever Act that the procedures above recited have been carried out—has been observed scrupulously by the various departments of the government. Only the Navy Department has proceeded to requisition or seizure of supplies without making a bona fide effort to determine a just compensation and tendering the same to the supplier at the time of requisition. If there is any law purporting to give an executive officer of the United States authority to seize property without tendering fair value therefor or without providing a definite, speedy, and convenient method of arriving at that value, it can not be other than in contempt of the Constitution. As a matter of fact there is no such law. The Lever Act, even if it were at this time of actual peace in legitimate authority, does not warrant the procedure of the Navy Department.

The Union Oil Company has done a vital service to

the country in forcing a definition of the powers of a department of the government. It is time that there should be definite determination at this point. If an executive department may disregard plain principles of business dealing, if it may hold its authority above the mandate of the Constitution—if a department of the government may at a time void of emergency by force seize private property without "just compensation"—then the Constitution of the United States is a dead letter.

Editorial Notes.

Why, the *Argonaut* is asked, do the prohibition and the woman suffrage "workers" keep up aggressive campaigns in view of the fact that both causes have definitely been won? The answer is easy. The "movements" have become in a sense vested interests. They are managed by professional groups who find both employment and a certain distinction in agitation. They are agitators both by temperament and fixed habit. And they will not cease their efforts so long as gullible enthusiasts may be induced to put up money.

AN OLD FAMILIAR STORY.

Gustav Hilger, whoever he may be, says that the overthrow of the Soviet government is only a matter of time. That, of course, is true. Time will overthrow all things except human folly, which seems to be immortal. If Mr. Hilger has nothing better to say than this he might as well have held his peace. But while waiting for time to accomplish its usual and salutary work of destruction, Mr. Hilger informs us that the Soviet government is now stronger than it ever was before. The Russian people are anxious to destroy it, but they have no power to do so.

How familiar it all sounds. How often we have heard it before. Every change in the kaleidoscopic policies of Europe toward Russia has been heralded by the announcement that the Bolsheviks are now trembling on the brink of the abyss, and that only the gentlest of gentle pushes will be needed to send them over. One wonders who it is that waves the magic wand over our press dispatches and so dictates the tune that our credulities shall play. Who is it that ordains in January that the Bolshevik government shall be pictured as a sort of kingdom of hell upon earth, only to tone down the lurid colors in February and to paint that same government in a more benignant hue? Who is the *deus ex machina* who bedevils our bewildered minds with lies?

The facts are beginning to be clearly visible, and he who runs may read. When Mr. Hilger says that all Russia would willingly turn on the Bolsheviks, but that they have not the power he is talking undiluted nonsense. There are one hundred and seventy millions of people in Russia. Does Mr. Hilger mean to say that one hundred and seventy millions of people are dominated by a Moscow clique and compelled to accept a régime that they abhor? How does he know that? The walls of Jericho fell hardly more quickly than the government of the Czar with all its vast mechanism of terrorism, massacre, secret agents, police, and reptiles of the Black Hand, a mechanism perfected by centuries of autocracy. Why should the régime of Lenine be more firmly established against the popular will? There was a time without question when the fangs of this snake might have been drawn, but now the day of grace has passed. When Europe at the peace conference partitioned Russia as though she were in the African Black Belt, when she stole her territories from her under the wretched plea of self-determination, when she treated Russia as Poland was treated centuries ago, she sealed her own doom. She aroused the patriotism of Russia. She identified Russia with Bolshevism. She made of the Bolsheviks the protagonists of Russia. They became the defenders of the holy soil and its representatives. Lord Chesterfield once invited his son to go forth and see with what little wisdom this world is governed. Surely human government never before approached the depths of inanity to which it has now descended.

Mr. Walter Lippmann tells us that the Russian Red army now numbers three million veterans and that their war tactics suggest a master military mind. In the lack of railroads they employ vast clouds of cavalry. They are sweeping the Poles before them, and the whole of the old eastern front, with the Pripet Marsh for its centre, is a blaze of bloody fighting. How does this agree with Mr. Hilger's roseate summary of the Russian mind. The Russian army is within reach of Warsaw, and it contemptuously refuses the British request for an armistice. Warsaw would turn Bolshevik tomorrow if Lenine were to give the word, but he does not wish to give the word until his armies are closer to the city. Lenine refuses to send emissaries to London. He refuses to negotiate. Why should he negotiate? He has the ball at his feet. He can do as he pleases.

He refuses the British offer as contemptuously as he refused President Wilson's plea for peace through the mediation of Mr. Bullitt and Mr. Steffens. President Wilson made that plea for peace, he hoisted that white flag, at the very moment when we were being served with our usual and favorite diet of lies about the imminent collapse of the Bolsheviks. Lenine, it seems, is as impudent as ever, and we are as credulous as ever. On the back pages of our newspapers we find the obscure items that predict the domination of Bolshevism, and Asia in flames. Our front pages we devote to the tweedle dums and tweedle dees of local affairs or the antics of an Egyptian dancer. How readily we return to our vomit.

Russia has made peace with the Finns. She has made peace with the Letts, and the line is now open to Riga. Lithuania will go with Poland. Russia has come to terms with Georgia. She has settled the new frontiers of Armenia, which now practically belongs to her. She has allied herself with the Turks of Asia Minor and with the Tartars of Azerbaijan. Khiva is Red and Bokhara is becoming so. Persia is asking aid of Russia and is ready to go Red at any moment. Russian armies are actually advancing on Armenia and have occupied Karabagh. Other Russian armies are effecting a union with Mustapha Kemal Pasha, and the Mohammedans of the world are being called to arms. India is in a ferment in defense of Turkey, and no one knows what is going on in Egypt. Such are some of the results of the outrages inflicted upon Russia by the peace conference, a world full of volcanic rumblings that increase day by day in violence, of portents of immeasurable calamity. And Mr. Hilger tells us that the overthrow of the Soviet government is only a matter of time. Disavowing any intention to be profane, we may truly say that it is a hell of a time.

There would be hope if only now there were some signs of wisdom, but there are none. No political wisdom may be expected from democracies avid for lies, determinedly believing a false thing. Mr. Lloyd George says that he could not carry out a rightful policy toward Russia because a great newspaper proprietor had so poisoned the mind of the public. The public mind everywhere has been poisoned. It has been poisoned with lies about the situation in Europe. It has been poisoned with assurances that we are well out of the mess and that European chaos means nothing to America. It means everything to America. There are contagions that no ocean can dilute.

Poland was the buffer state against Bolshevism until a month or so ago. Now Poland has been submerged, or is likely to be. What will happen to Germany when the Red armies are on her frontier? Now the rulers of Germany do not want Bolshevism. No matter how radical they may be, they do not want Bolshevism. Rulers never do. They do not wish to be displaced, ousted. So long as Poland was the buffer state we played fast and loose with her. We were neither her friends nor her enemies. We applauded her at one moment and rebuffed her the next. We promised her aid and did not send it. Now it seems that she is doomed. In that event the buffer state becomes Germany. German statesmen, pleading for a larger army, point to the Russian forces on their eastern frontier. What can they do to resist those armies if they are to be allowed no more than a police force? Now no one will be disposed to take the German word for anything until we are quite sure that it is consonant with German interests. But in this case we are quite sure. Germany does not want Bolshevism. It is diametrically opposed to the German spirit. It would be fatal to any designs for world domination in the future that she may still cherish. But what will happen to Germany if Poland is overwhelmed and Red armies appear on the German frontier? But there is no need to ask such a question. It is already answered. Unable to resist those armies, she will assuredly join them. What else could she do? She will make those armies her own, and Germany will become Bolshevik. And if Germany becomes Bolshevik, what will happen to Italy and to France? Are we prepared to see an alliance between Germany and Red Russia? Is this one of the things that do not concern us?

Unless Germany is allowed to defend herself she will be overwhelmed. It is nearly as certain as the sunrise. Germany ought to be allowed to raise an army large enough for the purpose, even at the risk of some revival of her strength. The danger from Russia is infinitely greater than the danger from a strengthened Germany. Either Germany must be enabled to repel the Red armies or the Allies must repel them for her. And any European statesman who would suggest the sending of an army against Russia would maintain his position for about twenty-four hours. It would seem, then, that there is no way to prevent the submergence of Poland, no way to prevent the Red armies from reaching the German frontier. But there is a way to prevent them from crossing the German frontier. The way is by means of a German army, and it would seem that a German army is not to be allowed.

A few months more and we shall see what we shall see. But at least let us cease to talk nonsense about the collapse of the Soviet government. The unlikely may, of course, happen. Pigs may fly. But when we come down to the domain of actual facts we find that the Soviet government is very much stronger than it has

ever been before and that we need no longer mock at Lenine when he says that he will soon be master of Europe and that he will light a blaze in Asia that it may take decades to extinguish. We should also show our sanity by ceasing to talk nonsense about our unconcern with the European mess.

And lest it should be thought that the foregoing is unduly alarmist it may be well to quote some words written by Mr. Vanderlip a few weeks ago. Mr. Vanderlip is not an alarmist nor a sensationalist, but a banker of conservative tendencies. And Mr. Vanderlip says: "A coalition of the military power of Russia with that of Germany, Russian military leadership being supplemented by German experience, would offer to the Entente a most difficult problem. If that coalition were ever found to include Japan, the whole world would be affected by the result. A coalition between Germany and Russia offers most disturbing possibilities."

So why choose this particular time to pick a quarrel with Japan?

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 21, 1920.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Among well-known writers who were born in Maine are the following: Sarah Orne Jewett, at South Berwick; Holman F. Day, popular novelist, at Vassalboro, and Jacob Abbott, author of the Rollo books, at Halliowell. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, publisher of the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Ladies Home Journal*, and other widely known publications, was born at Portland, and Frank A. Munsey was born at Mercer.

A young shepherd-sculptor, Paul Darde, has won the French national prize for sculpture. The stories of Darde, as told in the English newspapers, emphasize the dramatic climax of the young man's career, a career which started in the Cevennes with sheep-tending and resulted in winning the national prize. According to the story of Darde, which reads like that of King David, the boy attracted the attention of an art professor who was on a holiday in the Cevennes. The professor was impressed with the boy's skill in cutting animals and figures with an old jack-knife out of wood and soft stone.

Mr. Peter Bender, the "Bead King," started in business with a most undesirable capital, a debt of five thousand dollars. But he knew tapestry wool and he knew beads; both, he explains, because in the department store where he had worked they required a knowledge of detail that no other clerk thought worth while acquiring. He saw that no one cared to know about beads and tapestry wool, so he specialized in the two, and opened his little shop with tapestry wool as the leading feature and beads as a side line. It was not many years before the tapestry wool became the side line, and the boxes on the floor, on the shelves, on the counters, were filled to overflowing with beads.

Lloyd George, Britain's prime minister, is an able French scholar, and the story of how he mastered the language is not without interest. The death of his father had left the family penniless, and the future statesman was brought up in the family of an old uncle, who was a shoemaker in a little Welsh village. There was not opportunity of learning French in the village, and yet young Lloyd George considered a knowledge of French necessary to his future success. The way he got out of the difficulty was for his old uncle and himself to sit for hours laboriously spelling out of an old French dictionary and out of a grammar the rudiments of the language.

Señor Portal, for the last thirty years the leading journalist of Peru and the author of twelve "best sellers" in that country, has done for his native land what Luis Taboada did for Spain, Mark Twain for the United States, and, long ago, Molière for France: while waging war with his pen, he has created true literature. Thirty years ago, when he laid down the sword he had carried with honor through the Peruvian struggle with Chile, he took up arms against every imaginable weakness, shortcoming, sin, and vice of his fellow-countrymen; and in laughter-provoking sarcasm and scathing irony he has depicted all the wickedness to which flesh—and particularly Peruvian flesh—is heir.

Dr. Royal Meeker, Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, United States Department of Labor, is a trained economist who rose from the ranks of manual labor. Dr. Meeker has brought to his job an intimate experience with working conditions, as well as wide education and training received in universities of this country and Europe. Prior to becoming a government official he was assistant professor of political economy at Princeton. It is probable that no such thorough social and economic studies as those directed by Dr. Meeker during recent years were ever before made anywhere. The pay-rolls of numerous industries, chiefly those known as basic, have been subjected to minute scrutiny by his force of statisticians. Thousands of workmen's families in veritably every industry and occupation throughout the country have furnished him with data on earnings and expenditures at different times. The information thus procured has been made available to workmen and employers and has been used frequently in adjusting wage disputes.

OLD FAVORITES.

Each in His Own Tongue.

A fire-mist and a planet,—
A crystal and a cell,—
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high,—
And all over the upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod,—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in,—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,—
A mother starved for her brood,—
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

—William Herbert Carruth.

Thanatopsis.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last litter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth to be resolve to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensate rock,
And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
Turns with his snare, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good—
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between—
The venerable woods,—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom—Take the wings
Of morning; traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn hrood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years—matron and maid,
And the sweet haire, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—William Cullen Bryant.

Farmers comprised 90 per cent. of the American army in the revolutionary war, 75 per cent. of the armies of the civil war, and 50 per cent. of the A. E. F. during the great war just past.

SOME AMERICAN PROBLEMS.

Mr. Otto H. Kahn Writes a Volume from the Point of View of the American Financier.

The world of finance has but rarely defended itself against the attacks of the demagogue. It has usually allowed judgment to go by default even when the defense was clear and unanswerable, and perhaps this may be counted as chief among its sins of omission. The public, in spite of its temporary aberrations, has a desire to be fair and to hear the other side, but the other side has so seldom been forthcoming. It is a mistake that seems in the way to be realized and corrected.

Mr. Otto H. Kahn describes his book as "a financier's point of view," and it is made up of more or less disconnected articles and speeches written or delivered during the last few years upon topics of almost equal interest to the average citizen and to the banker. Part One consists of a sketch of Mr. Harriman. Part Two is devoted to Business and Economics. Part Three concerns War and Foreign Relations, and in Part Four we have some comments on Art. Mr. Kahn's range is therefore a wide one.

Mr. Harriman, we are reminded, reached the age of nearly fifty years without attracting any general attention. The author has unstinted admiration for his tenacity, resolution, and courage. He was the last of the railroad Titans, and while he claims to be by no means blind to his shortcomings, "I believe it may be truly said of him as it was said of another great man that his faults were largely those of his generation, his virtues were his own." He had no regard for appearances, and while he was a gentleman by birth and breeding, by instinct, intent, and principles, yet he rode roughshod over conventionalities and amenities:

While he was inwardly a man of genuine kindness, of whom many a generous and warm-hearted action might be related, and would not for the world knowingly have hurt any one's feelings, he had extraordinary faculty for doing that very thing, for rubbing people the wrong way, for causing himself and his actions to be misunderstood and misjudged. He was master of what Whistler called "the gentle art of making enemies." His manner was brusque; he was short tempered, though he had his temper under perfect control, and never lost it, whatever the provocation—in fact the greater the strain the more perfect his calm and self-possession.

Mr. Kahn's article on Government Ownership of Railroads was delivered as an address before the National Industrial Conference Board on October 10, 1918. It has already been justified by events, and more than justified. The legislation of 1909 was shaped by legislators of radical tendencies and hostile to the railroads. Paternalistic control for the first time was established over the roads, and it was a control shaped in heat, hurry, and anger. The states, of course, followed the example of the Federal government, and the resulting structure was little short of a legislative monstrosity:

You all know the result. The spirit of enterprise in rail-roading was killed. Subjected to an obsolete and incongruous national policy, hampered, confined, harassed by multifarious, minute, narrow, and sometimes flatly contradictory regulations and restrictions, state and Federal, starved as to rates in the face of steadily mounting costs of labor and materials—that great industry began to fall away. Initiative on the part of those in charge became chilled, the free flow of investment capital was halted, creative ability was stopped, growth was stifled, credit was crippled.

Americans are not prone to consider the examples of other countries, nor to turn to the pages of history for the wisdom of experience. A certain national egotism interferes, an innate conviction that superior intelligence will find a way where others have failed. None the less Mr. Kahn suggests a perusal of a pamphlet entitled "Historical Sketch of Government Ownership of Railroads in Foreign Countries," by the great English authority, Mr. W. M. Acworth:

Mr. Acworth mentions as a characteristic indication that after years of sad experience with governmentally owned and operated railways, the Italian government, just before the war, started on a new departure (or rather returned to the old system) of granting a concession to a private enterprise which was to take over a portion of the existing state railway, build an extension with the aid of state subsidies, and then work on its own account both sections as one undertaking under private management.

I may add that shortly before the outbreak of the war the Belgian government was studying the question of returning its state railways to private enterprise and management.

Mr. Acworth relates a resolution unanimously passed by the French senate a few years after the state had taken over certain lines, beginning with the words: "The deplorable situation of the state system, the insecurity and irregularity of its workings." He gives figures demonstrating the invariably greater efficiency, economy, and superiority of service of private management as compared to state management in countries where these two systems are in operation side by side. He treats the effect of the conflicting interests, sectional and otherwise, which necessarily come into play under government control when the question arises where new lines are to be built and what extensions are to be made of existing lines.

On the subject of Taxation Mr. Kahn points out that a very heavy excess profit tax in peace times does not accomplish the purpose aimed at and that on the other hand it tends to hurt trade, discourage enterprise, and burden the public. It has intensified profiteering, but its repeal or modification must be accompanied by a well-judged revision of the existing scale of taxation of individual incomes:

1. Comparing our income taxation with that of England, we find that in that country taxation starts with incomes (or married men) of \$725, here with incomes of \$2000. The English tax on the smaller incomes, say, up to \$5000 is, on

the average, about six times as heavy as ours. On the other hand, our tax in its upper scale is far heavier than that of England. The English maximum taxation is 52½%, ours is 73%, without including state income taxes. That is by far the highest scale of income taxation existing anywhere in the civilized world.

The English normal tax, i. e., the tax applicable to the lowest incomes, is 30%. Our normal tax is 4% on the first \$4000 of taxable income, and 8% on incomes above that amount. On the other hand, the highest rate of English surtax is 22½%; our highest rate of surtax is 65%. That is to say, in England the highest income taxpayer is taxed at a rate less than twice that applicable to the lowest taxpayer (though it must be borne in mind that certain deductions are allowed on these small incomes.) With us (deductions being likewise allowed on small incomes) the highest income taxpayer is taxed at a rate seventeen times as heavy as that applicable to the lowest taxpayer.

The financial strain in Europe has been much more than in America. England, France, and Italy are just as democratic as we are, but no European government has deemed it wise to impose rates of income taxation as high as the upper grades of ours. They are not more tender of rich men than we are, but they know the evils of excessive taxation:

Extreme rates of taxation do not and can not fully reach those whom they are intended to reach, but they do inevitably reach, in one way or another, in their ultimate consequences, the masses of the people.

He who would lead the people to believe that they can be benefited—or, indeed, that they are other than greatly harmed—by oppressive taxation of capital, fools himself, or attempts to fool others.

Such taxation is bound, in the end, to lead to stagnation and retrogression. The prosperity of a community is a matter of manifold and subtle interrelations. In the long run labor can not be abundantly employed and well paid nor can the farmer and the small trader be prosperous unless business at large is enabled to grow and prosper.

Mr. Kahn favors a sales tax. He says it would aggregate a far smaller burden by the time it reaches the consumer than our prevailing array of taxes. It would weigh far more lightly on the rank and file than do the results of our existing taxation:

A trifling sales tax on the huge volume of commodities changing hands annually would yield so vast a revenue that it would enable the excess profit tax and practically all other abnormal business taxes (except perhaps the corporate income tax) to be eliminated, surtaxes on individual incomes to be greatly reduced, and Federal taxation of incomes up to, say, \$4000 to be abolished altogether.

Paternalism, says the author, is one of the great evils that threaten us and that must be resisted. It is paternalism that allowed France to be out-distanced by other countries, and it is paternalism of another kind that hurried Germany on the road to her debacle:

In Germany, bureaucracy and paternalism plus militarism and junkerism, had resulted in bringing untold misery upon the world at large and inevitable disaster in the end to the German people. And that notwithstanding the fact that not only was the German system of bureaucracy and paternalism the most efficient the world had ever seen, but that with deep and insidious cunning it camouflaged its true meaning and purpose in that it made an alliance with big business by which, in return for being left alone and, if need be, supported in its political dominion and in its particular interests, it maintained a reciprocal attitude toward the great combinations in finance and industry. It furthered enterprise and gave liberal scope and rich reward to achievement. Its method of dealing with labor was in part to coerce it and deprive it, by direct or indirect means, of adequate voting and political power and in part to cajole and conciliate it by apparently progressive and fair-seeming social welfare legislation. In other words it aimed at making contented and prosperous chainhears out of the German people, and at the same time—and alas! all too successfully—at substituting for their old conceptions and ideals a religion of greed, covetousness, power-worship, and materialism, the deity of which was the state as represented by its ruling caste.

The principle of equality, says Mr. Kahn, is one that must be accepted with much caution. There must be equality before the law, equality of political rights, equality of opportunity, but none the less an inscrutable Providence has bestowed upon us inequalities of natural endowment:

A lady said to me the other day: "It makes me angry that Mr. X should live in that splendid house, while I have only a simple flat. Such inequalities ought not to be allowed. It is not fair that he should be thus favored." I answered: "Is it fair that you happen to be good to look upon and bright and attractive to talk to (all of which she was), while some others of your sex, pardon the ungallant observation, are plain or dull? Because of this gross inequality, galling as it must be to some of those less favored, do you think there should be a law providing that all women must go veiled and have other appropriate restraints put upon the power of their attractiveness? Do you realize that if all incomes above \$100,000 were confiscated, as has been urged by some, and which in your present frame of mind you would presumably favor, the resulting sum would barely cover our war expenditures for one month? Do you know that if all incomes above even \$10,000 were taken and distributed among those earning less than \$10,000, the result, as far as I can figure out, would be that the aggregate income of those receiving that distribution would be increased barely 10 per cent?" I used various other arguments and examples, "not without interruption and rejoinder on her part. I do not flatter myself that I succeeded in converting her, but I believe when we parted she was a little less sure than before that Mr. X ought to be turned out of his fine house forthwith.

As an introduction to his chapter on "The Task Ahead" the author tells us of an incident that happened to him in 1918 on the occasion of his return to America from a trip to England and France. As he was standing around on the deck a begrimed stoker stuck his head out of one of the gangways and began talking to him:

With the unceremonious directness of the seafaring man, he started in: "Say, I hear you are one of them rich Wall Street fellows." I admitted that I had been reasonably successful and acknowledged that I was a banker. "Well," he inquired, "would you have as much as a million dollars?" Thinking of the income tax and having in mind the disguises

of Sherlock Holmes, I gave a carefully guarded reply. However, he took it for an affirmation and continued: "If I had a million dollars I would not be seen on this ocean nowadays, where you might be blowed up any minute." "Well," I said, "I had some duties to attend to on the other side, and I had to go." He replied imperturbably: "If I had a million dollars, I would hire some one to attend to my duties for me." "Hold on, my friend," I said, "let's argue this a minute. I had a cabin amidships on the upper deck, with plenty of life-belts around me, right opposite one of the life-boats. If anything happened, the chances were at least two to one that I would come off all right. You are down in the stokehole. If the Huns get the ship the chances are against you. You are quite liable to be hit or drowned. Now, from your appearance it is evident that you are beyond the draft age. You could get a good safe job on land in a munition factory or somewhere else, paying you at least as much as you get now, probably more. Why do you stay on this ship? Why don't you quit such dangerous business?" He looked straight at me and drew himself up and said, "Well, who would run the damned ships if we all felt that way? I aint no white-livered skunk. I have a duty to the country." And then we shook hands.

Mr. Kahn saw a good deal of the army in Europe and he felt that there had returned the ancient spirit of knighthood. He tells the following story in confirmation:

A French officer who commanded a body of French troops, fighting fiercely and almost hopelessly in Belleau Wood near Château-Thierry (since then officially designated by the French government as the Wood of the Marine Brigade), told me that when they had arrived almost at the point of total exhaustion, suddenly the Americans appeared rushing to the rescue. One of the American officers hurried up to him, saluted and said in exuberantly pronounced French just six words: "Vous—fatigués, vous—partir, notre job." "You—tired, you—get away, our job."

And right nobly did they do their job. Need I ask whether we shall do ours?

Mr. Kahn has a word to say about the British army. It is one of the characteristics of the British people, he says, not to blow their own horn, and this is one of the reasons why full recognition has not been given to the work done by the British. Another reason is the adroit German propaganda, which has conducted to the same end:

That propaganda has been, from the beginning of the war, and is now at work to belittle the British war effort and war achievement; to sow in the Allied countries—particularly America and France—the seeds of suspicion and dissension in respect of England; to try and cause, even within the British Empire itself, ill-feeling and division by circulating the insidious falsehood that the people of England have sacrificed, fought and suffered less, relatively, than those of Scotland and Wales and the colonies and dominions.

And then we have a seasonable word as to the proper American attitude toward the war and to some official pronouncements that can hardly be recalled with equanimity:

And, without the slightest wish to revive old controversies, may I add this: For three terrible years the Allied nations fought and bled and suffered before America came to realize that their fight was our fight and that our place was by their side. During those years we drew enormous wealth from their resources, depleted in the struggle for a sacred cause. Some memories, none too pleasant to recall, attach to certain pronouncements from the highest American quarter and to certain aspects of our official attitude in that fateful period.

Mr. Kahn has also something to say about our attitude toward the German-American, with apologies for the use of that ugly term:

Numerous German-Americans (to use, for the sake of brevity, an ugly term) knowing and correctly gauging the abhorrent spirit and intolerable aims of Prussianism were and acted from the very beginning, in 1914, wholeheartedly in favor of the Allies, though most of these adherents of the Allied cause refrained from open demonstration because they felt they were not entirely welcome or entirely trusted in the Allied camp, and their self-respect and fear of having their motives misinterpreted forbade them to give voice publicly to their true feelings. Others, again, who had been hesitant or even pro-German in their sympathies in the early stages of the war, gradually, as the hideousness of the spirit and doctrines of Junkerdom revealed itself in revolting deeds, began to realize that the cause of the Allies was that of right and humanity, and adjusted their attitude to that recognition.

A considerable number, especially of the Jewish faith, whose apparent pro-Germanism had merely been anti-Czarism, as they were unable to believe in or adhere to a cause of the success of which the old Russian régime was to be one of the principal beneficiaries, became converts to the Allied cause, coincident with the Russian revolution, and demonstrated the genuineness of their new allegiance, even before America entered the war, by energetically using their influence in Russia against all thought of a separate peace.

Although Mr. Kahn describes his book as a presentation of the financier's point of view it might more aptly be described as the point of view of the intelligent and broad-gauge American. It is alike sound, liberal, and convincing.

OUR ECONOMIC AND OTHER PROBLEMS. By Otto H. Kahn. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Physicists never tire of efforts to increase the accuracy of their knowledge of the fundamental facts of science. A redetermination of the velocity of light by the Fizeau toothed wheel method was made at Nice. These experiments were remarkable on account of the great distance over which the beam of light employed was transmitted. Previously such a beam had been caused to travel about fifteen miles, but on this occasion the reflecting mirror was so placed that the total distance traversed by the beam, going and returning, was fifty-seven miles. The mean of 1109 observations gave for the velocity of light 186,225½ miles a second.

Details of the deaths of 361,854 French soldiers are unknown.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending July 17, 1920, were \$177,400,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$159,200,000; a gain of \$18,200,000.

A gain of considerably over \$12,000,000 in gold with the Federal Reserve agent brought total gold reserves of the Reserve Bank of San Francisco up \$5,029,000 over the week before, according to the statement for the week ending July 16th. Total gold held by the bank fell off \$9,101,000. Total resources were larger by \$9,771,000. They amounted to \$436,388,000, compared with \$341,759,000 in the corresponding week of 1919.

The heavy financial requirements at the end of the half-year have been met successfully and without any undue money strain. We should have a month or so of easier money conditions until the crop-moving demand sets

ties to be worked out, and Southern Pacific, on account of its enormously valuable oil-land holdings, would seem the proper leaders of the higher-priced railroad stocks in any such movement, while Southern Railway, already showing the presence of a powerful pool, Rock Island, Missouri Pacific Preferred, Pittsburgh and West Virginia, Western Pacific and St. Louis and San Francisco are among the most attractive of the low-priced rails.

The market for industrials has been showing a steadily advancing tendency for some weeks past and still indicates nothing like the distribution by insiders that is followed invariably by a collapse in prices. Most of the month should see rising values for leading industrials. Just now equipment stocks are coming more and more into favor on account of the beginning that the Interstate Commerce Commission has made in helping restore the railroads to a condition where efficient transportation facilities are possible.

There has been a good deal of bearish comment from time to time on stocks of the so-called non-essential industries, and doubtless a large bear account has been built up in some of the motor issues. The manufacture of automobiles of one kind or another, however, is anything but non-essential in our modern-day activities, and bears, too confident, will wake up to this fact sooner or later.

The steel group as a whole is very cheap at current prices. Incidentally the railroads and automobile manufacturers use up a very large proportion of our steel capacity.

Our allies are attempting to settle the matter of indemnities, and any success along this line will, of course, be of a constructive character so far as the world's business is concerned. There is talk of American interests joining in the purchase of a French tobacco monopoly. It is evident that big things lie abroad for American business enterprise and they will not be overlooked.

E. H. Rollins & Co. is participating in an offer of \$20,000,000 notes of the United States Rubber Company. The notes are being offered at 98½ and interest at 7½ per cent. at par.

The notes run for ten years and are dated August 1st. They bear coupons and are in denominations of \$500 and \$1000. They are registrable as to principal only and both principal and interest are payable in New York without deduction for normal Federal income tax not over 2 per cent.

These notes will be a direct general credit obligation of the company and will be additionally secured by the pledge of \$25,000,000, face value, of the company's first and refunding 6s due January 1, 1947, which are issued under the same mortgage as that securing the first and refunding 5s, Series A, due 1947. These latter are selling at about 79½ and interest, to yield 6.65 per cent. On a 6.65 per cent. basis (92 and interest) these \$25,000,000 new pledged 6s would be worth about \$23,000,000. At 80 and interest (a 7.75 per cent. basis) they would still be worth \$20,000,000. The company's 7 per cent. notes, due December, 1923 (secured by pledge of first and refunding 5s), are selling at about 100 and interest, to yield 7 per cent.

The proceeds of this issue, with current surplus earnings, will provide for the completion of plant extensions now in progress at Detroit, Hartford, Providence, and Indianapolis.

To correct an apparent misunderstanding among shippers the Southern Pacific Company announces that its recent application for permission to operate its Atlantic steamship lines between points on the Atlantic seaboard and the Gulf Coast, which was denied by the Interstate Commerce Commission, had no reference to the regular Morgan Line service, but was merely a request to be allowed to render occasional service between outlying ports and New Orleans and Galveston, and also to render occasional service to the Port of Houston whenever there was tonnage in sight to warrant the run. The present Morgan Line service is not affected by this decision.

The most striking event in the financial world during the last month was the borrowing by the government of \$400,000,000 on its certificates of indebtedness, paying 5½ per cent. on a part thereof and 6 per cent. on the balance, declares the Farmers and Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles in its monthly financial letter. The latter figure is the highest interest rate which the government has paid since the reconstruction days after the civil war. There have also been very large offerings of preferred stocks of industrial corporations and long-time bonds of these corporations and public utilities, while municipal incorporations have not been backward in bond issues. All of these demands have stiffened money rates. Interest no longer seems any object. Inducements by way of common stock at reduced figures are offered by some corporations to effect the sale of preferred stocks.

The demand for additional capital seems to be widespread and unlimited. Present interest

rates being paid by industrial corporations, manufacturers, individuals, producers of either raw materials or manufactured goods are not going to reduce selling prices to consumers, but will add thereto, unless producers, manufacturers, and distributors are willing to do business on a smaller margin of profit than they have been enjoying. If mills close down, even partially, and industries slow up, interest rates will probably gradually recede, unless the demand for credit by public utilities and municipalities constantly increases.

There is a wave of extravagant spending on the part of state, county, and municipal governments sweeping the country which is without sense or reason. Public improvements should be suspended until conditions are better. Politics controls all of these expenditures and politics never listens to reason. Expediency, perpetuation in office of present office-holders, the placating of henchmen, the controlling of votes through public expenditures are the factors which control the action of most governing bodies of states, counties, and municipalities, just as they do those of the national government. The patient taxpayer no longer looks for either sanity or economy in government affairs. The debts of the states, counties, and municipalities of the United States have increased at a marvelous rate in the past two years. None of our governing officials stop at expense. Our forefathers, who built up this country, hesitated to make public improvements which required the creation of a bonded indebtedness. The present generation seems to welcome the chance to create such debts. It does not practice self-denial or economy. The result is alarming to any sane-minded person who contemplates the burdens of the future. The interest burdens now being imposed upon this country will weigh heavily upon future generations.

If our consumption of sugar does not exceed last year's total of about 4,500,000 tons we ought to have enough to last out the year and carry over 300,000 tons on January 1, 1921. This estimate, prepared by President Post of the National Sugar Refining Company, is, according to the Boston News Bureau, "based on the assumption that Cuba will not sell to Europe and countries other than the United States more than 800,000 tons, against 1,261,869 last year." Mr. Post's table of available supplies was published in the Brooklyn Eagle as follows:

	Tons.
Cuba crop present estimate.....	3,700,000
Less local consumption.....	200,000
Less exports to Canada, Europe, and elsewhere.....	800,000—1,000,000
	2,700,000
Carry-over of beet-sugar, Jan. 1, 1920....	250,000
New crop beet-sugar available in 1920 (crop estimate 700,000 tons).....	400,000
Louisiana sugar.....	200,000
Porto Rico.....	400,000
Hawaii.....	500,000
Santo Domingos, Philippines, Javas, South America and miscellaneous.....	450,000
Total.....	4,900,000
Less exports of refined from this country to Europe and elsewhere in 1920.....	300,000

Leaving available to United States.....4,600,000

The Boston News Bureau adds: "Mr. Post's figures indicate he believes exports from Cuba and Europe and countries other than the United States for remainder of the crop season will be little more than 150,000 tons. Such exports so far this year have been 648,302 tons, against 368,185 in corresponding period of 1919. Last year exports from Cuba to foreign countries were large in the latter part of the crop season. The 450,000 tons of Santa Domingo and outside sugars which be figures are available as United States supplies have been attracted here by the high prices."

The Secretary of the Treasury, under the authority of the act approved September 24, 1917, as amended, offers for subscription, at par and accrued interest, through the Federal Reserve Banks, treasury certificates of indebtedness, in two series, both dated and bearing interest from July 15, 1920, the certificates of Series B 1921 being payable on January 15, 1921, with interest at the rate of 3½ per cent. per annum payable semi-annually, and the certificates of Series T M 2-1921 being payable on March 15, 1921, and bearing interest at the rate of 3½ per cent. per annum.

Applications will be received at the Federal Reserve Banks.

Bearer certificates will be issued in denominations of \$500, \$1000, \$5000, \$10,000, and \$100,000. The certificates of Series B 1921 will be issued without coupons. The certificates of Series T M 2-1921 will have one interest coupon attached, payable March 15, 1921.

The certificates of both said series shall be exempt, both as to principal and interest, from all taxation now or hereafter imposed by the United States, any state, or any of the possessions of the United States, or by any local taxing authority except (a) estate or inheritance taxes, and (b) graduated additional income taxes, commonly known as surtaxes, and

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excess-profits and war-profits taxes, now or hereafter imposed by the United States, upon the income or profits of individuals, partnerships, associations, or corporations. The interest on an amount of bonds and certificates authorized by said act approved September 27, 1917, and amendments thereto, the principal of which does not exceed in the aggregate \$5000, owned by any individual, partnership, association, or corporation, shall be exempt from the taxes provided for in clause (h) above.

The certificates of these series do not bear the circulation privilege. The certificates of Series B 1921 will not be accepted in payment of taxes. The certificates of Series T M 2-1921 will be accepted at par, with an adjustment of accrued interest, during such time and under such rules and regulations as shall be prescribed or approved by the Secretary of the Treasury, in payment of income and profits taxes payable at the maturity of the certificates.

The right is reserved to reject any subscription and to allot less than the amount of certificates of either or both series applied for and to close the subscriptions as to either or both series at any time without notice. Payment at par and accrued interest for certificates allotted must be made on or before July 15, 1920, or on later allotment. After allotment and upon payment Federal Reserve Banks may issue interim receipts pending delivery of the definitive certificates. Any qualified depository will be permitted to make payment by credit for certificates allotted to it for itself and its customers up to any amount for which it shall be qualified in excess of existing deposits when so notified by the Federal Reserve Bank of its district. Treasury certificates of indebtedness of Series F 1920, maturing July 15, 1920, will be accepted at par, with an adjustment of accrued interest, in payment for any certificates of the Series B 1921 or T M 2-1921 now offered which shall be subscribed for and allotted.

As fiscal agents of the United States, Federal Reserve Banks are authorized and requested to receive subscriptions and to make allotment in full in the order of the receipt of applications up to amounts indicated by the Secretary of the Treasury to the Federal Reserve Banks of the respective districts.

Action by the United States treasury increasing the interest rate upon the \$419,000,000 issue of certificates of indebtedness maturing January 3d and June 15th next to 5½ and 6 per cent. reflected the constantly advancing rates for money (says the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank in their July monthly letter). At this investment basis the new government securities were quickly subscribed. During the first half of the year the railroads borrowed about \$260,000,000 through the sale of short-term notes and bonds. The interest

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tions. It is hardly reasonable to suppose that these announcements will be unfavorable from the stock-market standpoint, and, as these overhanging factors doubtless have contributed to the public indisposition to buy, their favorable issue should encourage large public participation in the market.

Meantime there has been what is regarded in the Street as well-considered buying of railroad stocks by the important financial interests. The market for railway shares seems in position to advance rather sensationally, as current prices are actual panic levels as compared with markets of former years. Reading, with the segregation of its coal proper-

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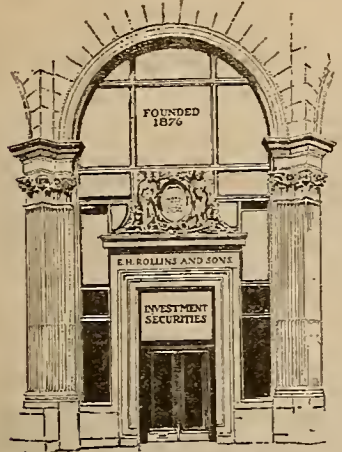
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rate for most of these loans was 7 per cent. and in many instances the securities were quickly disposed of. Industrial corporations also borrowed heavily at terms which meant a total cost to the borrower of from 7 to 9 per cent. for the accommodation. Further financing for the railroads, industrial companies, public utilities, states, municipalities, and various foreign governments will make the coming half-year rank as an unusually active investment period. The instant success of the Swiss government \$25,000,000 bonds offering has helped the investment situation. This transaction emphasizes the potential demand for high-grade loans yielding 8 per cent. A long series of railroad and incorporation loans will be forthcoming soon if investment inquiries continue. The bond market still provides splendid opportunities for constructive investments and railroad shares are now quoted at about the lowest level touched for a quarter-century.

At the regular monthly meeting of the board of directors of the Seaboard National Bank Mortimer Fleishhacker, T. C. Tilden, and Louis Sutter—president, vice-president, and cashier respectively of the Anglo-California Trust Company—were elected members of the directorate of the Seaboard. Mr. Robert J. Tyson, president of the Seaboard, resigned because of ill-health and was succeeded as president by his brother, James Tyson, who is also president of the Charles Nelson Company and a director of the Anglo-California Trust Company.

Messrs. Fleishhacker, Tilden, and Sutter will serve on the board of the Seaboard until this institution is formally taken over by the Anglo-California Trust Company, which will be in about a month's time. An announcement was made in these columns a week ago of the purchase of the Seaboard National Bank by Mortimer Fleishhacker for the Anglo-California Trust Company. The Seaboard National Bank will be conducted as a branch of the Trust Company, but the same officers and employees will be retained. The only difference will be an enlarged service which the Trust Company will give to the business interests in the water-front district.

A striking new method of working has been introduced by the Anglo-South American Bank in order to cope with the rapid increase of its business. Although additional accommodation has been secured, it is still insufficient to meet the needs of the staff, and it has therefore been decided to try the experiment of working in two shifts so far as internal business is concerned. Under this new plan the working day will begin at 8 a. m. and terminate at 10 p. m., and two shifts will be at work in this period. Details of the plan have yet to be filled in, but the early and late shifts will alternate. The enterprising management of the bank deserves credit for inaugurating this new departure, which is certain to be followed with great interest by other banks similarly situated.—*London Weekly Times.*

The American Woolen Company was incorporated March 29, 1899, under the laws of New Jersey.

This great concern controls the woolen industry of the United States and owns fifty woolen mills, all of which are free from leases, bonds, or mortgages. The plants comprise more than 700 acres of land and the mill buildings, constructed chiefly of brick and stone, contain more than ten million square feet of floor space. These plants are located in Massachusetts, New York, Rhode Island,

New Hampshire, Vermont, Maine, Connecticut, and Kentucky. The company gives special attention to the needs of its employees, has adopted a plan for sick and accident benefits, builds homes, and has inaugurated a system of retail stores furnishing at cost to employees food, fuel, and clothing, etc.; also has recently increased their wages 15 per cent.

The New York World on May 13, 1920 stated that an investigation completed by the Department of Justice shows that the company made a net profit of \$19,000,000 in the first quarter of 1920, or within \$1,000,000 of the total common capitalization.

The range of price for the stock: high, 1919, 169½; low, July 14, 1920, 84½, a loss of 50 per cent. in price, entirely unwarranted by the following figures:

Current Assets, December 31, 1919—	
Cash	\$ 9,248,135
Accounts receivable	26,034,597
Inventories (cost prices)	52,990,146
Total	\$88,272,878
Current liabilities	29,169,616

Net current assets, \$59,103,262
Equal to \$295 per share on the common stock.
The company's earnings (equiv. on common), 1919, 63 per cent.; 1918, 47 per cent.; 1917, 64 per cent.; 1916, 27 per cent. A total of 202 per cent. in four years; an amount in dollars and cents of \$40,513,245, equal to \$200 per share on common stock.

The surplus of the company, after most liberal deductions for depreciation, etc., was \$31,734,427 December 31, 1919, equal to \$160 per share, nearly double the price the stock is now selling at. Dividend rate on both common and preferred stock is 7 per cent. per annum. At present price the common stock nets 8 per cent. and is a wonderful speculative investment considering the potential value back of the stock.

Capital stock, par \$100; common, \$40,000,000, authorized \$20,000,000 outstanding; preferred 7 per cent. cumulative \$60,000,000, authorized \$40,000,000 outstanding.

Sanford & Kelley of New Bedford in an analysis of the company issued in September, 1919, said the following regarding the book value of the common stock:

"The productive capacity and the number of plants operated have been doubled since the company was started. It is probable the company's plants have cost at least \$75,000,000 and could not now be replaced for \$150,000,000. Taking the book value of the plants, it offsets the outstanding preferred stock, leaving net quick assets of \$53,812,721, or \$270 per share on the common. If the value of the plants were taken at \$100,000,000, figures more nearly representing the cost of replacement, it would give a book value for the common of \$600, after deducting the preferred at par."

The Wall Street Journal, April 16, 1920, stated that President Wood had denied rumors of acquisition of control of the company by Du Pont interests. He said that the company has over 17,000 shareholders.—*W. C. Gregg.*

Recent declines in the prices of a few commodities are not to be regarded as isolated instances, but are part of a gradual and general movement that has been under way for a considerable time, the National Bank of Commerce in New York says in a discussion of current business conditions. The statement says in part:

"It has generally been conceded that prices would ultimately seek a lower level than that maintained during the war and immediately thereafter. Such decline has always followed the over-stimulation of commerce and industry produced by war. Under these circumstances, a downward price movement, if gradual and orderly, is to be welcomed both as an evidence of the return of more orderly conditions and as a factor in accomplishing that return. Such a movement in the prices of basic commodities is now clearly evident. Sharp recent declines in a few commodities, however, are likely to cause the business public to lose sight of the fact that in a number of other commodities a gradual decline has been under way for a considerable time. The prices of copper and zinc have been at low levels ever since the armistice. Hogs declined over \$9 per hundred, or about 40 per cent., from July to December, 1919. Since that date they have recovered slightly, and have continued fairly steadily near their present level since January, 1920. The price of cattle declined from October, 1919, to May, 1920. The prices of best packer hides and No. 1 city calfskins have declined steadily and fairly regularly since August, 1919. Thus it will be seen that recent declines are not to be viewed as isolated instances, but as a part of a gradual and general movement, the time at which each commodity responds and the degree to which it is affected being determined by conditions in the national and international market for that specific commodity.

"Even at this time it is well to emphasize once more that the abnormal price level has been the result first, of actual physical shortage of goods in relation to demand, and second, of expansion in the volume of credit and

the various forms of money. It is thus clear that a decline in prices can only be brought about by a falling off of demand, an increase in the physical volume of production, a decrease in the volume of credit and money, or by these and various other causes working together. The armistice automatically destroyed the specialized demand which the war had created, and removed the artificial support which had sustained the buying power of Europe during the conflict. While the stimulated domestic demand in the United States and elsewhere at first appeared to offset this, this influence could not possibly be permanent. In many lines consumption is not immediate, so that the rate of purchase after every abnormal period inevitably declines to a normal level or below it. It is primarily this tendency which has been reflected in the refusal of buyers to accept additional price increases, or indeed, to buy in undiminished volume at the levels which had prevailed for months.

"It was not to be expected that the industrial community could maintain the high tension under which it had worked during the war years, and it is very doubtful as to whether the maintenance of this tension would have been desirable. Despite numerous and widespread complaints as to the unsatisfactory condition of production in the United States, the fact remains that since the recovery from the temporary hesitation following the armistice, this country has increased production in certain directions. During May, American cotton mills consumed 541,080 running bales of cotton, an amount exceeded for the corresponding month in 1916, 1917, and 1918, but exceeding May consumption from 1913 to 1915, and 1919. Total consumption for the first five months of 1920 was 2,792,942 running bales, or at a rate of 6,700,000 bales per year. Returns for wool consumption are not available later than for April, when 66,900,000 pounds, grease equivalent, were used. It is certain that consumption for May and June will show a heavy decline. At the same time total consumption for 1919 was 622,218,000 pounds, grease equivalent, and for the first four months of 1920 the total was 272,000,000 pounds. Although exact data are not available prior to the war, annual consumption for the five fiscal years 1910-1914 averaged about 510,000,000 pounds per year, and consumption in 1917, the maximum year for the industry thus far, was 768,000,000 pounds. Bituminous coal production for May was a little over 38,000,000 short tons, and for the first 134 working days of 1920 it was 221,043,000 tons, compared with 184,004,000 tons for the same period in 1919, and 240,973,000 tons in 1918. While it is true that in many lines production in 1919 and thus far into 1920 has been against great odds, and in many cases disappointing, it is nevertheless true that production has been gradually filling up the gap between demand and supply, not only in the United States, but in every country in the world, except those yet in a state of internal disorder.

"In the face of these conditions, discernible to all far-seeing business men, the wisdom of further credit expansion became apparent some months ago. Efforts to prevent such expansion have resulted in a considerable strain on credit, and this has been much accentuated by retarded transportation and consequent tying up of a large volume of credit. At the same time, the fact must not be lost sight of that the credit position of the United States is essentially sound, and that there will be credit for enterprises prepared to cooperate intelligently in the work of bringing manufacturing, commercial, and financial operations to a stable and conservative basis.

"A factor not to be overlooked at the present time is the increasing unemployment. In some districts large numbers of men are out of work as a result of disorganized transportation. This effect has been especially noteworthy in the coal regions and in the great centres of automobile manufacture. Refusal of the public to accept increased prices, or even to maintain a volume of purchase equal to that of recent months at the level of prices then prevailing, has reacted sharply on some sections of the textile industry and on the garment trades. Considerable unemployment in these industries has resulted. If this is of brief duration, it need have no serious effects, but prolonged and widespread unemployment rapidly destroys buying power and produces social unrest, so that a far-seeing policy will indicate its avoidance if this is at all possible.

"The agricultural districts continue to suffer from labor shortage, but it is now believed that reasonably adequate help for the harvests will be secured. The agricultural outlook is on the whole quite favorable for the grain crops. However, a large part of the wheat crop is now in its most critical stage, and considerable variation from the present estimate is not unlikely. Corn is late through wide areas, but it is as yet too early to draw any conclusion as to the crop. The estimate of condition of cotton as 62.4 per cent. of normal, the lowest on record, is not of so

The Pendulum Swings Back

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much concern to the South, which is each year less dependent on cotton, as it is to the cotton textile industry of the world."

New Canadian one-cent coins slightly larger than the United States one-cent piece are now being issued in Canada. The old Canadian one-cent coin called a "copper" was nearly twice as large as the American cent.

In Geneva a chronometer competition is held every year at the observatory. Last year the chronometer that made the best record kept time within six one-hundredths of a second a day.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

My Second Country.

Now that the first glamour of war enthusiasm has passed away we are beginning to see that the interior situation of France as it existed before 1914 and as it now exists in an accentuated form is by no means *couleur de rose*. No one knows more of France than Mr. Robert Dell. No one is more disposed to state the exact facts and the extent to which they have been emphasized and aggravated by war. Social maladies which were relatively innocuous or at least bearable five years ago may now assume the gravity of fatal diseases.

Mr. Dell speaks of the people of France, her institutions, and her problems. The French are strangely tolerant of abuses until they become intolerable and then they "smash up everything." They are tolerant of corruption in the official classes, of an exasperating caste system, of the incapacities of parliament, and of the iniquities of the police. Other peoples amend such evils in an orderly way. The French wait in patience and then do it by revolution. Mr. Dell seems to fear revolution in France.

Speaking of the lack of sanitation and the hardships inflicted upon the servant class, he makes the surprising statement: "All this continues because the propertied classes are the complete masters of France and not one of the bourgeois political parties dares to touch their pockets." The fatal weakness of the Frenchman is his love of money, and this causes him to be tolerant of corruption and maladministration. An eminent Frenchman said recently of his own people that they were "quite willing to let their sons be killed, but you mustn't ask them for five francs." As a matter of fact the French funds for war relief were pitifully small, wholly insignificant in

proportion to the money subscribed in England. The wealthy classes have never been willing to pay their fair share of taxation, and not even the war changed their attitude. The French statesman is ignorant of economics, and we are told of Clemenceau that "his greatest admirer would not venture to say that he ever grasped even the elementary data of an economic problem or ever thought it worth while to try to do so."

Mr. Dell explodes the popular belief in a French religious revival. On the contrary, he says, there is intense resentment at the clerical coercion that has been exercised in the army and elsewhere, and the result has been the waning of the religious sentiment.

The author's survey is certainly not a cheerful one. His general attitude is one of foreboding, and if we may accept him as a reliable witness his foreboding is by no means unjustified.

MY SECOND COUNTRY (FRANCE). By Robert Dell. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.

Jane McRae.

There are some heroines with whom we fall in love and some to whom we are a little indifferent. Jane McRae belongs to the latter category. We meet her first as the daughter of a country inn-keeper who makes of her a waitress and a drudge. Then come two suitors for her hand. Pendleton is a young engineer and unexceptionable in nearly every way. Gault is a boomer, a professional entertainer who is running the local "movie" theatre. Jane becomes engaged to Pendleton and then rejects him when she finds that he has not always been indifferent to the charms of other women. It would be strange if he had. Then Jane goes to New York, meets some of the usual vicissitudes, encounters Gault accidentally, and summarily marries him. Largely through his aid she becomes a picture star and then discovers, or rather realizes, that she does not love her husband and that she does love Pendleton, who is hovering around somewhere within convenient call. The story is undeniably interesting, so much so as to cause us momentarily to forget that no such girl as Jane McRae ever existed. But then, who cares anything about the probabilities of a novel.

PRESENTING JANE MCRÆ. By Mark Lee Luther. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75.

What Happened in Europe.

It is well that the public demand should have called forth a new edition of Mr. Vanderlip's book on the condition of Europe. Written by a financier, it bears all the marks of statesmanship, and of that power of cautious and precise summary that is among the greatest needs of the day.

Mr. Vanderlip was charged with pessimism on the first appearance of his book. It is the common lot of all men in America who refuse to say that "all's right with the world." Mr. Vanderlip refused to say that all was right with Europe. On the contrary he said that a catastrophe was pending and that it could be averted only by the aid of America. Europe, he said, must be saved from a financial and economic breakdown that must react seri-

ously upon ourselves. There were possibilities of a cataclysm and time moved rapidly. It would seem from Mr. Vanderlip's new preface that he is impenitent. He tells us that the greatest immediate danger is the possibility that the radical forces in Germany will gain control and that there will be some sort of coalition with Russia. Today comes the news that the Polish armies have been overwhelmed and that a Russian invasion of Germany is pending. In Russia there is a Red army of three million men. "A coalition of the military power of Russia with that of Germany, Russian military leadership being supplemented by German experience, would offer to the Entente a most difficult problem. If that coalition were ever found to include Japan, the whole world would be affected by the result. A coalition between Germany and Russia offers most disturbing possibilities." Such an eventuality is now much nearer than when Mr. Vanderlip wrote his new preface.

WHAT HAPPENED IN EUROPE. By Frank A. Vanderlip. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

The Negro Faces America.

Some eminent writers have recently warned us of a certain stirring among the dark races of the world that augurs ill for an undisputed white supremacy. But we are apt to forget that the negro problem is an integral part of the larger movement and that it lies at our doors refusing to be indefinitely postponed. Is the negro an American citizen, and, if so, can he be denied forever the rights of citizenship, the rights of democracy, the right of justice, and the right to live? These were once academic questions that the negro himself did not discuss. But that time has passed. The negro has become coherent, organized, and audible. He has his newspapers and his intelligent leaders. And he has the numbers that make such a combination formidable.

Such are some of the problems discussed by Mr. Herbert J. Seligmann in his present volume. He asks us to look at the facts and to be sure that we have the facts. Contempt speedily degenerates into hate, and from hate comes vilification. Have we been too quick to adopt a set of axioms with regard to the negro and to apply them indiscriminately and without regard to the truth? Have our newspapers been too ready to sustain any assertion so long as it is a popular one? For example, is the negro actually so guilty in sex matters as we have been led to believe? Has he not often been called upon to suffer where the blame should actually be laid upon the white woman?

Mr. Seligmann surveys the whole field and he does it with moderation and restraint. He warns us that we can not close our eyes much longer. The race riots in Northern cities are reminders that a definite solution must be found, not the solution of the easy axiom, but a solution that shall satisfy the negro that he is in very truth a citizen in fact as well as in name.

THE NEGRO FACES AMERICA. By Herbert J. Seligmann. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.75.

Briefer Reviews.

A hook to delight the heart of the angler is "Trout-Fishing in Brooks," by G. Garrow-Green. It is the work of an experienced sportsman who has made a special study of this branch of the craft and knows its technicalities as well as its pleasures. The author gives instructions for the use of fly, worm, and minnow, elucidated by pictures and diagrams, together with many valuable suggestions of a more general character. His hook is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. (\$2).

Boni & Liveright have published a volume entitled "Albany: The Crisis in Government," being the "history of the suspension, trial, and expulsion from the New York State Legislature in 1920 of the five Socialist assemblymen by their political opponents." Charles Evans Hughes said of this expulsion: "I regard it as a serious blow at the standards of true Americanism, and nothing short of a calamity." The author is Louis Waldman, and an introduction is contributed by Seymour Stedman. The price is \$1.50.

Invisible Light in War.

When a source of light is put at the principal focus of a converging lens, the emergent beam consists of parallel rays, and consequently does not change in cross-section as it proceeds, according to a discussion in the proceedings of the Physical Society of London. Often the narrowness of such a beam prevents it being observed. Greater accuracy was attained by using a filter, which permitted only the extreme red rays to issue. These would be invisible to an observer unless he protected his eyes from daylight by a similar screen. Through such a screen only the red light would penetrate and the eyes of the observer would be in a sensitive state owing to the exclusion of ordinary light. By such an arrangement secret signals can be transmitted. A variation of the method was the use of a screen transmitting only ultra-violet light,

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which was received on a fluorescent screen. The range of signaling in both cases was about six miles.

In maintaining communications between ships of the same convoy at night the light was sent out, not as a parallel beam, but as a beam diverging in all directions. A Cooper-Hewitt mercury arc was the light source. It was surrounded by a glass chimney through which only ultra-violet rays emerged. The receiving apparatus is a harium-platino-cyanide screen placed in the principal focus of a converging lens. The range was about four miles.

A postal strike in Italy is carried on by means of sahutage practiced on letters.



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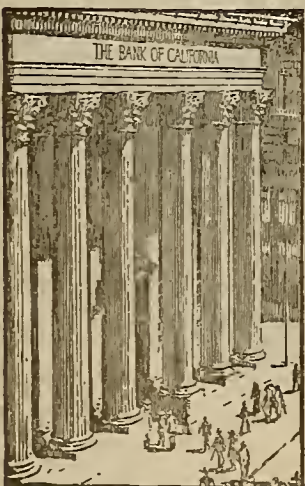
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THE LATEST BOOKS.

How Presidents Are Made.

Really a history of the national series of presidential elections, this title is meant to show the real forces that are influential in electing our Presidents. The author of this small volume, Arthur Wallace Dunn, a well-known Washington correspondent, and therefore familiar with the political atmosphere of the capital, shows in this brief history how rarely Presidents are elected upon questions of national policy, and how much personality and opportunity have to do with the result.

The recent selection of the candidates by the two parties renders the volume particularly timely, more especially because of the more widespread interest felt in the coming election and the questions involved.

From this volume the voter may learn why our past Presidents were chosen over other men. The author has given more space, however, to the last third of the century because many of the political questions of that era still remain unsolved and are present-day problems.

Mr. Dunn has presented all his matter in a tone of careful impartiality, his wide acquaintance with public men enabling him to do full justice to the subjects they have dealt with, and the book is very readable.

HOW PRESIDENTS ARE MADE. By Arthur Wallace Dunn. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; 75 cents.

A Dog Book.

"Dumb-Bell of Brookfield" is the tale of a champion setter, who, like the ugly duckling, had a humble beginning only to soar to unexpectedly lofty flights as a champion field setter. The author, John Taintor Foote, knows about champions and their points. He loves the irresistible heasties, and as he also loves humanity, his book is pleasant reading, for it not only expresses warm-heartedness, but humor.

An enjoyable feature in the book is the character of Peter, head kennel man at Brookfield, the big country home where Dumb-Bell's master and owner lived and, with his dainty wife, loved life and the dogs, and enjoyed the sayings of Peter.

Peter is an English-trained kennel man whose whole soul is in dogdom. Peter's dropped aitches do not interfere with the racy eloquence of his speech, and even those readers who know nothing of the kennels of the rich and the high-class beauties who inhabit them can not but enjoy Peter's comments on his charges, as well as the kindly atmosphere of camaraderie between him and his master and mistress.

DUMB-BELL OF BROOKFIELD. By John Taintor Foote. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.35.

Limbo.

Mr. Aldous Huxley unquestionably knows how to write a short story, although whether his yarns will be acceptable to our modern pruderies is somewhat open to doubt. There is a certain robust candor about his work

that either attracts or repels the reader, but that certainly will not leave him indifferent. In this little volume we have seven of Mr. Huxley's short stories dealing in the main with the exuberances of youth, although there is one at the end of the book of a quite different calibre. It relates to the murder of the old alchemist, Nicholas Flamel, and the story is told with something more than conventional dignity.

LIMBO. By Aldous Huxley. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A War Comparison.

Professor Gilbert Murray writes a scholarly little volume that may be said to have for its text the old adage that "history repeats itself." He draws a comparison between the late war and the great struggle between Athens and Sparta. Both conflicts involved the whole of civilization. In both cases there were profiteering, pacifism, espionage, restrictions of liberty, demagogic appeals, and corruption. Indeed with a few changes of names and terminology one could hardly distinguish between the two stories so far as the above features are concerned. Philosophical historians will find much that is worthy of study in this little sketch by a writer so eminently qualified to deal with such a topic.

OUR GREAT WAR AND THE GREAT WAR OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS. By Gilbert Murray, LL. D., D. Litt., F. B. A. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

For Community Players.

Those interested in community plays and the best and easiest way to give them should on no account overlook this practical volume by Roy Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell is anxious that Shakespeare shall be acted and he shows us that the task is by no means too ambitious for community players.

Mr. Mitchell has taken nothing for granted, except that the acting of Shakespeare has an educational value. He begins at the beginning and tells exactly how to choose the play, how to organize the company, how to plan and carry out rehearsals, how to set the stage for different plays, how to make cheaply and yet effectively the furniture and accessories, how to design and make the costumes, how to manage the lighting, how to do the make-up, and how to provide suitable music.

Mr. Mitchell also makes some general suggestions on the theory of acting and stage directing which might give many a professional man of the theatre much to think about.

The book is especially addressed to community actors, and the one-man idea is steadily discouraged throughout.

SHAKESPEARE FOR COMMUNITY PLAYERS. By Roy Mitchell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

The Power of Mind.

This volume was first published in 1902 and it now makes a new appearance with corrections and emendations. Psychic research and a general widespread interest in matters occult have largely familiarized us with the theories advanced by Mr. Ingalese and borrowed by

him from ancient sources which are not always acknowledged. He would have been well advised to omit those portions of his work that seem likely to stimulate avarice and cupidity and equally likely to disappoint both. Mr. Ingalese writes with clarity and conciseness. Whether the book was worth writing is another matter.

THE HISTORY AND POWER OF MIND. By Richard Ingalese. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

When word of the death of William Dean Howells came to the Booksellers' Convention at Philadelphia, the proceedings were stopped while every member of the gathering arose for a minute in silent tribute to the memory of the dean of American letters.

William Lyon Phelps discusses most interestingly in the New York Times Book Review Van Wyck Brooks' "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," lately published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Professor Phelps does not agree with the thesis that Mr. Brooks presents, but says that "the book is packed with ideas," and adds that "many hooks have been written about Mark Twain, but, with the exception of Paine's biography, this work by Mr. Van Wyck Brooks is the most important and most essential."

We read in "Talks with T. R." (a book compiled from diaries kept by John J. Leary, Jr., through a long intimacy with Roosevelt and just published by the Houghton Mifflin Company) many of the bursts of opinions and illuminating incidents which were such a characteristic phase of the great man. The following is a glimpse of him in Berlin in 1910: "It is," said he, "not generally known that I had a little friction with the Kaiser when I visited Germany. When I reached Berlin I found an invitation for 'Mr. Roosevelt' to be the Kaiser's guest at Potsdam. Mrs. Roosevelt was traveling with me. I asked at the embassy what the invitation meant—if it included her. When I found it did not I declined, and said I was stopping at the embassy. The invitation was repeated. My answer was that Mrs. Roosevelt and I were to be the guests of the embassy. I was traveling as any American gentleman might travel with his wife and I did not propose to go any place where she would not be welcomed or could not go. The next day 'Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt' were invited. By maintaining my point I had made it."

RIO, THE LUXURIOUS.

Rio de Janeiro, the princess city of Brazil, is the city of luxury and easy spending, the intellectual, literary, political, and social centre of this immense country of over three million square miles of territory. There are a dozen great regions in Brazil where widely differentiated industries earn money—the rubber and hardwood areas of the Amazon, the oil-nut and fibre country of the great promontory, the sugar and tobacco and cotton lands of Pernambuco and her neighbors, the cacao groves of Bahia, the ore mountains of Minas Geraes, the coffee, cattle, pinewood, and maté states farther south, the vast industrial centres of S. Paulo; but Rio remains the chief place where money is spent.

Altogether, the population of the capital is counted at a million and a quarter, and there are plain evidences of prosperous growth in the long additions to the fine roads of the environs. Since I was last in Rio, three years ago, the sea road beside the Atlantic has been extended several miles to the foot of the towering Gavea, and scores of luxurious, often bizarre, houses have risen beside it, with many new roads running inland. In every suburb construction is going on rapidly, unlimited quantities of building stone being available from the quarries of the city.

All the main streets of Rio are splendidly asphalted, decorated with double or triple rows of palms or other perennially green trees, with wide mosaic pavements, and brilliantly lighted. At night, when the Southern Cross swings overhead in a deep blue sky that never seems to become quite dark, and every one motors along the favorite seven or eight miles of seashore, Rio is a sparkling city, with tens of thousands of public lights reflected in the waters of the bay and the Atlantic.

All that the prodigal hands of Nature and the sedulous tools of man can do to make Rio beautiful has been done. It is true that in common with all cities of the Americas Rio reflects Europe, but with a transparent atmosphere, the use of electricity for almost all civic purposes, and a genial climate, she is able to adorn herself with a coquetry forbidden to coal-ridden communities.

In early December, South Brazil is in the first stages of summer, and quantities of shrubs and flowering trees are in full bloom in the public parks and gardens. Brilliant masses of scarlet flame against the red-tiled roofs, the strange deep crimson blossoms of the mahogany trees carpet the ground; quantities of little trees drip with bright yellow sprays that at a few yards' distance appear to be laburnums, acacias are gay with cream and rose and lemon-tinted flowers; canna

lilies, roses, plumbago, honeysuckle, hydrangeas, and salvias are in full bloom, and tropic creepers throw white trumpets or magenta petals or trails or airy blossoms, bright pink or mauve over every wall.

The fruit shops are full of pineapples from Pernambuco, the big seedless oranges and figs—together with grapes, pears, and apples imported from Spain and Portugal, the latter being sold in the hotels at the modest price of about 2s each.

Although in summertime the diplomatists are in the hills and the capital is supposed to be empty, it is today actually full of life and gaiety, visibly prosperous and light-hearted. The large favorable trade balance of 1919, continuing the prosperity of the last few years, and the high prices at which coffee has been recently sold, have created a feeling of confidence which the violent fluctuations of exchange during the last three or four weeks have not yet affected. There is a great deal of movement in the business districts, shops and warehouses are full of expensive merchandise, and the chief shopping areas, as the Avenida Rio Branco, the Rua do Ouvidor, the Goncalves Dias and Uruguyana, are crowded all the time.

The impression left upon one's mind after an hour spent in these streets, before the fashionable tea time, is of hundreds of magnificent motor-cars, the sparkling of many jewels, the fluttering of the chiffon and silk dresses of pretty little dolls of women. The new hotels are thronged with guests, the dance-tea has become an institution, and every corner has its cinema house, almost invariably showing North American films.

While everybody discusses with passion the rise in exchange and its effect upon commerce, even the merchants whose care it is to appear eternally pessimistic grumble with certain restraint. It is agreed that should the value of the milreis remain at its present height of about 17 pence the export of Brazilian raw materials must be most seriously affected, but the commercial community appears to think that the year will see a marked drop.—London Times.

A proposal by the British admiralty to unite the British and Canadian navies has been rejected by the Canadian government.

One-third of the immigrants who apply for admission to the United States are barred by the literacy test.

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"THE FIREFLY."

It is beginning to dawn upon such of us as are in town that such of us as are out of town are losing something extra choice in the theatrical line. The New Bostonians make up an excellent organization in themselves, and when you add a prima donna of Mabel Riegelman's standing and attainments we have something quite out of the ordinary. By which I am referring to the musical and histrionic qualifications of the organization, and not to the, to us at least, very decided novelty of witnessing a high-class musical comedy sung and played in high-class style. That, of course, has always been the specialty of the Bostonians, old or new, but it is a specialty that we have not enjoyed here for a long time.

I can not say that, as a general thing, there is much profit or pleasure to be derived from the average musical-comedy show. It is of the frothy frothy, and without a personality in it is time wasted. But "The Firefly" isn't only a show. It goes like light opera, for Friml's music has class, and the entire performance is excellently mounted, stage-managed, sung, and acted.

In "The Prince of Pilsen" performance I noticed that, thoroughly enjoyable though it was, it had not the same high polish that time and practice had put on "The Chocolate Soldier." But "The Firefly" has evidently been most carefully rehearsed, and everything—choruses, dances, stage tableaux, and the admirable work of the principals—went on oiled wheels.

"The Firefly," the hook of which is by Otto Harbach, is the kind of composition that ranks with "The Merry Widow." The story has any amount of humor, romance, sentiment, suspense. It is charmingly told, and the freshness, gayety, and expressive quality of the music makes it seem like opera bouffe, although it is really musical comedy.

It just happens, although she has repeatedly sung at the Curran, that I had never heard Mabel Riegelman, and the tiny prima donna was to me a delightful surprise. Not only is

her lovely voice a fountain of varied and beautiful expression, but her whole being radiates the feeling to which her song is giving vent. She is a born singer, a horn actress, a horn comedienne. And to be a comedienne, a real comedienne, infers being also an actress of sentiment and intrinsic sincerity. Mabel Riegelman seems to have everything but actual beauty, and so sparkling and changeable is her countenance, so varied and enchantingly natural and vivid the expressions that are perpetually replacing each other on her mobile features, that one would far, far rather look upon her than upon the average beauty. And not only are her features, her attitudes, her song rich with the changing moods she so beautifully interprets, but she puts into the utterance of her lines the same sparkle and felicity of expression. Although there is a certain incongruity between her tiny doll's body and her face, so full of character and originality, yet her miniature size made it seem as if the piece had been written with her in mind. The true artist always lends his qualifications to the character portrayed, but to many lights of the operatic stage it would have been difficult, indeed impossible, to assume the rôle of a hoy of from twelve to fourteen: a small, lovable imp who was always in mischief, and who was, in temperament, up to playing the boyish pranks that made men, recalling the playtime of their lives, look upon the engaging little hit of mischief indulgently.

So naturally, except for that unavoidable femininity of contour that can not be concealed, did Mabel Riegelman carry off her gamin scenes that she almost persuaded her audience into accepting her as a hoy; a small, lively, irrepressible urchin who fairly huddled with the joy of life. And then, when she donned petticoats, she was all womanly, the very essence of feminine feelings, a vessel of quivering emotions.

And the entire company played up to her. It was very evident that they were intensely interested in the performance of the tiny diva, and no doubt many of them were at one and the same time performers and delighted spectators. It was noticeable in the last act, while the prima donna was brilliantly rendering the interpolated "Prima Vera," that the company, which was representing a gathering of guests listening, at a home of ostentatious wealth, to a famous singer, did not need to act in order to express the feelings of interest and pleasure that were supposed to animate the assemblage.

The company, as I have intimated, is selected for its musical and histrionic ability, with due heed to good looks. There are a number of pretty girls in the company, and the personnel of the male chorus is superior to the average. Leslie Leigh, the widow in "The Prince of Pilsen," also has a prominent rôle in "The Firefly." Her voice is fresh and sweet, she acts well, and she had a chance to show her capabilities in "Sympathy," in which she and J. Humbird Duffey captured the house. Mr. Duffey's natural attractiveness had full sway in the rôle of a slightly grizzled but quite irresistible man of the world.

Edward Quinn had another romantic rôle, and the sweet and pleasant tenor of the one and the virile baritone of the other gave great pleasure.

Jefferson De Angelis, who is evidently a man of parts, since the production was under his direction, always plays as a consistent character comedian. We need never yield him any but legitimate laughter, for in his methods he never resorts to mere buffoonery; but his humor is so genuine, so unforced, and so provocative of mirth that to recall his performance is to yield to reminiscent laughter.

Both he and Marie Horgan have the gift of naturalness, which always makes a flash of humor go a much longer way.

Detmar Poppin this week has a more serious rôle, in which he quite shone as a gentle and lovable old choirmaster on the point of adopting little Tony and making him a great tenor, only to find his affections cruelly lacerated when the trousered sprite was transformed to an inconveniently winsome girl. Mr. Poppin gave that flavor of artistry to his impersonation which gave a keener edge to the pleasure of the spectators when Nina's boyish fun was over, and she learned that to be a woman again might mean sorrow, suspicion, and banishment.

Dorothy Elton, sweet in voice and looks, was one of the pretty ornaments of the stage. Lavinia Winn, a pretty, graceful girl with a champagne temperament, was another. "The girl with the feet," we called her, because of the trippiness with which those dainty members always shared in Sazette's exuberant moods. With Sam A. Burton—who was capital as a black-haired Italian valet with an accent and lots of Latin vivacity—as a dancing partner, the pair gave such manifest pleasure to the enjoying spectators that their recall meant that they had made something of a hit.

There are any number of pretty numbers in "The Firefly," of which "Love is like a firefly," sung by Mabel Riegelman, made a melodious refrain throughout the three acts. "When a maid comes knocking at your heart" is a pretty mingling of the two moods of the play. "Sympathy" and "Beautiful Ship from Toyland" are two other prominent favorites, but the fact is there are no dull passages either in the book or the music of the play, which unrolls as if both writer and composer had done their work when life looked happy, hopeful, and exhilarating.

"PEG O' MY HEART."

Every now and then the painful realization comes to us in America that we do not know how to pronounce English names. Our robust Americans, while consorting in Britain with the Britons, have inflicted terrible blows on British sensibilities, such as, for instance, dumping the contents of a boiled egg on a dish. My, aint it awful! And when we occasionally learn a new—to us—pronunciation of a hitherto mispronounced English name we are apt to feel that we have made a distinct advance in, well, say belles lettres. Only it is terribly discouraging, as we Americans seem by instinct to pronounce the majority of the English names radically different from the way they say them in the British Isles. Marjoribanks, for instance, and Cholmondeley: what traps they are for the unwary. We have mastered them long since, but much good that does us, for nearly every three-syllabled English name is a trap, and our education in respect to a good, high-class, high-sounding British name always remains uncompleted. Therefore we drew a sigh of relief in "Peg o' My Heart" when we learned to round another dangerous reef by discovering that, correctly pronounced, Chichester rhymes with "rich sister."

The Chichesters are the haughty patricians in "Peg o' My Heart" who deride, and despise, and snub red-haired Peg, who has arrived from New York with a choice assortment of newspaper packages, a "just plain dog," mussy curls, and a costume of dubious cut. Peg is really a lihel on New York. If Peg had been the real thing her red hair would have been done in the very latest style; you know—the way the girls do it up in the candy stores. She might have come from a slum tenement, but somehow she would have a tailor suit of more fashionable cut than is allowed by the author, and when the toploftical Chichesters began to snub her Peg, haughtily fingering the hair protuberances over her ears at frequent intervals, while in between she polished the finger-nails of one hand on the back of the other, or pushed a stray hair tendril under her hair net, Peg, in her best department-store manner—you know, as they do when the humble purchaser finds that the article called for is not within her means—now let's see, what's the subject of this sentence? Oh, yes, it's Peg, the unconquerable; Peg, then, would reduce them there sassy swells to such humbled mince-meat that they would crawl out of their exclusive drawing-room on all fours, leaving her all the honors of victory.

But J. Hartley Manners was writing a nice little sentimental appeal to that old-fashioned tradition—the tradition on which all melodramas are based—that all the virtues are in the poor and all the cussedness in the rich. There's a lot in it—for the drama, I mean. Even such a realist and master-craftsman as Pinero has used it. It works well, and the Alcazar audiences of the week are responding with soft hearts and sympathetic laughter to red-headed Peg's Irish beguilements.

Peg and "me father"—who never appears—belong to the stage Irish; that hoarily traditional collection of limber-tongued, quick-witted, tender-hearted, loyal-souled, chronically

impecunious gentry who, George Bernard Shaw insists, exist purely in the imagination.

But J. Hartley Manners writes for non-realists. He had two things in mind while getting up the play: one the personality of his wife, Laurette Taylor. The other the kind of public that is firmly welded to the tradition of the stage Irishman—or Irishwoman.

Peg's invisible father represents one and Peg the other. The Chichester family represents the idle and anathematized rich. Jerry is forgiven for being a baronet and rich because he shows, not only a warm appreciation for Peg's humble charms and virtues, but a courteous indifference to the Chichester womenfolk. And so strong is the tradition, in

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"That's a trifle, of course.

"But a defective faucet does not continue to leak drop by drop for a year—or for a month.

"Faucet leakage gets steadily and rapidly worse.

"Almost before you notice, the faucet that leaked drop by drop is leaking a steady stream.

"Instead of costing you half a mill a day it now costs you half a dollar, a dollar, or even more.

"At the end of the month you find that you are paying more for water wasted than for water beneficially used.

"It is easy to fix a leaking faucet—all it needs is a new washer."

In pointing the moral of all this, the men in our Service Department take liberties with the old proverb, thus:

"A washer in time saves money."

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drama of this class, that the rich are no good that I felt quite a jolt of simple-minded amazement when the fatuous Alaric showed affection for his mother and kissed her or patted her hand.

Mr. Manners indulges without shame in the old convention that people can turn around suddenly, as did Ethel, at the last, toward Peg. However, on the whole he has been rather more reasonable than one might expect in several particulars, and he has succeeded in writing a play enshrining a character that has captured the popular heart.

This character—that of Peg—staled though it might be with frequent repetition, Inez Ragan portrays with a thorough-going, wholesome heartiness that makes it seem almost fresh and new. She made of Peg such a vigorous, independent-minded young Hebe that the sentimental side of the character did not obtrude. The brogue, too, had a fine Irish flavor, and altogether Miss Ragan managed to bring her and Peg's personality into very harmonious concord.

Mrs. Emelie Melville, silk-trained and lace-lapped, represented the formidable aunt of the unwelcome stranger with a full complement of the terrifying suggestion attached to the person of the blameless British matron of wealth and social station.

Emily Pinter effectively emphasized the coldness and aversion of Peg's inaccessible cousin, and Ben Erway stressed successfully the general helplessness, combined with fatuous self-satisfaction, of Cousin Alaric. Dudley Ayres merely had to be a pleasant and kind friend to Peg, who so severely relegated to Coventry. Rafael Brunetto, who has been having lots of training in a variety of rôles, is now established in the favor of a public aware of his conscientious work; he appeared as the lawyer. Brady Kline as Brent, a sort of near-villain, was well played, and Al Cunningham and Jean Oliver played the rôles of the well-starched butler and the derisive maid.

Altogether a very satisfactorily presented representation of a play long popular, and now, probably, soon to be retired in favor of later successes.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Firing a test shot with its barrel full of water was the unusual performance of an improved form of gun for shooting a life line over a wrecked vessel in recent official trials (says the *Popular Mechanics Magazine*). A one-piece shell containing powder and projectile gives the new gun a great advantage over the old muzzle-loading type. The barrel may be regulated to elevations of 30, 45, 60, or 80 degrees, and its range is 1700 feet. The barrel is readily carried by one man, and the one-piece carriage has a pair of wheels for easy hauling. The firing mechanism is actuated by a lanyard, and the life line, attached to the projectile, unwinds from the centre of the reel without kinking.

In Germany, when an engagement to marry takes place, the gentleman is immediately called the bridegroom, the lady the bride. The couple at once begin making calls upon their friends to receive their felicitations.

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"LINGER LONGER LETTY"

Beginning Monday eve., Aug. 2—JANE COWL in "SMILIN' THROUGH."

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The Audacious Adventures of Ambitious Youth,
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The Columbia Theatre.

The New Bostonians at the Columbia Theatre will bring to a close their season at the Columbia Theatre with a superb revival of the most delightful romantic opera of all time, "The Bohemian Girl." This is perhaps the most popular of all the lighter operas and its numbers have been sung so often in public and in private that every one is familiar with the principal features of the score, notably "Then You'll Remember Me," "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," "A Heart Bowed Down," and "Gipsy Life." The production of "The Bohemian Girl" will have an ideal cast. Mabel Riegelman will be heard in the rôle of Orline. Others in the cast are J. Humbird Duffey, Clara Irene Gray, Marie Horgan, Edward Quinn, Detmar Poppin. Matinees are announced for Wednesday and Saturday.

The Curran Theatre.

Oliver Morosco's latest musical-comedy success, with Charlotte Greenwood as the star, will begin the fourth and last week of its engagement tomorrow night at the Curran Theatre. "Linger Longer Letty" is a sequel to "So Long Letty," the famous song-and-dance show in which the monumental comedienne was last seen here.

This is a better show than "So Long Letty," mainly because it offers Miss Greenwood a more generous opportunity. She is on the stage most of the time, but not enough to satisfy the audiences. The rôle she plays is that of a household drudge who, being left at home from a party by her selfish sisters, gets angry and goes on a strike.

Miss Greenwood is ably supported by Robert Higgins, who makes an excellent foil for Miss Greenwood's quicker antics. The music that goes with the comedy is tuneful. The "Linger Longer Letty" song has a slow haunting cadence not easily forgotten.

The Alcazar Theatre.

From the laughter and pathos of "Peg o' My Heart" the players of the New Alcazar next Sunday will turn to the American comedy, "A Tailor Made Man." Its hero, plucky, resourceful, highly charged with the magnetic force that gives to youngsters the power to conquer obstacles, is a clothes-presser through necessity. While ironing out the creases in a plutocrat's "dress suit" it occurs to him that he would like to be a plutocrat himself, just to see how it feels. Calmly arraying himself in borrowed finery he invades a fashionable function financed by 17 cents of his own and a fifty-dollar bill that he finds in the purloined vest pocket. He is a swift worker and quickly rises to dizzy eminence in high society and big business. Keen wit and smart satire are hilariously blended in the novel play, which enjoyed extraordinary success here as in the East. It requires the largest cast assembled in years at the Alcazar—some twenty-five speaking characters. Dudley Ayres personates John Paul Bart; Inez Ragan, fascinating Tanya, the tailor's daughter; Alfred Hesse, of Ethel Barrymore's New York company, the foreign Dr. Sonntag, and Henry Shumer, the gentle old tailor, with Emily Pinter, Jean Oliver, Gladys Emmons, Eunice Gilman, Grace Finnell, Brady Kline, Ben Erway, Rafael Brunetto, Al Cunningham, and the standard favorites heavily reinforced.

"Fair and Warner," due Sunday, August 1st, is fast and furious frivolity. It has never before been staged at the Alcazar.

The Orpheum.

A bill especially heavy with notable headliners is scheduled to appear at the Orpheum Sunday. "Rubeville," Jack Wyatt and his Scotch lads and lassies, Solly Ward and company, Irene Franklin with Bert Green, and the "Creole Fashion Plate" constitute the lineup of celebrities.

"Rubeville" depicts rural life as it was before the day when autos took a firm hold on the farming districts. Harry B. Watson and Reg B. Merville will continue to depict rubes in the nightly assemblage around the cross-roads grocery store. The silver cornet band will continue to be an attraction.

Jack Wyatt's Scotch lads and lassies will interpret dances direct from their native country. These numbers will be flavored with sufficient American style and dash to render them doubly fast and fitted for vaudeville.

A satirical comedy, "Babies" will be depicted by Solly Ward, a Sam Bernard sort of comedian, and Marion Murray. How a quarreling married couple were held together by a flock of babies from an orphanage will be revealed.

Irene Franklin and the "Creole Fashion Plate" will remain for one more week.

Jim and Marian Harkins will talk about their neighbors in their bright turn in which gossip is the keynote of their fun. Francis Yates and Gus Reed in "Double Crossing," Jeanette Childs, and Bert and Hazel Skatelle in a surprising dancing novelty are the other newcomers. Pictorial weekly events, topics of

the day, and the Orpheum orchestra are other attractions.

Anderson's "Frivolities."

San Francisco has paid homage to G. M. Anderson's "Frivolities of 1920" as the most brilliant revue ever brought here from New York. The management of the Columbia Theatre has arranged to offer the production for a run of two weeks, commencing with Monday night, August 2d. The immense stage of the Columbia Theatre will allow for the complete New York and Chicago presentation of the revue, all the many handsome stage settings and dozens of costumes being used to the best possible advantage and with excellent display. Some new features will be introduced for the Columbia Theatre engagement and all the old favorites will be seen and heard.

Antonio Scotti.

Antonio Scotti will appear here with a company of 150 from the Metropolitan Opera House the week beginning October 4th at the Exposition Auditorium.

Mr. Scotti is in the prime of his powers and abilities, and never has he sung or acted with greater effect than during the recent season of the Metropolitan Opera, where he appeared in a round of his leading rôles to the undiminished delight of his countless admirers in New York.

Seen at the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Scotti did not seem in the least oppressed by the weight of his managerial cares and responsibilities, but looked and spoke like a man of uncommon energy and action. The best of good fellows, there is no more popular figure at the Metropolitan Opera before or behind the curtain, and he carries the good-will of all his associates as a full-fledged impresario.

BUDAPEST VS. VIENNA.

Conditions at Vienna and Budapest, formerly the proud capitals of the Hapsburg Empire, but now reduced by defeat to misery and insignificance, are compared by the correspondent of a London paper. He writes:

"If it was always easy to draw a contrast between Vienna and Budapest the task today is easier than ever. The two cities are now spiritually the antithesis the one of the other, with the balance, so far as material comforts are concerned, heavily in favor of Budapest.

"The casual stranger coming to Vienna would not, perhaps, realize at first into what a plight the city has fallen. So long as he remains in the wealthy quarters of the town he will find shops still stocked with furs, jewelry, leatherwork goods, and the hundred and one articles of luxury that one finds only in a proud capital; he will find the opera and theatres in full swing; he will find the same crowds in the countless cafés, the same luxurious hotels. But disillusionment comes quickly.

"When I left Vienna three days ago the population was undergoing a reduced weekly ration which allotted 1027 grams (about two pounds) of bread and 125 grams (one-fourth pound) of cooking flour to hard workers, and 587 grams (a little over one pound) of bread and 125 grams of cooking flour to other people. The children even of well-to-do people apply to be fed at the kitchens instituted by the American and other charitable missions.

"Nourishing food is the universal desideratum. To quote a personal experience: I brought with me to Vienna a year ago several tins of dripping, some of which I have employed as dubbin on the leaky paper shoes that one buys there in exchange for equally worthless paper money. An Austrian friend was horrified at such profusion, and, acting on his hint, I now find that if one wants to see an official quickly or get anything done, a tin of dripping has all the persuasive eloquence of the sovereigns which Sherlock Holmes used to handle abstractedly before dilatory hansom cab drivers.

"In Budapest the food conditions are distinctly better. Such rationing as exists is more honored in the breach than in the observance. Meatless days are unknown, and if the poor do not get a regular supply of bread, and if sugar and potatoes are practically unobtainable, the workmen are somehow obtaining a sufficiency of vegetables and other farm products.

"In Vienna one can not walk fifty yards down the Ring without being accosted by beggars. Apart from war cripples, I have never yet seen a beggar in Budapest. This fact is significant of the entirely different spirit animating the two countries today. The Austrian is utterly down and out. He appears to have no energy left except to sit in cafés and read the newspapers during the daytime and to listen to music in the same cafés during the evening.

"With very few exceptions the government is equally spineless, and the conditions in general are not unlike what obtained here under the Karolyi régime. The provinces are in no mood to aid a capital where the soldiers and workmen's councils have long instituted a system of Bolshevism *au lait*, and if Vienna avoids falling into the same abyss as did



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Budapest it will be due more to the apathy even of the revolutionaries than to any energetic counter measure of their opponents.

"Budapest is in a very different frame of mind. The reaction from Bolshevism and the departure of the Roumanians have induced a strongly national, even a chauvinistic, temper among the people. Sensible, clear-thinking men, such as the prime minister, M. Huszar, or Admiral Horthy, may see well enough what is in Hungary's interest, but large sections of people, including even business men, speak freely of the inevitable revanche against the Roumanians and of the certitude that the Slovaks will soon come back again automatically to Hungary.

"One should not, perhaps, take this exaltation too seriously, but it can not have escaped notice that among the conditions of recognition of the Huszar government Sir George Clerk laid down that the Hungarians were to abstain from making any attack upon their neighbors and were to respect the provisional boundaries of the country pending the final delimitation by the peace conference. The conclusion of peace and the restoration of normal conditions with a democratically elected Parliament will doubtless do much to turn men's minds into more peaceful channels, but an impartial observer is bound to record the present national excitement and even to admire the elasticity of temperament which can so quickly recover from three months of enemy occupation superimposed upon the long months of Bolshevism under Count Karolyi and Bela Kun."

A Chinese government representative who was new to American ways came to the home of an eminent New York banker for a week's visit. It was winter, but he came without baggage, and yet every day he appeared at dinner with a change of garments. At first his hostess wondered how he managed it, but soon she discovered that his body was his trunk, and that instead of putting his clothes into a trunk, he put his trunk into his clothes. His garments were like the layers of an onion, except that any layer might be worn on the outside, and as some of his gowns—for such they might be called—were of silk, lined with fur, or fur lined with silk, he could wear them either side out, at will.

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Beg. Monday, July 26—FINAL WEEK
THE NEW BOSTONIANS
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Superb Revival of the Most Brilliant Romantic Opera of All Time
"THE BOHEMIAN GIRL"
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Next Week—Starting Sunday.
"RUBEVILLE," featuring JACK WYATT'S Harry B. Watson and SCOTCH LADS & LASSIES. Reg. B. Merville. Jim & Marian Harkins. SALLY WARD & CO. A Satirical Comedy in one act, "Babies." JEANETTE CHILDS, IRENE FRANKLIN, with BURTON GREEN. YATES & REED. "CREOLE FASHION PLATE." SKATELLES.

VANITY FAIR.

What ought to be done with the possessions of a king who has been ousted—"fired," if we may permit ourselves to use the language of the street? Doubtless there are historical precedents if one only had time to search for them. A good many kings have been dropped by the wayside in the checkered course of human affairs, but generally an Amurath has succeeded an Amurath, and the new ruler has willingly, even eagerly, assumed the revenues of his predecessor. But there are very few instances where a monarchy has given place to a republic, or where royal fortunes have been placed suddenly in the possession of the elected of the people. What ought the people to do with them? Are they to be regarded in the light of private property, or do they "go with the job," so to speak?

The present German government is a little perplexed by this problem. The delightful Hohenzollerns have lodged a claim for about 1,000,000,000 marks, and the obsequious National Convention would have instantly passed that claim but for the resistance of the Socialists, who believed that such an action would be a reflection on the great new German democracy, as indeed it would. None the less the Socialists were quite willing to compromise. They were willing to vote an income for the Hohenzollerns that would enable them to live with decency, and this, by the way, is a thing that very few Hohenzollerns have ever yet been able to do. Eventually the matter was postponed, presumably until such time as the world should be looking another way, or should have something else to think about, which might easily happen at any moment.

The Hohenzollern claim does not represent cash alone. A large part of it consists of castles and palaces, and of these there are no less than twenty eminently desirable residences, as the real estate men would say, scattered all over Germany and in an admirable state of repair. Then there are fifty smaller castles, shooting lodges, and country houses. One wonders how it feels to own seventy castles, and to have to consult a card index every time one wanted to go away for a week-end.

But there is a good deal of ready cash, unavoidably left behind through the exigencies of the emperor's departure. It was deposited in all sorts of places, but the sum of 150,000,000 marks has been traced, and the jurists are now trying to determine to whom it belongs. If we were the German government we would first spend the money and then the jurists would be able to approach their task with that deliberative leisure so essential to justice. None of the Hohenzollern family has any private fortune. They have lived on their pay from a grateful people and they will be in dire straits if their castles and their cash should now be sequestered. The suicide of Prince Joachim is supposed to have been due to financial worries.

The Kaiser's brother-in-law, Prince Frederick Leopold, is almost the only Hohenzollern who was in any way rich in his own right. He is supposed to have a fortune of about 70,000,000 marks, which ought to be enough to

keep the wolf from the door. But Prince Leopold is insanely extravagant, and some years ago his fortune was placed under a guardianship, luckily for him. His chief eccentricity was an inordinate love for trousers. It seems rather a curious article on which to lavish the tenderness of a loving heart. Not but what trousers are important. No wise man will neglect them, nor ever appear in public without them. It invariably leads to comment. But trousers should be kept in their place. They should not be allowed to monopolize the affections.

Prince Leopold used to order his trousers literally by the hundred. No one ever found out quite what he did with them. His chief trouble was with the creases. They refused to "stay put," and it may be said that better men than he have found the same difficulty and have had to live it down. But it occurred to the mighty mind of Prince Leopold that if he could only refrain from bending his knees his trousers would not only remain creased, but he could also save them from that sartorial deformation known as hagginess. Now walking is not necessarily fatal to the "set" of the trousers, but no man who really respects his trousers will ever sit down. The process of hitching up the trousers when one takes a seat—it must be done sometimes—is a palliative, but only a palliative. It is not a remedy. So Prince Leopold ordered two dozen automobiles, so constructed as to permit him to stretch his legs without bending his knees. It was not wholly satisfactory, but then what is? At best it is an imperfect world, and not even our finest art can wholly compensate for the heedless deficiencies of nature. Prince Leopold must sometimes have wished that he were a Highlander instead of a Prussian. Then he could have dispensed with trousers altogether, and their innate cussedness would have troubled him no more.

The German government has therefore a hard problem to solve, but it is safe to predict that it will not allow the Hohenzollerns to lack bread, nor even a little butter to spread upon it. Already several million marks' worth of furniture and fittings have been sent from the German royal palaces to Doorn in Holland. It is not likely that we shall have to arrange for a "pencil day" or a "button day" to relieve the needs of the Hohenzollerns.

It is almost a relief to turn from the Hohenzollerns to the Bonapartes. There were had sheep in plenty among the Bonapartes, but there were none that made us physically sick. At least they spared us their pieties. Louis Napoleon was rather a contemptible figure, but not actually a hateful one, and the Empress Eugénie, while she had many fundamental concepts that were loathsome to us, was never known to do anything mean.

There was no reason why Eugénie should have had imperial ideas. She was not born with them. Indeed she was poor and obscure. The Countess Montijo, after the death of her husband, took both her daughters abroad and every one knew that the object of the journey was to find husbands for them. In London they met the Countess Walewska, whose brother asked permission to present his friend, Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, who was then an exile and living a penurious life in Leicester Square. The prince fell in love with Eugénie and the Duke of Alba fell in love with her sister. The young women had not done so badly after all.

The crowned heads of Europe did not like Eugénie. She was not royal. For a long time there was no recognition for Eugénie. If royal blood was to be tainted in this way, who could tell what the result might be? But the boycott came to an end. Boycotts always do. We knew a man once who married a Democrat, but he lived it down. When Eugénie was married a scribe of that day, who doubtless had his own enmities to gratify, wrote that the French people "hailed with universal acclamation the auspicious wedding of the daughter of Herodias with Judas Iscariot."

What memories Eugénie must have had. There must have been perpetual visions before her fading sight, and sometimes there must have been curious blendings of blood and triumph. At the opening of the Suez Canal she wore a dress that cost \$25,000, and it was subsequently given in payment of a debt when the dark days came and she had to fly from Paris. It is said that this same dress was afterwards brought to America and it may still be in existence somewhere.

Eugénie was curiously insensitive to justice so far as the people were concerned. She could hardly conceive that there were any rights other than those of her class. When she was expelled from the Tuilleries she compared her sufferings with those of the butterfly tortured by cruel boys. But in her case it was the cruel butterfly that had been torturing the boys. When Victor Hugo wrote his terrible "Napoleon the Little," after the massacre which had given her husband his throne, she said: "What offense can we have given to this M. Hugo that he should speak of us like this?"

Some one, writing of Eugénie's early days at court said:

"No one knew better than the Empress Eugénie that the throne to which she had been so magically raised rested upon a shaky base. She thought of the future and saw that her court was not what she would have wished it to be. All France's most illustrious citizens were in exile or living in hostile retirement."

"The grand seigneurs of the old nobility—such men as the Dukes of Noailles, La Rochefoucauld, and Luynes—although every means was tried to win them over, refused with something more than contempt to appear at the Tuilleries, while from foreign courts came the echoes of biting epigrams uttered by the leading potentates of Europe at the expense of the new régime."

"It was hoped that the political visit which Queen Victoria paid to Paris in 1852 would induce other crowned heads to follow suit, and the crowned heads came indeed, but they would not bring their wives with them. The court receptions continued to be gatherings of enriched adventurers, place hunters, traveling princes, and foreign tourists. To the very end the empress felt keenly the odor of disrepute which hung over such a court."

There have been many kindly summaries of the character of Eugénie. She had her virtues, and they were many. But will any one ever write a kindly summary of the character of the Kaiser?

ROMAN PROFITEERS.

"Who has so dull a breast or is so alien to the feeling of humanity that he can be ignorant, say rather that he has not seen with his own eyes, that in commodities which are bought and sold in markets or handled in the daily trade of cities extravagance in prices has gone so far that the unbridled lust of plunder could be moderated neither by abundant supplies nor fruitful seasons?"

Who indeed?

The question would have been a fitting introduction to the ruminations of any modern philosopher, but it was asked instead by Diocletian in the year 301 A. D.—all of which shows that there is nothing new under the sun, and that high prices, and possibly revolutions and prohibition and other matters, are only visiting the world again, and somewhere in the cycle the pleasanter things are returning also.

One can not feel feeling (says the New York Evening Post) that Diocletian had the right idea in dealing with the situation, for he said further: "And to the avarice of those who are always eager to turn to their own profit even the blessings of God, and to check the tide of general prosperity: . . . who, individually possessed of immense fortunes which might have enriched whole peoples to their heart's content, seek private gain and are bent upon ruinous percentages; to their avarice regard for humanity persuades us . . . to set a limit." Diocletian sets forth the defects of various practices, all too familiar to need repetition, and concludes his edict with a "list of commodities and services and the maximum prices beyond which it is unlawful to sell or serve." He added the significant statement that those who found fault with these restrictions were men "whose avarice could be appeased neither by the prosperity of the times nor by the riches for which they have manifestly striven—nor indeed by high prices," and directed that those who should "proceed holdly against the prescriptions of this decree" would become liable to capital punishment.

The "maximum prices" are interesting by way of comparison and makes us feel that life in the days of Diocletian was much less complex and difficult—even before he put the curb on profiteers. The prices fixed for meat and fish varied from 8 to 16 dinarii per pound, and as authorities place the dinarii at values from one-half to one cent, it seems that profiteering was held in check. A chicken could bring not more than 60 dinarii and an entire "turtle dove" could be bought for 12. Consider a land where the high price limit for eggs was either 6 or 12 cents a dozen, according to which "rate of exchange" one decides to accept. It is not surprising that these ancients were able to calculate in terms of a coin which could scarcely be seen at the present time. Using the higher rate of exchange, cheese came at 12 cents a pound, cauliflowers were five for 4 cents, and "second rate" ones might be had at ten for 4 cents. Onions were twenty-five for 3 cents or fifty second-rate ones at the same price. The second-rate variety seems to have applied to most foodstuffs, and this variety of vegetable came at 1 cent each. Second-rate apples sold at the rate of five for a cent—and it must be remembered that these were all the high price limits.

As for the laborer, his services came at rates varying from 2 to 70 cents per day, according to his trade. The only exception is in the case of the "figure painter," who, we take it, is otherwise known as an artist and who, strangely enough, received more than twice the remuneration common to the "wall painter." "Second-rate" laborers are not men-

tioned and were doubtless subject to the same wage scale.

The edict of Diocletian limited the price on certain types of shoes to 30 dinarii a pair, and shoes ranged from this variety to the very finest "shoes for patricians," for which 150 dinarii might be asked. Other articles of apparel were valued on a similar scale, as, for instance, "a woman's plain, common tunic" for 16 dinarii and a "cloak" at the same price. Wines could be sold as high as 30 dinarii per pint and a half in some instances, while the more ordinary varieties could not be held above 8 and 16 dinarii. Beer was sold at from 2 to 4 dinarii, according to quality. But it all happened seventeen hundred years ago. If these were the days of wickedness and avarice described by Diocletian, the tranquil times of that same ancient epoch must have been worth living for.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Alice Keeler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Starr Keeler, and Rev. Henry Ohlthoff of San Francisco was solemnized Monday at the Keeler residence in San Rafael. The bride was unattended. Mr. A. Starr Keeler, Jr., was the best man. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Rev. and Mrs. Ohlthoff will reside in San Francisco, where they have taken a house on Steiner Street.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon and Mrs. James Haggins were the guests of honor at a luncheon given a few days ago in Montecito by Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Joel Fithian, Mr.

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and Mrs. Waldron Gillespie, and Mr. and Mrs. John Jefferson.

Mrs. Hoyt Perry was a luncheon hostess Friday, entertaining at her home in Belvedere in honor of Mrs. George Pinckard and Mrs. Ralston Page.

Mrs. John Clark gave a luncheon Tuesday, complimenting Mrs. Clarence Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike were dinner hosts on Tuesday, their guests having been Dr. and Mrs. Alanson Weeks, Mr. and Mrs. George Baker, and Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Belknap.

Mrs. Anna Voorhies Bishop gave a tea Tuesday at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

Mrs. Henry Crocker and Miss Mary Julia Crocker gave a house party over the week-end at Cloverdale.

Commander William Van Antwerp gave a dinner Friday at the Burlingame Country Club. Among his guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker,

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Scott, Count and Countess André de Limur, Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mrs. Christian de Guigné, Mrs. Jane Selby Hayne, Miss Ysabel Chase, Captain Ronald Banon, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mr. Harry Scott, and Mr. Prescott Scott.

Miss Edna Taylor gave a luncheon several days ago at Menlo Park, complimenting Miss Jeanette Riley and Miss Jean Howard.

To celebrate the fall of the Bastille Mr. and Mrs. Paul Verdier were dinner hosts on July 14th at their home in Burlingame. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent, Mrs. Jane Selby Hayne, Mrs. Christian de Guigné, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Ysabel Chase, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Lorna Williamson, Mr. William Tevis, Jr., Count André de Limur, Captain Ronald Banon, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Harry Hunt, Consul J. Nefner, and Mr. Frank Carolan.

Mrs. Richard Derby and Mrs. Henry Bergin gave a reception several days ago at Fort Mason in compliment to Mrs. C. C. Ross. Among those present were Mrs. Alfred Hammersmith, Mrs. George Ebricht, Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mrs. Ernest Folger, Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Frank Helm, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Wallace Irwin, Mrs. Rosario Ruano, and Mrs. Charles Ford.

Mrs. James Flood entertained at a children's birthday party several days ago in honor of Master James Flood, Jr.

Miss Katherine Ramsey gave a dinner and bridge party Thursday evening at the Burlingame Country Club. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mrs. Jane Selby Hayne, Miss Ysabel Chase, Mrs. Christian de Guigné, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, and Mr. Russell Wilson.

Mr. Richard Tobin gave a dinner-dance on Saturday at the San Mateo Polo Club in honor of Miss Madeleine Raoul-Duval and Miss Elizabeth Raoul-Duval. Among the guests were Miss Rosario Moran, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Margaret Mohun, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Elizabeth Lacombe, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Dolly Kuhn, Mr. John Parrott, Mr. William Tevis, Jr., Mr. Breck McAllister, Mr. John Baldwin, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Mr. Jerome Kuhn, Mr. Stephen Parrott, Mr. Edward Dean, Mr. Elliot McAllister, Mr. Edward McNear, Jr., Mr. William Black, and Mr. William Dimond.

Complimenting Mrs. William Scaife of Pittsburg and her brother, Mr. Jerome Hill, Mr. and Mrs. William Kuhn entertained at a large dinner at their home in Burlingame last Saturday. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Fentriss Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cook, and Mrs. Bissel Spear.

Mr. and Mrs. Fentriss Hill gave a luncheon Sunday afternoon at the Burlingame Country Club. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pool, Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. William Kuhn, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean, Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. H. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. William Scaife, Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough, Mr. Jerome Hill, and Mr. Stanford Gwin.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kuhn gave a dinner Sunday at their Burlingame home, when they had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Fentriss Hill, Mrs. William Scaife, Mr. H. Bishop, Commander William Van Antwerp, Mr. Wendell Kuhn, and Mr. Jerome Hill.

Jackson, Wyoming, commercial and trade centre of the Jackson Hole section, once notorious as the stronghold of outlaws, has attained national attention by electing women to fill every position in the government of the town. Jackson is located fifty miles south of Yellowstone National Park, and though isolated is a progressive little city of 350 souls. Mrs. Grace R. Miller is mayor and the four council members are Mrs. Mae DeLaney, Mrs. Rose Crahtree, Mrs. Faustina Haight, and Mrs. Genevieve Van Vleck.

Wife—Could I have a little money for shopping today, dear? *Bibbins*—Certainly; would you rather have an old five or a new one? *Wife*—Why, a new one, of course. *Bibbins*—Here's the one. I'm four dollars to the good.—*Storyettes*.

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CURRENT VERSE.

Masks

You wear your mask.
And I wear mine;
And we are happy—
For we are fine.

And we are fearless,
For what we wear
Gives us valor,
Making us fair.

And giving us splendor,
Makes us be
Quick with our hands
In charity.

Yet are you ever
Drenched with a doubt
That a starrer eye
May find you out?

Or struck with quick fear—
Keen as a cry—
Lest the only deluded
Are you and I?

—Hazel Hall in the Nation.

The Cupboard.

What's in that cupboard, Mary?

Which cupboard, mother dear?

The cupboard of red mahogany

With handles shining clear.

That cupboard, dearest mother,

With shining crystal handles?

There's nought inside but rags and jags

And yellow tallow candles.

What's in that cupboard, Mary?

Which cupboard, mother mine?

That cupboard stands in your sunny chamber—

The silver corners shine.

There's nothing inside there, mother,

But wool and thread and flax.

And bits of faded silk and velvet

And candles of white wax.

What's in that cupboard, Mary?

And this time tell me true.

White clothes for an unborn baby, mother—

But what's the truth to you?

—From "Country Life," by Robert Graves. Published by Alfred A. Knopf.

The Laodiceans.

"To the Angel of the Church of the Laodiceans write . . . I know thy works, that thou art neither hot nor cold. I would thou wert cold or hot."

We are the Laodiceans: we know not the ice nor the fire;

We have never sprung to the edge of doom at the call of a brave desire;

We have basked in the tepid noon-tides; we have drawn an even breath;

We have never felt between our lips the savors of life or death.

We are the Laodiceans, loved not by God nor man; We boast in our ease or riches, and take what praise we can;

No love shall sear us with longing, no grief shall turn us to stone;

We shall not dance to the pipes of Spring, nor answer to joy or moan.

We are the Laodiceans: when God's great summons came, Cleaving the hosts of living men, as with a line of flame,

We were tossed aside like vagrant leaves at an idle wind's behest,

For we knew not the ways of battle, and we found not the ways of rest.

We are the Laodiceans: we have slight fear of Hell,

For even its master can not say, "Ye have done my bidding well."

And what for us would Heaven be, with its endless lift and range?

We are doomed to a passionless limbo, that knows not life nor change.

We are the Laodiceans: we care not for wrong nor right;

We have no part in a world's defense, no cause for which to fight;

The fruits of the ground are sweet; we would rest in our garden-places,

But God Himself shall drive us out, between the black star-spaces.

We are the Laodiceans: our fight is with only those

Who would send us to burning deserts, or whelm us in alien snows;

We feel no lure of march nor flight; we taste not hope nor shame;

And we die, in our visionless Eden, of a curse without a name.

—Marion Couthony Smith in the Weekly Review.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Homer King and daughter are motoring in the high Sierras and remaining some time at Huntington Lodge, Huntington Lake.

Mrs. Newton Booth Knox, who has spent some weeks in Paris, is now the guest of the Comtesse de Castellane at the Château de Sarignac. Mrs. Knox will spend August at Biarritz and go to London in the autumn.

Miss Alice Barrett Greenwood sailed for Honolulu on the Chinese Mail steamship *Nanking* on July 14th, and will not return to San Francisco until September.

Miss Frances V. Elliott, who has been visiting Eastern relatives for the past two years, and Mrs. Eugene Schule (Katharine Elliott), late of Dresden, Saxony, are now with their sister, Mrs. H. G. Ponting, on College Avenue, Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Miss Isabelle McCreery, and Mr. Richard McCreery formed a party which left Burlingame Saturday for a tour of the high Sierras. Feather River Inn was their first destination, where they will remain a week before proceeding to Tahoe.

Mrs. Stetson Winslow returned Saturday from

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Santa Barbara, where she had passed a fortnight as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher.

Mr. Roderick White arrived Friday from Southern California and has joined Mr. and Mrs. Stewart White at Burlingame.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Kierstedt and Mrs. P. McG. McBean passed the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Rice of Honolulu are visiting at Del Monte Lodge for a few weeks.

Mr. Walter Filer left Friday to join Mrs. Filer and Miss Lawton Filer at Montecito.

Mrs. Charles Raoul-Duval, Miss Madeleine Raoul-Duval, and Miss Elizabeth Raoul-Duval will leave on July 29th for Paris to join Captain Raoul-Duval.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hitt have arrived from Washington and have taken a house at Montecito for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery are returning from France, where they had gone for their wedding tour, and, accompanied by Miss Helen Crocker, will arrive in California the last of July.

Mr. and Mrs. William Magee and Miss Elizabeth Magee will leave Sunday for a trip to Tahoe.

Mr. George Pope, Jr., Mr. Kenneth Pope, and Mr. Gordon Hitchcock left on Saturday for a fortnight at Feather River Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt Perry spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Allen and Miss Allyse Allen will return next week from their camping trip in the Sierras.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Pinckard are enjoying a fortnight's visit at Lake Tahoe, where they are the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Mein.

Mrs. William Newhall, Jr., and Miss Elizabeth Adams, who have been spending the week at Del Monte, have returned to San Francisco.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan arrived from Los Angeles several days ago to spend a few weeks with Mr. Cosmo Morgan, Jr., in this city.

Mrs. James Hall Bishop is at Lake Tahoe, where she will remain for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Polhemus, who have been spending a month at Aetna Springs, returned here Saturday.

Mr. Gardner Williams is spending the summer at Lake Tahoe with Mr. and Mrs. William Mein.

Mrs. Clinton Walker left several days ago for Santa Barbara. Mrs. Walker will not return to Piedmont until the first of August.

Mrs. Malcolm Whitman and Miss Barbara Harrison left Friday for Lake Tahoe and Feather River Inn, where they will spend a few weeks.

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and Miss Sallie Calhoun are spending a few days at Hoplands with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Foster.

Mrs. Lawrence Symmes arrived here from New York a few days ago to spend several months in Mill Valley with Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White.

Miss Mildred Calhoun is spending several days at Bolinas.

Dr. and Mrs. Bolling Lee have postponed their trip to California this summer and will spend the season at their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John Van Horne, accompanied by Mr. Homer Van Horne, left a few days ago for a trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Vladimir Shavitch are spending a week in New York, before sailing on July 31st for Europe. They will make their future home in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Rulison Knox returned last week from Southern California, where they had gone for their wedding trip, and are staying with Judge and Mrs. William Hunt in Ross. They will leave in September for their future home in Minnesota.

Mrs. Harry Stetson returned Sunday from the Atlantic coast, after an absence of three months.

Mr. Charles Alexander arrived here a few days ago from New York. He is at the Bohemian Grove at present, going from there to the home of Mr. William Crocker the latter part of the month.

Miss Aileen McWilliams is spending a fortnight in Burlingame as the house guest of Mrs. John Jackson.

Dr. and Mrs. Alfred Spalding left several days ago for Lake Tahoe, where they will pass three or four weeks. Later in the season Dr. and Mrs. Spalding will go to Del Monte.

Miss Dorothy Clark spent the week-end at Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. John Jackson.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McComas have closed their home at Pebble Beach to spend a month on the Arizona desert.

Mrs. Scott Brooke and Miss Newell Brown are at Bolinas, where they will remain until the first of August.

Mr. Stephen Parrott has arrived from the Atlantic coast to spend the summer in San Mateo. Since leaving Harvard Mr. Parrott has been visiting Miss Josephine Parrott in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page have taken a house at Bolinas, where they will remain throughout the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Baker and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike left this week for Monterey to remain several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Baker will not return to the Atlantic coast until September.

Colonel and Mrs. David McKell are enjoying a stay of a few weeks at the Yosemite Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Page are enjoying a few days' visit with Mrs. Arthur Page in Belvedere.

Mrs. Alexander Heyneman is spending several weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Léon Morris, accompanied by Mrs. Henriette Morris and Miss Eleanor Morris, left last week for a trip through Southern California. They will visit in Los Angeles before returning north.

Mrs. Roy Bishop and Mrs. George Somers are at Lake Tahoe with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Law.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Mendell spent the week-end at Feather River Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Plummer are spending the month of July at Aetna Springs.

Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt left Friday for Feather River Inn, where she will pass a fortnight.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood, accompanied by Mr. Ralph Earle, left on Wednesday for Santa Bar-

bara, where he will visit Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Walter are spending a portion of their wedding tour at Feather River Inn.

Mrs. Charles Gove is spending the week at Montecito with Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher.

Miss Delphine Rosenfelt will arrive next week from Portland to visit Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland.

Miss Bessie Zane has returned from visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Whittier in Los Gatos.

Hotel Oakland recent arrivals: Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Howland, St. Louis; Mr. H. P. Offer, Seattle; Mr. W. C. Woods, Sacramento; Mr. M. E. Diehl, Fresno; Miss Dorothy Kent, Pasadena.

Among arrivals at the Hotel Whitecomb recently were Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Van Lueben and son, Kobe, Japan; Mr. and Mrs. B. H. de Man, Vancouver, B. C.; Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Baber, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. Con Danielson, St. Louis; Mr. L. M. Sussman, Los Angeles; Mr. C. Milne, London; Mr. E. M. Opperman, Marshfield, Oregon; Mr. H. R. Rookmaaher, Hongkong; Mr. H. S. Van der Kwast, Java; Mr. A. W. Hucker, Dutch East Indies; Mr. C. M. Jordan, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Benton, Sacramento; Mr. F. H. Stoll and family, The Hague, Holland; Mr. John Fest, San Diego; Mrs. Adolph Messmer, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Mathewson, Omaha, Nebraska.

Arrivals at the Palace Hotel are Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president Columbia University, New York; Mr. Henry S. Pritchett, president Carnegie Foundation, New York; Mr. E. R. Eldridge, Portland, Oregon; Mr. Lorin A. Handley, Los Angeles; Dr. H. A. Gallup, San Luis Obispo; Mr. D. W. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Cryer, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hopiath, New York City; Mr. A. W. Heavenrich, Mr. Gerald Fitzgerald, Los Angeles; Mr. S. Francis Crookes, Auckland, New Zealand; Mr. Hong Sling, Mr. E. Thorp, Hongkong; Judge and Mrs. W. A. Rothberger, Denver; Mr. Reese Llewellyn, Los Angeles; Mr. G. Kroupsky, Peking; Mr. and Mrs. Van Der Tas, Batavia; Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Kingsley, New York City; Mr. James D. Hoge, Seattle.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel St. Francis are Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Jeandrou and their two daughters, Misses Aileen and Genevieve, Orange, New Jersey; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Oherleder, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. Schwabacher, Seattle; Mr. Richard Klegin, New York City; Mr. F. H. Sheppard, Kansas City; Mr. Rex E. Borde, Klamath Falls; Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Moore, Chicago; Mr. Otto Carmichael, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. Guy W. Young, Jr., Napa; Mr. and Mrs. Herman Berg, Marysville; Mr. Al St. John, Los Angeles; Mr. Walter D. Medart, St. Louis; Mr. W. L. Gold, Milwaukee; Mr. H. L. Auminier, Manila; Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Harris, Shanghai; Mr. C. K. G. Billings, Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pennington, Wilmington, Delaware; Mrs. S. S. Childs and family, New York City.

Among the arrivals at Shasta Springs resort during the week from the Bay cities were Mr. George E. Webber, Mr. Conrad Muesdorffer, Ross; Mr. Alfred C. Skaffe, Miss S. E. Beal, Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Solomon, Mr. W. H. Smith, Miss A. Rowley, Mr. R. Feeley, Mr. D. G. Feeley, Mr. I. M. Feeley, Mr. E. H. Conklin, Mr. William Conklin, Mr. E. R. Conklin, Mrs. M. C. Porter, Mr. A. C. Rodriguez, Mrs. T. F. Barry, Miss Aimee L. Barry, Dr. and Mrs. Frank C. Pague, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Canfield, Mr. T. A. Duffy, Mr. D. G. Curtis; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Lick, Miss Christine Hart, Miss Pauline Hart, Mr. H. J. Sneath, Mr. George E. Richards, Mr. J. S. Loventhal, Mr. J.

E. Kirby, Mr. and Mrs. L. Ducato, Miss Aida Ducato, Mr. Fred Ducato, Mr. Henry R. Jacob, Mr. George W. Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hocking, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Cramer, Miss M. E. Currans, Mrs. G. E. Clapp, Mrs. S. Cantor and daughter, Miss Isabel Sandy, Miss Helen G. Best, Dr. H. E. Mehrtens, Mrs. I. Mehrtens, Mr. and Mrs. tum Suden, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. W. Gould, Mr. T. A. Wilson, Mr. T. L. Hamlin, Mr. and Mrs. Osmont, Oakland; Miss Lolita Ireland, Mr. Stephen N. Wyckoff, Mr. C. E. Randall, Mrs. B. E. Ames, Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Greenlee, Miss Marion Greenlee, Mr. Frank Greenlee, Alameda; Mrs. A. Jennings, Mr. T. M. Jennings, Menlo Park.

Professor Jastrow's Lectures.

The Book Club of California announces a course of lectures by Professor Morris Jastrow, professor of Semitic languages at the University of Pennsylvania, the most highly accredited Orientalist in America. The lectures, six in number, are scheduled for the evenings of July 27th and August 3, 10th, 17th, 24th, and 31st, at a quarter after 8 at the Print Rooms, 540 Sutter Street, San Francisco. The charge for the whole course is \$5. The lectures cover the following topics: "The Eastern Question in Its Modern Aspects," "Greece as the Link Between Eastern and Western Civilization," "Our Interest in the Ancient East—Historical Relations Between Eastern and Western Civilizations," "Ancient Egypt—Its Position in the History of Civilization," "Babylonia and Assyria—Their Achievements and Influence," "The Ancient Hebrews—Their Contributions to Religious Thought and Literature."

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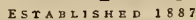
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 "Is he a drunkard?" "No, a cornice worker."
 —*Dorchester Jack-o'-Lantern.*

The time to buy a used car is just before you move, so people in the new neighborhood will think you were the one who used it.—*Kansas City Star.*

Dobbins—I hear that your daughter's married a struggling young man. *Jobbins*—Well, yes, he did struggle, but he couldn't get away. —*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

"I can tell when the major has had a few." "How?" "By the laborious way in which he steps over a burnt match on the sidewalk."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Mrs. A—Maude is progressing by leaps and bounds in her piano practice. *Mr. A*—I thought she couldn't make all that noise with her hands alone.—*Toledo Blade.*

Yordmoster—That engineer has saved more babies' lives than any man on this road. *Sue Burb*—He must be a skillful driver. *Yordmoster*—Not exactly. He runs the milk train. —*Life*.

"It took me nearly ten years to learn that I couldn't write stories." "I suppose you gave it up then?" "No, no. By that time I had a reputation established and didn't have to."—*Kansas Brown Bull.*

The Justice of the Peace—Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife. *The Bridegroom*—I do. *The Justice*—Then I pronounce you man and wife. And, remember, you asked me to do this. Don't ever blame me.—*Boston Globe.*

"The captain of our ship proved to be a thoughtful man." "How so?" "As soon as we crossed the three-mile limit, after leaving port, he ordered the ship's siren blown to let everybody on board know it was safe to take a drink."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"He was a bright youngster in school." "So he was." "Always stood at the head of his classes. People predicted he would go far." "And did he?" "No. He's now the head of the school he used to attend and his salary is \$1150 a year."—*Toledo Blade*.

"Oh, Mr. Mark, please buy a ticket to our entertainment! It is for a most worthy cause, I assure you." "Certainly, Mrs. Clatter. And

what is that cause?" "Paying the expenses of the entertainment we gave last week for a worthy cause."—*Kansas City Star*.

"I'll show 'em," said the hen as she kicked the porcelain egg out of the nest. "They can't make a bricklayer out of me."—*Carnegie Puppet.*

"Can your little baby brother talk yet?" a kindly neighbor inquired of a small lad. "No, he can't talk, and there ain't no reason why he should talk," was the disgusted reply. "What does he want to talk for, when all he has to do is yell a while to get everything in the house that's worth having?"—*New York Evening Post*.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2262.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 31, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Beams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street.
WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Campaign.

It is gratifying to note that the presidential campaign begins in a manner not inconsistent—as has many another campaign—with the dignity of the great posts to be filled. The nominees of both parties are men of respectable character and of respectable powers. Personally Messrs. Harding, Cox, Coolidge, and Roosevelt are men above reproach. There is nothing of the mysterious, there is nothing of the self-centered egotist in any one of them; and in the White House any one of the four would stand a figure concerning whom the country need have no serious fears, of whom it need not be ashamed. It is evident that we are to have a campaign on high ground, and in this there is profound cause for public satisfaction. Its tendency will be to lift our national politics to a level higher than in recent times, marked as they have been more or less by personal ill-will and by vulgarities of competition in denunciation. The personal element has been too much emphasized in recent campaigns. It is high time for return to the sound conception of the presidency as a representative office to be filled upon considerations more vital to the country, more weighty in all ways, than upon considerations founded in personality. This is not to say that personality is a quality to be disregarded in connection with the presidential office. In the nature of things it is a matter of profound importance, but all the proprieties require that it should be held subordinate to the larger

motives of public interest. Fortunately in the present campaign, all candidates being of high character, public attention may be concentrated upon issues that are really vital.

The Republican Party in the Senate.

The country has had sufficient reminder during the past two years of the hindrances to effective working of the governmental machine when the President represents one set of political motives and Congress another. We have seen these two branches of the government at locked horns at a time when great issues have been pending, and out of the conflict there have come a thousand embarrassments. If something has been to the good in the sense of checking the autocratic disposition of a President both embittered in spirit and distempered in mind, still the account has run heavily to the debit side. It is vastly desirable that President and Congress should aim at common purposes and work with the harmony that only common purpose may inspire.

Universal expectation—even among Democrats of candid mind—looks to the election of Mr. Harding. And it is not too much to say, assuming Mr. Harding's success, that the maintenance of a Republican majority in the Senate is scarcely less important. With Mr. Harding in the White House and with a Democratic Congress at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue there would be a situation not dissimilar to that which has ruled at Washington these two years past. Much of what the country expects in the way of relief from existing mischiefs will be unattainable unless there shall be coordination between the executive and the legislative branches of the government. When there are essential differences in principles and motives between coordinate authorities, aggravated by the prejudices and passions inevitable in connection with radical differences, paralysis, or something approximate to it, is bound to occur.

These reflections are pertinent to the situation as it stands today respecting the Senate. Of the ninety-six members of the Senate forty-seven are Democrats. With Mr. La Follette—always an uncertain quantity—acting with the Republicans, as he has done for the most part in recent months, there has been a Republican majority of one vote. La Follette has now definitely abandoned the party and in future may not be counted upon where Republican interests and purposes are concerned. Thus today in its political complexion the Senate stands forty-eight Republicans, forty-seven Democrats, with one member in the rôle of the piggy so busy running about as to defy enumeration. Of the Republicans, Gronna of North Dakota has failed of renomination, and the man named in his stead, subject to election in November, is of the La Follette type, a personal and political eccentric quite as likely to run with the hare as to chase with the hounds. Newberry of Michigan, a Republican, is under indictment for corrupt practice in the campaign leading to his election and is bound to be eliminated, with no certainty as to the political character of his successor. Spencer of Missouri, another Republican, chosen by a narrow majority two years ago in a state normally Democratic, may be reelected, but his success may not be counted upon definitely. Then there is Norris of Nebraska, Borah of Idaho, and Johnson of California, nominally Republicans, but so unstable in political character as not to be dependable in relation to party principles or interests.

In respect of these facts Republican control of the Senate is uncertain. It can only be maintained—even then upon a narrow margin—if the party can hold what it has got and make gains somewhere down the line. As to the latter possibility there is reason for hope in Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, South Dakota, and California. But there is no assurance in any one of these instances, and it behooves those who have the

matter in hand—it behooves all Republicans in truth—to be earnest and active in the party cause.

In California Mr. Phelan, who is standing for reelection, holds a fairly strong position in spite of the fact that his party is in the minority. To the prestige of incumbency there is added in his behalf the advantages which attach to large personal fortunes, to resourceful family connections, affiliation with various politico-social organizations, etc. His reelection is a possibility to be reckoned with. In opposition to Mr. Phelan there will be in November either Mr. Wallace of Los Angeles, Mr. Kent of Marin County, or Mr. Shortridge of San Francisco. Neither Wallace nor Kent is a dependable Republican. Each in his way is a political eccentric whose candidacy as a Republican is in its essence fraudulent. In the announcement of his candidacy Mr. Kent did not even declare himself in terms a Republican. The primary election that will determine which of these three—Wallace, Kent, or Shortridge—shall stand as the Republican candidate in November is near at hand. The Republicans of California owe it to themselves and to the party, likewise to the prospective authority of Republicanism in the government, to support the one candidate who is assuredly and devotedly a Republican, unquestionably dependable in his affiliation and loyalty. Quite independent of personal or other considerations, the obligation of every intelligent and consistent Republican is to give his vote in the coming primary to Mr. Shortridge.

Mr. Harding's Speech of Acceptance.

As a practical journalist Mr. Harding should have known better than to string out his address of acceptance to a length beyond the powers of endurance and mental digestion of the average citizen. By making his speech too long he has placed it in its entirety beyond the range of all but a very narrow margin of the electorate. Thus the newspaper headline maker, not always or often a discreet or a friendly interpreter, becomes the medium through which Mr. Harding's views are put before the country. Mr. Harding has employed the scatter-gun where he might better have resorted to the rifle.

But for all its too much explanatory verbiage the utterance is a sound one. It is more direct under close analysis than in appearance. It leaves no doubt in the mind of anybody who will read it carefully that Mr. Harding is a man of definite and practical judgments in strict accord with the Constitution, with the national traditions, with the temperament of the plain people of the country. There is in it emphatic repudiation of that vague mass of loose generalization, of impracticable theory, and of false assumption constituting what may be called Wilsonianism.

Mr. Harding leaves no reader in doubt that in the presidential office he will (1) bring the government in its working activities back to the constitutional basis; that (2) he will bring into the executive group—the cabinet—the best available talent and the broadest experience the country affords; that (3) he will repudiate in practice the one-man principle which has ruled these seven years past; that (4) he will cooperate, as the Constitution directs, with the other departments of the government; that (5) he will hold the government to a generous conception of its world obligations; that (6) he will respect and strictly enforce the laws designed to protect the country against class contentions; that (7) he will substitute business methods for the extravagance which now puts an unreasonable burden of taxation upon industry and enterprise; that (8) he will give to the country an interested, intelligent, and diligent administration of affairs so far as they stand related to the executive office.

We could wish that in defining his attitude to

the league of nations as proposed by President Wilson Mr. Harding had given in positive terms what he stands for rather than that to which he stands opposed. True it comes to the same thing under scrutiny, but there is a "punch" in the positive form of statement which is not achieved by the negative method. Yet here perhaps we are over-critical in view of the fact that Mr. Harding makes it plain that while he is for a league of nations he does not accept the Wilson project with its subordination of American policy to foreign authority and its pledge of American men and money to support the "territorial integrity" of the various members of the league. Later on there will be abundant opportunity for Mr. Harding to deal with this great issue, and what he has said is a sufficient guarantee that he will do it in terms nobody may fail to understand.

No intelligent man may read Mr. Harding's speech in its full text, or even in summary, without being impressed by the fact that it will be impracticable to hinge the coming campaign upon any single issue. The range of national interests, the range of national obligations, the need of varied reforms in governmental practice, these are no less important than the issue which Mr. Wilson is seeking to place above all other considerations. Not the league project alone, but the entire scheme of administrative policy that may be styled Wilsonianism make in their aggregate the supreme issue, and upon this issue Mr. Harding exhibits himself in his address of acceptance, in too many words to be sure, but none the less in clear and definite light.

With reference to the address of acceptance let us say again, as we said before its appearance, that Mr. Harding is as far as possible from pretension as a superman. On the other hand he is a man of plain type, of practical capacity, trained in studies and labors related to governmental affairs. In the presidency he may be depended upon to plow a straight course with intelligence, with honesty, with diligence, with fidelity. Unless we mistake the state of the public mind, this is what the country wants. We have had more than enough of "divinely ordained" egotism.

As to "Honest Methods" in Mexico.

There is humor—and it can hardly be unconscious—in Governor Cantu's grave demand to the *de facto* government of Mexico that it proceed in the "presidential" election by "honest methods." Honest methods—otherwise legal proceedings—in Mexico! Verily, it is to laugh. At last accounts there were in Mexico approximately eighteen millions of people. Of this total approximately five millions are Indians—practically savages, unacquainted with any language save tribal gibberish. Under the law they are entitled to vote, but they are practically as little qualified to do it intelligently or even automatically as so many cattle on the Mexican hillsides. Then the peon element in Mexico runs to something like twelve millions of political incapables. They are illiterate, practically without fixed property, absolutely negligible in a political sense. Under direction they are not without certain capabilities, but political knowledge or any other sort of knowledge qualifying them for judgment in affairs of state is wholly alien to them. The literate element of Mexico runs in numbers not much over one million, approximately between 4 and 5 per cent. of the total. Only this small fraction of the Mexican people is politically competent, and even of this fraction not more than one in fifty takes an intelligent interest in the political affairs of the country.

The truth of the situation is that Mexico, while still an uncivilized country, has a paper constitution practically adaptable only to a country where education and intelligence are universal. It is an artificial system borrowed from the United States, in no sense a product of the life of Mexico and not susceptible of being applied to it by any means consonant with "honest methods." "Honest" or legal methods of election are not practicable or possible; and nobody should know this better than Governor Cantu. For long to come Mexico must be governed, if governed at all, arbitrarily. The practical choice is between a welter of savage anarchy and government by authority. Neither, it is needless to say is ideal, but the facts of the case present, not a theory, but a condition.

The late President Diaz, who did much to organize Mexico industrially and who succeeded for thirty years or more in maintaining order in the country, was in reality a dictator. He gave to Mexico the only kind

of government practicable, but his methods were far from being honest in the sense implied in Governor Cantu's appeal. There can be no application of "honest methods"—otherwise legal methods—in Mexico under a representative system inapplicable to the actual and practical conditions of the country.

Mr. Daniels as a Host.

The late Charles A. Dana, a man of many accomplishments upon a foundation of solid wisdom, once remarked that the most difficult of all arts is that of graceful play. Any man, he said, may learn to dig, a few may learn to talk and write, only the very elect ever achieve "holiday arts." It would have been well for Secretary Daniels if he might have imbibed something of the great editor's philosophy, and if before giving himself up to holiday play he had learned the general rules of courtesy as they have respect and authority among gentlemen. Yet it may be doubted if a man of such indurated stolidity of mind could ever be other than awkward in attempting a thing foreign to his propensity and experience. One by nature a chump and by habit a chump usually makes, when he attempts gracious practice, very much the failure of the traditional monkey when he painted his tail a delicate sky blue.

Now for several weeks Mr. Daniels has been amusing himself by a spectacular parade in Pacific waters and ports attended by a fleet of naval vessels, a magnificent entourage of naval forces, at a cost to the taxpayers of the country by moderate estimate of something over a hundred thousand dollars per day. Incidentally Mr. Daniels has been amusing that part of the public which lacks the gravity of mind to note the folly—we came nearly saying criminality—of the whole wasteful and ridiculous procedure.

After employing some half-dozen or more ships of the United States Navy for the glory and edification of the National Democratic Convention at San Francisco, Mr. Daniels sailed in the battleship *New Mexico* for Seattle. He took with him as guests—and here it may be remarked that it is mighty handy to be able to pay one's personal and political debts at government expense—Senators Pittman of Nevada and Walsh of Montana. Pittman has been conducting the defense of Mr. Daniels before the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, which investigated the charges made by Admiral Sims. Walsh, like Pittman, is an Administration wheelhorse and is unfailingly useful when a combination of subservency and serviceability is required. Daniels and his ship were due to arrive at Seattle coincidentally with the arrival of Secretary Payne of the Interior Department. The Seattle people had arranged a luncheon in honor of the two Secretaries. Pittman and Walsh were at the time members of the Daniels party and had accepted invitations to go to Alaska. The *New Mexico* was late in arriving, which queered things a bit by postponing the luncheon until late in the afternoon. But when she did heave to a local reception committee clambered aboard to tender an official welcome, taking with them that inevitable nuisance a photographer to make record of the glorifical and historic scene.

After the manner of the host so interested in himself that he forgets the obligations of courtesy to his guests, Mr. Daniels neglected to inform the Seattle folk that he had with him two distinguished senators. Likewise the newspaper reporters failed to discover that Pittman and Walsh were of the official party. Hence, when the photographer set up his instrument to make his picture, the Seattleites quite brusquely asked Pittman and Walsh to step aside, since it was desired only to include notables in the ensemble. A little later the two senators, slightly dazed but still hopeful, came ashore with the great man for the belated luncheon. Here again Mr. Daniels was so busy that he failed to take stock of his guests; and the Seattle people failed to realize that Pittman and Walsh were other than intruders. It is sad to relate the fact that the two senators found themselves rank outsiders: no seats had been assigned to them and no attention of any kind was paid them. Now senators of the United States take themselves quite seriously, and with ruffled dignity Pittman and Walsh retrieved their hats and proceeded to a downtown joint, where they refreshed themselves as well as they could in a town where prohibition is strictly enforced—in public places.

Not until the next day did the members of the Seattle reception committee take in the fact that two senators

of the United States—men likely to be in office long after the great Josephus shall have returned to that dear Charlotte and to his normal obscurity—had been both slighted and snubbed. They succeeded to the extent of convincing the aggrieved gentlemen that the fault lay with Mr. Daniels in his failure to inform the committee that there were guests with him, and who they were. The fact was in its way consoling, but it did not achieve the effect of satisfying Walsh and Pittman that their host had treated them with proper consideration. Without more ado they decided to cut the Alaska trip; and suiting the action to the thought, they took their luggage from the ship, leaving word for the Secretary that they would go no further. Pittman promptly left for Nevada and Walsh for Montana.

There may be something in the sequel, for Senator Pittman, so it is understood, has been commissioned to write the minority report of the Sims investigation. It may be that Mr. Daniels will not get that coat of whitewash he has been expecting.

Oil Supply for the Navy.

The wholesale price of fuel oil at points on San Francisco Bay is now and for some time has been \$2.03 per barrel. This price is paid by general consumers, including the United States Army, the railroads, and other large users of oil. To greater or less extent the several marketing companies pump the product from their own wells, but they are all heavy buyers from small producers, the rates to such producers at the wells being \$1.60 per barrel. The difference between \$1.60 and \$2.03 per barrel represents the cost of transporting oil from the interior to the seaboard, with the profit of the marketing company. Broadly speaking, there is no complaint against the marketing companies of extortion. It is universally conceded that the margin between the price at the well and the price to consumers—namely, 43 cents per barrel—is not unreasonable. As has already been stated, the current price is paid without protest by consumers who take more than 95 per cent. of the total product.

The Navy Department alone demands oil at a price below the current market rate. Assuming the margin of 43 cents for transportation from the wells to the seaboard and for the profit of the marketing companies to be unreasonable, it proposes a price of \$1.72 per barrel and it demands that its needs be supplied at this rate. By threat of force it has succeeded in supplying its needs over the protests of the supplying companies.

The authority under which the Navy seizes oil at its own price is that of legislation enacted for the emergencies of war, and which continues in technical force because, due to President Wilson's insistence, we are still technically at war. The need of the Navy is not that of war-time, but of a time of practical peace, and it includes only such "emergencies" as Secretary Daniels' junketing voyages up and down the coast between Panama and Alaska. Neither in law nor in morals have the naval authorities the right to employ war powers for purchases and uses having no relation to a condition of war. In every sense except technically the war legislation under which seizures of oil are concurrently made is obsolete. Under the logic and the authority by which the Navy is now seizing oil in San Francisco Bay it might as well secure its supplies of flour, potatoes, and what not by the same method. Its procedure in the matter of oil is arbitrary and outrageous and in contempt of the Constitution of the United States, which provides that private property may not be taken for public use without just compensation.

It hardly needs be said that the *Argonaut* holds no brief for the oil companies. It is not in their interest that it speaks in condemnation of the course of the Navy Department, but in respect of the integrity of the Constitution and common standards of business fair dealing.

Governor Coolidge Speaks.

In Governor Coolidge's brief formal acceptance of the vice-presidential nomination we have a view of what is obviously a fine generalizing mind. Rarely has anybody—much less a candidate—in dealing with affairs of government put so much in such condensed form. Very obviously the convention that named Governor Coolidge for the vice-presidency made no mistake. It is further gratifying to bear in mind Mr. Harding's pledge that in the event of his election the Vice-President will be invited to participate in meetings of the

cabinet. A man of Mr. Coolidge's record and of his now demonstrated capacity for detached thought and for straightforward courage can not fail to be a force for good in the counsels of the Executive.

Editorial Notes.

There is that in the practical working of prohibition that curiously illustrates the innate infirmity of human calculations. There is in the country a large store of "hard liquors." Furthermore our national "hard" drink—whisky—is easily supplied through domestic manufacture or evasion of law. It comes high, to be sure, but there is whisky in plenty for those willing to pay the price, and at the price buyers are plenty. On the other hand there are relatively light stores of wines and beer. The practical effect is that many—many thousands in truth—who in pre-prohibition days were consumers of table wines and beer have turned to the more easily obtainable "hard liquors." Thus very many who in other days were careful to avoid whisky have now become more or less regular whisky drinkers, as well as lawbreakers, with effects very much to the bad as related to physical and moral health.

Most Americans, we think, would have been quite willing to have seen Sir Thomas Lipton "lift" the America cup. In his four attempts to do so, running over a period of twenty-one years, he has shown pluck, persistence, and courtesy. As a game loser he has won the admiration and good-will of everybody. He now proposes, in case there shall be no other challenger, to try again in 1922. The Argonaut cordially wishes him luck.

One Terrace of Orillia, Washington, urges importation into the country of a million Japanese laborers to be employed in clearing for agricultural uses large areas of logged-off timber land in the Northwest—the laborers to be returned to their homes when the special job shall be done. This proposal is not likely to find acceptance, yet there is something to be said for it. For this particular work there is no available supply of domestic labor; and even if domestic labor were to be had, it could not profitably be employed at ruling rates of wages. Only by cheap labor is it practicable to clear and make ready for the plow the logged-off lands of the Northwest. On the other hand it remains to be considered that a million or any considerable number of Orientals brought into the country nominally for a special task could hardly be held to that task as against other demands. It is true that the clearing of these lands by cheap labor would be an immediate economic advantage. But economic considerations make only part of the issue. The country would better go slow by wholesome methods than to go faster by means tending to general social disadvantage. It will not be a bad thing for the American people to learn respect for labor in its simpler and humbler forms; and this will not be if whenever there is a difficult work to be done we shall import alien and more or less degraded hands to do it. In good time—when there is vital need for the and—the logged-off areas of Washington and Oregon will be cleared. We would better go slow and do the work ourselves than to go fast subject to demoralizations which would surely follow the importation of a servile class with the consequent development among our own people of a contemptuous attitude toward plain hard work.

If President Wilson is to continue "worrying" until his "great vision" of the United States as a subordinate unit in a super-government of the world shall be achieved, he is surely booked for a long and anxious future. Our people have no wish to shirk their world responsibilities, but never will they consent to surrendering any part or function of national sovereignty to an alien council; and never will they consent that their sons may be drafted and sent to lay down their lives in alien wars. Mr. Wilson will do well to put that "great vision" behind him and settle down to such content as he may be able to find in the things that belong to his individual responsibility. His Utopian fancies will not disturb the serenity of the American people, still less spire them to whimsical courses.

Three-fifths of the original timber of the United States has been used and this country is now using timber four times as rapidly as it is being grown. There are only two billion two hundred million feet of timber left standing in the entire country.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Third Party.

LOS ANGELES, July 15, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: As a native-born and loyal citizen of the United States I ask to express the following views as to the third party and its platform: In the first place, I welcome it; and in the second, I consider it a blessing to our country. And as to the first, I explain that the platform is a conglomeration of the ideas of principles of the various ultra-radical elements who do not believe in a rational, normal form of government, the "ists," and the "ites." As to the second opinion, the publicity given to the ideas and principles will serve to bring into the limelight the diverse sections of our voters who are inimical to democracy, are vulgar disturbers, and who, unless kept in leash by law, would wreck our government, destroy our national existence, and ruin our social organization.

It now behooves the protective association of our land to be alert; the Federal, state, and municipal police to watch and listen, and when proof of disloyalty and moral treason is shown to act to the end that the world shall realize that this is a land of freedom, ruled by the laws of God and man; that the principles adopted by us in our Declaration of Independence are just and promote the welfare of humanity, and that having been tried and successfully survived for over a century are destined to live many more.

This third party embodies (appropriating another word from our neighbors on the south) the Villalistas of the present political campaign. Draw its fangs or crush the venomous snake! Respectfully yours, MAURICE GRADWOHL.

A Somewhat Strained Analogy.

STOCKTON, CAL., July 27, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Ancient your article on Japan in the current issue, the following extract from the London Sunday Pictorial may be interesting:

The revival of the anti-Japanese agitation in California is fraught with possibilities to which American soldiers have before now drawn attention. When the agitation first became acute General Homer Lee pointed out that a Japanese expedition could seize California before the United States could assemble a force fit to face them, and that, as the frontiers of California are waterless deserts, it might very well take the Americans a quarter of a century to turn them out again.

If you substitute England and Germany for Japan and America, your editorial reads very much like so many of the editorials in the English papers before the war, when Lord Roberts and others warned the people of the German peril. There appeared no reason then for Germany wanting to attack any one, as they were absorbing the trade of the world by peaceful methods.

When overseas I met a man who had resided in the Orient for thirteen years, and he referred to the Japanese as "the Prussians of the East."

F. GRAHAM TOLLIT.

THE VOICE OF THE PRESS.

Only a Johnson "Truce."

(From the New York Times.)

Senator Hiram Johnson's letter to a Boston sympathizer is of a sort to make the Old Guard's flesh creep. Republicans will rightly fear that the California senator seems to "support" Harding in 1920 very much as he supported Hughes in 1916. Just for the moment Senator Johnson is waiting for Harding's speech of acceptance. If, as he confidently expects, the Republican candidate reviles and repudiates that work of Satan, the league of nations, then Johnson will feel that he has won a victory on "the big issue," and will "cheerfully go forward with the Republican party."

That promise, however, is good for this campaign only, and perhaps not all of that. Senator Johnson serves distinct notice that he is merely "declaring a truce." As soon as possible he intends to open war upon "the system which he saw in its ugly nakedness exemplified at Chicago." He will not forget the men who forced upon the Republican convention their own "cynical and contemptuous disregard of the expressed will of the people." The California senator is determined to "hold up to public obloquy" these men. Who are they? Why, of course, the men who brought about the nomination of Harding. The Ohio senator might well send a tearful telegram to the California senator: "Call you this supporting the ticket?"

Harmony First.

(From the New York Evening Post.)

The country breathes freely again. Governor Cox has seen President Wilson; they have had a talk face to face, and although Admiral Grayson was present by way of precaution, it did not become necessary for him to intervene. The President, the governor, and Assistant Secretary Roosevelt, in his rôle of nominee for Vice-President, officially announce that their hearts beat as one. Democrats are elated, and Republicans hope that it will wear off. There is one Republican, indeed, who went to the trouble of discounting the little drama. This was no less an authority upon harmony than Senator Harding. "The President and the Democratic nominee for his successor are in conference today," he remarked, "and at the conclusion it will inevitably be announced that they found themselves in complete accord, that harmony reigns and unity is established in the Democratic party." Surely this is a cold-blooded view to take of heaven's first law. We can not imagine Senator Harding's campaign manager, Chairman Hays, speaking so lightly of party harmony. From him we have gained the idea that it was just about a party's most precious possession.

Content and Unashamed.

(From the New York Times.)

The New Republic, surveying the political landscape from its watch-tower of whimsical discontent, reports that the United States is in no mood for radical experimentation. Everywhere it discerns a wicked disposition to go to work to build on the old foundations. It sees no chance this year except of a result in the elections that it will be compelled to interpret as "reactionary." This is a conveniently ambiguous swear-word, but what it means in the present instance is not in doubt. It means that the people as a whole are turning a deaf ear to the advocates of upheaval, charm they never so wisely. The incantations of the direct actionists and the indirect seditionists are now more laughed at than feared. When Mr. Amos Pinchot comes back from Chicago to say that the trouble with the Third party promoters was that they numbered too many "mushheads," there is no doubt what the popular verdict will be.

It is most ungrateful and rebellious of the country, after all the lurid preaching inflicted upon it about the coming day of wrath, when the elements of the old parties were to melt with fervent heat, to be settling down comfortably to an unexciting campaign, but this is what it is—sensibly doing. It

refuses to be alarmed. It thinks more of getting back to normal than of longer listening to the abnormalities and the fantasies. It is an awful confession to make, one that will cause the eager neophytes of anarchy to think up several new definitions with which to hide their real intentions, but Americans are today showing every sign of being reasonably well satisfied with their political institutions, and of hoping for fairly good results from them. It is bad enough to have such a base contentment. But it is worse not even to be ashamed of it.

Another Witness Speaks.

(From the New York Tribune.)

The crushing testimony of Mrs. Philip Snowden, wife of the British labor leader, himself an ardent Socialist, on Bolshevik rule in Russia is now supplemented by the utterances of Mr. Henry Vincent Keeling, lately Russian correspondent of the Westminster Gazette, who has just returned to England after being imprisoned at Moscow for ten months. Mrs. Snowden, it will be recalled, said Bolshevism was not Socialism, not even Communism or the dictatorship of the proletariat, but "the dictatorship of six men, aided by an extraordinary commission." She rejects Soviet rule because it is tyrannical, also because it is inefficient.

Her central statement—that Bolshevism can teach the British workingman nothing—is now repeated verbatim by Mr. Keeling, who is not a Socialist, but a Liberal. He denounces Bolshevik militarism. "Everybody is either in the army, his most telling point about that growth of a new bureaucracy which strikes all first-hand observers of Russian conditions as the central fact of Soviet rule.

Conditions in Russia are very bad, Mr. Keeling says. But Lenin and his associates have their power well in hand and are well established. "They are likely to be in power for a long while. A new and more virulent bureaucracy is growing up in Russia. All the intelligentsia are accepting posts under the government. There is nothing else for them to do."

Her Infinite Variety.

(Alice La Mazière in Figaro.)

Those who had the rare pleasure of looking in on a plenary session of the International Woman's Conference at Geneva were, in a few instances, unconvinced that out of such a variegated group unity of action and opinion could be possible. There were delegates from all parts of the world—blonde and heavy Scandinavians, robust and energetic Americans, frail and brunette Spaniards, Italians, and Greeks, expressionless and saffron-colored Japanese and Hindus in over-embroidered gowns. And there were Frenchwomen despite the fact that, though France has marched at the head of so many movements of emancipation, it will be a long while before she enfranchises her daughters. And we must not forget the delegate from Iceland, who journeyed for thirty days to be with us and came dressed in festival costume. But Lady Astor, our good colleague from England, was the charm and grace of the conference. What will come of it all? Notwithstanding the opposition that women are meeting in certain countries—Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Turkey, France—the day is not far distant when we will act as a body in moral, political, educational, and domestic questions. And our voice will be heard when the spectre of war threatens to arise.

A Hohenzollern Suicide.

(From the New York World.)

Whatever his private reasons for self-slaughter, Prince Joachim's sad end can not be dissociated from political causes. The suicide rate, always high in Germany, is especially swollen now by war defeat and domestic turbulence. But how mighty is the change the war has wrought! Of how little consequence now is the suicide of even a Hohenzollern!

Cox and the League.

(From Washington Correspondence of New York Sun and Herald.)

Efforts are being made by leading Democrats to discover a way by which Governor Cox may get out from under the burden of the Wilson-Cox compact on the league of nations entered into here last Sunday.

The famous White House conference resulting in the dual statements by the President and Governor Cox to the effect that they were one on the league and that what President Wilson had promised Governor Cox would endeavor to fulfill has raised a storm of protest.

Democrats returning from the conference at Columbus at which former Representative White, an alleged "dry," was elected as chairman of the campaign committee in place of E. H. Moore, a "wet," say the reaction against the results of the White House conference has not been favorable.

There has been a storm of protest by those Democrats who believed a new deal had been made in the Democratic party, that a new leader had been found, and that the burden supposed to cluster around the continued leadership of the President had been lifted.

The shock resulting from the reports of the conference which showed that Cox had swallowed the league, hook, bait, sinker, and all, was accordingly severe.

Leaving Sugar-Saving to the Others.

(From the New York World.)

That the threatened sugar famine was averted was not due, it develops, to the thrift and self-denial of consumers. The high prices attracted shipments from the small sugar-producing countries in lots of from 5000 to 50,000 tons which in the aggregate were sufficient to relieve the shortage. But as for any conservation of sugar by either manufacturers or housewives, "each housewife would leave it to the other to do whatever conserving there was to be done," and trade and household consumers alike bought in the same quantities as before and "regardless of the price they had to pay."

So much for the patriotic appeals to the public to reduce wasteful and self-indulgent consumption so that there might be sugar enough for all at a fair price.

The Bungled Peace.

(From the New York Tribune.)

If Governor Cox has committed himself to all that Mr. Wilson did abroad, as well as all that he promised to do, it will be up to him to accept responsibility for the President's bungling of the peace treaty. The secrets of the bungling process are being gradually disclosed. Senator Harding quoted on Monday a very pertinent statement by Colonel House, now European correspondent of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, to the effect that a preliminary treaty concerning army, navy, reparations, and delimitation of boundaries "could have been made by Christmas of 1918, and would have been not only the usual but the obvious thing to do."

At Paris Mr. Wilson, ignoring opinion in the United States, led the conference up a blind alley. The evil effects of the blunder confront the world on every hand. Does Governor Cox intend to accept full responsibility for the President's

hurling and to stick to a policy which the world deplors and which has been repudiated even by those for whom Mr. Wilson overconfidently assumed to speak?

Sound Sense in Germany.

(From the New York Times.)

Dr. Walter Simons, the German foreign minister, asserts that Germany is going to keep her word this time—the word given at Spa; and he admits that previous German governments had not been "sufficiently punctilious" about carrying out the treaty. This is welcome frankness. No less frank is Dr. Simons' statement of the reason for this somewhat belated repentance. "The Entente powers are really serious in their threats to occupy more German territory." Hopes long cherished of an Italian secession from the conference, or at least of an Italian attitude of cold neutrality, were shattered by Count Sforza's declaration that France would have the support of her allies.

Germany's resolve to do her best is and must be the foundation for any true reconstruction in Europe. The Continent can not be rebuilt until the Germans exert themselves to make good the havoc they wrought. France can recover without it, but her recovery will be long delayed. If Germany does begin to pay in coal and in money, there is no reason to suppose that the pressure on her will be unduly severe. No one will ask the impossible; there will be a future for Germany as well as for the rest of Europe if Germany wills it. But the desirable turn of affairs was made possible only by the threat of force. Mr. Fehrenbach and Dr. Simons impressed Mr. Lloyd George as "two perfectly honest, upright men." But the first sign of German willingness to pay up follows the first really convincing threat of military coercion.

Mexico.

(From the Weekly Review.)

The efforts now being made by responsible Americans along the Mexican border to promote good will between the neighboring peoples may have more substantial results than anything that comes out of Washington. There is suspicion to allay, deep-seated hostility to overcome. Some of the ill feeling has its origin in natural causes, but most of it has been incited by agitators in both countries. A considerable part of radical propaganda in the United States has for several years been devoted to the nefarious work of keeping the Mexicans in a state of perpetual alarm over the alleged purpose of powerful American groups to force intervention. No doubt there are some such groups, and no doubt the belief in intervention has at various times, for good reasons or had, been widely held. But the argument for intervention rises or falls with the degree of peace and justice that prevails in Mexico, and it has no force or meaning in the face of a responsible Mexican government. The radical propagandists have merely aggravated the situation by inciting the hostility of the Mexican people.

It is unlikely that one person in a thousand has ever heard the name of Haym Salomon, a figure of importance in revolutionary times, yet one who has been strangely neglected in our annals. Haym Salomon was a Polish Jew banker of New York and Philadelphia who financed and backed the new United States in their fight for self-government. His services have been ignored for nearly 150 years, his name, although appearing in encyclopedias and in President Madison's correspondence to Randolph and in congressional records, also being mentioned in a few histories, is practically unknown. Haym Salomon was born at Lissa, Poland, in 1740. He came to America in 1772 and was identified with the cause of American independence. In 1776 he was imprisoned by the British on a charge of espionage, and although a prisoner succeeded in stirring up sedition among Hessian officers. Two years later he escaped to Philadelphia, where he became an agent of Robert Morris and succeeded in obtaining large sums from Holland and France for the conduct of the American war. Salomon loaned Morris about \$600,000 of his own money for the patriot cause, and at his death in 1785 \$400,000 of this had not been returned. In addition he supplied funds to Jefferson, Madison, Randolph, and other patriot leaders. Haym Salomon died at the age of forty-five in Philadelphia, leaving a widow and two small children. All his papers and the documents showing the government's obligation were lost in the confusion following the occupation of Washington, D. C., by the British in 1814.

Vicente Blasco Ibañez is the first prominent European to proclaim New York the greatest city in the world. Let any American abroad inquire the name of the world's greatest city, and without a second's hesitation the answer will come back—"London." But the author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," after an extended visit in the United States, refutes this trite tradition with a wave of the hand. "London is vast," he says. "London is an enormous city, an enormous English city. But New York is a world metropolis, unquestionably transcendent." Before Ibañez sailed for Paris on the steamer *La France* he sat in his suite at the Hotel America and talked of his impressions of America. "I like America," he said. "Not only because you Americans have received me so cordially, but because the country and people are interesting. Your customs, your cosmopolitan types, your characteristics, architecture, progressiveness—all are interesting. You are the greatest nation in the world."

The Germans with their indemnity are really more fortunate than the New Yorker with his rent, says an economist with an eye for comparisons. The annual indemnity payment is \$750,000,000, about twice the amount extracted from New York tenants, but there are twelve times more Germans to pay it. The indemnity is fixed; the New Yorker's rent is subject to spasmodic increase. The indemnity ceases in thirty years; the New York rent tribute never.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

W. D. Clark, thirty-three years of age, a trapper from the Arctic, saw street-cars, automobiles, and skyscrapers for the first time in his life when he visited Vancouver, British Columbia. "I would not exchange a part of my vast Arctic Circle for all this. I hope to be back north before August," he said.

In the Chicago convention, where Senator Warren G. Harding and Governor Calvin Coolidge were nominated, respectively, by the Republican party for the race for the presidency and vice-presidency, Alexandra Carlisle Pfeiffer, known on the stage as Alexandra Carlisle, made one of the seconding speeches in the nomination of Governor Coolidge.

A Paris dispatch tells of the safe arrival in that city of Mrs. Richard Mansfield, widow of the famous actor, and Colin Clements, the poet and playwright. They have been in Armenia for the past year doing relief work, and were held prisoners by the Turks at Urfa, Mesopotamia, for three months. They escaped to Jerusalem, and came from there to Paris, via Aleppo.

Frank Bacon, playwright and novelist, is quite the same whimsical, boyish, fun-loving "Bake" that the folks back in California used to know. True, the folks are a bit surprised by the developments of the last two years. "When I first went away from home to get into the wicked play-acting game," he recalled, smiling, "my father was convinced that I had disgraced the whole family. 'Frank,' he wrote to me, 'the whole town is talking about you.' San Jose wasn't such a big town, but a scandal could get about there fast."

Postmaster-General Burleson has long boasted of the fact that he has never attended a professional game of baseball and does not propose to attend one. To see hundreds of men gathered in front of a bulletin board getting baseball returns throws the Postmaster-General into a mild rage. "Those loafers," he always observes on such occasion, "ought to be at work down on my farm." Which is doubly rough on the baseball fans. For Burleson's farm of 800 acres is rented to the State of Texas, and is cultivated by penitentiary prisoners.

Mr. Gunnar Brandel of the College of Business, Stockholm, is a prospective banker, taking a two years' course in practical and theoretic banking at the National City Bank in New York from the considerably smaller city of Stockholm. What struck him most strongly was the fact that many good Americans knew nothing of the dirt and misery prevailing in certain quarters. He himself is learning that much that is said of Americans is exaggeration, as, for instance, our reputation for always being busy. Any nation has a right to be proud of the characteristic of taking joy in work, which he finds among us.

A little more than a year ago the voters of Dallas, Texas, went to the polls and elected Captain Frank W. Wozencraft, then twenty-six years old, mayor of their city, giving him a clear majority in thirty-two precincts out of thirty-six. As far as records show, Wozencraft is the youngest mayor in the United States, and his first year as chief executive of a city of nearly 200,000 people has been filled with original projects, all carried out with boyish enthusiasm, which have made him well known in every part of Texas. Wozencraft was graduated from the University of Texas in 1914, and for three years, until he entered the army, he was in the legal department of the telephone company.

His majesty the King of Siam is one of the most interesting monarchs. The first bachelor that ever sat upon the Siamese throne, he is said to be waiting for an American girl to share his throne. The king's grandfather, Maha Mongkut, used to say that he desired—and had—a member of every family of note in his kingdom in his "household." No outsider ever knew just how many wives he did have. His son, Maha Chulalongkorn, the father of the present king, had three wives on the day before he was made crown prince. On that day he married ninety-seven more to make up the complement of one hundred, which was the proper number of wives for the crown prince to have. When he died—ten years ago—he had between 7000 and 8000. When his son, the then crown prince, returned from his long stay in Europe, he had spent a third of his life in England, France, Germany, and Russia, and had made frequent visits to Belgium, Italy, Spain, Norway, Sweden, and the Netherlands.

William Morris Davis is one of the most celebrated geographers in the world today, and the Swedish Anthropological and Geographical Society has just bestowed on him its highest decoration. He was born at Philadelphia on February 12, 1850, and the first words he uttered after casting a calculating look over his surroundings, were: "Please bring me a book on elementary science, or if that is not available a good gazetteer, or at the worst a railroad time-table." He has lived in the world of geography and geology ever since his student days, which were a long time ago. He was nineteen when he got his S. B. at St. Lawrence Scientific School (Harvard), and a year later was M. E. at the same institute. Since then he has dropped in at the University of the Cape of Good Hope, where they made him a Doctor of Science; at the University of Mel-

bourne, where he gathered an S. D.; at the University of Christiania, where he was made a Ph. D., and at the University of Greifswald, where he got a similar honor.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Cataract of Lodore.

"How does the water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
Thus, once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.

Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third

The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar;

As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;

Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For a while till it sleeps
In its own little lake.

And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,

Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-scurry,

Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging,
As if a war raging
Its caverns and rocks among;

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,

Writhing and wringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting
Around and around
With endless rebound:

Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in:
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and rattling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinnning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and hawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and hounding and rounding,
And huddling and troubling and doubling,
And grumpling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and hattering and shattering;

Retreating and heating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and heaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and humping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

—Robert Southey.

JAMES McNEIL WHISTLER.

E. R. and J. Pennell Produce a New and Enlarged Edition of Their Biography.

It is pleasant to see that the life of Whistler by E. R. and J. Pennell has reached a new edition. It is one of the few biographies that are nearly ideal in form and structure. The authors tell us that in preparing the new issue they have added fresh material and illustrations as well as collecting and verifying documents. The book has been published in French, and but for the war it would have appeared in other languages. For the name and fame of Whistler have steadily grown and we are told that endless stories of him either garbled from this book or invented have gone from end to end of the world.

The authors wisely curtail the account of Whistler's early life. The forbears of great men are usually uninteresting, the eugenists to the contrary. And so, early in the book, we have an account of Whistler's intimacy with Rossetti. Watts-Dunton says that Rossetti got tired of Whistler after a time and considered him a brainless fellow who had no more than a malicious wit at the expense of others. This may be exaggerated, and certainly the two men had many points of agreement:

Whistler and Rossetti also agreed about many of the group who met at Tudor House, though eventually Whistler felt what appeared to him the disloyalty of Swinburne and Tudor-Jones. He was never, at any time, so intimate with Burne-Jones as with Swinburne, who often came to the house in Lindsey Row, not only for Whistler's sake, but out of affection for Whistler's mother. Miss Chapman tells us that Swinburne was once taken ill there suddenly, and Mrs. Whistler nursed him till he was well. Miss Chapman also remembers Swinburne sitting at Mrs. Whistler's feet, and saying to her: "Mrs. Whistler, what has happened? It used to be Algernon!" Mrs. Whistler, who had accepted Whistler's friends and their ways, said quietly, "You have not been to see us for a long while, you know. If you come as you did, it will be Algernon again." And he came, and the friendship lasted until the eighties, when he published an article in the *Fortnightly Review* which Whistler could not forgive.

It was the sight of Whistler's "Mother" that decided Carlyle to sit for his picture. He seemed to see a certain fitness of things in the simplicity of it, the old lady sitting with her hands in her lap. Carlyle told people that he sat there talking and talking and that Whistler went on working and working and paid no attention to him whatever:

Before the portrait was finished, Whistler had begun to paint Miss Alexander, and another story is of a meeting at the door between the old man coming out and the little girl going in. "Who is that?" he asked the maid. "Miss Alexander, who is sitting to Mr. Whistler." Carlyle shook his head. "Puir lassie! Puir lassie!" Mrs. Leyland at whose portrait also Whistler was working, remembered that Carlyle grumbled a good deal. Whistler, in the end, had, it is said, to get Phil Morris to sit for the coat. Walter Greaves' memories are of impatience in the studio, especially when Carlyle saw Whistler working with small brushes, so that Whistler either worked with big brushes or pretended to. William Allingham wrote of the sittings in his diary:

"Carlyle tells me he is sitting to Whistler. If C. makes signs of changing his position, W. screams out in an agonized tone: 'For God's sake, don't move!' C. afterwards said that all W.'s anxiety seemed to be to get the coat painted to ideal perfection; the face went for little. He had begun by asking two or three sittings, but managed to get a great many. At last C. flatly rebelled. He used to define W. as the most absurd creature on the face of the earth."

When success came to Whistler it came abundantly. The fashionable world, and royalty, crowded through his open doors. Whistler's manner of work was an astonishment. He would look at his canvas steadily for twenty minutes or half an hour and suddenly dash at it and give it one touch, saying, "There, well, I think that will do for today." But Whistler knew what popularity meant and he could not afford to have many friends:

If the frequent use of the name "Jimmie" by people in speaking and writing of him implies a friendliness on his part with every Tom, Dick, and Harry, nothing could be further from the fact. His friends, who were his contemporaries, called him "Jimmie," but rarely to his face, and the rest who did once had not the courage to a second time. We remember a foolish youth who, meeting him at our table, addressed him in free and easy fashion as "Whistler." He said nothing. He only looked, but the youth did not forget the Mr. after that. Whistler was the last man to allow familiarity or to make friends. He understood how to keep at a distance those he did not know or did not want to know.

But Whistler delighted in society. He was as careful of his dress and his hair as a woman. And he devoted no less attention to his breakfasts and his dinners that made the talk of the town. He ate little, but that little had to be perfect both in cooking and serving:

From the beginning at Lindsey Row he gave these breakfasts and dinners. Mr. Luke Ionides remembers calling one afternoon when "Jimmy was busy putting things straight: he asked me if I had any money. I told him I had twelve shillings. He said that was enough. We went out together, and he bought three chairs at two-and-sixpence each, and three bottles of claret at eighteenpence each, and three sticks of sealing-wax of different colors at twopence each. On our return he sealed the top of each bottle with a different colored wax. He then told me he expected a possible huyet to dinner, and two other friends. When we had taken our seats at the table, he very solemnly told the maid to go down and bring up a bottle of wine, one of those with the red seal. The maid could hardly suppress a grin, but I alone saw it. Then, after the meat, he told her to fetch a bottle with the blue seal; and with dessert the one with the yellow seal was brought, and all were drunk with perfect innocence and delight. He sold his picture, and said he was sure the sealing-wax had done it."

Whistler had the faculty of being late when invited to

dinner. One official evening he arrived an hour after the time. "We are so hungry, Mr. Whistler!" said his host. "What a good sign!" was his answer. At times he felt "like a little devil," and he tells us of one of these occasions:

"I arrived. In the middle of the drawing-room table was the new *Fortnightly Review*, wet from the press; in it was an article on Meryon by Wedmore, and there was Wedmore—the distinguished guest. I felt the excitement over the great man, and the great things he had been doing. Wedmore took the hostess in to dinner; I was on her other side, seeing things, bent on making the most of them. And I talked of critics, of Wedmore, as though I did not know who sat opposite. And I was nudged, my foot kicked under the table. But I talked. And whenever the conversation turned on Meryon, or Wedmore's article, or other serious things, I told another story, and I laughed—ha ha!—and they couldn't help it, and they all laughed with me, and Wedmore was forgotten, and I was the hero of the evening. And Wedmore has never forgiven me."

The authors give us an account of the libel suit brought by Whistler against Ruskin for a criticism that passed the limits of the legitimate. Whistler won his suit, but was awarded only a farthing damages and, moreover, he had to pay his own costs:

Arthur Severn wrote us that, at the Ruskin trial, he "was on the opposite side, although my sympathies were rather with Whistler, whose 'Nocturne in Black and Gold' I knew to be carefully painted. Whenever we met he was most courteous, understanding my position. During the trial one of the Nocturnes was handed across the court over the people's heads, so that Whistler might verify it as his work. On its way, an old gentleman with a bald head got a tap from the frame, then the picture showed signs of falling out of its frame, and when Serjeant Parry turned to Whistler and said, 'Is that your work, Mr. Whistler?' the artist, putting his eyeglass up and with his slight American twang, said, 'Well, it was, but if it goes on much longer in that way, I don't think it will be.' And when Ruskin's Titian was shown, 'Oh, come, we've had enough of those Whistlers,' said a jurymen. I thought Whistler looked anxious whilst the jury was away. Another trial came on so as not to waste time. The court was dark, and candles had to be brought in—it seemed to be about some rope, and huge coils were on the solicitors' table. A stupid clerk was being examined. Nothing intelligent could be got out of him, and at last Mr. Day, one of the counsel (afterwards the judge), said, 'Give him the rope's end,' which produced great laughter in court, in which Whistler heartily joined. Then, suddenly, a hush fell; the jury returned a verdict for Whistler, damages one farthing."

We have some extracts from Mr. Cole's diary, one of them relating to Whistler's quarrel with Lady Meux, who said to him after some impertinence, "See here, Jimmy Whistler! You keep a civil tongue in that head of yours, or I will have some one in to finish those portraits you have made of me." Elsewhere Mr. Cole says:

"Whistler was a most entertaining companion; he was very fond of telling us Edgar Allan Poe's stories, and also of reciting 'The Lost Lenore,' which he said was his favorite poem. He dined with us several times in Lyall Street; he was always late for dinner, sometimes half an hour, and I think on more than one occasion was sound asleep at the table before the end of the dinner."

"Whistler's usual breakfast, which he often had after we arrived at the studio, was two eggs in a tumbler, beaten up with pepper, salt, and vinegar, bread and coffee."

"Whistler stood yards away from the picture with his brush, and would move it as though he were painting; he would then jump across the room, and put a dab of paint on the canvas; he also used to wet his finger and gently rub portions of his picture. I have often seen him take a sponge with soap and water and wash the Blue Girl's face (on the canvas, I mean)."

For a time there was great intimacy between Whistler and Oscar Wilde. Whistler went with him everywhere. At receptions the company divided into two groups, the one round Whistler, the other round Wilde:

The trouble began when Whistler discovered how small was Wilde's knowledge of art: he could never endure anybody in the studio who did not understand. Whistler wrote of Wilde as a man "with no more sense of a picture than of the fit of a coat." "The Gentle Art" shows that Whistler was furious with Wilde's borrowing from him. That Wilde took his good where he found it is neither more nor less than what has always been done—what Whistler did. But the genius, from the good thus taken, evolves something of his own. Wilde was content to shine personally and let the great things expected of him wait. When it was a question of wit, there was no one to whom Wilde could go except Whistler. It is all expressed in the old story: "I wish I had said that, Whistler." "You will, Oscar, you will." In matters of art Wilde had everything to learn from Whistler, who, though ever generous, resented Wilde's preaching in the provinces the truths which he had taught for years. This is all in "The Gentle Art." "Oscar" had "the courage of the opinions . . . of others!" and again: "Oscar went forth as my St. John, but, forgetting that humility should be his chief characteristic and unable to withstand the unaccustomed respect with which his utterances were received, he not only trifled with my shoe, but bolted with the latchet!"

Wilde used to filch Whistler's good sayings from him and retail them as his own, and the public was disposed to believe that the process was the other way about. And this naturally exasperated Whistler:

If Whistler ever played Pierrot, it was with a purpose. Where art was concerned he was serious. Wilde was serious about nothing. His two topics were "self and art," and his interest in both was part of his bid for notoriety. He might jest about himself, but flippancy, if art was his subject, was to Whistler a crime. The only way he showed his resentment was by refusing to take Wilde seriously about anything. Even when Wilde was married, he was not allowed to forget, for Whistler telegraphed to the church, "Fear I may not be able to reach you in time for the ceremony. Don't wait." Later, in Paris, he called Wilde "Oscar, bourgeois malgré lui," a witicism none could appreciate better than the Parisians. As soon as he began to make a jest of Wilde he ended the companionship to which, while it lasted, London society owed much gaiety.

Walter Sickert tells us amusingly of the little coterie of worshippers that always surrounded Whistler, content to be his servants so long as they might be in his society:

Mr. Sickert tells another story. He and Whistler were once

printing etchings together, when the former dropped a copper plate. "How like you!" said Whistler. Five minutes afterwards the improbable happened. Whistler, who was never clumsy, dropped one himself. There was a pause. "How unlike me!" was his remark.

Whistler went on a European tour with Chase, and Chase says that he found him a delightful companion. They went to Belgium and Holland, and here it is that Whistler expounds his views of the Germans:

On the journey from Antwerp to Amsterdam two Germans were in the train: "Well, you know, colonel, if the Almighty ever made a mistake it was when he created the German!" Whistler said at the end of a few minutes. Chase told him that if he could speak German he might understand their interesting talk. Whistler answered in fluent German and talked nothing else, until, at Haarlem, Chase could endure it no longer and left. Whistler leaned out of the window as the train started, "Think it over, Chase, and tomorrow morning you will come on to Amsterdam, and you'll tell me that I'm right about the Germans!"

We have already heard of Whistler's strange view that the purchaser of a picture is not entitled to possess it, but only to borrow it now and then. Chase had expressed surprise at Whistler's refusal to deliver a picture to a lady who had bought it, and then Whistler explained:

"You know, Chase, the people don't really want anything beautiful. They fill a room by chance with beautiful things, and some little trumpery something over the mantelpiece gives the whole damned show away. And if they pay a hundred pounds or so for a picture, they think it belongs to them. Well—why—it should only be theirs for a while: hung on their walls that they may rejoice in it and then returned." Once, it is said, a lady drove up to the studio and told him: "I have bought one of your pictures, it is beautiful, but as it is always at exhibitions I never see it. But I'm told you have it." "Dear lady," said Whistler, "you have been misinformed. It is not here." And she drove away. Later he found it: "H'm, she was right about one thing, it is beautiful. But because she's paid hundreds of pounds for it, she thinks she ought to have it all the time. She's lucky if she gets it now and then."

Whistler belonged to the Society of British Artists, whose practice it was to provide a feast for the critics on opening day. Press day, the dearest in the year at the Royal Academy, was the most delightful at the British Artists'. Mr. Sidney Starr tells a story of one, when Whistler had not hung his picture, but only the frame:

"Telegrams were sent imploring the placing of the canvas. But the only answer that came was, 'The Press have ye always with you; feed my lambs.' A smoking-concert followed during the exhibition. At this, one critic said to the Master, 'Your picture is not up to your mark, it is not good this time.' 'You shouldn't say it isn't good; you should say you don't like it, and then, you know, you're perfectly safe; now come and have something you do like, have some whisky,' said Whistler."

The city of Glasgow was anxious to possess Whistler's portrait of Carlyle, but the price was a thousand guineas, and a deputation from the corporation came to call on him in London. Whistler described the interview:

"I received them, well, you know, charmingly, of course. And one who spoke for the rest asked me if I did not think I was putting a large price on the picture—one thousand guineas. And I said, 'Yes, perhaps, if you will have it so!' And he said that it seemed to the council excessive; why, the figure was not even life-size. And I agreed, 'But, you know, I said, 'few men are life-size.' And that was all. It was an official occasion, and I respected it. Then they asked me to think over the matter until the next day, and they would come again. And they came. And they said, 'Have you thought of the thousand guineas and what we said about it, Mr. Whistler?' And I said, 'Why, gentlemen, why—well, you know, how could I think of anything but the pleasure of seeing you again?' And, naturally, being gentlemen, they understood, and they gave me a cheque for the thousand guineas."

Whistler was often embarrassed by the visitors who came to see him, and sometimes he resented the intrusion of those who were actuated only by curiosity. Mr. Eddy tells a story to this effect:

"An acquaintance had brought, without invitation, a friend, 'a distinguished and clever woman,' to the studio in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs. They reached the door, both out of breath from their long climb. 'Ah, my dear Whistler,' drawled C., 'I have taken the liberty of bringing Lady D.—to see you. I knew you would be delighted.' 'Delighted, I'm sure! Quite beyond expression, but—mysteriously, and holding the door so as to bar their entrance—my dear Lady D.—I would never forgive our friend for bringing you up six flights of stairs on so hot a day to visit a studio at one of these—eh—pagan moments when—and he glanced furtively behind him, and still further closed the door—it is absolutely impossible for a lady to be received. Upon my soul, I should never forgive him.' And Whistler bowed them down from the top of the six flights and returned to the portrait of a very sedate old gentleman who had taken advantage of the interruption to break for a moment the rigor of his pose."

It would be possible to quote at great length from this anecdotal storehouse and with the comfortable conviction that it contains nothing apocryphal. It is one of the best biographies that has yet seen the light.

THE LIFE OF JAMES McNEIL WHISTLER. By E. R. and J. Pennell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company: \$6.50.

With a total population of 31,000 in western Samoa, of which less than 1000 are whites or half castes, the demand in confectionery is mainly for hard candies, better known locally as boiled lollies, retailing at 25 cents a pound. These are small varieties, differing in color and flavor, and imported in five-pound tins. Lozenges are little known. Taffies and chocolates suffer from the extreme humidity of the climate, which makes necessary their being imported in sealed metal tins, tailing at from 50 to 75 cents a pound.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending July 24, 1920, were \$155,200,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$147,000,000; a gain of \$8,200,000.

Gold held by member banks increased \$6,011,000 to \$58,697,000 during the week ending July 23d, according to the weekly statement of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco, issued Saturday. Total gold reserves declined \$4,359,000 to \$172,039,000 as compared with the previous week.

Total resources dropped \$10,265,000, while bills on hand gained \$4,107,000 to \$192,797,000, which may be due to the noted increase in bills secured by government war obligation. Total earning assets were higher by \$2,061,000.

Government experts estimate the condition of all our crops this year at only three-tenths

ment bureaus are supposed to be figuring out such changes in railway wages and traffic rates as will relieve the whole situation. If the results are unfavorable the business situation will be precarious in the extreme.

Meanwhile the steel and iron and other metal industries are practically marking time. Purchases are more and more on a hand-to-mouth basis, which is not without its good side, owing to the movement to deflate credit.

E. H. Rollins & Sons are offering a block of Province of Saskatchewan 5 per cent. bonds, due September, 1932, at a price to yield 7 1/4 per cent. Interest and principal of this issue are payable in New York in United States gold coin.

According to the most recent available figures, this province has a net per capita debt of only \$22, which is the lowest of any province in Western Canada. Saskatchewan ranks first in Canada as a grain producer, second in railroad mileage, and third in population.

Combined resources of the state banking institutions of California operating in San Francisco were \$455,523,591, as made public recently in the report of condition as of June 30th, issued by the state banking department. Of this total the savings banks had resources amounting to \$380,029,879; commercial banks had \$161,666,567, and the trust companies, \$3,827,144.

It was reported that actual cash on hand was \$15,808,046, while individual deposits in all the state banks in San Francisco on the date of the report aggregated \$452,157,177.

The effect of the wage award upon the payrolls of Pacific Coast railroads is indicated in estimates made at the general offices of the Southern Pacific Company that the added bill for all that company's lines alone would approximate \$17,500,000. The exact figures remain to be determined, but it was said that the figure quoted was believed to be very nearly correct. Officials pointed out that stockholders of the Southern Pacific last year received in dividends \$17,478,460, so that this one recent wage increase distributed among the company's employees equals the amount that the stockholders got altogether. There are over 50,000 employees on the Pacific system lines.

At the same time it was pointed out that the Southern's Pacific's annual report, recently published, showed that the increase in wages and cost of materials used in operation in 1919, compared with the year previous, amounted to \$18,833,500, or an increase of almost one and one-half millions of dollars more than the stockholders received.

Commenting on the situation, a statement issued from the office of President William Sproule read in part:

"The stockholders of the railroads have not had any share in the increased revenues arising from any source, whether increased volume of business or from higher freight and passenger rates. The dividend rate on no large system has been increased for many years. The Southern Pacific stockholders got 6 per cent. in 1919, just as they did in 1914; but this actually means out of every dollar earned by the Southern Pacific the share that goes to the stockholders is 40 per cent. less in 1919 than it was in 1914.

"The progress of taxation in railroad affairs is also graphically represented by comparing 1911 with 1919. In 1911 for every dollar paid the stockholders of the Southern Pacific about 33 cents went for taxes; but in 1919 for every dollar the stockholders received the company paid out 73 cents in taxes. Taxes increased from \$5,461,570 in 1911 to \$12,842,270 in 1919.

"The new increases in freight and passenger rates are due directly to the increased cost of operations: first, wages; second, higher cost of materials used in operations, and third, taxes. The fourth item is the necessity of providing revenue by taking care of the interest charges on money borrowed to furnish more locomotives, cars, additional tracks, terminals, and other facilities to give a better service."

"The gross earnings from all sources exceeded \$260,550,000 in 1919, out of which the stockholders received \$17,478,460. In 1914 gross revenues were \$152,623,950, out of which the stockholders received \$16,361,090. The increase in dividends was not due to an increase in rate, but to an increase in capital stock, the bondholders having exchanged some of their 4 per cent. and 5 per cent. bonds for capital stock under their rights as bondholders."

The crop-moving season, during which the country's credit requirements reach their maximum intensity, is now close at hand. Because of the difficulties of transportation, it may be expected that the volume of credit needed this year to finance crop marketing will be larger than usual (says the National Bank of Commerce, New York, in a statement regarding current market conditions). While the traffic movement has improved slightly,

sufficient relief can hardly be expected to the extent necessary to permit of the clearing away of existing congestion and the resumption of a normal movement of agricultural staples in the fall. The crops, to an unusual extent, may have to be held this year. Recent experience has demonstrated fully the effect of any interference with orderly commodity shipments in tying up an enormous volume of credit.

This prospect enhances the importance of the credit situation, which, during the current period of June 16th to July 15th, has experienced no relief from the tension of the past several months. Since last November the Federal Reserve institutions and member banks have been seeking to curtail non-essential borrowing, to limit loans to necessary requirements and to reduce gradually the volume of outstanding credit. In the former of these aims they have in large measure been successful and there can be no question of the underlying soundness of the general credit structure. There has thus far, however, been no reduction of the aggregate volume of credit outstanding. The efforts of the banks have simply limited further credit expansion and the volume of credit at the beginning of July exceeded that outstanding at the close of 1919. The failure to effect a normal credit liquidation before the commencement of the crop-moving demands has in large measure been due to transportation difficulties which have obstructed free commodity movements and occasioned the credit stringency which became pronounced earlier in the year.

Were the banks still operating under the old banking system, the outlook would be serious. But since the banking power of the country has become well coordinated under the Federal Reserve system, with its flexibility for meeting such a situation, there is no reason to apprehend serious difficulty in caring for essential credit requirements during the approaching season. In this connection it may be noted that the steady outflow of gold from this country has been supplanted at least temporarily by a moderate net inward movement of the metal, and this in a measure relieves one source of pressure against credit facilities. Commercial and industrial credit requirements, moreover, may be expected to become somewhat less pressing should the tendencies toward price recessions and reduced volume of business, which are discussed hereafter, continue. While credit will be available to meet the country's essential requirements, there continues to be no prospect of its being available except for such use.

Further slight declines in the wholesale prices of most commodities in which reductions were already in progress continued during the month from June 16th to July 15th. The downward movement extended to some lines in which it was not evident a month ago, among them not only raw materials, but some classes of manufactures, and further noteworthy declines seem not unlikely in the future. The beneficial effects which will eventually accrue from the reestablishment of business on sane, conservative lines will far outweigh the temporary hardships which result, although conditions may become temporarily difficult for some sections of the business community.

C. H. Zentini & Co., dealers in foreign investments and securities, say the German mark is selling at such a discount that a slight improvement in the rate of exchange will yield a large profit on the money invested. The German mark could easily improve to many times its present cost, while the exchange rate of other countries would increase only 20 per cent. or 30 per cent. Consequently an investment in German marks offers the greatest chance for profit and it is thought that Germany's financial and economic condition will continue to steadily improve.

People who have soft-pedaled the sugar bowl for six years may be interested in the statement that crop conditions on July 1st promised an increase in next fall's sugar production in the United States: an increase amounting to, approximately, 333,000 tons, or enough to load a train of freight cars seventy or seventy-five miles long, allowing forty tons per car. This prospective crop is equal to more than twenty-two pounds of sugar for every man, woman, and child within the United States, and the increase over last year equals more than six pounds per person. The sugar-heat crop this year covers almost a million acres as against the five-year average of about two-thirds of a million; and the growing condition on July 1st was above the ten-year average. There is more than half a million acres of sugar cane this year, about half of which is intended for sugar and the other half for syrup, after deducting considerable amounts for planting the next crop. There is a substantial increase in acreage over last year, especially in Louisiana, where nearly all the cane sugar of the United States is made. The growing condition of the cane in Louisiana is much better than last year, but considerably under the average for the past nine

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years. The United States Department of Agriculture, which has carried on a number of projects looking toward making this country self-sustaining from a sugar standpoint, is co-operating with other agencies in protecting the crops from insects and disease and otherwise promoting the production and utilization of a humber sugar crop. It should be borne in mind, however, that the forecast for 1920 is based upon conditions on July 1st, and the actual outcome would be above or below this forecast according as condition between July 1st and harvest are better or worse than average.

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depend upon sound economic conditions. For nearly eight years our national government has violated every economic law created by the experience of ages (says the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank in their monthly letter). Its grossest blunder was in endeavoring to establish by law a universal eight-hour day. This move of the government will, in the end, be as disastrous to the wage-earner as to the wage-payer. Already it has destroyed the morale of the employee. It has created a shortage of labor which, while business remains active, has made labor, organized and unorganized, overbearing, independent, defiant, and not subject to discipline. In time the universal eight-hour day, coupled with the

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of 1 per cent. below the average for the past decade. A loss of 5.8 per cent. in estimated acreage is compensated for by the gain of almost that proportion in condition during the past month.

Resumption of trading in wheat is being watched with intense interest in the trade. The improved crop outlook is not without its drawback now, for rust is appearing rather plentifully in the Northwest, where the crop must go through many critical days before out of danger. It will take some time for the wheat market to gain its bearings, and, of course, other grains will be influenced by its fluctuations. The Russian situation is so kaleidoscopic that it is difficult to estimate what

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influence Russia will have on this year's prices. Both South America and Australia seem to be out of it as exporting countries until the next crop.

The cotton market becomes easily oversold. Boll weevil time is at hand, and this will make for increasing timidity on the part of the bears.

The railway traffic situation is so abnormal as to amount to a real calamity. Freight movements are seriously restricted because of lack of cars, and this includes shipments from steel mills to car manufacturing concerns. It is not surprising that business sentiment should be seriously affected when the arteries of trade are clogged up. Meanwhile govern-

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government's criminal waste of money, its wilful extravagance, its resort to grinding methods of raising revenue, will kill business initiative, destroy industry, and curtail industrial output. It has already paralyzed our transportation system. A serious fuel famine for all manufacturing centres is predicted for the coming winter. Then manufacturing plants, now running on half-time, or less, will close down. Unemployment, on a vast scale, will result. Suffering will ensue. Business men will become bankrupt. Production will be further curtailed. The country will then be compelled to withstand the wrath of that portion of our population who expected a millennium to result from the enforcement of luxury upon the laboring classes, for that is what the eight-hour day has done. Interest rates will go higher. It will be hard for the government to raise the revenue required for its expenses and extravagant operations by reason of the shortage in business and profits. Not a cheerful picture, but one which we will be liable to see before the close of 1920. When hard times against stare us in the face, as a bar to the quick recovery therefrom, the debt of the United States, of something like \$25,000,000,000, will be quite effective. No matter how business shrinks, the interest on the debt must be met. The burden is a heavy one. The public has followed the example of the government in violating economic laws.

The stock market has entered the latter half of the year in a hulloish frame of mind, which is hardly surprising in view of the extent of the accumulation of cheap stocks by strong financial interests during May and June.

How far the advance in prices will go will probably depend upon the money situation. The bank statements do not indicate any prospect for that sort of money market ease that would suggest a long-continued rise in prices. We are having some gold imports from week to week which are in the main related to the maturity of the Anglo-French bonds in the fall, and it looks as if our gold reserves would be built up very considerably before the turn of the year.

One thing that would help the money situation more definitely than any other would be increasing freedom in the movement of freight. Seldom in our history has so much credit been tied up as there is at present in all manner of commodities that have been sold and for one reason or another are not being delivered. The talk of wholesale closing down of steel mills in this connection, however, would seem to have small foundation in fact, but, naturally, if the present situation continues much longer it will result in curtail in production. This would leave, however, just so much larger unsupplied demand that sooner or later must be taken care of.

The market so far since the turn of prices a month or more ago has run fairly true to form. It was the industrials, and particularly the more volatile of them, that were taken in hand first and advanced sharply, and after they had seemingly run their course, the rails, and especially the low-priced ones, which are so much easier to move than the standard issues, have been pushed to the front by bull operators. Intermittent switching by the trading element from one stock or group of stocks to another has made for a great deal of irregularity at times, and profit-taking reactions have been emphasized by bearish activity.

Indeed the bear party in the market seems again to be figuring rather largely in the transactions, and this would seem to make it easier for the bull pools to bring about radical advances in the list.

"Many people are buying themselves rich in the security market." These words, uttered recently by a New York banker, are worthy of repetition in print, for—

... Words are things, and a small drop of ink. Falling like dew upon a thought, produces That which makes thousands, perhaps millions think.

And hence these words there is a thought which, if stirred to life, will help to solve many of our problems of today.

Those who are old enough can remember how the well-to-do-ness of certain frugal people of their home towns dated from a few years after the civil war. The foundations of many moderate fortunes were laid in wise

investing at that time. It was that which the hanker had in mind when he said many people are today buying themselves rich in the security market.

A dollar today will buy only 45 cents' worth of food or clothing as compared with 1913. But the same dollar will buy \$1.37 worth of high-grade bonds as compared with their pre-war prices. In other words, money will go three times as far in making investments as it will in buying anything else today. There have not been such opportunities as this for investors before in this generation. For instance, one of the largest investment banking houses in the country recently marked down the selling prices of the bonds which it had on hand to lower levels than it had paid for them. This is truly the day of the investor.

High-grade railroad bonds, such as New York Central 3½, due 1997, for example, sold as high as 111½ twenty years ago. The day this was written they sold at 62½. The security of the bond is as good as it was twenty years ago—better in fact. The cause of the decline has been outside of the security itself and has affected all bonds.

The officers of savings banks and individual investors who bought bonds at ten points above par around the opening of the century can not be criticized for lack of conservatism. But they must sympathize with for having had the realizable value of their investment cut nearly in half. On the other hand, those who sold long-term bonds at that time and have kept their funds in short-term securities since, or in some other investment where they can now get the full amount out again, are to be congratulated, as are all others who now have money to invest. They are in position to take advantage of the present low prices for long-term bonds and buy a higher income return than has been available since the civil war, and one which will continue at the same level until the bonds mature. This is the day of opportunity for those who have money to invest.

Some of the declines that have taken place in long-term bonds are illustrated below:

Bond Issue	High Since 1900	Present Price
Ach., T. & S. F. gen. mort. 4s, due 1993	106	70¾
Chic. & N. W. gen. mort. 3½s, due 1987	111	60½
New York Central ref. 3½s, due 1997	111	62½
Nor. & West. first consol. 4s, due 1996	104½	70
Nor. Pacific prior lien 4s, due 1997	106¾	70½
Union Pacific first mort. 4s, due 1947	108½	76¾

The Union Pacific first mortgage 4s sell higher than the other bonds in the list because of their earlier maturity date when they will be paid off at par. The "yield" which they give to maturity is approximately the same as on the other bonds in the list. If prices swing back above par, then the shorter-term bonds, because of their earlier maturity, will not sell as high as the longer-term issues on the same "yield" basis.

The causes back of this long downward swing in bond prices, which was greatly accelerated after the outbreak of the world war, are the same as those back of the increase in the cost of living. When it costs people more to buy food and clothing, they demand a higher return on their money when they invest it. That is why bond prices go down as living costs go up, why the dollar today as compared with the pre-war dollar will buy three times as much in bonds as it will in commodities. It takes more in bonds, or rather in the income from them, to buy as much commodities as before.

As living costs come down, the fixed interest return on long-term bonds will buy more, and bonds will advance in price. When the swing in this other direction will start no one can tell, but start soon it seems it must. For those who have money to invest the present seems the time to place it in long-term bonds. When United States government bonds are selling to yield more than 5½ per cent., and the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central are selling 7 per cent. securities, no regrets are likely to be felt by the investor who makes sure of securing for himself for a long period of years the high return that long-term bonds now give. There may never in this generation be again such an opportunity to use money that will buy so little of everything else to buy so many bonds, the return from which may grow in purchasing power for years to come.—Century Magazine.

With the chartering of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' Cooperative Bank at Cleveland a labor union joins issue with capital in its own field and undertakes a task which, in the opinion of some writers, may give labor a better understanding of finance.

A writer in the *Analyst* (New York) wonders whether the injection of organized labor interests into the realm of finance will revolutionize finance. Probably not, he thinks; "what is a good deal more probable is that the injection of organized labor into finance will revolutionize organized labor, for with

the advent of a 'labor union bank' the natural course would be for the labor union directly concerned, and indirectly for all labor organizations, to acquire a greater sense of responsibility. That is what usually follows the acquisition of 'interests.' The project may bring appeasement of some of the present troubles, for, as the writer quotes, "if you want to defeat radicalism and Bolshevism and all the other 'isms' which professedly are against capital and property, put a bond in the hands of every radical. The theory in the present case "is that labor will gain a new perspective, and, through the experience acquired, come into possession of new ideas regarding banks and the things banks do. It will be a liberal education along lines in which there is now mainly ignorance, and the education ought to be highly beneficial to labor, to the banking fraternity, and to the community in general." Explaining away the "apprehension expressed in banking circles over the word 'cooperative,'" the writer says: "A national bank is not a cooperative institution. Under the National Bank Act there can be only one kind of national bank, and the word 'cooperative' is, therefore, just a fancy addition to the title, just as many other national banks have incorporated the word 'mutual' in their titles. They are not 'mutual' in the sense that that word is applied to savings banks in New York State, for example. They are national banks and nothing else, and the 'cooperative' labor bank is a national bank and susceptible to all the rules and regulations which surround all other national banks. The word 'cooperative' may be dismissed.

"Then there was, and to some extent still is, the fear that the so-called radical element in the brotherhood would force the doing of unsound acts. But against this it should be borne in mind that national banks are subject to periodic examination by the national bank examiners, who report to the Controller of the Currency, and it is the province of that official to see to it that unsound things are not done, or, if done, are checked speedily. That phase of the situation should not cause undue worry.

"In the third place, what bankers call a 'special clientele,' or a 'favored clientele,' was feared. The bank, avowedly the instrument of a labor union, with a labor union title and labor union officers running it, might possibly be expected to give too much attention to its own kind and not enough to others, with the result that the 'diversification of interests,' which experience has shown to be so vitally essential to the successful operation of all banks, would be lost, to the serious detriment of this particular institution. Of the three causes for apprehension this third appears to be the most serious.

"However, even in this respect there is the regulating law to stand in the way of too much emphasis being put upon it. The law strictly limits the amount of money which a given bank may lend to any individual or corporation. The amount of lendability is fixed with regard to the bank's capital and surplus. It is automatic. There might be expedients adopted for getting around the law, but that is doubtful. There is nothing to show that a labor bank, organized and chartered under the National Bank Act and subject to all the regulations which apply to national banks, will follow the example of the rather unhappy Non-Partisan Bank, for instance.

"With regard to the managing personnel of the new labor bank there may be some concern. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has a great deal of money, estimated at anywhere from \$18,000,000 to \$30,000,000, and its individual members have many millions additional. That is amply sufficient to start and operate any bank. But it may be argued that there is danger in allowing inexperienced men to run the bank. There is. But does it follow that the leaders of the brotherhood, who, in times past, have demonstrated quite a little business ability and sagacity, will plunge into the business of operating their bank—which presumably is to be the custodian of their own funds and those of their organization—without first seeking expert advice and guidance?"

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company is participating in the sale of \$192,000 Cordua Irrigation District, Yuba County, California, 6 per cent. gold bonds, yielding 6¼ per cent. These bonds are tax-exempt in California and exempt from all Federal income tax. Mr. Smith says: "The bonds are selling rapidly, which goes to show that there is a good market for tax-exempt bonds at a 6 per cent. rate."

A cablegram from Commercial Attaché W. C. Huntington, Paris, under date of July 20, 1920, states that the director-general of the French customs announces a forthcoming decree removing the majority of the import restrictions on luxury goods contained in the decree of April 23, 1920. The tariff coefficients on such goods will be increased. The proposed decree contemplates increasing the coefficients on certain nonessential articles

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beyond the present limit of three. The decision of the ministers of finance and commerce authorize the annulment of certain articles contained in the decree of April 23d.

Commercial Attaché Alfred P. Dennis has cabled from Rome, July 20, 1920, that the embargo on the exportation of leather, which has been in effect practically since the beginning of the war, was lifted on that date by ministerial decree. Leather of all kinds may now be freely exported from Italy.

Many old British battleships are being filled with concrete and sunk in English ports to serve as breakwaters.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Germany After the Armistice.

How interesting it would be to talk over the war with some real representatives of German thought, to point to indisputable facts, and to ask for the German interpretation. Such a wish was commonly expressed during the struggle, and usually by those unable to believe that the German mind was *sui generis*, that it worked by laws and a logic of its own and in a way bewildering and incomprehensible to the rest of the world.

But the wish to interview the German may now be gratified, at least vicariously. Lieutenant Maurice Berger of the Belgian army has done it for us. Sent on a mission to Berlin, he has conversed with statesmen, soldiers, artists, and men of letters. He reproduces their words with reportorial accuracy. Von Kluck tells him that there were no atrocities in Belgium, although *franc tireurs* were necessarily punished. General Bohen, who destroyed Louvain, assures him to the same effect, although he pleads a bad memory "after five years." All the soldiers are aggressive and arrogant. Germany by her virtues has excited the enmity of the world, and therefore Germany must be destroyed. Germany was pacifist and the Allies were militarist. Germany was the good man struggling against a world of wickedness.

The artists and the men of letters were no better, although not so arrogant. Max Liebermann was sure Germany had never wished for war. It was the jealous English and the revengeful French. Richard Strauss was of

the same opinion, or pretended to be. Let France beware. Let her not create a new sentiment of *revanche*. Only from a few men like Haase and Harden did Lieutenant Berger find a different note. Haase has since been assassinated, but Harden is still brooding over the calamity that he so clearly foresaw. A few such men as these have seen the light and saw it from the start, but what are they among so many? The author leaves us with the unwelcome conviction that the German Junker is exactly where he always was, impenitent, impenetrable by fact, stupid, and incredibly arrogant. It may be that the political history of the last few years is making some headway in Germany. It must do so eventually. But it was not apparent when Lieutenant Berger made his visit and collected the material for one of the most interesting war books that has yet appeared.

GERMANY AFTER THE ARMISTICE. By Maurice Berger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

French War Books.

It is generally conceded that the war literature of France surpasses that of all other countries, not only in mass, but in range of subject and in delicacy of expression. Our knowledge of French war writings is still inadequate. We have had many of the great masterpieces, but so far we have been able to do nothing in the way of classification and arrangement.

This has now been done for us by Professor Albert Schinz of Smith College, New York. He divides French war books into those of emotional reaction, of history, or documenta-

tion, and of philosophic consideration. The first group, represented by the writings of Loti, Maeterlinck, and Verhaeren, are relatively unimportant. It is the tears in them that shine. After them came the historical and argumentative, largely made up of war novels and war diaries. Among these are the works of Benjamin and Barbusse, of Louis Thomas and of Péricard. When we come to "Philosophical Considerations" we find ourselves on much dryer ground, and one less interesting to the general reader.

Professor Schinz has done well in giving us a book that will be invaluable to those who wish for some sort of a guide to French war literature. With his aid we know exactly what to seek in accordance with individual tastes. Doubtless he will have to extend his review at some later date. Innumerable potential writers are still to be heard from, and whether we wish it or not we are likely to have an enormous diet of war books for the next hundred years.

FRENCH LITERATURE OF THE GREAT WAR. By Albert Schinz. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

The Book of Susan.

What chance is there for the daughter of a drunken mechanic and his slut of a wife, for a girl brought up in the slums of an Eastern city and with filth and vice for her early and almost only companions? The eugenist would probably say that there was no chance at all and that heredity must prove stronger than environment. But it is still lawful to hold a different opinion.

It is true that Susan is adopted at an early age by Captain Ambrose Hunt, a wealthy citizen of New Haven who has been separated from his wife. Captain Hunt has had his benevolent eye on Susan for some time, but it is not until her father has murdered her mother and then committed suicide that he is able to exercise the rights of guardianship. Susan goes to live with her benefactor and produces something like an earthquake in his sedate household. She is original, unconventional, and experienced.

And now we see the results of environment. Susan grows up into a beautiful and cultured girl with a remarkable facility in prose and verse. With unusual skill the author shows us how she transmutes the base metals of her childhood experiences, retaining their wisdom and discarding their stain. This part of the story is told with exceptional ability and fidelity, as also is the narrative of Susan's loves and the accuracy with which she discriminates between the true and the false. Captain Hunt himself falls in love with his ward in spite of the disparity of age, and although for the moment we have our qualms about this we feel that Susan can be trusted.

Unfortunately the author allows himself to include an incident that strikes a rather discordant note. Captain Hunt's wife dies, quite opportunely, as the result of an accident, and Susan is accused of her murder. She was actually a witness of the fatality, and her horror causes her to fall into a sort of trance in which she relates the actual occurrence, and to the satisfaction of the police. It is a piece of melodrama that should have been omitted. It smacks of quackery, and it is in no way improved by the author's efforts to be scientific and to exploit the subconscious. None the less, and in spite of what we must regard as a defect, the novel is a thoroughly good one, original, distinctive, and vigorous.

THE BOOK OF SUSAN. By Lee Wilson Dodd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

History of Journalism.

This is not so much a history of journalism as a sketch of journalists, with a glance at the conditions under which they worked. The author is himself a journalist, and evidently a keen student of the story of his profession. Beginning at the beginning, he tells us of the first newspaper published in America, of the journalism of the revolution and the civil war, and of Greeley and Bennett. With all that Mr. Payne says as to the loyalty and devotion that journalism has so often called forth there will be general agreement, but we may doubt if this has much redemptive effect upon journalism in general. Mr. Payne shows some caution in his general summaries of journalistic tendencies, and particularly of those of the present day, as witness his almost timorous references to Mr. Hearst. But he quotes with apparent approval the words of Mr. Godkin, who said in a letter to Charles Eliot Norton: "An immense democracy, mostly ignorant and completely secluded from foreign influences, and without any knowledge of other states of society, with great contempt for history and experience, finds itself in possession of enormous power and is eager to use it in brutal fashion against any one who comes along, without knowing how to do it, and is therefore constantly on the brink of some frightful catastrophe like that which overtook France in 1870. The spectacle of our financial condition and legislation during the last twenty years, the general silliness and credulity hegotten by the newspapers, the ferocious optimism exacted of all teachers and

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preachers, and the general belief that we are a peculiar people, to whom the experience of other people is no use, make a pretty dismal picture. . . . Our two leading powers, the legislature and the press, have to my knowledge been running down for thirty years."

HISTORY OF JOURNALISM IN THE UNITED STATES. By George Henry Payne. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.50.

After boasting that sheet music was the one commodity in the United States which had not advanced in price, the music dealers' convention voted to fall in line and go after the money. A famine in sheet music would be a most heavenly calamity.

Bituminous coal prices in France are ten times what they were before the war.

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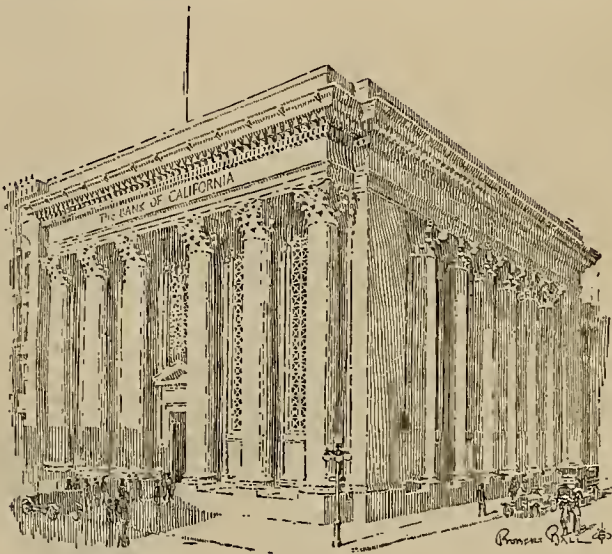
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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Tempering.

There was room for a novel of Appalachia and its curious people, who might have been transplanted direct from Elizabethan England and remained ever since in state of suspended animation. Mr. Buck knows the people and the place and has here turned his knowledge to good account.

A mysterious stranger comes to the Kentucky hills and settles down among the wild mountaineers. He calls himself McCalloway, and by his honesty and courage he wins the confidence of his neighbors. McCalloway attaches himself to young Boone Wellver and makes it his task to wean that young savage from the feudist traditions that have saturated his whole nature. It is a large contract. Boone is just two hundred years behind the rest of the nation, and the speed at which McCalloway urges him along the path is therefore a little breathless. It says much for the author's skill that he is able to weave such material into the fabric of a thoroughly readable novel.

THE TEMPERING. By Charles Neville Buck. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Voyage of the Sonora.

Among nearly lost arts are the fine printing and binding of books. William Morris in England produced marvels of typography, but he had no successor. Beautiful workmanship had fallen upon evil days. It had been conquered by machines.

But the highest art of the printer may still be found in San Francisco. Mr. Thomas C. Russell of 1734 Nineteenth Avenue prints books under the same inspiration that an artist paints pictures. He sets his type by hand, and it is beautiful type. The printing is faultless, and the paper a sumptuous delight to handle. Mr. Russell limits his editions to some two or three hundred numbered and signed copies, but it is hard to resist the conviction that there would be a more general demand for such exquisite books if their existence were known.

Mr. Russell's specialty is the reproduction of ancient works on the Pacific Coast, and his service is therefore a double one—to art and

to history. The quality of his latest issue may perhaps best be shown by the citation of his title-page, which reads: "Voyage of the Sonora in the Second Bucareli Expedition to Explore the Northwest Coast, Survey the Port of San Francisco and Found Franciscan Missions and a Presidio and Pueblo at That Port. The Journal Kept in 1775 on the Sonora by Don Francisco Antonio Mourelle, the Second Pilot of the Fleet Constituting the Sea Division of the Expedition. Translated by The Hon. Daines Barrington, from the Original Spanish Manuscript, Reprinted Line for Line and Page for Page from Barrington's Miscellanies Published in London in 1781 with Concise Notes Showing the Voyages of the Earliest Explorers on the Coast, the Sea and Land Expeditions of Galvez and of Bucareli for Settling California for Founding Missions, and Many Other Interesting Notes as well as an Entirely New Index to both Text and Notes by Thomas C. Russell, together with a Reproduction of the Da La Bodega Spanish Carta General Showing Spanish Discoveries etc., on the Coast up to 1791 and also a Portrait of Sir Daines Barrington."

Briefer Reviews.

"Boy Scouts to the Rescue," by Charles Henry Lerrigo (Barse & Hopkins), has been published in the Boy Scout Life Series, and with the approval of the national headquarters of the Boy Scout movement. It is a capital story for youngsters.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have published "Modern French Composition for Secondary Schools and Colleges," by Philippe de la Rochelle, romance department, Columbia University. The composition covers the first year's work in French. The price is \$1.35.

Maud Lindsay has already written some good books for children. Now she gives us another entitled "Bobby and the Big Road," with sixteen full-page illustrations in color by F. Liley Young. It is published by the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Price, \$1.50.

Margaret Ashmun was the author of "Isabel Carleton's Year" and therefore no further recommendation is needed for "Marian Frear's Summer," just published by the Macmillan Company (\$1.75). It is a really fine picture of American home life and one that all girls will enjoy.

Professor Elwood Mead has written a practical and useful book entitled "Helping Men Own Farms" (Macmillan Company; \$2.25). It is a clumsy title, but none the less the book is up to date on all matters relating to government aid in land settlement, and with methods and results in California and Australia.

"The Children's Story Garden" is a collection of stories arranged by a committee of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends. It is intended for children and it includes all sorts of stories all bound together with one new idea—that of making the Christian ideal of life interesting to children. It is pub-

lished by the J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.50.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

"The railroad question," says Mr. Kahn in his new book, "Our Economic and Other Problems" (Doran), "must be taken out of politics."

Helen Davenport Gibbons, author of "Paris Vistas," "A Little Gray Home in France," etc., will give several addresses at Chautauqua during July. Mrs. Gibbons accompanied her husband, Dr. Herbert Adams Gibbons, to Europe some years ago, and she will speak on "House-keeping During War-Time in France," "The American Soldier in France—A Woman's View," "An American Woman in Turkey," and kindred subjects.

Another volume in their American definitive and uniform edition of the novels of Leonard Merrick has just been brought out by E. P. Dutton & Co.—"When Love Flies Out of the Window," with an introduction by W. Robertson Nicoll.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are publishing new editions of Pierre de Coulevain's "On the Branch" and "The Heart of Life," translated by Alys Hallard.

Mr. Huebsch will add this month "A Great Inquiry," by Tolstoy, to his growing list of pamphlets. When this powerful land article greeted its first audience in the staid columns of the London Times that paper is said to have lost 4000 subscribers within a single week.

"Empress Eugénie in Exile" will probably be the title of Agnes Carey's book on the late empress, whom the author knew personally. The Century Company will publish the book immediately. Mrs. Carey's volume, it is explained, is not a formal biography of Eugénie; it is a chatty, informal book aiming to give the chief facts of her life, especially while on the throne of France, and to reveal her personality in her own words.

New Books Received

BLASCO IBANEZ ON MEXICO IN REVOLUTION. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Impressions of the Mexican revolution.

THE LIFE OF JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER. By E. R. and J. Pennell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$6.50.

New and revised edition.

LABOR AND THE EMPLOYER. By Samuel Gompers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50.

Labor movements and labor problems in America.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LADY GEORGINA PEEL. By Ethel Peel. New York: John Lane Company; \$5.

With illustrations.

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By Jacques Boulognet. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Translated from the French. The national history of France.

MARIAN FREAR'S SUMMER. By Margaret Ashmun. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

A story for girls.

ARCHAIC ENGLAND. By Harold Bayley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$7.50.

A contribution to English archaeology.

ENGLAND IN FRANCE. By Charles Vince. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.

A war record. Illustrated by Sydney R. Jones.

TOMORROW'S YESTERDAY. By Ernest Benishmol. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

A book of poems.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS AND ADDRESSES OF AN AMERICAN LAWYER. By Henry W. Taft. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"The by-product of a busy professional life."

ZANZIBAR. By Major F. B. Peerce. C. M. G. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$12.

The island metropolis of Eastern Africa.

BLUESTONE LYRICS. By Marguerite Wilkinson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A volume of verse.

HELPING MEN OWN FARMS. By Professor Elwood Mead. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25.

A discussion of government aid in land settlement.

STEVENSON'S GERMANY. By C. Brunodon Fletcher. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

R. L. S. on German intrigue.

THE NEW FRONTIER. By Guy Emerson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A study of the elements which make Americanism a force in the world today.

ETHICS AND NATURAL LAW. By George Lansing Raymond. L. H. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

A reconstructive review of moral philosophy applied to the rational art of living.

THE NAVY EVERYWHERE. By Conrad Cato. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

The British navy in foreign waters.

INTIMATE LETTERS FROM PETROGRAD. By Pauline S. Crosby. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

Written by the wife of an attaché at Petrograd.

AMERICAN GUNS IN THE WAR WITH GERMANY. By Edward S. Farrow. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

An account of American field equipment.

THE AMERICAN GUIDE BOOK TO FRANCE AND ITS BATTLEFIELDS. By Lieutenant-Colonel E. B. Garey.

Lieutenant-Colonel O. O. Ellis, and Lieutenant-Colonel R. V. D. Magoffin. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.50.

For the tourist. Illustrated.

MODERN FRENCH COMPOSITION. By Philippe de la Rochelle. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.35.

Covering the first year's work in French.

THE BREATHLESS MOMENT. By Muriel Hinc. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.

A novel.

THE MAN OF TOMORROW. By Claude Richards. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Vocational training.

THE RELIGIOUS CONSCIOUSNESS. By James Bissett Pratt, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4.

A psychological study.

THE WAR, THE WORLD AND WILSON. By George Creel. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.

A survey of war politics.

THE WATERS OF STRIFE. By George Vane. New York: John Lane Company.

A novel.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD AND HER SURROUNDINGS. By Constance Hill. New York: John Lane Company; \$6.

Biography.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIR HIRAM S. MAXIM. By P. F. Mottelay. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.

A biography.

RACHEL FITZPATRICK. By Lady Poore. New York: John Lane Company.

A novel.

THE LOST FATHER. By Anne Garborg. Boston: The Stratford Company; \$1.25.

Translated from the Norwegian.

UP THE SEINE TO THE BATTLEFIELDS. By Anna Bowman Dodd. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$3.

For the tourist.

BOY SCOUTS TO THE RESCUE. By Charles Henry Lerrigo. New York: Barse & Hopkins.

Issued in the Boy Scout Life Series.

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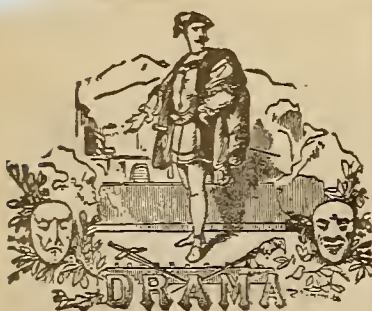
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"A TAILOR MADE MAN."

This is a mere whiff of a play; and yet it made something of a noise in New York. The author, Harry James Smith, thought up a fairly promising idea; nothing more nor less than that a humble tailor's helper, while pressing out the handsome dress suit of a customer which had pleasing potentialities as to fit, should suddenly be obsessed with the idea of wearing it himself, and by his looks and hearing gain an entrée to the mansions of the rich. The young man, who had the American métier for the get-rich-quick scheme, had, through the good offices of some under employee in the Knickerbocker Club, gained a hack entrance to that exclusive institution and studied the members closely through a crack in a door. Thus, he explains simply, he learned how to imitate them. The author, of course, must supply some more impressive motive than a youthful desire merely to disport in dress clothes under the brilliant chandeliers of the rich. So he fakes up an ambition on the part of John Paul Bart—which is the name of the schemer, and which he always pronounces with a resplendent air, as who would say, "I belong to the Rockefeller clan"—an ambition due to a perception on his part that he has abilities above his present work and station. Those abilities, he estimates, should be brought in some way to the attention of some great financier, who will recognize them and give him employment.

The author, however, has, in carrying out his plan, holdly ridden down the looming improbabilities by hestowing a somewhat farcical tinge to his comedy. John Paul Bart carries out his scheme, holdly assumes the fine evening suit—which he carries as to the manner born—and, presenting himself at the portal of Mr. and Mrs. Newly-Millionaire, is admitted without question. True, Mr. and Mrs. N.-M. look slightly puzzled over his suave salutation, and Miss N.-M. looks at him somewhat askance. We are then permitted to view the social diversions of the rich and of their sons and daughters, which is always a lure to plain, humdrum people. You can catch the plain

people any time by flashing a close view of millionaires before him, and when he can't get the real thing he will cheerfully and with innocent confidence put up with a theatrical representation of him and all his works, including home, friends, and family.

There is something about the millionaire crowd in "A Tailor Made Man" that suggests being created in the fancy of the author. One does not say to himself, "What a touch of reality!" the characters, or the majority of them, having been exaggerated to a point of, well, not exactly satire, for the observation is not keen, and the whole viewpoint is purely theatrical; but to a blend balanced between satire and farce. The character of Mrs. Kittie Dupuy, for instance, is built on lines as obvious as the moral of a Sunday-school story.

In fact, the play—or the author—has made the usual assumption of the New York public's rather childish attitude toward the drama. What goes in New York goes elsewhere, so the very obvious faults of the play do not seem to attract attention.

"On the Hiring Line," played by the Alcazar company a week or so ago, is much better, brighter, and more truly a comedy, and yet "A Tailor Made Man" made the biggest noise in New York. It must have been the millionaire flavor that did the business: the millionaire flavor plus John Paul Bart's impudence, which tickles Young America.

The play is rather weighted by the loquaciousness of that young man, who talks as much as a walking delegate. But Dudley Ayres, who looks well in evening dress and displays the proper amount of lingual nimbleness in getting off John Paul's periods, has made quite a success of the rôle, and carries his audience successfully with him even to rounding the corner of a money theft; for John Paul appropriates a fifty-dollar bill that he finds in the pocket of the horrified dress suit, under the very eyes of the innocently unconscious owner; and the audience is as gleeful over it as they were over the passing of the peripatetic bill in the peach-jam play—"The 'Traight Road.'" wasn't it? It is of course quite natural that they should laugh at what is conceived in the comedy spirit. But what is an interesting point is the frequency with which the leading character in the typical American comedy is an engaging knave, and the warm sympathy with which the average American audience takes the knave to its heart.

A cast of two dozen players was necessary to present the play, on account of the liberal manner in which the author had filled up Mrs. Newly-Millionaire's salon with speaking parts. The piece is more of a tax as a production than as a draw on the acting powers of the company, as the rôles offer few challenges to the ambitious. Mr. Ayres played the star rôle, and won his audience by the cheerful, assured effrontery of his John Paul Bart. This is Miss Inez Ragan's off week, she having enjoyed the spotlight last week in "Peg o' My Heart." Her rôle is just girl. Ben Erway seems to be developing into a character actor, and he has this week quite a disguising make-up. Mr. Hesse, specially engaged, gave a socialistically foreign flavor to the rôle of a German discontent. Emily Pinter looked too young and pretty and was too girlish in manner in the rôle of a mature climber to give the right touch to the character. Gladys Emmons carried her millionaire rôle through appropriately, and Stella Warfield invoked a hearty reality in her short scene as a stenographer. Other favorite players who appeared in the long cast are Jean Oliver, Henry Sumer, Brady Kline, Al Cunningham, and Rafael Brunetto.

THE ORPHEUM.

A capital hill this week at the Orpheum, with such lots of good timber in the performers that it is almost an all-star programme. Take Irene Franklin, for one; the lady who sang so triumphantly above her "gosh-awful" cold. This performer is one of the type that "gets over" everything that is aimed at the audience; the song, including every syllable of the words, the rhythm, the voice, the humor, the personality. She made us laugh, she made us smile—which sometimes is more of a triumph—she made us chuckle over her brief flashes of take-off, she made us want her to stay longer; and when she sang the ditty of the French "cheeken," and Frenchified look, intonation, gesture, manner, and even the sacred American slang, she was quite irresistible.

Sofly Ward and Marion Murray, assisted by Jeanne Eliot, another cute little French "cheeken," mightily amused the audience in that conjugal sparring match known as "Bahies." No doubt there is some imitation in the piece, since it is not so long since we saw another pair of marital scrappers at the Orpheum conclude to bury their differences in the seas of tenderness engendered by the care of an adopted baby, but the Ward-Murray pair went them one better by having the baby—an irresistible tot of three or four—brought on the stage, and every man, woman, and child in the audience immediately fell at the feet of the adorable chick and kissed the hem of his gingham rompers: for some one had sense enough to pick out the right kind of a child. The piece was exceptionally well played for one of its type, although it is vaudevillian to the last degree and indulges in the questionable taste of introducing jesting allusions to the starving children of Europe, and the giggle remark constituted another breach of seamliness. But the rapid skating of moods "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," just suited our vaudeville audiences, who like earnestness or a serious state of mind to be a lightning transit.

Another sketch presented by notably good performers is "Ruheville," showing a bit of life in a country-town store. The picture of the interior is well gotten up, and so are the various rural make-up of the performers, who sing, play on resounding brass, and—some, or only one of them, I guess it was—dance. But they sing sweetly and harmoniously, the quartet not allowing their voices to yell as did the brass instruments, which poured forth a clamor that almost blew us out of our seats. The 'cellist duet, however, settled down to business, and Kenneth Young and his 'cello mate played very sweetly. The star performer was the store proprietor, played by Harry B. Watson, a cute young thing masquerading very cleverly as a cute old one, who tickled the audience under its laugh-ribs with very conspicuous success.

The Jim and Marian Harkins pair are here again, Marian's business being to smile, sing, dance, and look pretty, and then to leave the stage to Jim so that he may have a long and luxurious gossip with the audience about the performance. At least that is the way we feel about it, mute though we remain, for Jim is so natural, with his simpleton look and tone, and the village-neighbor-gossip relish which he puts into the entire recital; added to which is the natural enjoyment the audience feels in listening to comments—burlesqued though they are—on what they have just been seeing.

Another good act was the "Creole Fashion Plate." That queer, daintily contoured girl with the black satin hair and the natural style in carrying her showy costumes intrigued us. We discussed her nationality. Was she Japanese? And goodness, but she had put money in her show. Look at the floral curtain, and the stage appointments, and her costumes. And see, she has a pianist all to herself. What do you think of her voice? It has a dramatic intonation, but it is slightly hollow, and very young, though she plainly is, there is a queer sound of maturity in it. At this point in my meditations she sprang her surprise, and I was humbled. But I won't tell it, so you'll be humbled, too.

Jack Wyatt with his Scotch lads and lassies is back again, his excellent act fairly crammed with color, spectacle, harmony, and song. His pipers their pipe, and his lassies they dance, the men, and indeed the whole company, have tremendously resounding voices. Jack Wyatt is a most engaging young man and drums to the queen's taste, and the Highland costumes make each man look like an athletic tower, while the girls are graceful sprites.

Francis Yates and Gus Reed have a song and patter act, one of the two—Yates, I suppose—possessing a tremendous bass voice with which he contrives to amuse; rather clever of him, as a real basso is almost too solemn for vaudeville.

The Skatelles give a splendid exhibition of dancing on skates, and Jeanette Childs, "the joy girl," demonstrates the possession of some vaudeville talent not yet fully developed. The

young lady is too ambitious with her dialects, which do not "get over." Neither does her comedy, quite. Yet she has abandon, dances pretty well, and if she would cut out that hideous pink and blue rig, and, when Irene Franklin is on the stage, get out in front and study, long and soulfully, that performer's methods of "getting over," she could improve her act.

They didn't have any pictures this week: neither at the beginning or the end. One shouldn't complain after enjoying so good a hill, but I will just mildly remark that the audience is notably less responsive to the screen jokes and that we can get newspaper jokes to turn out of our daily paper, but we

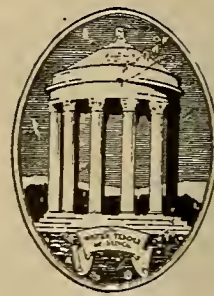
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GOING ON THE STAGE.

What causes some of the less gifted ones to do it? We sometimes ask ourselves in mild amazement. For those who are in the atmosphere, whose people are already in the theatrical profession, it is inevitable, and excusable even when they are but slightly dowered with talent. But what about the numerous mediocrities who disport themselves on the stage and either make you tired—although that, of course, not often: the managers see to that—or inspire you with a ruminating pity.

There is Miss A, for example; a pretty, lady-like girl who will never, never rise. Even if she had the talent she is too tall ever to play leads; or too small, or too thin, or too precise in her manner. So she is a utility woman, and, forsaking her comfortable home and her indulgent parents, she travels around the country doing theatrical drudgery and knowing it not.

Then there is Mr. B. with his frank, boyish manner, which wins the liking of his audience. Poor B, little does he know, as he dreams gorgeous dreams of future greatness, that he, too, is down for a future of dull usefulness. His boyishness will go, and by and by his dreams with them. By that time audiences, with no youthful charm to glamour their senses, will merely regard him as a useful specimen of stage furniture.

Frequently these dully useful people are put forward in some economically selected company starting on circuit because their stage experience has smoothed off a few angles, and they can sit and stand with a certain discretion. Or the penetrating voice and distinctness of speech which, added to other qualifications, induced them to try to become professional players, is instrumental in causing a stage director to cast a speculative eye on them, and temporarily to use them for a convenience and advance them. And then the resurrection of the faded dreams! Poor, poor dreamers, their paradise, a haven of bliss lighted by their name in electricity on Broadway, will never materialize. Their success, such as it is, will be of the most modest description.

And still they dream, and we forgive them their delusions and their dreams. The rewards are, or seem to be, so great. And they do not know how matter-of-factly players

finally accept success. There is, of course, at first the wild elation. There is always the intense interest in the art; or nearly always. Some few tire of it, and retire early in life. But the dreamers scarcely realize how tired they get, how weary of traveling from place to place, how sick of driving plays, how bored by driving players, and how little they see of the actual life of the theatre, outside their own routine of work.

Mrs. Fiske says she practically never goes to the theatre. Evidently she knew some of the great stars by supporting them. Others, like Duse, she saw on a vacation trip; to Europe probably. On the whole, except with a few volcanic personalities, life is much of routine to all of us.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Wit of Famous Preachers.

The witty sayings of famous men are apt to be more characteristic than their serious statements. Truth is truth, however told, but wit is a lambent flame of idiomatic personality playing around fact, or demolishing falsity. Some preachers have been witty men and some have not, but the oratorical temperament usually has a quick answer to any problem.

Luther's wit was as rough and ready as himself and his time. A scoffing spirit asked, "Where was God before heaven was created?" Luther flashed back at him, "Building hell for such idle and inquisitive spirits as you." One of his lieutenants came to him with a troublesome tale of a minister who wore a cassock while preaching. Said Luther: "He can wear three cassocks if it will help him to be a better preacher."

Quaintly solemn was the wit of Latimer when, as a court chaplain, he preached before Henry VIII. He began:

"Latimer, Latimer, take care what you say; the great King Henry VIII is here." After a pause he added: "Latimer, Latimer, take care what you say, for the King of Kings is here."

Whitefield, the father of Methodism, had that faculty of getting down to realities which has been characteristic of other preachers of that simple faith. On being asked if a certain man was a Christian, Whitefield replied:

"How should I know? I have never lived with him."

He was once visiting a brother in the church who was excessively fond of his prayers, and showed it by making rather tiresomely long ones. Whitefield arose quietly during the prayer and seated himself, and explained with serenity to his host a little later: "You prayed me into a good frame of mind, and then you prayed me out again."

Occupied with founding a new church, he had little time for theological subtleties, and once said that he expected when he reached heaven to find Charles I, Oliver Cromwell, and Archbishop Laud all singing hallelujahs together.

The reply of Dr. South to Queen Anne when she objected to the length of his sermon has passed into a religious proverb. He said:

"I would have made it shorter if I had had more time."

When Para rubber trees are tapped, after the gum has run into receptacles and stiffened, a species of large black ant is accustomed to cut out pieces of the rubber and carry them away. Bees also find use for india rubber, and some species in South America actually cut the bark of the trees that produce resinous substances in order to cause a flow of the sap. The gum is employed by the bees as a ready-made wax for their nests.

The pay of a negro janitor in any of the departments of the government in Washington is higher than the well-trained white school-teacher.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Curran Theatre.

The height of the summer dramatic season is reached with the coming of Jane Cowl to the Curran Theatre Monday night, August 2d. For years plays which Miss Cowl created into successes on Broadway have been coming westward without Miss Cowl's presence, but this time "Smilin' Through" has Miss Cowl, and for this reason this attraction is considered to be of special interest. And in support of Miss Cowl will be found the distinguished players who have always been identified with this noted star's companies, foremost being Orme Caldara, who has at all times been Miss Cowl's leading man since she became a star. With the Selwyns sending out the entire Broadhurst Theatre production the engagement is above the average.

Miss Cowl's play is a romance springing out of the war, with fantastic scenes dominated by the spirits of the departed.

Miss Cowl's rôle is that of a young girl whose life is in danger of being blighted through the unrelenting hatred of her uncle, and guardian for the man she wishes to marry. It all goes back fifty years to the murder of the bride of that far-off time.

Charlotte Greenwood terminates her highly prosperous four weeks' engagement tonight.

The Columbia Theatre.

G. M. Anderson's revue of revues, "The Frivolities of 1920," will play a special engagement of two weeks at the Columbia Theatre, beginning with Monday night, August 2d. With its myriads of comics, songsters, steppers, and beauties, the big show will be seen here for the first time in all the radiant splendor of the New York and Boston runs. In its numerous cast are still to be found Henry Lewis, Edward Gallagher, Joseph Rolfe, Frank Davis, Delle Darnell, Richard Bold, Tom Nip, Charles O'Brien, Dolly Best, Lelia Ricard, May Keefe, Ruth Craft, Will Goodall, the Voltaire Sisters, Edward Metcalfe, and Fay Franklin. Matinees are announced for Wednesday and Saturday.

The Alcazar Theatre.

The Alcazar players are headed by two delightful young leading people who possess ability and magnetism, more admirable qualities than mere temperament. Dudley Ayres and Inez Ragan know their business and attend to it with zeal and enthusiasm and without friction. They are a picturesque pair, the man big, graceful, well poised, and dark, contrasting with the blonde, blue-eyed beauty of the young actress, who proved a revelation in "Peg" and this week's audaciously humorous "A Tailor Made Man." These young artists, in manner and methods, grace and dignity a company of the Alcazar's splendid quality. They will be well bestowed as Jack and "Blanny" Wheeler in next week's first staging at the Alcazar of Avery Hopwood's farcical comedy, "Fair and Warmer." No funnier or more innocent farce ever made the country laugh. In the cast also are the expert farceurs Ben Erway, Emily Pinter, Brady Kline, Henry Shumer, Rafael Brunetto, and Stella Warfield.

"The Crimson Alibi," on Sunday, August 8th, is melodrama of baffling complication. It is based on Octavus Roy Cohen's story. The dramatization was made by George Broadhurst and has been holding New York audiences in the grip of suspense at his own theatre for the past six months.

The Orpheum.

Laughter will be the applause at the Orpheum this week, for a bill of almost solid comedy will make its appearance Sunday.

Frank Dobson and his Thirteen Sirens, thirteen girls selected for their beauty as well as their talents, will be the principal attraction. Frank Dobson, a comedian of attainment, will contribute more than his share of merriment. "Mrs. Wellington's Surprise," a sketch written by George Kelly for the purpose of filling the demand vaudeville makes for light comedy, is another act for which unusual merit is claimed.

Ralph C. Bevan and Beatrice Flint will have plenty of light talk and merriment-creating songs. Will Mahoney, comedian of note, will hold the stage several minutes with his monologue based on the theme, "Why be serious?"

Francis Yates and Gus Reed will prove they are jocular entertainers with their "Chinese Circus." Edna Showalter, American coloratura soprano, is destined further to establish herself in the adoration of true music lovers. "Rubeville," favorite for its delineations of rural types, and Yates and Reed with their notable turn, are scheduled for another week. Topics of the day, pictorial news, Orpheum orchestra are other pleasant ingredients of the new Orpheum bill.

Bohemian Club Concert.

The Bohemian Club's annual concert will be given next Friday, August 6th, at 2:30 p. m., at the Tivoli Opera House. The ticket sale



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will commence Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and it is suggested that readers of this column wishing to avail themselves of this opportunity make it a point to be at the box-office early.

The Bohemian Club's concert committee comprises W. H. Leahy, chairman; Joseph Redding, secretary; C. Templeton Crocker, George S. Garritt, W. H. B. Fowler, Haig Patigian, Charles S. Stanton, Frank Mathieu, Charles K. Field, Edward H. Hamilton, Harrison Fisher, and has prepared an alluring programme, with the distinctive features peculiar to the productions of the Bohemian Club. There will be eminent soloists, a symphony orchestra of seventy, club chorus of sixty, the conductors being Ulderico Marcelli, Eugene Blanchard, Domencia Brescia, and Henry Hadley, while Wallace Sabin will be at the console of the Tivoli organ.

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VANITY FAIR.

Some little time ago there was serious trouble with the Spanish people and it was duly recorded and immortalized in these columns. No, we do not refer to the Spanish war. It was worse than that. The difficulty was first divulged in a consular report from Madrid and it related to shirts. The Spaniard, said the report, looked with deep and dark suspicion upon the American coat shirt which had just reached his markets. He disliked all innovations, and this one in particular. It suggested democracy, republicanism, and perhaps revolution. The Spaniard was accustomed to the ancient and time-honored shirt, fashioned somewhat like a tube, into which he plunged from the caudal or tail extremity and from which he convulsively emerged, disheveled but triumphant, from the cranial termination. Explanations served only to make matters worse. It was pointed out to him that the American preferred to attend to his tenuous duties while clad only in the garment known to men as the union suit, and to women, so we are informed, as combinations, or, colloquially, "combies." Now this particular procedure, this particular precedence, was prohibited by the tube or corset shirt. It was practically impossible to make the passage without disturbance of those hirsute arrangements which are the crown and the glory of the well-groomed man. If the precedence were changed and the shirt donned before the dressing of the hair, then there was a possibility of the shirt being soiled by some of those unguents that lurk in the privacy of the dressing-room and whose very existence is diplomatically ignored and even denied. It was explained to the Spaniard that the American is naturally conservative, averse


to all but well-considered changes, and reluctant to inflict a slight upon the proud spirit of ancient Castille. The coat shirt was not an insidious attempt to undermine the venerable institutions of Spain. It was a reform, but not a revolution; remedial, but not iconoclastic; ameliorative, but not anarchic. Its adoption was consistent with the genius of a sensitive people, willing to set its feet upon the path of progress, but naturally and properly opposed to violence or incendiarism. By such tactful and sympathetic representations did the coat shirt establish its place in the Spanish beard, or rather on the Spanish back.

But now it seems that hostilities with Great Britain are gravely threatened, and from the same cause. It is hoped that the more serious complications may be avoided without an appeal to the league of nations to which we have not yet given our adhesion. But the situation at the moment of writing is critical. Why do we persist in throwing these bombshells into the comity of nations? Why do we act as an international firebrand, waving the bloody shirt, so to speak, in the face of those who are wedded to their deathless traditions? Why can't we be peaceful?

The Englishman has a double count against the shirt. First of all, he says, he can not put it on, and by this he means that he can not slip it over his head in the way sanctioned by usage. He buys American shirts unsuspicious of the deadly facts hidden by the artful wrappings and fastenings, and then when he tries to put them on in the way sanctified by his forefathers who came over with the Normans and extracted Magna Charta from King John at Runnymede, he is foiled by the opening down the front. So he takes them back to the shop and demands that they be sewn up. His motto is *Aut Caesar, aut*

nullus. He will don his shirt in the time-honored way or he will go shirtless.

But there is another count in the Britisher's indictment. He objects to the arrangement of linen folds by which the back collar stud is prevented from touching the neck. Irate customers complain of the agony and despair induced by their fruitless efforts to insert the stud, and it must be said that nothing is so provocative of fury as any failure in the mechanism of the collar. One is so helpless. One customer relates his prowess with a pocket-knife in his efforts to excavate the necessary aperture. An explanation of the mystery of the double fold was fruitless. "How can I manipulate this thing," asks the agonized purchaser, "after I have my shirt on? An honest hole right through the fabric presents no difficulties. But to find the lower edge of the starched fold, to pry it up and to insert the stud is an impossibility. Not being a woman, how can I reach the back of my neck and carry out so delicate an operation without the aid of vision?" Then the shopman explained. He said that the ingenious American had faced the same problem and had solved it. It was surprising how the most formidable obstacles gave way to resolution. The American had pondered over that question, prayed over it, wrestled, and at last the light had come, as it always does. He inserted the stud before putting on the shirt. He spread the shirt on the bed, where it was relatively defenseless, and he then ruthlessly placed the stud *in situ*. Then he put on the shirt and everything was lovely. But the Englishman was irreconcilable. He was implacable. He was uncompromising. He said that the British Constitution could not thus be trifled with. Immemorial usage demanded that the stud be inserted after the shirt was on and he simply would not stand for a change. And as for protecting the neck against contact with the deadly stud he said he did not give a—well, never mind what he said about that. But the international situation is now strained, although it is hoped that a conference of the powers may yet avert hostilities.



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A project presented to the French Senate by Louis Martin, senator from the Var, provides for radical changes in the marriage laws of France, and especially for the elimination of the pledge of obedience by a wife to her husband (says a Paris dispatch to the New York Sun and Herald). Senator Martin does not, however, intend to eliminate the provision that a husband must support his wife. His theory is that a revision of the laws governing marriage would be at least a moral satisfaction, as these laws would still contain a provision of mutual fidelity and assistance.

"The only difference would be that the husband would become a constitutional rather than an absolute monarch," he said.

The Clerical element in the Senate opposes the project. The spokesman of this element, Canon Collon, suggested that it would have no bearing on feminist problems, as if the laws were revised as proposed women would not gain anything which they do not now have. He declared that woman's influence over her husband was paramount, despite Senate-made laws.

On the other hand, protagonists of the measure cover the whole gamut of marital philosophy from that of purely religious origin, wherein sacred texts call for obedience by the wife, to that of the Socialists, who are in favor of arranging all marriage laws to meet varying economic conditions, leaving the courts to decide in individual cases whether matrimonial bonds are abrogated by a wife's disobedience.

In any event, the Senate does not know which way to turn, and ultra feminists will have to wait until October before French politicians will tackle the problem.

A new method of producing artificial daylight which, it is suggested, will revolutionize the lighting of the stage, has been invented by George Sheringham, an English artist. The apparatus is simple and consists of a high-power electric light bulb fitted with a cup-shaped opaque reflector the inside of which is painted a silver-gray color. The reflector throws the light against a screen shaped like a parasol. The screen is lined with small patches of colors, arranged according to a formula worked out by Mr. Sheringham. The light thrown down from the screen shows colors almost as well as full daylight, and much better, it is said, than any other arrangement of artificial lighting.

The day of tall buildings is about to dawn for London. "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," as the Bank of England is called, will be rebuilt as a structure of many stories.

Thousands of German helmets were used to repair roads in England. They were rolled out flat by road rollers, and were also used to fill up holes.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At Christmas time Elinor got several little candy animals, which she has been saving because they were so cute. But one day the toy rabbit was missed. "What did you do with Bunny?" "Oh, he got too dirty to play with, so I ate him," replied Elinor.

As the powerful motor-car dashed along the French country road in a smother of dust and fumes, the owner leaned toward the chauffeur and yelled out: "Where are we now?" "Just running into Paris, sir!" roared the man at the wheel. The owner of the car shook his head irritably. "Oh, don't bother about little details," he shrieked back. "I mean what country?"

"Maria!" roared Mr. Gayboy, "where on earth is my hat?" "I am sure I do not know," retorted his wife, coldly, still showing signs of the family scene which had marked hubby's return home in the wee small hours. "You ought to," snorted the man. "I can't keep a thing about this house. It's a shame the way things disappear without any apparent reason! I would just like to know where my hat is!" "So would I," replied the lady meaningly. "You didn't have it on when you came home last night."

Charles M. Schwab at one of his Loretto dinner parties was talking about a man who was vainly beseeching the banks for a loan. "He's a rich man, too," said Mr. Schwab; "but he's work poor." "Work poor?" said a guest. "Yes, work poor," Mr. Schwab repeated. "You see, he's always got so many operations in hand that he's always short of money to finance them. Work poor, I call it." Then he smiled and added: "He's one of those fellows who dig so much that they're always in a hole."

The gob was on shore leave and happy because he had found a girl as affectionate as he. His joy was dimmed, however, for a blue-coat had forbidden spooning in the park and his girl had tabooed it in the streets. But life took on a new turn when he saw a man kiss his wife farewell in front of the Pennsylvania station, New York. He rushed his girl toward a crowd hurrying toward the Philadelphia express and bade her a fond

farewell. When the crowd thinned they joined a throng for Washington and repeated the act. They repeated it again before the Chicago train. This was too much for a colored porter who had been watching. He stepped up to the gob. "Boss," he said, "why don't you go downstairs and try the Long Island station? Dem trains am a-leavin' mos' all de time?"

Mr. Gabb had been out at an all-night poker game and was trying to square himself when he got home at noon the next day. He had a package under his arm. "Wouldn't you like to know what is in this package?" asked Mr. Gabb. "I'm not a bit interested," replied Mrs. Gabb. "Well, I bought something for the one I love best in the world," announced Mr. Gabb, with a grin. "What did you buy yourself, collars or neckties?" snapped Mrs. Gabb.

He was one of those smart men who like to show their cleverness. "Watch me take a rise out of him," he said, as the tramp approached. Then he listened solemnly to the tale of hard luck. "That's the same story you told me the last time you accosted me," he said, when the vagrant had finished. "Is it?" was the answering question. "When did I tell it to you?" "Last week." "Mebbe I did, mebbe I did," admitted the tramp. "I'd almost forgotten meeting you. I was in prison all last week."

Pat was employed as a hodcarrier during the new building operations. One morning he happened to be late. Putting on his clothes in haste he hurried away without noticing that he had put on his overalls hind side to. Arriving at the works just in time, he was soon climbing the ladder with his first hod of brick, but half way up he fell to the ground. His mates rushed to the rescue. "Are you hurt?" they asked. Pat opened his eyes and for a moment gazed wonderingly at his own legs. "No, bedad," he said, "but I've had a terrible twist."

The temperance reformer was justly proud of having converted the biggest drunkard in a Scottish town and induced him—he was the local grave-digger—to get up on the platform and testify. This is how he did it: "My friends," he said, "I never thoct to stand upon this platform with the provost on one side of me and toon clerk on th' ither side of me. I never thoct to tell ye that for a whole month I've not touched a drop of anything. I've saved enough to buy me a braw oak coffin wi' brass handles and brass nails, and if I'm a teetotaller for anither month I shall be wantin' it."

Many are the stories told of the thrift of Harry Lauder. The fact that he is of Scottish descent has given humorists an opportunity to plaster a multitude of yarns, deserved and undeserved, upon his personality. Here's one: Some years ago, after Lauder had passed under the exclusive management of William Morris, he enjoyed one of the most prosperous seasons of his career. Week after week he played to capacity houses. Money flowed in the box-offices. Receptions

a-many were accorded him. Publicity came from every source. Lauder was happy. "Ah, mon," he told Morris, "but it's bonnie. An' I'll not forget yet, ken that. 'Tis a rare giftie I have to make ye before I gang awa." Time and again, as the tour continued, Lauder reiterated the statement. Morris became more and more curious. He imagined all sorts of magnificent gifts, but, despite an active imagination, he could not fathom the secret. And then it came. Lauder said goodbye and walked down the gangplank of the vessel that was to carry him to Scotland. Before he left, however, he shoved a package into Morris' hand. When the vessel cleared the manager found a secluded corner and opened the package. It was a photograph of Lauder, autographed in the actor's own hand.

It was on the occasion of Mme. Modjeska's last tour through the United States. The play was "Macbeth." The city, Madison, Wisconsin, where is located the University of Wisconsin. Members of the Haresfoot Club, the college dramatic organization, imbued with a desire to see life behind the scenes, applied for work as supernumeraries. The production was late getting in and those lucky enough to be accepted were taken in charge by the "super-captain" just before the first curtain rung up. He proved to be a red-headed stage carpenter, made up and prepared to enact the rôle of the Bloody Sergeant. He gathered his little troupe about him and explained the business of the banquet scene. "It's dis way," he expounded. "De ole guy wid de alfalfa—Macbeth—he's knocked off a couple of ward bosses what stood in his way. Politics, see? He's giving a banquet to square things, and youse is his guests. He pipes a ghost, or thinks he does, after he gets full of booze, an' acts kind o' nutty. Youse gets up, all excited, but his missus—she's a wise dame—she ups and says: 'Oh, don't mind th' damn fool. He gets dat way at times.' Den youse sets down again. See? By'm'by, he goes bugs once more, and he says: 'Get t' hell out o' here.' Den you exit. Now, go on an' do your damndest." The players did.

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Vicious Circle.

This is a topsy-turvy age,
When servants ride and masters walk;
And countless jobs, with princely wage,
Go begging while the workmen talk.

The largest purse complains the most.
"Thief!" is the cry of profiteers;
False standards raise the loudest boast;
The homely virtues meet with jeers.

Confusion follows shallow thought;
The agitator waxes fat;
Expensive baubles now are sought
By all the proletariat.

Demands are granted by the score
That hint of others still to come;
When wages rise the prices soar,
And so on *ad infinitum*.

That this wild spree will sometime go
Is doubted not by sober men;
All vicious circles break, we know—
The only point in doubt is, When?
—Roscoe Brumbaugh in *Life*.

Mother Takes to Slang.

Now Mother's talking slang because
Throughout the livelong day
She says she hears so much she can't
Talk any other way.
She said to Dad at dinner-time,
"I'm off of you for life
Because you always gum the works
By eating with your knife!"

The preacher called at four o'clock,
And Mother started in
By being very proper, but
Ere long she saw him grin.
And was it any wonder when
She said, "What gets my goat
Is having all the hens remark,
'Tbat is ber last year's coat!'"

But most of all when sister's beau
Called on her after tea,
And I thought I would stick around,
My mother said to me:
"My son, I want to put you wise,
Your sister's in the mood
To hand you one unless you beat
It while the beating's good!"
—Harvey Peake in *Judge*.

"Cyrano" Isn't a Plagiarism.

When Judge Kohlsaat ruled in Chicago a few years ago that "Cyrano de Bergerac" was a plagiarism on a play by a Chicago real estate dealer, "The Merchant Prince of Cornville," the average American who had followed the case couldn't help a sense of humiliation at the exhibition of culture, or its lack, in the presence of the world. It is rare that a business man acquires the technique of the playwright and poet. Certainly the author of "The Merchant Prince" didn't have it. The contrast between Rostand's exquisite work and the amateurish and impossible Chicago product was grotesque.

If occasional similarities in plot are to count, Shakespeare would have been perma-

nently enjoined, and the heirs of Voltaire might have held up the publication of Mark Twain's "Mysterious Stranger" on the ground that it infringed "Candide." Most of the plots have been used up. What counts in a play or in a novel is the way in which the story is handled, its insight into life and character, its style, its balance, its artistic sense.

Happily the findings of the Chicago court have now been reversed in New York, Judge Hand holding he could find "no substantial similarity between the two plays, either in form or substance."—*Kansas City Star*.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Rear-Admiral A. M. D. McIntosh, Medical Corps, U. S. N., and Mrs. McCormick announce the engagement of their daughter, Cora Abbott, to Mr. Morris Clark, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Clark, of Berkeley, California.

Mr. Robert Hooker, Jr., and Mr. John Hooker were hosts at a picnic Tuesday in the San Mateo foothills. Their guests were Mrs. Philip Schuyler, Miss Agnes Shreve, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Jeanette Riley, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Dolly

nelia Kepff, Miss Dorothy Fithian, Miss Laura Kaime, Mr. Wendell Kuhn, Mr. Otis Chatfield-Taylor, Mr. Harry Webb, Mr. J. R. Fithian, and Mr. Oliver Harriman.

Miss Frances Merrill was a luncheon hostess last Saturday, when she entertained for Mrs. Clyde Payne and Miss Lola Lee.

Mrs. Philip Schuyler gave a picnic in San Mateo last Saturday. Her guests included Miss Sophie Beylard, Miss Dolly Kuhn, Miss Catherine Kuhn, Miss Mary Martin, Miss Agnes Shreve, Mr. Joseph Howard, Captain Bevy, Mr. Robert Hooker, Jr., Mr. John Hooker, Mr. Stephen Parrott, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Jr., and Mr. Joseph Lerocque.

Mrs. Jonathan Crooks gave a luncheon several days ago in compliment to Mrs. Patrick Calhoun. Among the guests were Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Seyward McNear, Mrs. Robert Menzies, Mrs. William Taylor, Mrs. Edwin Griffith, Miss Mary Bates, and Miss Mary Coppée.

Mrs. Frank Ames entertained at a dinner-dance a few evenings ago at the Santa Barbara Country Club. Among those attending the affair were Miss Helen Hammersmith, Mrs. N. F. Wilson, Miss Anne Burnett, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, and Mr. Lawrence Gray.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Jennings gave a dinner-dance Saturday at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kuhn gave a dinner several evenings ago, complimenting Mrs. William Scaife and Mr. Jerome Hill. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Fentriss Hill, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean, Mrs. Nion Tucker, and Mrs. Bissell Speer.

Mrs. John McLaughlin was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Chester Woolsey at the Palace on Friday. Among those present were Mrs. Edgar Wallace, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Daisy Overton, Miss Janet Coleman, and Miss Edith Slack.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley were dinner hosts several evenings ago, entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Kelham, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, and Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. Fentriss Hill gave a luncheon on Sunday at the Burlingame Country Club, complimenting Mrs. William Scaife and Mr. Jerome Hill. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Scott, Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. William Kuhn, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pool, Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough, and Mr. Stanford Gwin.

Mrs. Andrew Lawson was hostess at a picnic Tuesday in Palo Alto in compliment to Miss Elizabeth Fee. Her guests included Mrs. Harold Casey, Mrs. Charles Hunt, and Mr. Van Leer Kirkman.

Mrs. A. A. Moore entertained a week-end house party at Mission Ridge. Among those sharing her hospitality were Miss Francesca Deering, Miss Jacqueline Valentine, Mr. Brooks Walker, and Mr. Peter Starr.

Miss Betty Schmiedell and Miss Doris Schmiedell gave a house party over the week-end, entertaining Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Amanda McNear, Mr. James Moffitt, and Mr. Paul Kennedy.

Mrs. Charles Deems gave a tea on Tuesday at the Marin Golf and Country Club in honor of Miss Margaret Babcock and Miss Katherine Branson.

Mrs. H. B. Price gave a luncheon and bridge party on Tuesday at Yerba Buena, complimenting Miss Josephine Roncy.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaillard Stoney entertained at dinner on Monday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Vogelsang.

Miss Mary Emma Flood was a luncheon hostess on Tuesday at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dean gave a dance several evenings ago in compliment to Mr. Edward Dean, Jr.

Mrs. Ira Pierce was a dinner and bridge hostess a few evenings ago at her home on Jackson Street.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dance on Monday, complimenting Miss Mary Martin. The hostess was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Walter Martin.

A tennis tournament was held at the Menlo Park Country Club on Thursday. Among those participating in the affair were Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Evan Williams, Mrs. William Pool, Mrs. Harold Casey, Mrs. George Lyman, Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Edna Taylor, and Miss Aileen McIntosh.

Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Davenport are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son at their home in Palo Alto.

The latest thing in money-carrying devices is reported by the woodsmen who are drifting into Virginia in increasing numbers. Instead of the old scheme of carrying their stake in their woolen socks, loose in their pockets, or in a wallet, the lumberjacks and miners now carry it in their neckties. They insert the bills in the lining of the necktie, pin the tie, and then tuck it in front of their shirt. The advantage lies in the fact that one has his bank directly in front of him at all times. Incidentally, more woodsmen are wearing neckties this year than ever before.

A masterful old family, expert no less in ruling than fighting, may be complimented with the "American story," published in England, that the tactful, triumphant Mexican leader, General Obregon, is one of the O'Briens. He has blue eyes, at any rate, and reddish brown hair. To cap the felicitation, an editor points out that the last Spanish viceroy of this same Mexico was John O'Donohue, to-wit, Don Juan O'Donohu, a descendant of the O'Donohues of Munster.

SHASTA GINGER ALE

Makes you think the world's worth while.

CURRENT VERSE.

Song for the Senses.

Souls by loveliness are fed,
And the stars become their bread!
Hearts from sordidness are drawn
By the sunset and the dawn,
By a birch above a brook,
By a comradeship or book,
And the spirit leaps its closes,
Comprehending moons and roses,
Through the senses, which take toll
Of all the beauty for the soul!

So, though never a bard essays
Ode or lyric in their praise,
This my melody I bring
These who set my songs a-wing;
These who makes my pulses one
With the bough and bird and sun!
Yea, though hermits build defenses!
Yea, though friars flog the senses,
I shall hold them priests and be
Minstrel to their ministry!

—Daniel Henderson in New York Post.

The Legions of Light.

They shall cleanse the Earth of a million sins
And a million souls set free;
Their task begins when time begins,
And ends with eternity.
Children, under the skies of blue,
Playing beside the sea
And a world refreshed and made anew
Their monument shall be.

"What do you see in the snowy clouds
Ever and ever so high,
Up by the towering City's shrouds
Where the offices mount to the sky?
All I can see is the vault of blue,
And the billowy clouds in the air,
But I know that your eyes are young and true,
Oh, tell me what you see there!"

"And what is that cloud bank far to the west,
Beyond the billows of white?
Its stormy dark and towering crest
Seems like the shadow of night.
I see the distant lightning play,
Flash and disappear,
And the thunder roars—but speak, I say,
Oh, what do you see and hear?"

"I see the Legions of Light, my friend,
In the smoke of the cannonade,
Squadrons that plunge where the ranks extend,
And the galloping charge is made;
Artillery smoke clouds whirl and change
As the battle swings along,
And I know that the gunners have found the
range
And they're storming the Forces of Wrong.

"Storming the Forces of Wrong today,
And afar in the upper sky,
Above the clouds where the armies sway,
The Aerial fleets go by.
Far and far in the higher air
Of the uppermost strata of mist,
In each successive cloud-belt layer
Wherever the foe resist.

"I see the flash of the guns that speak
Across the hills of cloud,
I hear the whirr of shells that shriek
And whine and scream aloud;
The thunder and roar of heavy guns
Pounding and pounding away
Tell where the barrier river runs
And the rival armies sway.

"At first the Legions of Light fell back,
Savagely fights the foe,
Whose thundering charge and grim attack
Deal his pitiless blow.
But yet as the day wears on apace
And the sunset fires burn
On cloud and summit in starry space
I see the war-tide turn.

"For now the Legions of Light advance,
Their hosts are surging by,
Sweeping the plains and the vast expanse
Of the valley across the sky.
Their guns boom forth from crag and peak,
That tower above the plains,
And night comes on, but the guns still speak,
The Army of Light still gains."

They shall cleanse the Earth of a million sins
And a million souls set free;
Their task begins when time begins,
And ends with eternity.
Children, under the skies of blue,
Playing beside the sea
And a world refreshed and made anew
Their monument shall be.

—From "Verse," by William Sanger. Published
by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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foot porch on two sides of house; en-
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wood paneling downstairs, with 3-
inch oak floors. Two-story barn can
be used as garage; also separate garage
with two rooms for servants' quarters.

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Extensive lawns, hedges, shrubs and
roses; pergola-covered tea garden;
grape arbor leading to barn.
Double tennis court, fully enclosed,
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Modern electric range and heater for
boiler in kitchen. Outlets for special
fixtures everywhere.
Grounds, barn and garage electrically
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Unfailing well; electrically operated
Meyers pump delivering 1200 gal.
per hour; 3 h.p. motor. Grounds,
outbuildings and house piped.

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160 bearing apricots (crop this year
5 tons); 40 8-year-old Franquette
walnuts; family orchard of peaches,
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Ideal Location

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eldy, who have been at Catalina and Santa Barbara, returned to San Francisco Monday.

Mrs. Alexander Rutherford returned Friday from a visit of several weeks in New York. Comtesse de Mailly Chalon has returned from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst is in Santa Barbara, where she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Coleman.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon and Mrs. James Haggin returned Saturday from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker have as their house guest in Burlingame Miss Jeanette Riley. Miss Riley has recently been visiting Mrs. Charles McIntosh in Woodside.

Mr. William G. Henshaw and Judge Frederick Henshaw sailed Monday for Japan to spend the summer abroad.

Mrs. Joseph Oyster and Miss Elizabeth Oyster are spending several days in Pebble Beach with Mrs. William Perkins and Mrs. Alfred Oyster.

Mrs. George Howard and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dana have returned to San Mateo, after a three weeks' sojourn in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., have returned from Cloverdale, where they had a brief visit last week with Mrs. Henry Crocker and Miss Marion Crocker.

Miss Helen Garritt has returned from Burlingame, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hooker recently entertained Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods at their home in El Cerrito.

Mrs. Shelby Tuttle has arrived from the Atlantic coast to spend the remainder of the summer here. She is the guest of Mrs. William Perkins and Mrs. Alfred Oyster in Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin have returned to their home in Ross Valley, after a visit in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bates and Miss Frances Merrill will leave August 3d for a trip through the Canadian Rockies, to be gone several weeks.

Mrs. Horace Morgan and Miss Eleanor Morgan will return next week from Wawona, where they have been spending the month of July.

Vice-President and Mrs. Thomas Marshall, Mrs. Thomas Walsh, and Mrs. John Dougherty are spending a week in Santa Barbara at the Arlington. They arrived there last Tuesday from Cor-

nado, where they have visited since leaving San Francisco.

Mrs. Charles Gayley and Miss Betty Gayley are spending several weeks in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. James Robinson and Mrs. James Goodwin will return to Redwood City the middle of August, after a several weeks' visit in the South.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery returned from their wedding trip this week and are with Mr. R. P. Schwerin at San Mateo. Mrs. Schwerin, who has been in the East for several weeks, will take a trip through Nova Scotia before coming to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling and Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Moffitt at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Douglas are spending a few days in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. Eugene Lent and Miss Frances Lent have returned from Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. James Howell are spending the summer at Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Noble Hamilton are passing the summer in Mill Valley with Mrs. Alpheus Bull.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison have returned from their wedding trip and are established at their home on Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin have returned to San Mateo, after a visit of several days with Mrs. W. S. Porter at Monterey.

Mrs. Clara Catherwood Darling is spending several weeks at Paraiso Springs.

Mrs. Horace Chase, who has been the guest of Senator James Phelan and Miss Mary Phelan at Saratoga, has returned to Burlingame.

Mrs. William Kuhn, Mrs. William Scaife, and Mr. Jerome Hill passed the week-end at Del Monte.

Miss Maye Colburn left Friday for Novato, where she spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shaw.

Mrs. William Tubbs and Miss Emelie Tubbs have gone to Del Monte to remain until the middle of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Clappett and Miss Cornelia Clappett will leave in a few days for Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll left last week for the Sierras on a hunting and fishing trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Poett, who have been spending the month of July at Tahoe, will return next week to Burlingame.

Mrs. Albert Rees arrived last week from Annapolis to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Schlesinger.

Mr. Georges de Latour will return to San Francisco early in August. Mrs. de Latour will remain in Paris another month, returning with Miss Jennie Blair.

Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Newhall in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, accompanied by Mrs. Ferdinand Tieriot, returned a few days ago from New York and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin in Burlingame.

Mr. Malcolm Whitman arrived this week from New York to remain six weeks. Upon his return to the East Mr. Whitman will be accompanied by Mrs. Whitman and Miss Barbara Harrison.

Miss Marion Baker has rejoined Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui at their ranch in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Willard, who have been spending a fortnight at Del Monte, have returned to San Francisco.

Mrs. Erle Brownell, who is spending the summer at Brookdale, enjoyed a visit of several days last week with Mrs. Pierce in San Francisco.

Miss Katherine Mellus arrived from Los Angeles a few days ago to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grace on a fishing trip to Klamath River.

Mrs. Elia Williams and Miss Margaret Williams are spending the summer at Saratoga.

Mrs. Talbot Walker, who has been spending a week with Mrs. Cyrus Walker, returned Monday to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. John Page will spend several weeks at Lake Tahoe before returning to her home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Walker Kamm left Friday for Los Angeles, where she will pass several weeks with Mrs. Edward Roberts.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels left Tahoe last week for their ranch in Sonoma County.

Mrs. Alfred Sutro has taken a house at Inverness for the rest of the summer.

Mrs. Alfred Hammerstein left Thursday for Santa Barbara for a brief visit with Mrs. Frank Ames. Upon her return Mrs. Hammersmith will be accompanied by Miss Helen Hammersmith, who has been south several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Deahl and Miss Maud Henley have returned from Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. John Scott arrived last week from the Eastern coast to make their home permanently in California. After a few days spent with Mr. and Mrs. Clay Miller at Palo Alto, Mr. and Mrs. Scott left on Sunday for Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Frank Deering spent the week-end at Inverness with Mrs. Ray Smith.

Mr. Thomas J. Coleman, manager of the Hotel St. Francis, sailed last week for Honolulu. Mr. Coleman will return some time in August.

Dr. Margaret Fries and Miss Fries, J. D., of New York, are visiting their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. William Fries, at the St. Francis Hotel on their way to Alaska.

Mrs. Homer S. King, with her daughters, Misses Genevieve and Hazel, have had an interesting time motoring around and in the Sequoia National Park.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Oakland are Mrs. J. K. McDonald, Lima, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Albertson, Los Angeles.

Palace Hotel arrivals include Mr. Carl Leonardt, Los Angeles; Mr. B. L. Dulaney, Miss Alice Dulaney, Washington, D. C.; Mr. G. G. Rice, Mr. D. W. Lion, New York; Mr. J. D. Armstrong, Tacoma; Mr. William H. Lewis, Boston; Mr. J. F. Pike, Los Angeles; Mr. J. B. Caneelmo, Philadelphia; Mr. George Dwight Pratt, Mr. Gaylord T. White, New York City; Mr. Thomas Lee Woolwine, Los Angeles; Mr. H. E. Morton and party, Australia; Captain and Mrs. F. T. Evans, Colorado; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Replace, Los Angeles;

Mr. and Mrs. B. Sibley and daughter, Memphis, Tennessee.

Among the recent arrivals at the St. Francis are Mr. Richard Walton Tully, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Roy S. Goodrich, Phoenix, Arizona; Mr. and Mrs. Sanford H. Cohen, Providence, Rhode Island; Major and Mrs. D. G. King, London, England; Mr. John W. Williams, Indianapolis; Mr. Sigmund Haas, Cincinnati; Mrs. J. T. Myers and party, St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crane, Mr. and Mrs. S. Klee, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. McLouth, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Stone, Haverford, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Thomas Shalleross, Philadelphia; Mrs. L. H. Backland, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Newman, Washington, D. C.

Among those registered at the Hotel Whitcomb recently are Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kent Hall, Lexington, Kentucky; Dr. and Mrs. C. S. Gandier, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Russell, Louisville, Kentucky; Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hunterlong, Omaha; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Holt, Canton, China; Mr. Julius G. Comb, Sydney, Australia; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Funnell, Los Angeles; Mr. F. L. Huston, Portland, Oregon; Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Deming, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Spalding, St. Louis; Mr. H. Tener Langstreth and family, Philadelphia; Mr. Vaughn Scott, Los Angeles; Mrs. G. Espey, Trinidad, Colorado.

Recent arrivals at Shasta Springs: Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, St. Louis; Mr. C. B. Connor, Mrs. E. Grey, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. Stimson, Mr. Emile Frantz, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Kiernan, Mr. J. A. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. T. McAllister, Mr. S. Hess, Mrs. L. Lachers, Miss G. L. Redman, Mr. J. J. Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar S. Lewis, Miss Jane Lewis, Miss Beatrice Abrams, Mrs. L. Abrams, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Thompson, Mr. F. H. Josh and party, Miss Madeline Healy, Mr. W. H. Green, Mr. Michell Abramson and mother, Mrs. C. F. Weed, Mrs. P. W. Dongan, Mr. Andrew A. Jacob, Dr. and Mrs. P. H. Gilbert, Mr. Neal Kenealy, Miss Ann Cavanaugh, Miss Alice Cavanaugh, Mrs. Amy Cavanaugh, San Francisco; Mrs. E. T. Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. Carlos K. McClatchy, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Lamb, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Listerhager, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Merriek Smith, New York; Miss Florence Selby, Mr. Lloyd Buck, Mr. John P. Maxwell, Mr. Harry Isaacs, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ingels, Oakland; Mr. G. W. Davis, Fallon, Nevada; Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Sanford, Anaheim; Mr. and Mrs. Ivar H. Solomon, Copenhagen, Denmark; Mr. H. G. Neff, U. S. G. S.; Mr. George West Holland, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Kittredge, Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Dodds, Salina, Kansas; Mr. W. W. Brown and family, Eugene, Oregon; Mrs. Mary Smithy, Pittsburgh; Miss Cecile Heyes, Mrs. Edw. Heyes, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Layton, Mr. William Bryant McVay, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. G. Burnham Martinez, Mr. W. D. Wooddell, Taft; Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Sharon, Portland; Mr. A. Sterrons, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Nichols, Mr. H. O'Neill, Mr. R. Kittellwell, Webb City, Missouri; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Dennis, St. Louis.

ENVELOPES OF BAMBOO.

Some years ago American soldiers in the Philippine Islands learned a lesson from the natives that appeared in their correspondence with folks at home. Now, during the Spanish occupation every native inhabitant was compelled to carry a paper that was nominally a tax receipt, but really was a means of identification and control on the part of the Spanish.

Any native who could not at any moment produce this receipt showing that he had paid his taxes for the last or current year was subject to arrest and imprisonment, and it was very easy to deny the receipt to men whom the authorities thought they had reason to suspect.

The Filipino native rarely had a safe means of carrying papers. Any paper not well protected is likely to be devoured by ants in a very short time. And yet the man must have his tax receipt with him in order to travel from village to village or go about his business safely.

So the Filipinos devised a means of protecting their receipts. They took a slender piece of bamboo, say half or three-quarters of an inch in diameter, hollowing it out to the joint, which they left to stop one end. Then they took another piece of the same size and from the end which included another joint whittled a cover for the tube, which fitted snugly on. Then they rolled up the tax receipt, inserted it within the bamboo tube, put on the cover, and so closed it against the ants and against dampness.

The ends of the bamboo were rounded and it could be carried conveniently in a pocket in the trousers, where it was always ready to be submitted to the Spanish official.

When our soldiers arrived in the Philippines they found it much easier to get a scrap of paper of some sort on which to write a letter than to find a safe and suitable envelope. Seeing these convenient tax-receipt cases in the hands of the natives, it occurred to the soldiers that they would serve very well for envelopes, and they put them to that use—either purchasing them from the natives, using those belonging to Filipino soldiers who had been killed, or manufacturing new tubes from bamboo.

It was not necessary, as they found, to provide the bamboo tubular envelope with a whittled cover when it was used in Uncle Sam's mails. All that need be done was to put a pin through the tube at the open end. This prevented the rolled message from working loose. No ink or pasted label was necessary for this envelope. The soldier simply cut on the bamboo with his knife the name and address of the person to whom the letter was sent.

The selection by the Bahai convention of a design for a great Maharak Klazkar, or place of worship, to be erected in Chicago, reveals what is said to be one of the most original ideas in architecture since the thirteenth century. The temple model selected was constructed by Louis Bourgeois of New York. It is of terra cotta and has been pronounced by experts to be unique in its beauty and appeal. It has nine sides topped by a transparent dome. The new temple will be a place of universal worship, as the Bahai movement is based on the principle of the brotherhood of man. The nine doors of the temple never will be closed.

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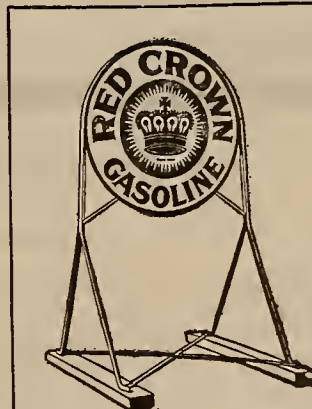
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"You ought to read the newspapers and get a different opinion." "Opinion! Good Lord, man, I have three already."—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

"There's one advantage golf has over baseball." "What's that?" "You don't have to take your wife to see it played."—*Detroit Free Press.*

First Scout—Say, what is it that you can put in a barrel and the more you put in the lighter it gets? *Second Scout*—Don't know. *First Scout*—Holes.—*Boys' Life.*

"I notice on the bill of fare 'potatoes à la boycott,'" said the guest. "Yep," replied the waiter. "That means we aint serving spuds any more."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Have you any cooks on hand?" "Six in the anteroom." "Ask 'em to look me over and see if there is anybody here I might suit."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Do you play golf, Mr. Gloom?" "No," replied the cynic, "but I have finally got so that I can stand to see other people play it without insulting them."—*Kansas City Star.*

Dizzy—How long have they been married? *Izzy*—About five years. *Dizzy*—Did she make him a good wife? *Izzy*—No, but she made him a good husband.—*Williams Purple Cow.*

Mr. Jiggs—Just think, I have a porterhouse steak! *Mrs. Jiggs*—My word! Where did you get it? *Mr. Jiggs*—From the installment butcher, \$1 down and \$1 a week.—*Omaha Herald.*

Teacher—You see, had the lamb been obedient and stayed in the fold it would not have been eaten by the wolf, would it? *Boy*—No, ma'am; it would have been eaten by us.—*New York Watchman.*

Wife—I went to a fortune-teller today, and she prophesied that I would soon have a new gown. *Hub*—There, you see it's just as I always told you—these fortune-tellers never tell the truth.—*Boston Transcript.*

Ethel—Do you think we ought to marry yet awhile on so little money? *Ernest*—The governor has promised to increase my allowance when I marry. *Ethel*—Yes, but mamma will cut mine off when I do.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Did that cultured book agent sell you a set of Hugo's works?" "No, I talked him out of it." "How did you do that?" "I noticed that every time I mispronounced 'Les

Misérables' he writhed in his chair, so I kept it up until the poor devil fled."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"Are you in favor of equal suffrage?" asked Smith. "Naw," replied Jones. "If you've got to treat a woman as if she was a man, what's the use of her being a woman?"—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Musicians are sadly underpaid!" carped the wild-haired man. "I play trombone in a jazz orchestra, and what do you suppose my salary is? Have you any idea what an expert jazz trombonist should get?" "Oh, yes," replied J. Fuller Gloom. "The wages of sin is death."—*Judge.*

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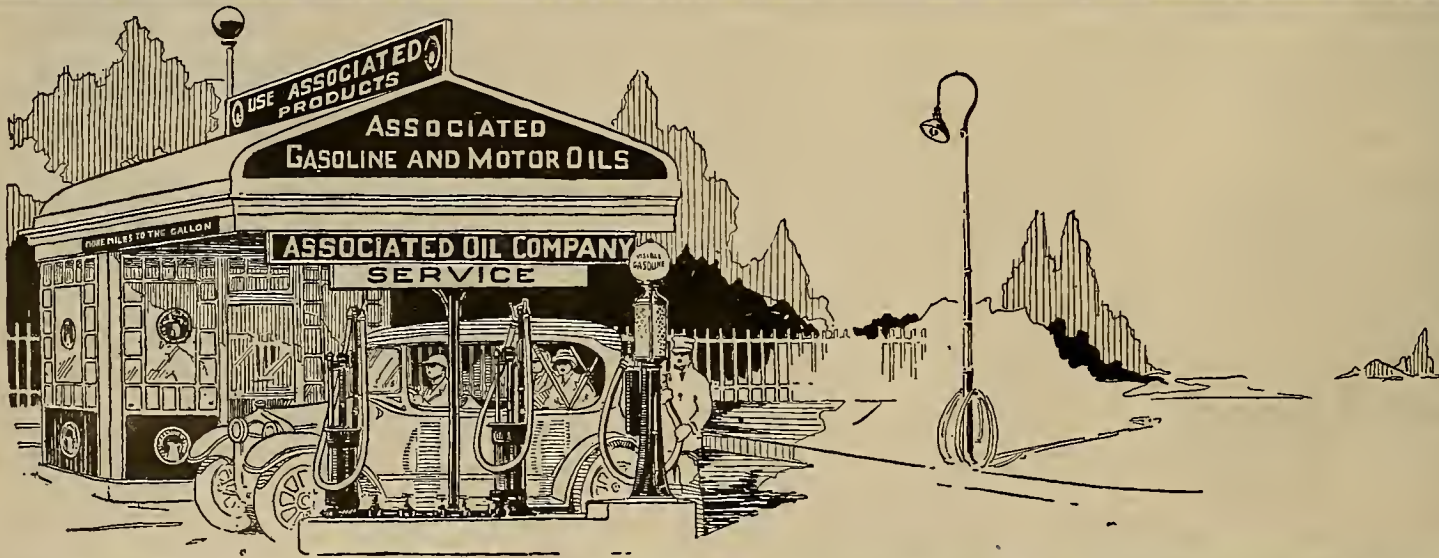
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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2263.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 7, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Brems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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As It Works Out.

It will be remembered that when it was proposed at the Paris Conference to create a "general staff"—otherwise an organization for military authority and direction—the American delegation objected and the proposal was put to one side. Now, under date of August 3d, comes a report from San Sebastian to the effect that "a motion for an international general staff as part of the league of nations has been adopted." The significance is plain. The council of the league of nations proposes to set up a military organization, and the logic of this movement looks to drawing from the several countries component of the league military and naval forces to operate, not by national authority and direction, but under authority of the league. France, through her representative, M. Léon Bourgeois, is the proponent of this project, which is in logical accord with the French notion as to what the league should be. In the conference the chief anxiety of the French representatives was for an organization of international forces that would serve as a guarantee against any movement upon France on the part of Germany or any other country. This newest development affords a fresh and emphatic argument against entrance into the league of nations on our part without reserving to our own country the right of determining its military policy in respect of international contentions. If as President Wilson insists—and Candidate Cox now proposes—we

should enter the league without reservations, and so make ourselves subject to its judgments and requirements, we should under this latest development be committed to support of its (the league's) military projects. This would imply contribution of forces military and naval to armaments not subject to direction by our own government but bound to action under orders from the league. It goes without saying that the American people would never consent to such use of its military and naval powers; and since participation upon such terms is impossible the logic of the situation enforces the necessity for reservations giving full protection of our rights of action subject to direct authorization from Washington.

Cantu Defies Huerta.

Esteban Cantu, a young high-caste Mexican of military training, came to the government of Lower California—a Mexican territory, as distinct from a state—several years ago through appointment by one of the revolutionary administrations that have successively ruled his tortured country. He has held his place through several revolutionary periods not so much by executive favor as by his own hardihood and a notable capacity for organization and administration. The conditions have favored him greatly, since Lower California is practically cut off from continental Mexico by a wide strait, and is bounded on the north by the American state of California, which forms an absolute barrier to the approach of a continental army. Lower California as related to continental Mexico is practically an island, to which the various revolutionary authorities have not had access through their lack of navy or of resources of transport.

Thus detached and thus protected, Cantu has ruled in his little world as a dictator and, as a Mexican and as a military man, has made his authority count after the traditional standards of dictatorship. Disregarding and defying successive Mexican "presidents," he has been practically independent of other authority than that of his own sweet will. He has imposed heavy taxes, especially upon alien land owners—for the most part citizens of California. By arbitrary methods he has contrived to bring into his treasury a relatively large revenue. What part of his exactions have been placed to his private account in American banks nobody knows, but common judgment of those in a position to know something of his affairs is that he has safely placed a large private fortune. Concurrently he has spent considerable sums in local development. He has built roads, established telegraphic and telephonic services, built some rather showy schoolhouses, and in various other ways illustrated a spirit both progressive and liberal as compared with ordinary Mexican standards. At the same time he has taken care to maintain his own fences in a military sense. His little army of a thousand or more men, admirably equipped, officered, and supplied, is a model of military organization. A group of San Francisco gentlemen who visited him some months ago were surprised to find at his headquarters, not a mob of ragamuffins, but a regiment of well-set-up soldiers, including a military band that rendered "The Star-Spangled Banner" in a manner that quickened their pulses. Manifestly Governor Cantu is a disciplinarian as well as an administrator.

It goes without saying that Governor Cantu is not more legitimately in authority in Lower California than any other man. He is and has been for several years simply and without apology a dictator, holding authority by the power of his little army. But as Mexican governments go, his rule has been better than that of many another. And while he has no legal or moral rights, it ill becomes anybody at the City of Mexico to dispute his authority on legal or moral grounds. His right has been that of possession and of

force to hold his place against all comers. Now comes the new régime established in the City of Mexico with a demand upon Cantu to step down and out and to turn over the governorship to a new man commissioned by the Huerta government. Cantu sees no reason why he should yield his place because somebody else wants it. His title is quite as good as that of the so-called President of Mexico. In truth he holds his place by virtue of a tenure much more extended in point of time and on the whole more definitely established. He has, according to news reports, determined not to yield and is recruiting his forces with the idea of resisting armed invasion representative of President Huerta. There is much in the situation tending to his advantage. He has now an army of some four thousand men—as fine an *ensemble* of cut-throats as could be found this side of hell-fire—and he has stores of arms, ammunition, and food ample for an extended siege. He proposes to meet the invaders at strategic points and he is confident that he can overcome any force that Huerta, under the limitations of his transport, may be able to send against him. Thus the matter stands.

There are strong forces in support of Cantu's position. Of course there is no such thing as public sentiment, since the native population of Lower California is low in the scale of intelligence, subject wholly to authority based upon force. But all the resources of the country are in Cantu's hands; and in addition he has the financial backing of alien elements of various kinds established in the country. There is a considerable number of Americans, Chinese, and Japanese, naturally the most intelligent and energetic element in the territory, and all these, so it is said, will support Cantu. They are prosperous under conditions as they are and do not want a change almost certain to be accompanied by new and onerous exactions. Cantu's demands have at times been grievous, but alien calculations are based upon the old adage of the frying-pan and the fire. They prefer to endure the ills they have than to take on others that they know not of.

In connection with this situation there are rumors to the effect that Cantu's ambitions have grown under the stimulation of local success and that he aspires to the "presidency" of Mexico. It would be difficult to find a reason why his claim to this doubtful dignity is not as good as that of Huerta or anybody else. The presidency of Mexico is for him who can grasp and hold it, and Cantu assuredly has exhibited an organizing power and a hardihood equal to that of anybody who has appeared anywhere upon the Mexican stage since Diaz. He is still a young man—on the sunny side of forty—and he has beyond question the virtue of courage allied to skill and experience. He is a demonstrated leader and commander. He is well established in a situation having many strategic advantages and in his disciplined little army he has the nucleus of a definite power. We can think of no reason that should bar Cantu from an ambition to hold his place or to extend his autocratic authority, save that of the common sense which would dictate a policy of letting well enough alone. By the simple expedient of jumping across the irrigation ditch that separates Mexicala from Calexico he could find refuge in the United States, where it is presumed his balances in bank are ample for any career he might choose. Probably he will not do this, since it is not in the character of a Mexican furioso to seek security and repose when there lies before him the chance of a stormy career.

Through his wife's family Cantu has a local connection with San Francisco; and through long-extended relationships with Californian owners of lands in the territory which he has long ruled, he has many affiliations and friendships here. It is therefore natural that local sympathy should be with him, even though many from time to time have resented his exactions. He

bold and on the whole an engaging figure, and as against enemies certainly no better than himself the *Argonaut* wishes him luck.

A Deadlock at Washington.

For the first time during the Wilson régime a congressional committee—the Senate Committee on Commerce—holds and is prepared to use a club over the President. It is in connection with reorganization of the Shipping Board, which under the new merchant marine law may easily become the most powerful independent arm of the government. Its powers for good or evil are tremendous, being equal to if not in excess of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The future of our sea-carrying trade, upon which such great hopes are placed, lies in the hands of this board. Its members will receive the same salaries as cabinet ministers and their prestige will be little less than that of members of the cabinet. In fact one cabinet officer, Mr. Alexander, now Secretary of Commerce, is anxious to give up his present post for an assignment to the Shipping Board.

The Jones Act, under which the Shipping Board is to function, is rigid in its insistence upon expert as distinct from political qualifications in the board members. It is an assurance that the Senate Commerce Committee, to which board appointments will be referred, will either pigeon-hole or report adversely any appointment the President may make unless there is assurance of eminent practical qualifications in the appointee. Senator Jones, the author of the bill and chairman of the Commerce Committee, will see to that. He regards the Shipping Board and all that relates to it with the jealousy of parenthood. He is eager to see the administration of the act placed in competent and sympathetic hands; and he has declared in a semi-public way that no appointee who does not fill the requirements shall get past the committee.

The old Shipping Board had five members; the new board is to consist of seven. Of the old board only two, Admiral Benson, the chairman, and Captain Donald of New York remain, all the others having resigned. The Senate refused to confirm President Wilson's appointment of Martin Gillen of Wisconsin, so that assignment has lapsed. It is within the power of the President to give Gillen a recess appointment that would hold until the next adjournment of Congress, but he has thus far refrained and is not expected to act further in Gillen's behalf.

In the meantime there is real necessity for organizing the board under the Jones Act and setting it to the huge work provided for it. Yet the President does not act, obviously being fearful that any appointment he may make under the practice of selecting men for political reasons will be rejected. For besides the wish to secure qualified men there is on the part of the Senate the partisan motive of throwing over important appointments until Mr. Wilson shall have left the White House. This motive, which is not an unnatural though not a very worthy one, has its influence in relation to all executive appointments at this time. A Republican Senate is very much in the mood to refuse confirmation of any appointment for a term of office that will run far into the forthcoming administration.

Of course it is within the power of the President to "get by" senatorial opposition by naming for membership of Shipping Board men of notable qualification. But this alternative is not to his liking. He has a long waiting list of "deserving Democrats," and if he can not draw from this list he is not likely to make any appointments.

Back-Pedaling.

Late news from Washington is to the effect that President Wilson has "released" Candidate Cox from strict observance of his (Cox's) acceptance of the Administration attitude on the league of nations. It was high time to cut the cards. The bargain under which Cox accepted dictation from Mr. Wilson on this particular issue in return for Administration support was a tactical blunder as well as a moral concession, and the fact quickly became apparent. What good is it, asked those who brought about Cox's nomination, to defeat Wilson in the convention and then to permit him to define the conditions of the campaign? Where is the advantage in putting over the nominee if Mr. Wilson is to write his platform?

But it was not alone the "practical" group by which Cox's nomination was brought about who took offense

at the bargain under which the nominee was to swallow the Wilsonian programme body, boots, and breeches. Democrats the country over who had appraised the Cox nomination as a break-away from autocratic domination at the hands of a stubborn egotist profoundly resented an attitude on the part of the candidate indicative of weakness. Nobody wants in the presidency any man's man, and particularly distasteful was subserviency on the part of Cox, who had been accepted as a man of independent mind. Back-pedaling is never a graceful performance, but it has become necessary in the immediate instance if Mr. Cox would retain the allegiance of his own party and the respect of the country at large. There is that in the whole deal that is mighty unpleasant. It has tended to disturb faith in Mr. Cox as a man who does his own thinking and who stands consistently and courageously for his own judgments and purposes.

But the issue of the league of nations is not Mr. Cox's only embarrassment. He is not exhibited in an edifying light in the attempt to back-pedal in the matter of prohibition. In times past, and especially in his gubernatorial campaign, Mr. Cox has been a moderate "wet." He has stood upon the high ground where most men of sense stand, namely, for individual liberty. He was nominated at San Francisco by forces radically "wet." The effort now making in his behalf to placate "dry" sentiment smacks too distinctly of campaign diplomacy. Mr. Cox would better stand where he has stood all along than to seek by adroit phrases to win favor from the radical element.

Unless Mr. Cox goes back on his declared principles, unless he goes back on his record, unless he goes back on his "practical" friends and sponsors, he will be as he has been in the past a moderate "wet." He would better let it go at that. No man gains anything, even in politics, by gulping his principles and assuming a pose at odds with his views and judgments. The notable and notably successful men in the political life of the country have not been compromisers or dodgers.

The Senatorial Primary.

A Washington correspondent writing in the *New York Sun* represents the capital city—by which he means Republican members of Senate and House—as "enthusiastic" over the prospect "that Harding will repair Wilson's mistakes." Further, that he "will bring the government back to a constitutional basis." It is truly a cheering prospect, but it can be transmuted into reality only by concurrent action on the part of the executive and legislative branches of the government. If we shall elect a Republican President and at the same time give over control of either the Senate or House to Democratic authority we shall have, as we have had during the past two years, our house of government divided against itself. Every man of practical political observation knows precisely what this means. It means nothing less grievous than a period of contention with paralysis where there ought to be cheerful and wholesome coöperation.

All omens point to the election of Mr. Harding, also to the choice of a controlling majority of Republicans in the House of Representatives. Of the situation as to the Senate there is less promise. If the country were this year to elect a full Senate there would be practical assurance of a Republican majority. But only one-third of the Senate—thirty-two members—are to be chosen this year; and of this number the Democratic party will surely have nearly half, if not indeed fully half. The only way in which the Republican party can hope to control the Senate during the coming two years is through winning seats now held by Democrats. Several states normally Republican, like our own, are now represented in the Senate by Democrats; and the hope of Republican control lies in winning back senatorships lost in recent times to personal popularity, through party dissensions, or through other untoward causes. The situation should emphasize, especially to Republicans in states where they may possibly be successful, the necessity for united and discreet action. No personal or petty consideration should be permitted to nullify the power that abides in normal majorities and so possibly result in a distressing situation at the seat of government.

It is a primary obligation, especially in doubtful states, not only to elect senators *nominally* Republican, but men *dependably* Republican. This brings us again to consideration of the situation as it stands in

California. There are here three primary candidates for senatorial nomination to compete for election in November with Senator Phelan, a Democrat. Of the three, Mr. Wallace is a chaser of rainbows, an amiable faddist of no fixed political character, a man of questionable and unstable affiliations. Another, Mr. Kent, is a chronic malcontent, a man of eccentric habits of thought and action, quite as likely in emergencies to fly the track as to hold a consistent and steady course. Of the three the only man of dependable party loyalty is Mr. Shortridge. It becomes therefore a matter of supreme importance, if California is to be represented in the Senate by a man of assured loyalty to Republicanism and to a Republican President, that Mr. Shortridge should win nomination in the coming primary election. It is a time when Republicans of California should put to one side all considerations of a personal and trivial nature and concentrate their votes upon the one candidate who may definitely be relied upon to sustain party policies in coöperation with a Republican President.

The *Argonaut* purposely refrains from considering any issue of personality in this contest. It concedes the respectability of Mr. Wallace and Mr. Kent. It is sufficient to say that, measured by all the elements of character and capability, Mr. Shortridge is fully the equal of either of his competitors in the primary. The main consideration—the consideration that dwarfs all others—is that of dependable party loyalty, and at this point Mr. Shortridge is plainly the man in whose support Republicans should unite.

The election of Mr. Harding would be shorn of much of its significance if the country shall fail to elect a Senate of coöperative mind and spirit. The misconceptions and the mistakes of the Wilson régime will have to be endured for at least two years to come if in placing Mr. Harding in the White House we fail to establish a Republican majority in the Senate.

Editorial Notes.

Secretary Baker has approved the action of the Contract Adjustment Board allowing John A. Wilson of Oil City, Pennsylvania, \$70,000 for work performed by him during the war in developing a stabilizer for airplanes. Mr. Wilson—a first cousin of the President—demanded \$250,000 for his labors, but will accept the award of the board in full settlement. Many similar claims for work done in the development of war machinery are still pending, and it will probably be many years before we shall know what the government must pay for guns that never fired a shot at the enemy and airplanes that never got into action.

The bargain under which "General" Villa abandons outlawry for a post of "authority" in the Mexican government does not tend to the dignity or illustrate the solidity of the Huerta régime. Strong governments do not buy off those who rebel against them. A strong "president" would have pursued and crushed Villa. And of course it is idle to suppose that a creature of the Villa type can under any sort of deal count as a factor in a legitimate and orderly system. Furthermore, what is the Washington government going to do about it? Villa, now in the way of becoming "an important factor" in the Mexican government, is the same Villa who a few years back raided the American town of Columbus and murdered many of the inhabitants. He is the same Villa who in cold blood has murdered scores of Americans in Mexico, present there under treaty guarantees. Likewise he is the same Villa notoriously guilty of unnumbered outrages of inhuman type. Our President declined any kind of recognition of old General Huerta, dethroned and drove him to his grave on the presumption that he was a murderer. Now it will be interesting to see what stand he will take under the new order of Mexican organization.

A Man of Affairs on Present-Day Problems.

Mr. Otto Kahn, the well-known financier of New York, has put into a book—"Our Economic and Other Problems"—the reflections of a lifetime spent in active and successful business. Mr. Kahn deals with present-day conditions and applies to them a wealth of practical wisdom. Herewith a few excerpts:

The railroad question must be taken out of politics. When the government undertakes business the result usually is that it does indeed become an "undertaker."

The Interstate Commerce Commission has greater power and greater responsibilities concerning the industrial life of the nation than is exercised by probably any other tribunal anywhere in the world.

The Interstate Commerce Commission, being at the same

time prosecutor, judge, and jury, combining in itself legislative, executive, and judiciary functions, may assuredly have earned a negation of the root principle from which the American system of government springs.

The two things, i. e., private management and permanent government guarantee of earnings, are simply not reconcilable. The railroads can not eat their cake and have it. You can not rent your house to some one and then expect to be master in your house.

Scientific rate-making is an impossibility.

Why unnecessarily hid up the price against ourselves by extending the scope of governmental activities beyond the field which naturally belongs to them?

Wrong economics, however well-intentioned, have been more fruitful of harm to the people than almost any other single act of government.

Enterprise is hampered by the taxation now in force and thereby production retarded.

The excess profit tax and, by reason of the kind and manner of its graduation, the income tax, instead of promoting restraint of expenditures, are rather breeders of extravagance.

It lays a heavy and clumsy hand on successful business activity. It is grossly inequitable in its effects. It puts a fine on energy, enterprise, and efficiency. It is bound to operate unfairly, freakishly, and unevenly, and greatly enhance the cost of things.

A small committee of well-informed men of different callings, approaching their task free from political, social, and sectional bias, would not find it a formidable undertaking to evolve a measure which while fully responsive to the dictates of equity and social justice, would produce no less revenue than the taxation now in force, and yet would be far less burdensome upon the country, less hampering to enterprise and less productive of economic disturbance and dislocation.

The primary cause of poverty is underproduction. Furthermore, lessened production naturally makes for high costs. High wages accompanied by proportionately high cost of the essentials of living don't do the worker any good. And they do the rest of the community a great deal of harm.

If through undue exactions, through unfair use of his power, through inadequate output the workman brings about a condition in which the pressure of high prices becomes intolerable to the middle classes, he will create a class animosity against himself which is bound to be of infinite harm to his legitimate aspirations. Precisely the same, of course, holds true of capital.

Liberty means neither uniformity nor the rule of mediocrity. It is not material success which should be abolished; it is poverty and justified discontent which should be abolished.

The possession of wealth does not make a man a financier any more than the possession of a chest of tools makes a man a carpenter.

Finance means constructive work. It means mobilizing and organizing the wealth of the country into a mighty current of fruitful coöperation.

Short selling has a legitimate place in the scheme of things economic.

Short sells are born, not made. But if there were not people born who sell short, they would almost have to be invented.

Nothing that we fought for makes it incumbent upon us to entangle ourselves in the age-long racial squabbles and intrigues of Europe and Asia, or to become the guardians and guarantors of an arbitrarily and artificially remodeled world, put together in disregard, more or less, of the evolution of centuries and of the proven qualities and characteristics of races, according to the perceptions, predilections, and compromises of a few men assembled in secret conclave.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

From an Unappreciative Reader.

CITY, Aug. 2, 1920.

MR. HOLMAN: I generally purchase the *Argonaut*, but in June 26 copy you throw slur at W. R. Hearst, our greatest American, and also at Johnson, the best governor we ever had. Is English money behind the *Argonaut* also? You are like the rest of the Eastern gutter sheets, *Tribune*, *Times*, *World*, etc. How you poor sinners squeals! It is time you woke up to the small circulation in the city. Even that trash *Daily News* beat it. What do you think people with common sense think when they read your slush?

You ought to be tarred and feathered and drove out of town with such a gutter sheet. No more of it for me.

A. STETSON, Hotel Manx.

Reserved Powers of the States.

How the Federal Constitution is Being Overthrown by Executive and Courts.

BERKELEY, CAL., July 29, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The people can not understand too clearly how their Eighteenth (or prohibition) Amendment to the Federal Constitution was overthrown by the United States Supreme Court by judicial interpretation, and a spurious provision substituted which never was submitted to a single state legislature.

This amendment, as legally established by the representatives of the people, was not as radical as is commonly supposed. It prohibited the manufacture, sale, and transportation of intoxicating liquors, and declared that Congress and the several states should have concurrent power to enforce the prohibition.

The states were restricted to prohibition. But in that field no new powers were granted to states. Their original powers were specifically confirmed by the declaration of concurrent power. But the Federal government derived all of its prohibition powers solely from the grant and could not legally exceed its terms. Proper interpretation therefore required that the state powers, being original, should be interpreted liberally and the national powers strictly; in conformity with the Tenth Amendment, which declared that all powers, not granted to the general government or prohibited to states, were reserved to states or to the people. The amendment enables concurrent power to be exercised without conflict; by the Federal government in the great field of extra-state commerce, and by each state within its own area.

Thus the Eighteenth Amendment recognized the wisdom of confirming the municipal police powers of states in control of liquor traffic within their areas; on the theory that a republic can be developed soundly only by placing on the people and local communities and states the duty of solving the problems of health and of morals, and not by abandoning these duties. The great advance which has been made in this direction during the short life of our own nation demonstrates the wisdom of this theory; and the dehauchment of morals and contempt for law which has been produced by the methods and the example of the Federal government discloses the unsoundness of that policy.

But the Supreme Court declined to limit the nation to the field of extra-state commerce. It declared that congressional laws should be supreme over state laws. It canceled the legal grant of concurrent powers and substituted: "Congress shall have paramount power to enforce this amendment and the

states shall exercise only, such powers as are not in conflict therewith."

This counterfeit amendment is the warrant for that horde of sneaking Federal agents that are spying upon the habits of every individual; for search, for seizure, for arrest, for fines, for imprisonment, and for holding the Federal troops in reserve to enforce this tyranny.

But while the Supreme Court declared its purpose to enforce prohibition, regardless of the grant of power; its inspiring motive lay deeper and begins with our national history.

Under the Articles of Confederation, our first Constitution, the original states declared that our national organization was a compact between states; and as there was no higher power to decide, each state had perfect right to interpret the national Constitution to suit itself. Therefore the nation became a failure.

To cure this defect the present national Constitution was adopted. It established the Federal Supreme Court, which, under the able leadership of Chief Justice Marshall, stripped the states of the power of self-determination and transferred this power unqualified to the national government. Thus the new government was as unbalanced as the old.

The inevitable result has been subversion of constitutional government, and steady usurpation by the nation of the rights, the liberties, and the powers of the states and of the people. The Federal government has become to a dangerous extent a lawless despotism. The national Constitution is laughed at in the halls of Congress. It is ignored by the President. It is misinterpreted by the United States Supreme Court.

On declaration of independence from England the original states became independent nations, except as to the limited powers that were granted to the Federal government. The state powers were the same as those of England. They owned their public domain, consisting of submerged and of high lands; they controlled their waters, navigable and unnavigable. This national power is the true source of the claim of Western states to exclusive control of their waters.

The Federal government solicited and obtained control of the continental public domain as a trust fund for erection of new and equal states, with jurisdiction, with sovereignty, with taxing power, with eminent domain, with municipal authority running over their entire legal areas. It immediately converted this trust and raised the fiction of ownership. Standing solely upon this fraud, the Federal courts have enforced multitudes of orders and decrees, civil and criminal, without the slightest effort to show legal jurisdiction, and they can show none.

The nation has used its control of extra-state commerce to usurp the municipal police powers of states. The notorious Mann law is an example. It was quickly sustained by those courts and is eagerly enforced and has made those courts promoters of blackmail.

We have become familiar with intimations from Federal benches that those courts are conservators of public morals. The only police powers that properly inhere in those courts, except as constitutionally specified, are such as protect the legitimate functions of that government.

The Federal government solicited a treaty with Canada to obtain control of migratory birds. Its courts are fining and imprisoning citizens for shooting ducks which are hatched within the United States and which never have been outside its borders. Over such birds neither the treaty nor those courts have the slightest jurisdiction. Jurisdiction lies solely in state officials and state courts.

Led by the Federal government, multitudes of zealous people are eager to overthrow our constitutional structure on the chance of obtaining some end which they have immediately in view.

One of our gravest problems is to devise a balanced constitutional structure, which will give an efficient nation and at the same time preserve the rights and the liberties of the states and of the people. A practical solution seems to be reorganization of the United States Supreme Court by incorporating a strong minority of state judges going in constant succession to serve for a limited period on our highest bench and then returning to their state duties; the Federal government having not the slightest control over them.

GEORGE EDWARDS.

New York State will lead the nation in intensive application of forestry to idle lands, under plans now being formulated in Otsego County. This country, whose hills and valleys, lakes and streams formed the setting for Cooper's Leatherstocking tales, is organizing a system of county and township forests, on the basis of a survey by the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse. The plan is for each township to plant a forest of roughly 100 acres as a starting point. The several forests will be part of the county system and will be connected with the highways to make them accessible from all parts of the county.

The standard of value in Potosi, Bolivia, for everything from sweethearts to cities is the Silver Hill of the Thunderer. Willis Knapp Jones in the *August Travel* gives a picturesque history of the wonderful Bolivian silver mine and the town which spent ten million dollars celebrating the coronation of King Philip II of Spain. As the legend goes, when the early Indians started digging there for silver the mountain shook and thundered, "This hill is not for you. It belongs to a race which will come later." In this strange town silver was more plentiful than bread.

"Wireless telegraph is new; wireless communication is as old as biblical times." With this statement the National Geographical Society at Washington quotes from a communication by John A. Kingman, who sets forth the interesting theory that the island of Capri was an imperial wireless station of ancient Rome. "We know that the ancients signaled in various ways and over long distances," he says. "They signaled by beacon fires, by beacon smoke, by pigeons, by flags, and by shouting from one sentinel to another."

United States mail for the Orient is to be carried by the Empress steamers of the Canadian Pacific ocean services if the Dominion government approves the contract just concluded by the steamship line and the American postal authorities. A feature of the proposed arrangement is the transportation of American mail from Seattle to Victoria by airplane.

RUSSIA AND ASIA.

The historian Buckle says somewhere that European civilization was born in Belgium and that it is likely to die in the Balkans, a summary not without its significance when we remember that the war began in Belgium and that its fires are still burning fiercely along the whole length of the old eastern front. Tacitus, too, said something of the same sort a thousand years earlier. He pointed out that the Balkan area had always been the scene of fierce fighting for its narrow gangway between Asia and Europe. The hostile hordes sought the valley of the Danube because the great river gave them water and transportation. If Tacitus could have foreseen the present evolution of Europe and the aspirations of Asia he would have looked forebodingly toward the future of that same gangway uniting the two continents, he would have predicted a continuation of the bloody struggle that even then was age old. It is before our eyes today. Behind all the wretched little quarrels for areas, for mandates and for dominions, the colossal forces of two continents are preparing for a struggle greater than any that we have yet seen.

It is by their bearing upon continental rather than national issues that we must judge the many wars that are now being waged. Russia occupies the centre of the stage in all of them. Great Britain cares nothing about the Balkan States, nor about Turkey, nor about Asia Minor, except in so far as they may be defensive fortresses upon the road to India. The defense of India was the ostensible cause of her traditional history toward Russia. Here we have the explanation of the Crimean war, and of the success with which Turkey maintained her position as a European power. So long as Turkey was allowed to be the keeper of the gate at Constantinople, so long was India safe from Russia. But now comes the war, and a completely new arrangement of national values. The gunfire dies away at Verdun and the Somme and the Argonne, and Europe wakes up to the fact that, after all, she has been fighting for the Balkan Peninsula and for Asia Minor. She has, not yet aroused herself to another fact, that she is no longer dealing with an Asia that is supine and abject, but rather with an Asia that is alert and indignant. But that realization will come in due time. Meanwhile her greedy little statesmen run to and fro with their measuring rods and chains, like land surveyors on a new homestead, blind alike to the real issues and to the handwriting on the wall.

The new arrangement of national values is so evident that it needs no indication. Russia has renounced her old territorial ambitions, but their place has been taken with what we may call idealistic ambitions. She is resolved to impose Bolshevism upon the world, and she is moving westward and southward to that end. Now Russia is far more Asiatic than European, and here we have a fact that we are prone to forget. For five hundred years Russia has been boycotted and ostracized by Europe. She has been insulted, baffled, and thwarted, and for no other original reason than her early choice of the Greek orthodox rather than the Roman communion. Russia has been insistently invited to consider herself as Asiatic and to turn her face eastward rather than westward. Her old appeal for the cultural aid of the West was answered only by the Germans, who were quick to supply her with statesmen, soldiers, farmers, and teachers. Russia thus became German and Asiatic, a blend that showed itself disastrously during the war in the form of a governmental pro-Germanism, and that will show itself more disastrously still when Russia is called upon to take sides between Europe and Asia. Thus Nemesis moves unswervingly upon her appointed paths. All that Russia is today she was compelled to be by the unreasonable rancors of Europe.

In the meantime Europe is opportunist, and a glance at the present wars will show the extent that this is the case. Europe thinks of nothing but the apparent advantage of the moment. She is busy staking out her little claims, oblivious of the fact that all of them are below high-water mark.

Two weeks ago it seemed inevitable that the Bolshevik armies would overrun Poland and would reach the German frontier, and it was so stated in this column. Some kindly critics believed that an undue pessimism had been displayed, and they pointed to the armistice proposals and to what they believed to indicate a Bolshevik moderation in the hour of victory. None the less events continued to march. First we were informed that the Bolshevik armies would persist in their progress undeterred by the armistice and it seemed that this was what they were actually doing, and it is what they are now doing. Then we were informed on August 1st that Bolshevik cavalry had reached the East Prussian frontier. They had not crossed the line between Suwalki and Grodno, and therefore they were not actually on German soil, but they were fraternizing with the German troops. On the same day, or the day before, we had an appeal from General von Ludendorff

to the effect that the Bolsheviks were about to invade Germany and Germany was not allowed to raise the forces necessary to her defense. Von Ludendorff evidently spoke the truth, seeing that his warning was confirmed by the bulletin announcing the arrival of Bolshevik troops on the German frontier and their fraternization with the German troops. And now at the moment of writing on Wednesday comes the news that the armistice negotiations between Russia and Poland have failed and that the Russians will continue their advance, which they would have done in any case. The prevision of a Russian advance upon Germany has thus been justified. France, England, and Poland were unable to prevent it, just as they would be unable to stop the tides of the ocean. And Germany herself was not allowed to prevent it. Great Britain and France are now sending munitions to Poland, and probably the Bolsheviks will get them all. They can not send armies because the armies would refuse to go. It may be said that Great Britain is rather reluctant to help the Poles because she wants a resumption of trade with Russia beyond everything else. France is eagerly on the side of the Poles because she hopes thereby to compel Russia to pay her debts. No one cares anything at all about the Poles. That was shown clearly enough at the peace conference.

The Turkish situation shows a similar difference of opinion between Great Britain and France, as well as a similar blindness to the coming storm. The question is, What shall be done with the Turk, and how shall it be done in such a way as to avoid the religious frenzies of the Mohammedan world? France is willing to let the Turk alone, and this means that France is reluctant to begin another war in the east for a return that she would regard as wholly inadequate. Great Britain would like to turn the Turk out of Europe and out of a good deal of Asia Minor, as this would remove what is now a threat against the Bagdad Railroad and the road to India. But Great Britain also is unwilling to begin a new war against the Turks because she is afraid further to arouse Mohammedan animosities in India, already at a fever point. But perhaps Greece, now in occupation of Smyrna, might be persuaded to attack the Turkish armies by a promise of further rewards at the cost of Turkey. As a matter of fact the Greek army is now advancing from Smyrna and from the Sea of Marmora. Greece is acting in the interests of Great Britain and for the protection of the road to India. Asia Minor is still the political centre of the human race, the birthplace of all wars as of all religions.

Now it is evident that Russia and Turkish interests lie along the same line. France and Great Britain are fighting Russia and they are also fighting Turkey, at least in intent. Bolshevik armies are moving southward into Turkish territory and there is certainly no resistance on the part of the Turks. Russian forces are already in Armenia, and are thus actually threatening the Bagdad Railroad to the Persian Gulf and India. No wonder Great Britain is uneasy as she finds herself impelled to make a choice between the smashing of the Turkish armies, which involves dangerous resentments in India, or peace with Turkey, which would still further facilitate the advance of Bolshevik influence in the same direction. And now comes a bulletin from London dated July 31st to the effect that General Skobeloff's plans for the invasion of India are being studied by the Russian leaders with a view to the conquest of that country, and that the Bolshevik propaganda, already rife in India, is intended as a preliminary to something more forcible. Have we not then some cause to recognize that Russia is acting as an Asiatic power and that Asia in general is looking upon her as a friend? Russia is overwhelmingly Asiatic from the actual and geographical point of view. She is Asiatic also from the standpoint of sentiment, and because she was not allowed to be European.

The new attitude of Asia is alike sinister and startling. For the moment we may put Japan upon one side, while not allowing ourselves to forget that Japan intends to be the leader of Asia, and that all considerations of her sectional interests must be subservient to her greater interests, which include the whole of Asia. But what about India? We may ignore the silly people who talk about the oppression of India, and who suppose that India is yearning for ballot-boxes and boards of supervisors. India in the mass is wholly indifferent to such things. India is thinking about the Sultan of Turkey and about Mecca and the holy places. India—at least Mohammedan India—is stricken to the heart because of the threat against the Sultan and because the holy places are in the hands of infidels—that is to say of the British and the French. The deputation of Indian Mohammedans who interviewed the Pope last week enumerated their grievances, and they had nothing to say about ballot-boxes or democracies. They have not the faintest interest in such things. Their chief complaint was that "we can not tolerate British and French mandates over places where the Mussulmans consider themselves as God's mandatories." There is something refreshing about that declaration and something heroic about the men who made it. The whole white world, like a sack of rattlesnakes, is fighting and screaming for concessions, mandates, oil wells,

and minerals, but the world of Mohammedanism asks only for the intangible, for the continued right to act as mandatories of God in the guardianship of a few sacred tombs. Russia and the Mohammedan world stand side by side as despoiled and robbed, insulted and flouted by Christendom. There would be no Bolshevism today if Russia had been honestly treated at the peace conference and after. There would be no Asiatic problem today if the European had not persisted in the perilous delusion that God created the colored races to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for their temporary conquerors.

Europe has appealed to force for five hundred years and she is now confronted with a force greater than, her own. Russia alone has an army of three million veterans. Her advance westward will not be stopped by armistices nor by blockades. She is already on the German frontier. No matter what success may reward the Greeks, they can not prevent the Russian advance into Asia Minor. They can not prevent the fraternization of Russians and Asiatics any more than they can prevent the fraternization of Russians and Germans on the German frontier. It may be that the Russians will be momentarily satisfied with their military successes in Poland, but it is not likely. They intend to Bolshevise Poland and they intend to Bolshevise Germany. They intend to produce a general uprising in Asia, and they are likely enough to do these things unless Europe can stop her pawn-broking and her huckstering and realize that she is confronted with ideas that are not soluble by any of the only processes with which she seems to be familiar. But her day of grace is a short one. The shadows are closing in. SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 4, 1920.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Frederick Warde, who recently celebrated his fiftieth anniversary on the stage, is now resting up preparatory to a season of lectures on "Fifty Years of Make-Believe." Mr. Warde is appearing each season in "The Mission Play" at Los Angeles, which has become an established institution during the California tourist season, and will terminate his lecture tour in December to return to the coast to resume his rôle in that pageant.

Mrs. Nathan Straus has given all her jewels, worth approximately \$18,500, to the Zionist Organization of America, for the development of medical and health service in Palestine. Dr. Wise said that Mrs. Straus made her gift at the same time her husband contributed \$100,000 as the first installment of a fund for the establishment of a medical research and health service department for the Hebrew University of Jerusalem for the benefit of all races and creeds in the land.

"Look for the beautiful in ordinary things. It is always there. Use your imagination, let it guide you, and you will find that the whole world is beautiful and interesting." Miss Louise Everhardy of the Kansas State Agricultural College has demonstrated that she can not only play this game herself, but that she can help others to find the delightful and the attractive in the common, everyday things of life. Sometimes spring can last the whole year. Birds and flowers suggest spring. Miss Everhardy teaches her students to combine birds and flowers in their china paintings and so have the beauty of spring always before them.

After spending forty years teaching school, house-keeping for her family, and studying for a college degree, all at the same time, Mrs. Sallie Fogg Loudin, a teacher in the Morgantown (West Virginia) High School and the mother of five grown children, received her A. B. degree at West Virginia University this year. Mrs. Loudin is planning to continue teaching and studying until she gets her Master's degree also. Mrs. Loudin was a schoolteacher when she married a West Virginia lumberman. Twenty years later business reverses compelled her to begin teaching again. She sought teaching work at Morgantown, where the state university was located. There she took special courses at night and during the summers and in eight years completed her work, which gave her the coveted degree this spring.

Mr. George Suter has the rare and highly honorable distinction of being the oldest carpenter in the United States (possibly in the entire world) who is still on the job every day. He will be eighty-nine next November. Born at Washington in 1832, Mr. Suter has never lived more than three blocks from the place of his birth. He has quietly watched Washington grow from a mere country village to a city of nearly half a million and, in his way, has had an important part in its development. Sixty-three years ago—1857—he worked as a carpenter during the construction of one of the wings of the United States Treasury; for twenty years after its completion he served as cabinetmaker in that building. From there he went to the State, War and Navy Building, assisting in the construction of the west and north wings. With such experience in government buildings it was only natural that he should be employed when the Library of Congress was begun. Every presidential inauguration procession from William Henry Harrison to Woodrow Wilson has been viewed by this man.

OLD FAVORITES.

Jenny Kissed Me!

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!
—Leigh Hunt.

Come Into the Garden, Maud.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black hat, night, has flown!
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.
For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of love is on high.
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
On a bed of daffodil sky,—
To faint in the light of the sun that she loves,
To faint in its light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, hassoos;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune,—
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is hut one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In hahble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet:
That, whenever a March wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither! the dances are done;
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate,
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate!
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near!"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late!"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear!"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet!
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

—Alfred Tennyson.

The Origin of the Harp.

'Tis believed that this harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
And who often, at eve, through the bright hallow roved,
To meet on the green shore, a youth whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night, her gold ringlets to steep,
Till Heaven looked with pity on true love so warm,
And changed to this soft harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her hosom rose fair—still her cheek smiled the same,
While her sea-beauties gracefully curled round the frame;
And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright rings,
Fell o'er her white arm, to make the gold strings!

Hence it came, that this soft harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when away!

—Thomas Moore.

A St. Louis bookseller has proved to his own satisfaction that his city represents a higher literary culture than does Boston. In Boston 43 per cent. of the book buyers choose fiction, while in St. Louis the fiction buyers comprise only 23 per cent. of the whole.

The kauri, New Zealand's most valuable lumber-producing tree, will be exhausted at the present rate of cutting in five years. Its principal use is in the spars of ships.

"QUEEN LUCIA."

Mr. E. F. Benson Writes Another Novel of the Follies and Fancies of Fashionable Folk.

The novelist may consider his work well done if he succeeds in holding up to us a mirror wherein we may see the reflection of our follies. It is a task too often neglected in favor of the merely amusing, but this is not a charge that can be brought against Mr. E. F. Benson, whose ridicule is none the less effective because it is always so kindly. Mr. Benson has now some fourteen or fifteen novels to his credit, and while his latest work, "Queen Lucia," is not his best, it is none the less rich in the insight and the humor that we have learned to associate with his clever pen.

Mr. Benson chooses for his target the society circle of an English country town with its rival leaders and its unceasing competition in novelties and sensations. Mrs. Lucia Lucas usually has things all her own way. She indulges in ooby talk when she is in playful mood, and chatters Italian sentences with her husband, who writes verses and publishes them at his own expense. And there is Mrs. Quantock, who tries to wrest the palm from Mrs. Lucas, but is usually foiled by that lady's astute generalship. After Mr. Lucas has returned from a trip to London she receives her husband's report of the social developments during her absence:

"Well, as I told you in one of my letters," said he, "Mrs. Quantock showed signs of being a little off with Christian Science. She had a cold, and though she recited the True Statement of Being just as frequently as before, her cold got no better. But when I saw her on Tuesday last, unless it was Wednesday, no, it couldn't have been Wednesday, so it must have been Tuesday."

"Whenever it was then," interrupted his wife, brilliantly summing up his indecision.

"Yes; whenever it was, as you say, on that occasion Mrs. Quantock was very full of some Indian philosophy which made you quite well at once. What did she call it now? Yoga! Yes, that was it!"

"And then?" asked Lucia.

"Well, it appears you must have a teacher in Yoga or else you may injure yourself. You have to breathe deeply and say 'Om'—"

"Say what?"

"Om. I understand the ejaculation to be Om. And there are very curious physical exercises; you have to hold your ear with one hand and your toes with the other, and you may strain yourself unless you do it properly. That was the general gist of it."

"And shall we come to the Indian soon?" said Lucia.

"Carissima, you have come to him already. I suggest that Mrs. Quantock has applied for a teacher and got him. Ecco!"

Mrs. Quantock, it seems, had found a book on Oriental philosophy and it had opened, "all of its own accord," at the chapter dealing with Yoga. She had written for information and had learned that one must have a teacher, and then suddenly an Indian gentleman had arrived unannounced and had said: "Beloved lady, I am the teacher you asked for; I am your Guru. Peace be to this house! Om!"

Mrs. Lucas had by this time got her view of Mrs. Quantock's letter into perfect focus, and she read on without missing a word. "Is it not wonderful, dearest Lucia," it ran, "that my desire for light should have been so instantly answered? And yet my Guru tells me that it always happens so. I was sent to him, and he was sent to me, just like that! He had been expecting some call when my letter asking for guidance came, and he started at once because he knew he was sent. Fancy! I don't even know his name, and his religion forbids him to tell it to me. He is just my Guru, my guide, and he is going to be with me as long as he knows I need him to show me the True Path. He has the spare bedroom and the little room adjoining where he meditates and does Postures and Pranayama, which is breathing. If you persevere in them under instruction, you have perfect health and youth, and my cold is gone already. He is a Brahmin of the very highest caste, indeed caste means nothing to him any longer, just as a Baronet and an honorable must seem about the same thing to the king. He comes from Benares, where he used to meditate all day by the Ganges, and I can see for myself that he is a person of the most extraordinary sanctity. But he can meditate just as well in my little room, for he says he was never in any house that had such a wonderful atmosphere. He has no money at all, which is so beautiful of him, and looked so pained and disappointed when I asked him if I might not give him some. He doesn't even know how he got here from London; he doesn't think he came by train, so perhaps he was wafted here in some astral manner. He looked so heveled, too, when I said the word 'money,' and evidently he had to think what it was, because it is so long since it has meant anything to him. So if he wants anything, I have told him to go into any shop and ask that it shall be put down to me. He has often been without food or sleep for days together when he is meditating. Just think!"

Lucia has a sort of tame cat, Georgie Pillson by name, but usually known to the socially elect as Georgie. Of course there was no scandal, nor cause for it. Georgie has not enough red blood to make a scandal, but he is in and out of Lucia's house all day long, exchanging baby talk and reading with her the masterpieces of literature:

Georgie (he was Georgie or Mr. Georgie, never Pillson to the whole of Risholme) was not an obtrusively masculine sort of person. Such masculinity as he was possessed of was boyish rather than adult, and the most important ingredients in his nature were womanish. He had, in common with the rest of Risholme, strong artistic tastes, and in addition to playing the piano, made charming little water-color sketches, many of which he framed at his own expense and gave to friends, with slightly sentimental titles, neatly printed in gilt letters on the mount. "Golden Autumn Woodland," "Bleak December," "Yellow Daffodils," "Roses of Summer" were perhaps his most notable series, and these he had given to Lucia, on the occasion of four successive birthdays. He did portraits as well in pastel; these were of two types, elderly ladies in lace caps with a row of pearls, and boys in cricket

shirts with their sleeves rolled up. He was not very good at eyes, so his sitters always were looking down, but he was excellent at smiles, and the old ladies smiled patiently and sweetly, and the boys gayly. But his finest accomplishment was needlework and his house was full of the creations of his needle, woolwork curtains, petit-point chair seats, and silk embroideries framed and glazed. Next to Lucia he was the hardest worked inhabitant of Risholme, but not being so strong as the Queen, he had often to go away for little rests by the seaside. Traveling by train fussed him a good deal, for he might not be able to get a corner seat, or somebody with a pipe or a baby might get into his carriage, or the porter might be rough with his luggage, so he always went in his car to some neighboring watering-place where they knew him. Dicky, his handsome young chauffeur, drove him, and by Dicky's side sat Foljambe, his very pretty parlor-maid who valetted him. If Dicky took the wrong turn his master called "Naughty boy" through the tube, and Foljambe smiled respectfully. For the month of August, his two plain strapping sisters (Hermione and Ursula alas!) always came to stay with him. They liked pigs and dogs and otter-hunting and mutton-chops, and were rather a discordant element in Risholme. But Georgie had a kind heart, and never even debated whether he should ask Hermie and Ursy or not, though he had to do a great deal of tidying up after they had gone.

Mrs. Quantock's husband is, unfortunately, an unbeliever. He looks somewhat askance at the Guru, although his hostility is mitigated by the said Guru's manifest skill in cookery, an art that ranks highly in Mr. Quantock's estimation and that has already dissipated one or two domestic storms. But Mr. Quantock naturally wants to know what to expect:

"Well, now, about this Golliwog—haha—I should say Guru, my dear," he began, "what's going to happen?"

Daisy Quantock drew in her breath sharply and winced at this irreverence, but quickly remembered that she must always be sending out messages of love, north, east, south, and west. So she sent a rather spiky one in the direction of her husband, who was sitting due east, so that it probably got to him at once, and smiled the particular hard firm smile which was an heirloom inherited from her last rule of life.

"No one knows," she said brightly. "Even the Guides can't tell where and when a Guru may be called."

"Then do you propose he should stop here till he's called somewhere else?"

She continued smiling.

"I don't propose anything," she said. "It's not in my hands."

Under the calming influence of the fish curry, Robert remained still placid.

"He's a first-rate cook anyhow," he said. "Can't you engage him as that? Call to the kitchen, you know."

"Darling!" said Mrs. Quantock, sending out more love. But she had a quick temper, and indeed the two were out-poured together, like hot and cold taps turned on in a bath. The pellucid stream of love served to keep her temper moderately cool.

"Well, ask him," suggested Mr. Quantock, "as you say, you never can tell where a Guru may be called. Give him forty pounds a year and beer money."

"Beer!" began Mrs. Quantock, when she suddenly remembered Georgie's story about Rush and the Guru and the brandy-bottle, and stopped.

"Yes, dear, I said 'beer,'" remarked Robert a little irritably, "and in any case I insist that you dismiss your present cook. You only took her because she was a Christian Scientist, and you've left that little sheep-fold now. You used to talk about false claims I remember. Well her claim to be a cook is the falsest I ever heard of. I'd sooner take my chance with an itinerant organ grinder. But that fish-curry tonight and that other thing last night, that's what I mean by good eating."

The thought even of food always calmed Robert's savage breast; it blew upon him as the wind on an Æolian harp hung in the trees, evoking faint sweet sounds.

"I'm sure, my dear," he said, "that I shall be willing to fall in with any pleasant arrangement about your Guru, but it really isn't unreasonable in me to ask what sort of arrangement you propose. I haven't a word to say against him, especially when he goes to the kitchen: I only want to know if he is going to stop here a night or two or a year or two. Talk to him about it tomorrow with my love. I wonder if he can make bisque soup."

The arrival in the town of Miss Olga Bracely, the celebrated opera singer, has somewhat the effect of a bomb. Mrs. Lucas is not sure whether the distinguished stranger can be attached to her chariot wheels or whether she herself may be ousted from the driver's seat. She invites Olga to a party at her house and persuades her to sing:

Olga was in the music-room when the crowd had congested the hall. People were introduced to her, and sank down into the nearest chairs. Mrs. Antrobus took up her old place by the keyboard of the piano. Everybody seemed to be expecting something, and by degrees the import of their longing was borne in upon Olga. They waited, and waited and waited, much as she had waited for a cigarette the evening before. She looked at the piano, and there was a comfortable murmur from her audience. She looked at Lucia, who gave a great gasp, and said nothing at all. She was the only person present who was standing now except her hostess, and Mrs. Weston's gardener, who had wheeled his mistress' chair into an admirable position for hearing. She was not too well pleased, but after all . . .

"Would you like me to sing?" she asked Lucia. "Yes? Ah, there's a copy of Siegfried. Do you play?"

Lucia could not smile any more than she was smiling already.

"Is it very diffy?" she asked. "Could I read it, Georgie? Shall I try?"

She slid onto the music-stool.

"Me to begin?" she asked, finding that Olga had opened the book at the salutation of Brunnhilde, which Lucia had practiced so diligently all the morning.

She got no answer. Olga, standing by her, had assumed a perfectly different aspect. For her gayety, her lightness was substituted some air of intense concentrated seriousness which Lucia did not understand at all. She was looking straight in front of her, gathering herself in, and paying not the smallest attention to Lucia or anybody else.

"One, two," said Lucia. "Three. Now," and she plunged wildly into a sea of demi-semi-quavers. Olga had just opened her mouth, but shut it again.

"No," she said. "Once more," and she whistled the motif.

"Oh! it's so diffy!" said Lucia beginning again. "Georgie! Turn over!"

Georgie turned over, and Lucia, counting audibly to herself, made an incomparable mess all over the piano.

Olga turned to her accompanist.

"Shall I try?" she said.

She sat down to the piano, and made some sort of sketch

of the accompaniment, simplifying, and yet retaining the essence. And then she sang.

Olga returns the hospitality by giving a party of her own, but it is a very different sort of party. Every one was there, but Mrs. Lucas comes late and so misses a dance by Olga, and as every one is applauding Olga, Mrs. Lucas is hardly noticed, which of course is very annoying. Olga offers a cigarette to the horrified Lucia, who replies that she never smokes:

"Oh, you should learn," said Olga. "Now let's play clumps. Does every one know clumps? If they don't they will find out. Or shall we dance? There's the gramophone to dance to."

Lucia put up her hands in playful position.

"Oh please, no gramophone!" she said.

"Oh, don't you like it?" said Olga. "It's so horrible that I adore it, as I adore dreadful creatures in an aquarium. But I think we won't dance till after supper. We'll have supper extremely soon, partly because I am dying of famine, and partly because people are sillier afterwards. But just one game of clumps first. Let's see; there are but enough for four clumps. Please make four clumps everybody, and—and will you and two more go out with Mr. Georgie, Mrs. Lucas? We will be as quick as we can, and we won't think of anything that will make Mr. Georgie blush. Oh, there he is! He heard!"

Olga's intense enjoyment of her own party was rapidly galvanizing everybody into a much keener gayety than was at all usual in Risholme, where as a rule the hostess was somewhat anxious and watchful, fearing that her guests were not amusing themselves, and that the sandwiches would give out. There was a sit-down supper when the clumps were over (Mrs. Quantock had been the first to guess Beethoven's little toe on his right foot, which made Lucia wince) and there were not enough men and maids to wait, and so people foraged for themselves, and Olga paraded up and down the room with a bottle of champagne in one hand and a dish of lobster salad in the other. She sat for a minute or two first at one table and then at another, and asked silly riddles, and sent to the kitchen for a ham, and put out all the electric lights by mistake, when she meant to turn on some more. Then when supper was over they all took their seats back into the music-room and played musical chairs, at the end of which Mrs. Quantock was left in with Olga, and it was believed that she said "Damn" when Mrs. Quantock won. Georgie was in charge of the gramophone, which supplied deadly music, quite forgetting that this was agony to Lucia, and not even being aware when she made a sign to Peppino, and went away having a cobbler's at-home all to herself. Nobody noticed when Saturday ended and Sunday began, for Georgie and Colonel Boucher were cock-fighting on the floor, Georgie screaming out "How tarsome" when he was upset, and Colonel Boucher, very red in the face, saying "Haw, hum. Never thought I should romp again like this. By Jove, most amusing!" Georgie was the last to leave and did not notice till he was half-way home that he had a ham-frill adorning his shirt front. He hoped that it had been Olga who put it there, when he had to walk blind-fold across the floor and try to keep in a straight line.

Next day is Sunday and no one can see Olga in church, which is rather saddening, and conclusive evidence that the great singer can never really "belong":

Then came a stupefying surprise as Mr. Rumbold walked from his stall to the pulpit for the sermon. Generally he gave out the number of the short anthem which accompanied this manoeuvre, but today he made no such announcement. A discreet curtain hid the organist from the congregation, and veiled his gymnastics with the stops and his antic dancing on the pedals, and now when Mr. Rumbold moved from his stall, there came from the organ the short introduction to Bach's "Mein Glaubige Herz," which even Lucia had allowed to be nearly "equal" to Beethoven. And then came the voice. . . .

The reaction after the romp last night went out like a snuffed candle at this divine singing, which was charged with the joyfulness of some heavenly child. It grew loud and soft, it rang out again, it lingered and tarried, it quickened into the ultimate triumph. No singing could have been simpler, but that simplicity could only have sprung from the highest art. But now the art was wholly unconscious; it was part of the singer, who but praised God as the thrushes do. She who had made gayety last night made worship this morning.

As they sat down for the discourse, Colonel Boucher discreetly whispered to Georgie "By Jove." And George rather more audibly answered "Adorable!" Mrs. Weston drew a half-a-crown from her purse instead of her usual shilling, to be ready for the offertory, and Mrs. Quantock wondered if she was too old to learn to sing. . . .

It is all capital fun from beginning to end. The Guru is identified as a cook at a London restaurant and he ingloriously disappears after robbing the houses of his patronesses and leaving behind in his closet a goodly array of empty whisky bottles. But the Guru's place is speedily occupied by the medium and society turns its attention to the planchette. But the medium, also, falls from grace, and when eventually we leave these good ladies they are beginning a new enthusiasm for a certain elixir that is guaranteed to add several inches to one's height. And those who mix in such chaste circles as these are inclined to believe that Mr. Benson has not been guilty of any very serious exaggeration.

"QUEEN LUCIA." By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company.

It was the Italian physicist Salvioni who devised a microbalance of such extreme delicacy that it clearly demonstrates the loss of weight of musk by volatilization. Thus the invisible perfume floating off in the air is indirectly weighed. The essential part of the apparatus is a very thin thread of glass fixed at one end and extended horizontally. The microscopic objects to be weighed are placed upon the glass thread near its free end and the amount of flexure produced is observed with a microscope magnifying 1000 diameters. A mote weighing one-thousandth of a milligram perceptibly bends the thread.

Shells increase in destructiveness more than in proportion to their inches. A twelve-inch shell is times more dangerous than a six-inch one.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending July 31, 1920, were \$150,700,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$145,200,000; a gain of \$5,500,000.

Total gold reserves of the local Federal Reserve Bank decreased \$9,001,000, to \$163,038,000 during the week ending July 30th, according to the bank's weekly statement issued Saturday. Gold held by member banks fell off \$5,167,000.

Resources showed a loss of \$9,042,000, to \$417,081,000, which may be due to the reduction in uncollected items and other deductions from gross deposits. Bills on hand gained \$9,596,000 to \$202,393,000, while total earning assets rose \$7,647,000.

The unfitness of silver as a monetary standard has again been demonstrated by the recent

once the political atmosphere has cleared, will be at least as large as before."

In discussing the probable future price of silver the bank says:

"The result of the purchase provisions of the Pittman Act and of the mint regulations is to establish two separate and distinct markets and quotations for silver. In the United States domestic commercial silver .999 fine is virtually pegged at 99 1/2 cents. If the price for foreign silver should rise above \$1 per ounce treasury purchases would probably automatically cease. But the price would probably not get much above \$1. The annual output of the United States is about one-third that of the entire world, and a price materially above \$1 would add this amount to market supply, increasing it possibly by one-half. It would therefore seem that the price could at most rule only fractionally higher than the Pittman law figure, unless it is to be supposed that demand and supply should both be abnormal as during the war period.

"It has frequently been asserted that a greater use of silver as standard or redemption money would be inevitable as a means of stabilizing inflated paper currencies, particularly in view of the decline of gold production. But it is apparent that if new silver is to be relied on for this purpose it will be many years before adequate reserves for existing issues can be accumulated. Unless the price of silver goes above \$1 per fine ounce, or the purchase clause of the Pittman Act is repealed, the output of the United States will not for at least three years be available for these reserves. If silver is so used, either it must be replaced by some countries as the exclusive monetary standard or a legal ratio between the values of gold and silver must be settled upon. Either alternative involves the question of bimetalism.

"A return to bimetalism would in all probability mean a return to an alternating standard, now of gold, now of silver, such as the world sought relief from when it chose gold as the more stable monetary standard.

"The adoption of a single silver standard by some countries while other important commercial nations use gold would result in giving the foreign exchanges with the silver countries a fluctuating par of exchange such as China now has. The conduct of international business would thereby be interfered with rather than facilitated, and the proposal is therefore undesirable."

General business still continues of a very choppy nature, with some trades hard put to it to supply demands and others showing lack of orders. The one thing needful to assist most largely in the return to normal trade conditions, following the revolutionary effects of the war, is a readjustment in labor affairs. Ever since the armistice there has been a sort of happy-go-lucky effort to do business with labor ever asking greater consideration for a small amount of work. Employing interests generally have in the past been quite generous in their attitude toward their employees, and some of the advances in wages have seemed sensational in the extreme, especially to those who toil in the unorganized branches and have been either unwilling or unable to profiteer. The successes of labor unions in bringing about increasing wages and decreasing hours of work have been so marked as to fire the ambitions of the more radical element that has been consistently attempting to push the country along the road to Bolshevism. The United States Steel Corporation accepted the challenge from this element last year and beat it to a standstill in the fight for the open-shop principle. Railroad labor, however, numbering close to two million men, has been thoroughly organized from the labor-union standpoint. During government operations of the railroads it was situations and not jobs that were held down by the employees. Granting that their average wage was not sufficient to enable them to cope with the high cost of living successfully, still it must be admitted that many, if not a great majority of them, failed to do their own part in hard work to help in cutting down the cost of things.

This week the committee on railroad wages has made an award which, on the average, will increase the annual income of every one employed on the railroads to the extent of over \$300 a year. Even before the award was made radicals in the railway unions threatened and predicted a general strike for more liberal concessions. The Pennsylvania Railroad countered the threat by laying off more than 12,000 employees, and the fight is on to determine whether men who work with their hands are going to give value received in hard work or are going to be permitted to loaf on the job. Popular opinion can run in only one direction in regard to this whole situation, which will develop rapidly and happily for the larger interests of the nation.

The increased freight rates shortly to be announced should solve the remaining railroad problems. Efficient operation of the railroads and a proper readjustment of labor conditions are important elements that will affect the market prices of most commodities. A great many lines, such as woolen, silk, leather,

and rubber, together with some of the metals, have been over-produced as compared to current demand, but the underlying demand is large for all of these things, and periods of shut-down plants and reduced production will be followed, if things come out all right, by a prolonged era of more normal demand and at least fair prices as compared to production costs.

The relatively very high prices for cotton, together with upset trade affairs, have caused an immense amount of short selling in the cotton markets, but latterly, helped by unfavorable weather conditions, the bears on cotton have had a pretty hard time of it. We are now entering the most critical period for the new crop and, unless conditions improve a good deal, nearby cotton options will probably be subject of violent advances at times.

In the Northwest, despite the inroads of black rust, there is talk of a spring wheat crop double that of last year. Incidentally, the outlook for small grains is reported as exceedingly bright in that territory. Wheat prices have broken badly and rallied some since trading was resumed. Europe has been buying a good deal of grain here lately and also cotton, and the export demand for foodstuffs should continue large. Wheat prices, and prices of other grains for that matter, however, will depend on the progress of the crops more than anything else. Intensive railroading should help the shipping situation.

The steel and iron trades have been marking time, in a way, waiting on the railroad situation to develop. Meanwhile, prices have been pretty stiff, especially for pig-iron. Building has been hampered by labor conditions, but the throwing of men out of employment by the railroads and in some special trades should help the building labor situation to an extent. Building plans are going ahead for a big constructive campaign in the more populous sections of the country just as soon as shipping and labor conditions are right. The equipment concerns should have all the work they can attend to for years to come, so that the prospect is bright for good times in iron and steel.

The railway wage award, seemingly ample as the advances are, of course finds labor agitators attempting to provoke new strikes. However, the stock market has been through railroad strikes, and for many months past has not been free from the threats of railroad strikes, and it is not reasonable to suppose that in the present critical time in the affairs of the country the labor agitators are going to be given a free hand.

Presumably the freight-rate adjustment will be announced very shortly, and this should not only absorb the increased wages, but should also be large enough to restore railroad credit and make it possible for the railroad managements to solve our transportation problems by resumption of that efficiency that was the normal thing for the decade prior to the war.

There has been a good deal of quiet buying in the market for railroad stocks recently on the part of very wealthy individuals who feel that, wherever else happens, unless the country is to go to the Bolshevik dogs, railroad stocks have about seen their worst, while in the event that business and financial conditions are favorable in the next administration there will be reasonable hope for the same sort of increase in railroad security values that has occurred following every one of our financial panics heretofore.

Much of this buying is being done by far-sighted men who prefer to have their money invested in non-dividend paying securities which they believe will actually grow in value faster than the normal interest rate. These wealthy interests are not any too anxious, of course, to pay enormous taxes, and they can easily afford to wait for returns on their investment until the time when income-tax considerations will not be so important. Consequently stocks like Southern Railway, St. Louis and San Francisco, Missouri Pacific, Rock Island, Pittsburgh and West Virginia, Western Pacific, Baltimore and Ohio, St. Paul, and even New Haven and the Eries, among others, are being absorbed in this manner.

General business is very erratic, and consequently the market for industrial securities is also exceedingly irregular. Important banking interests feel that once the railroad situation is settled right and the freight-car congestion is relieved, there will be no more coal shortage and there will also be a definitely favorable turn in the money situation, so that even trades that seem now to be in the doldrums will again be found prospering.

The stock market has gone through a reaction which has wiped out the more recent advances, but again seems in position to respond very favorably to good news of importance.

With the sale of \$1,500,000 State of Oregon highway bonds at 1.62 points over the price paid for a similar issue a month ago and the rapid sale of \$20,000,000 of United States Rubber Company notes, bond dealers generally are agreed that prices of securities are on the rise, according to the Freeman, Smith & Camp

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Company, bond dealers of San Francisco and Portland. The price paid for the highway bonds indicates a much improved market in the East, where most of the state issues are sold.

The price of a month ago for similar bonds was 87.62, while the high price during the week for the new issue was 89.34, or the difference of 1.62. The United States Rubber Company loan was announced Monday morning and the syndicate books were closed before 3 o'clock the same day. This, with the advance in price of the Armour notes, the government of Switzerland bonds, and Belgian government bonds, and a stabilization of Liberty and Victory bond prices indicates that the turning point has been reached and prices are well on the return to normal.

"With the increase in values," says Mr. Smith, "the soundest thing people can do today is to invest their earnings in long-term bonds and hold them, because now it is possible to receive an interest return unheard of a few years ago, and which may be impossible to obtain a few years hence. Although commodity prices are high, sound investments are cheap today, and conditions that go to make commodity prices will conversely tend to make security prices higher. By buying long-term bonds every 50 cents invested now will bring about 75 cents or more worth of purchasing power long before the bonds mature."

Recent action taken by the chief executives of the railways, not only of the greatest significance and importance under present conditions, but is unprecedented in the history of American railroads (declares the *Railway Age* in an editorial). On the recommendation of their advisory committee, which recently was created, they have set up certain standards of efficiency of operation for the railways as a whole which, by resolutions unanimously adopted, they have pledged themselves to make every effort to attain. This is the first time any such action ever was taken by the railways collectively. The purpose is to relieve the present dire transportation situation in the shortest possible time. The significant feature of the standards set up is that they are higher than any corresponding standards hitherto attained in the actual operation of the railroads of the United States, and are probably higher than ever were attained in the operation of the railroads of any country.

The first standard is "an average daily minimum movement of freight cars of not less than thirty miles per day." The average movement per car per day under government operation in 1918 was 24.6 miles and in 1919 23.1 miles. The greatest average movement ever attained in any year was in 1916, when it was 26.9 miles. If the railways should accomplish what they have set out to do, it would mean practically five miles per car per day more than was made under unified gov-

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metal for silver. As a result of these developments the demand for the metal for coinage purposes slackened, and today the dependence of the world on silver for coins is less widespread than it was.

The bank emphasizes as an important factor in the high price of silver the decline in production, particularly in Mexico, where, largely because of political disturbances, the output fell from 71,000,000 ounces in 1913 to 28,000,000 ounces in 1914, only to fluctuate between the latter figure and 63,000,000 ounces in 1919. There is no evidence, the bank says, that the mines in Mexico are becoming naturally less productive, and "there is every reason to believe that the Mexican output,

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ernment control in 1918, and would be equivalent to adding four hundred to five hundred thousand cars to the available equipment.

The second standard set up is "an average loading of thirty tons per car." The highest average ever attained was in 1919, when it was 29.1 cars. An increase of one ton in the average load per loaded car would be equivalent to adding from 50,000 to 75,000 to the available supply of cars.

The third standard established is "the reduction of bad order cars to a maximum of 4 per cent. of the total owned." The last report upon the subject showed 7.4 per cent., or about 178,000 of all the freight cars of the United States in bad order. A reduction of this to 4 per cent. would increase the useful available supply of cars by about 80,000.

The fourth and fifth standards set up are "an early and substantial reduction in the number of locomotives unfit for service" and "more effective efforts to bring about the return of cars to the owner roads."

"Much good work is spoiled for the want of a little more." The thought is credited to E. H. Harriman, master mind of the railroad world in his day. What a wealth of wisdom is crammed into those dozen words! They might well be emblazoned over the entrance to every office and factory, so that the conviction of their truth could be written indelibly on the consciousness of every worker—and that means every American who is worthy of the name.

Among human frailties is a more or less marked tendency toward physical and mental laziness. Only constant striving can overcome this inertia and lessen its effect on the quantity and quality of productive effort. Many times we fail to realize that we are facing a crisis which is to measure the power we possess, and unless we are on guard the senses become more and more dulled to the comprehension that the loss of an asset vital to development is at stake—self-confidence and self-proved capacity to grow. But most of the time we are conscious of our reluctance to "face the music," to tackle a task somewhat out of the ordinary and requiring unusual effort or concentration—and to do the job in a fashion worthy of our true, if undeveloped, capacities. Then is put to the test the mettle of which we are made. Shall we rise to the emergency, or shall we confess defeat?

And when, with one extra urge, with all the might of our resourcefulness, we do achieve the objective, what a stimulus it is, what an inspiration to the setting ahead of bigger and greater aims. It is the law of development of man's power.

Indeed, it is the "little more" work that counts. Two powerful sprinters fly down the chalked lanes of the classic century, stride for stride—ninety yards, ninety-five yards; but it is to the runner that calls forth the greater degree of reserve power in the final lunge at the tape that the race goes.—Norman F. D'Evelyn, editor of the *Sperry Family*.

A professional man in the West who owns government and municipal bonds writes to the *World's Work* in New York that he is considering the investment of part of his savings in railroad bonds "such as the 4 and 4½ per cents of good record in the past and having fifteen or more years to run." His reason is, "These bonds can be bought to net a good rate upon the actual cash investment and will approach par as time goes on. This is, of course, a mild form of speculation, but I think I can afford to risk a few thousand in something not quite so sure as governments and municipals."

Sub letters as these are indications of a reviving confidence in railroad bonds. As yet the sign of advancing prices that the public usually follows is not evident, but those who answer inquiries in regard to investments can see a growing interest in the railroad issues. These indications may be worth the investor's consideration.

From the South a *World's Work* reader writes that he has been an investor in real estate, but is now considering selling his real estate and investing in railroad bonds. "What real estate I have bought has doubled in value," he writes. "What would you advise in regard to selling it this year and reinvesting the funds in low-price bonds, or bonds below par, that are really safe?"

Here is not only a business man who looks for railroad securities to improve in value, but here is one of our new bond buyers as well—one of that great number who never bought a bond until the Liberty Loans came along, on whom the financing of the business of this country and, to some extent, of other countries now depends. This new investor has been disappointed with his Liberty Bond investments; because of their severe market decline. Let us see if there is a good basis for his growing confidence in railroad bonds.

They are still selling around their recent low record prices. Not since the worst days of the civil war have railroad bonds sold as low as at present; during the panics of 1873, 1893, and 1907 they did not sell as low. As yet there has been no response in the market to the passage by Congress of a constructive transportation act. At first thought this seems hard to explain. But when one remembers that the execution of that act is in the hands of the same Interstate Commerce Commission that has caused most of the railroads' trouble of the past it does not seem so strange. Many investors who have been several times disappointed by the rulings of the commission in the past are now going to wait until they know definitely how the commission is going to treat the roads under the new law before they invest in more railroad securities. This is one of the reasons why there has been no response in the market to the passage of the new railroad act. A more important reason is the income-tax law. Those who have the most money to invest—that is, those who are affected by the super-taxes, now choose their investments with their eye on the income tax. That means that they are buying tax-exempt securities, such as municipal bonds, which give them a higher return, taxes considered, than they can realize on railroad bonds even at their present low prices. This leaves an opportunity for the small investor such as is seldom open to him, or one that will prove to be an opportunity, if the Interstate Commerce Commission in administering the new railroad measure adopts the same favorable attitude toward the roads that Congress showed in its consideration of their problems.

By the time this is read, or soon after, the commission will have authorized an advance in rates that the roads may charge under the new law. This will give the first indication as to whether its attitude toward the railroads has changed or not, and will, therefore, be of great importance to investors or prospective investors in railroad securities. It may have an immediate effect on the market. But underlying this decision by the commission as to rates, there are certain other fundamental factors in regard to the railroads—in the new railroad law itself, and in the very nature of the railroad case—that must have a greater influence in the long run.

The most fundamental of these is the growing public understanding of the railroad problem and of its relationship to general business. The public now realizes that low rates are not what it wants most from the railroads. For now that the roads are in an undernourished state because of low rates and are unable to give the best service, the public realizes that it is service it wants first. And it is now willing to pay for it. Witness the shipping and other business organizations that are supporting the roads' applications for substantial increases in rates. It is this public view of the question that Congress reflected in the new Transportation Act, and it is reasonable to expect that the Interstate Commerce Commission will be influenced by it. Instead of continuing solely a restraining body the public now wants it to be a helpful regulating body.

But the future of the railroads is no longer in the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission to the same extent that it was in the past. Congress, in the new law, has laid down certain directions to be followed in the regulation of the roads that give to the commission a measure of what constitutes fairness as the public, through Congress, now sees it, that shall be used in determining the treatment the railroads shall receive. There is no reason to doubt that the commission is glad to have this measure prescribed for it. And as Congress will undoubtedly see that its measure is applied as it intended it should be, that measure is one of the most important things to be taken into consideration in connection with railroad investments. Not until

just recently, however, was it possible to interpret the measure prescribed by Congress into earnings on railroad capital.

The new railroad law says that the Interstate Commerce Commission shall fix rates as nearly as possible to give 5½ or 6 per cent. return on the "fair valuation" of the railroad property employed in the service of the public. But "fair valuation" was an unknown quantity in this equation and therefore the answer could not be arrived at. Congress directed that the railroad valuation work being carried on by the commission be continued and that when final valuation figures are fixed they be used. It was left to the commission, however, to decide what figures it would use meanwhile for valuations. Would it be the roads' own property accounts as shown on their books? Well-informed people thought it would be; but there had been so many cries of "watered" capitalization in connection with these figures, not only from the yellow journals, but from uninformed Interstate Commerce Commissioners as well, that the public could feel no certainty in this matter.

Now the unknown quantity has been fairly definitely determined. Figures were recently made public covering the Interstate Commerce Commission's preliminary reports of the costs of reproducing fifty railroads of the country with the value of their land. These fifty roads represent about one-sixth of the railroad investment of the country. With a few exceptions, the larger and stronger roads are not included among them. Yet the cost of reproducing these fifty roads, at 1914 prices, plus the value of their lands, was more than they were capitalized for. When the figures for all the roads are completed the margin will be wider. No longer can the cry of "watered" capital be raised against the railroads as a whole. Next to the new railroad law itself, these figures are the most important contribution to the railroad case that has yet been made. They are a justification of the more favorable attitude of the public toward the railroads. They are likely to form the basis for renewed investment confidence in railroad bonds. They should be a strong argument with the Interstate Commerce Commission for a liberal attitude in regard to rates.

The Southern Pacific recently launched an extensive campaign to popularize the Indian Summer attractions of resorts in the high Sierra.

If the campaign is successful it is said that it will have the effect of introducing to thousands of tourists a region that is at the height of its charms during the months of September and October. Coöperating with the railroads many of the best-known resorts have announced that they will keep open so long as the patronage continues.

Handsomely lithographed posters emphasizing the Indian Summer idea are being printed in large quantities and will be displayed at effective points both here and in the East. These posters will be reinforced with attractive booklets and other literature.

Week-end fifteen-day excursion tickets will be on sale to and including September, and season tickets until September 30th—the latter being good until October 31, 1920.

"The fact is," said Charles S. Fee, passenger traffic manager, "the autumn months in the Sierra are ideal for outdoor life, and with the school vacation period over the resorts are able to offer visitors choice accommodations. We plan to make a particular effort to extend the period of travel to Lake Tahoe, Yosemite, the Sequoia and General Grant parks, the Kings and Kern River cañons, Huntington Lake, the Shasta regions, and other sections of the state where weather conditions are perfectly delightful to November 1st and frequently beyond that date."

It is hardly possible that the Federal Reserve Board will foment panicky conditions, especially on the eve of a presidential election, merely with the idea of bringing about lower living costs. Yet the Street becomes very nervous when call money rates rise, even though its financial commitments seem to be smaller than in years. The bears are alert to take advantage of every opportunity to hammer prices, and have succeeded latterly with good measure.

But the country is not going to rack and ruin, and Stock Exchange securities should turn around soon for a tremendous rise that will seek to discount the probable change in our own political affairs and the probable settlement of European complications.

Most of our larger industrial concerns are well fortified to withstand the changing weather that will prevail for quite some time in our world of trade. A very favorable feature is to be found in the better crop prospects, especially in the Southwest. The farmer's main trouble is lack of cars to ship his grain in. Railroads seem gradually to be solving the freight-car shortage, however, and as soon as they succeed in bringing affairs to normal again it would seem that the credit situation should be solved.

The United States Steel Corporation did

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not show the gain that might have been expected following the reports of the Lackawanna and Republic companies. However, the present dividend was earned three times over, and the outlook for this section of the list is hardly as bearish as recent market quotations would suggest.

As prices come down in the business world there will be sinking spells in securities of companies that must write off inventory losses. Rails show a very sound undertone and it is to be hoped that the rate increases will solve their fiscal problems so that they in turn may successfully meet the demand for efficiency in transportation.

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 Assets \$66,840,376.95
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 Capital Actually Paid Up 1,000,000.00
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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The War in Siberia.

The Allied treatment of Russia furnishes an example of human blundering without a parallel in the history of the world. A vicious wrongheadedness never before reached such depths as this. The Allies, wishing to destroy Bolshevism, attacked Russia herself, and enlisted all the forces of Russian patriotism on the side of Lenin. They identified Lenin and Russia, and forcibly aligned the people on the side of a tyranny that otherwise they would have overthrown. Finding an oasis of governmental decency in Siberia, the statesmen of Europe fatuously turned it into a Bolshevik desert. The Omsk government might have been a rallying point for the forces of Russian order, but the Allies broke their promises of support, sustained their individual favorites, maliciously obstructed one another, and finally drove the despairing and disgusted Siberians into the Bolshevik ranks. How far this dreary ineptitude was due to the clamor of ignorant democracies remains to be seen. It is conditions with which we have to deal, conditions that may yet write the blackest page of our war story.

The facts are clearly set forth by Colonel John Ward, C. B., C. M. G., M. P., in his book, "With the Die-Hards in Siberia." Writing primarily as a soldier and describing the military situation, he shows how that situation arose, the tangle of policies that strangled the Siberian government, the desperation of the people thus taught that their friends were more dangerous than their enemies, and the consequent triumph of the Red forces, quick to take advantage of a situation more favorable than their own best efforts could have produced and directly created by the political incapacities of their enemies. Colonel Ward writes a capital narrative that is obviously unprejudiced and that shows, not only sincerity, but a lucid recognition of political causes and their effects.

WITH THE DIE-HARDS IN SIBERIA. By Colonel John Ward, C. B., C. M. G., M. P. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Last of the Grenvilles.

The hero of this story is Dickie Grenville, whose father is a retired commander in the British navy. The elder Grenville might have stepped bodily from the pages of an Elizabethan romance. He says that the Grenvilles have followed the sea for hundreds of years, and none of them ever made enough money to live on. Money, says the old sailor, rules the modern world, and he is determined that Dickie shall be the first of his line to own some. Then comes the war, and naturally the

Grenvilles go back to sea and acquit themselves valiantly against the German Admiral von Spee. The author knows how to write a sea story and of those who go down to the sea in ships. His book is a delight.

THE LAST OF THE GRENVILLES. By Bennet Copplestone. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

Bluestone.

We are not sure that the poet does wisely in disclosing the mechanism of the workshop. We like to think of the poem springing full-fledged from the soul. The noise of the tools may sometimes be discordant.

Marguerite Wilkinson, in the introduction to her "Bluestone," tells us how she works. She says: "While I am making a lyric, after the mood becomes clear, after the idea and image emerge from consciousness, I sing it, and sometimes slowly, sometimes quite rapidly, the words take their places in lines that carry a tune, also. I am not giving conscious attention to the tune. Nor am I making an intellectual effort to combine words and music and get a certain effect. I am not thinking about the music. I am making a single-hearted and strong endeavor to say or sing what is felt and thought. Sometimes a lyric and the melody that belongs with it grow in my mind for a long time before they become vocal and can be set down on paper." It may be said that music and poetry are not constructed on exactly the same lines and that the effort to sing a lyric may be misleading. But a tree is known by its fruits, and these particular fruits are good. There are some few poems here that might have been improved or omitted and that show unfortunate traces of what may be called the singing method, but the collection as a whole will advance Mrs. Wilkinson's reputation. And it is already high.

BLUESTONE LYRICS. By Marguerite Wilkinson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Young Hearts.

Mrs. J. E. Buckrose has an unusual aptitude for the writing of novels that have no particular plot, but that none the less hold the attention unwaveringly to the end. No other writer succeeds better in depicting phases of English life in their completeness and with photographic accuracy and detail.

In "Young Hearts" we have the story of a Yorkshire family of father, mother, and two daughters. Mr. Thompson finds that he has outlived his popularity as a public figurehead and reformer in his native town of Wressle, and so he decides to move to Muckleby and become a farmer. His younger daughter, Maude, has lost her lover in the war and believes herself to be inconsolable, although events prove differently. The elder girl, Helen, has been doing strenuous war work and now supposes herself to be indifferent to the opposite sex, although subsequent happenings cause her, also, to change her mind. The story consists of the love affairs of these two girls and a depiction of country life at Muckleby.

Novels of this sort have their distinct value.

as they certainly have their distinct interest. Containing nothing of the sensational and wholly innocent of the literary crime known as "punch," they represent human nature at its best and sweetest, by no means free of foibles, vanities, and follies, but always of the kind that call forth the benevolent smile. Mrs. Buckrose's name on a title-page is a guarantee of fictional excellence.

YOUNG HEARTS. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Function of the Poet.

It is surprising that we should have waited so long for James Russell Lowell's literary and critical essays. To most of us Lowell is a poet with a few imperishable compositions to his credit. At last we have an opportunity to read his prose writings rescued from old magazines and other such sources. As a result he must step into the first rank as a critic.

There are some sixteen essays in this volume, which takes its title from the first. Presumably the editor, Mr. Albert Mordell, believed this to be the most important, as perhaps it is. It appeared in the *Century Magazine* of January, 1894, and at once we are struck with Lowell's depreciation of the general tendency to suppose that we were then in the "after-dinner time of the world," and mankind "doomed hereafter forever to that kind of contented materialism which comes to good stomachs with the nuts and raisins." But Lowell believed that divine beauty would always have its messengers, who would trail "clouds of glory." He did not foresee the awful shock that was to be given to the complacency of our materialism.

Turning Mr. Lowell's pages, we come to many a strong and arresting sentence. Don Quixote, he tells us in his essay on "Humor, Wit, Fun, and Satire," is the most perfect character ever drafted. Sir John Falstaff is in a certain sense "always a gentleman," but Don Quixote, in everything that does not concern his monomania, is "a perfect gentleman and a good Christian besides." Lowell's "five indispensable authors" are Homer, Dante, Cervantes, Goethe, and Shakespeare, a selection that is unimpeachable, as also is his summary of their comparative functions. Other striking essays are devoted to Whittier, Poe, Thackeray, Henry James, and Longfellow. Admirable, too, is the essay on "Imagination," and another on "Poetry and Nationality." All these writings bear the mark of vigorous and constructive thought, while it need hardly be said that their diction is faultless.

THE FUNCTION OF THE POET AND OTHER ESSAYS. By James Russell Lowell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5.

The Monroe Doctrine.

This volume appears in the National Science Series and has been wisely entrusted to Professor A. B. Hall, who first gives us a summary of the political events that led to the adoption of the Monroe Doctrine and then traces its extension and application under the stress of events. The author's citation of political documents is particularly useful.

Professor Hall combats the idea that the Monroe Doctrine may in some way be abrogated or nullified by the league of nations. Perhaps we need not now be particularly concerned with the results of a covenant that is so fast sinking into the position of an absurdity, but the contention, according to the author, has no validity so long as self-defense is left to the devices of individual nations. It may find new expressions, but its fundamental principles will in any case prevail.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND THE GREAT WAR. By A. B. Hall. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 75 cents.

New York's Theatrical Supremacy.

According to Alexander Woollcott, one of New York's leading dramatic critics, the West may soon have a dramatic capital of its own. He is quite frank about it:

"As the theatrical capital of America, New York is showing signs of collapsing under the strain. In the closing weeks of an unprecedented season—a season in which more fine and creditable plays have come to light than ever before, and in which the most preposterous scales of prices have not served to cool the thirsty country's passion for playgoing, evidences are multiplying like rabbits that a vast continental belt, on which more than a hundred million people jostle one another for existence can not be adequately supplied with amusement from one headquarters. More and more distinct and threatening grow the murmurous protests from the hinterland, that is so heartily sick of subsisting on the crumbs that drop from Gotham's table. Livelier and livelier every month grows the expectation that the Middle West and the Far West will each be driven to go separately into the business of theatrical production on its own account—will set up two other realms of the theatre, each with its own capital, destined in time to treat with New York, and with each other, in friendly exchange, much as New York now deals with London.

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and subsequent secession you will find the strong habits of a generation, the momentum of a creaky but still functioning machine, the very disposition of the show folks themselves, who really feel when they are not in New York that they are not in town. But the change is coming some day and the season now ending has been full of portents that it is coming fast."

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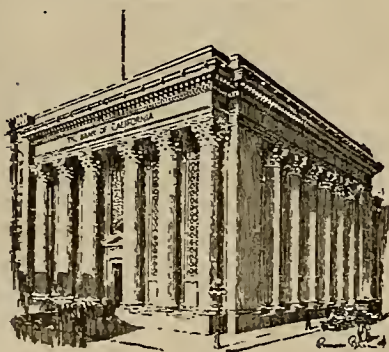
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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Married Life.

Husbands, we may suppose, usually turn out unsatisfactorily. The charms of the lover are not perpetuated. The domestic hudget is a foe to marital harmony, and to all these factors we must add the natural desire of the male to dominate and subdue. What can we do about it?

May Edginton, dedicating her novel to a "completely successful husband," tells us all about an unsuccessful one. Oshorn Kerr and his young wife are both commonplace, painfully so, but they marry in the usual rosy dream, and then disillusion comes with babies, debts, and evenings out. The author, with an author's despotism, clears matters up toward the end, but in real life we are afraid that Mr. and Mrs. Kerr would either have resorted to divorce or would have lived together in a state of passive hostility.

MARRIED LIFE. By May Edginton. New York: Small, Maynard & Co.

Strategy.

Strategy, said Napoleon, is the art of discovering what your enemy intends to do and preventing him from doing it. If this axiom had been applied to the great war it would have brought a speedy victory to whichever of the combatants had adopted it. But all of them evaded it.

Germany went to war in order to secure the control of Asia Minor, and for nothing else. To be the master of Asia Minor is to be master of the world. Asia Minor is the strategic centre of the human race. If Germany had concentrated her efforts here she would probably have won. The Allies, on their part, should have waged a purely defensive war in the west, bringing their concen-

tration to bear upon the Balkans. But they would have been at a disadvantage, geographically and otherwise. Germany would have saved her vast efforts at Verdun and at her great offensives, and the western lines would have been hardly more than a matter of sentries. Germany made the further mistake of trying to be a sea power. This led to the submarine war and consequently to the entrance of America and to German defeat. Both sides were fighting for possession of Asia Minor and of the Balkans, but they chose a western field to fight in, with consequent prolongation of the struggle.

There was always an "eastern" military party during the war, but it produced no more than a wavering and fluctuation of strategies. In a few years' time the strategical experts will all be "easterners." Mr. William L. McPherson, who writes this lucid account of the campaigns and battles of the war, makes this clear enough. Perhaps he is inclined to undervalue the strength of Russia, but this leaves his main point untouched, that the war should have been fought in the east and that incalculable energies were wasted by the diffusion of force and by concentration upon unprofitable objectives.

THE STRATEGY OF THE GREAT WAR. By William L. McPherson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

The Cruise of the "Scandal."

This volume contains fifteen short stories by Mr. Victor Bridges, written, he says, not for artistic expression, but for food and drink. Let us hope that they will be as productive of nutriment as he desires, with the understanding that the drink section shall be of the uninebriating American variety. For they are good stories, neither psychological nor sensational, but of the wholesome human and humorous variety.

THE CRUISE OF THE "SCANDAL" AND OTHER STORIES. By Victor Bridges. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Margaret Book.

This story is supposed to be told by Peter, a soldier who has been invalided from France and who stays with Margaret and her family in Dorsetshire. Peter, like Silas Wegg, has a habit of dropping into verse, a habit that we can only describe as unfortunate. Not that it is wholly bad verse, but when at least one-half of a novel is thus constructed the general effect is tiresome.

THE MARGARET BOOK. By Alfred Clark. New York: John Lane Company.

Briefer Reviews.

Florence Irwin, author of "Master-Auction" (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75), says that her book is not for those who do not play auction nor for those who are content with what they already know. It is for those who wish to keep pace with the latest skill and the latest discussions.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has published a new and amended edition of the "Handbook of American Government," by William H. Bartlett. The revision has been done

by Henry Campbell Black, who thus gives us a quick guide-book to all the functions of American government and the state documents which stand behind it.

The latest story by Eleanor H. Porter is entitled "Mary Marie," who is the daughter of an austere father who wanted to name his daughter Mary and of a somewhat flighty mother who preferred Marie. The publisher, the Houghton Mifflin Company, offers substantial prizes for the best eight-line verse characterizing Mrs. Porter's heroine. The price of the book is \$1.90.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell is the author of a book entitled "Scoutmastership" and described as a handbook for scoutmasters on the theory of scout training. In the preface to this American edition he says: "Conditions may differ, temperaments are not all alike, national characteristics may vary, but for all that I find that, go where you will, the boy is the same animal, bless him." The book is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons (\$1.50).

Among recent vocational hooks is "The Man of Tomorrow," by Claude Richards. After preliminary chapters on "The Importance of Specializing," "The Need of a Broad Foundation," and "Choosing a Vocation," the author passes on to a study of the vocations themselves, and discusses callings and trades from agriculture to the fine arts, pointing out the strong features of each and a boy's chance of success therein. The book is published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

New York will shortly add another to its list of distinguished English visitors of this year. W. L. George, the young English realist, is coming to America next month in connection with the publication of his new novel, which will be brought out by the Harpers, and to make a lecture tour of the United States. Mr. George worded his purpose somewhat differently in a recent interview, apropos of the rumored anti-American feeling in England. "I have not come across it myself," he said, "except in so far as every nation thinks itself better than other nations, and likes to suggest to the traveler that he's very fortunate in being let in at all. It's the same thing all over the world."

The publishing house of D. Appleton & Co. certainly scored an enviable "scoop" when immediately on the death of the Empress Eugénie they announced the publication of her memoirs. The firm have had the manuscript for the last ten years, but because of the personal revelations contained in the book, Eugénie requested that it be withheld from the public until her death.

E. Alexander Powell has just been awarded the Legion of Honor by the French government in helping the public know the truth about the war. This is the third decoration Mr. Powell has received for his merit as correspondent. Previously he was decorated by Italy and Montenegro.

One genius seldom has time or inclination to write of another. Maxim Gorki is an exception to this. In his "Reminiscences of Tolstoy," now appearing serially in the *Freeman* and to be brought out in book form by B. W. Huebsch, Inc., in the fall, conversations and incidents that occurred at the Tolstoy estate at Gaspar in the Crimea are told with such vividness as to throw light on some of the most obscure sayings of the great Russian. "Knowing our fatal fondness for mysticism which comes from the Oriental in our blood, he wished to die as a martyr in order to give his doctrines greater weight."

Among the many arrivals on the *Olympic* on July 28th none will find more friends among book lovers and play-goers in the country than Major Ian Hay Beith. He is, he says, hard at work on a new novel, and that it will be a good one the readers of "Happy-Go-Lucky," "A Knight on Wheels," and "A Man's Man" all feel confident.

New Books Received

MOTION STUDY FOR THE HANDICAPPED. By Frank R. Gilbreth and Lillian Moller Gilbreth, Ph. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4.

A thorough explanation of the system.

FREE-THINKERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Janet E. Courtney, O. B. E. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.

Tracing the development of free thought.

RELIGION AND THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY. By Walter Samuel Swisher, B. D. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

A psycho-analytic study of religion.

HEART TROUBLES. By Louis Faugères Bishop, M. D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

Their prevention and relief.

MASTER-AUCTION. By Florence Irwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

Auction for those who know it.

GUS HARVEY, THE BOY SKIPPER OF CAPE ANN. By Captain Charlton Lyman Smith. Boston: Marshall Jones Company; \$1.65.

A story for boys.

LITTLE ESSAYS DRAWN FROM THE WRITINGS OF

GEORGE SANTAYANA. By Lagan Pearsall Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.

With the collaboration of the author.

SCOUTMASTERSHIP. By Sir Robert Baden-Powell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

A handbook on the theory of scout training.

MARRIED LIFE. By May Edginton. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.75.

A novel.

THE EVE OF PASCUA. By Richard Dehan. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Short stories.

YOUNG HEARTS. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A novel.

QUEEN LUCIA. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A novel.

THE RAPIDS. By Alan Sullivan. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.75.

A novel.

HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. By William H. Bartlett. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

A guide to the various branches of government.

On July 31, 1833, Horace Smith deposited \$5 in the Dedham (Massachusetts) Institution for Savings, and in a long period of years this lone five-dollar bill went on accumulating interest. November 12, 1912, the holder of the bank book withdrew from the bank the sum of \$112.47 and June 8, 1920, closed his account with the bank, taking out the balance of \$134.46. The only money ever deposited in the bank was the original \$5; all the rest grew from the interest that accumulated as the years passed, until the sum total in the bank amounted to over fifty-six times the total of the original deposit. Had no money been withdrawn until the account was finally closed the sum that would have been taken out would have totaled \$281.93.

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"SMILIN' THROUGH"

We ought to feel properly grateful when they bring out here during these expensive times, not only a first-class New York play, but a first-class New York company. And at the top of the company is Jane Cowl, a first-class New York favorite, reinforced by the presence of her invariable New York leading man, Mr. Orme Caldara.

"Smilin' Through" is a fantasy in a prologue and three acts, and there are ghosts in it of beautiful dead youth brought to life again. But although the play is full of sweet and wistful sentiment, it is full of laughter, too. And few there are among the leading actresses of the day who can more prettily express the high spirits of youth, a loveliness of heart, and an incorrigible tendency to throw off witticisms of Irish flavor in a bewitching Irish brogue than Jane Cowl. This actress has all the charm needed to convey to us the sweet essence of Moonyeen, the young bride, dead fifty years before the play opens, and of Kathleen, child of her merry sister, whose bright youth, whose gay sallies, and whose tender affection gild the declining days of the two old hachelors, neighbors and chums of fifty years standing and white-haired adorners of Kathleen. The story is sad, and sweet, and strange; and blithe, and gay, and full of the laughter that helps so much to make life sweet.

And as a setting to this sweet old story of constancy and a life-long sorrow and sternness toward an unforgiven wrong is a sweet old house set in a sweet old garden. A lovely composition it is, naturally, since Joseph Urban is the creator of it. All the action of the play transpires in the flowery garden, bursting with bloom, which is a setting for the lovely cottage; a gentleman's cottage such as we read of in English novels; a beautiful home cottage with broad, small-paned windows, a slender, soaring chimney that is a thing of beauty, and a bower of trees, lovely, thick-foliaged trees that, in the background of the picture, are a balanced setting to the gay, blooming garden in the foreground.

When the play opens in the prologue two loving ghosts, wandering from their presumable paradise to the old, beloved spot where their children with love and laughter make

the place bright with living youth, peep through a narrow rift which their love had made possible; a rift through which the shadowy dead can gaze and see the forms of those they had loved in life. Thus does the writer of the play strike his keynote; which is that death is merely a painless transmutation; a mere turn in the road, leading to a happy ahode from whence the dead, still cherishing their affection for the living, may stray at times and gaze with wistful longing on those earthly beings around whom their affections are still permitted to cling.

The story is told so charmingly by the author, and acted so sympathetically by the company, and there is such a beautiful atmosphere of old-fashioned romance, the romance that we all loved before we grew sophisticated and expert in passing on the sexual drama and problem plays, that it makes us feel—even if we have no real right to—young, and sweetly sad, and tenderly gay, and indulgent toward this poor, pathetic human passion for carrying our loves, and our joys, and all of our complicated selves into the life beyond the grave. Yes, even our cares, for in these Peter Ihhetson, Peter Grimm, Blue Bird plays those constant ones in the paradise of the just made perfect can not emancipate themselves from a tender solicitude for the welfare of the loved beings who have survived them.

Do not imagine, by the way, that there is a mortuary atmosphere about the play. Far from it. Those wistful gazers from the shadows of the Beyond are on the stage but a few moments, and when another visitant comes, in a later phase of the play, she comes all gleaming in the mysterious moonlight with youth and beauty and with a tender invitation to the long constant lover of her youth to make that painless entry across the threshold leading to their reunion in a far yet near country which is death.

Thus the idea of death is offered as a beautiful possibility, and old John Carteret, the "Uncle John" to Kathleen, lives, like Peter Ihhetson, in the daily hope of seeing the shape of the one and ever beloved in his waking dreams. And finally, when we see the dream dreamed visibly to our own perceptions, romance, imagination, the sympathy that the world feels even when the world can not quite believe in this reunion after death, all seem to be gently brushed by the caressing wings of passing angels.

There is a device first used in "On Trial," and since then repeated a number of times, which is used to tell some tale of the past bearing on the present by action instead of by narration. This device also is used in "Smilin' Through," so that all the actors in a past and gone tragedy, some of them dead, some of them still living but old and gray, are brought before us visibly, and the happy and finally tragic events of one night are played out before our eyes. In this effect, also, the author, the producer, and the company between them have contrived a triumph of atmosphere; that sort of atmosphere accomplished by Du Maurier in "Peter Ihhetson," when Gogo "dreamed true" and found himself hack again in the blissful, tenderly idealized past.

And, by the way, since "Peter Ihhetson" is being spoken of, why not pause here and make a complaint about San Francisco never having seen this play which ran so long in New York? Although "Peter Ihhetson" was not so widely read as "Trilhy," it was Du Maurier's most beautiful story. Both of the stories are full of that same regretful, reminiscent tenderness for a past that Du Maurier had known and deeply loved. Real memories are intertwined with his delightful description of Gogo's childhood in Passy. And when this story, with varied aspects of hot youth and expiatory old age, of romance and fantasy and tragedy,

was dramatized the work was well done. A fine company of accomplished, sympathetic players won a long run for the play, but we in San Francisco were never allowed the opportunity to see it.

Judging from the eagerness with which people are flocking to the Curran to see "Smilin' Through" they would as eagerly seek the privilege of seeing "Peter Ihhetson." The play has retired now, and probably that means that we'll never have the opportunity. Ah, what quantities of first-class plays are shelved in New York, and we out here licking expectant chops in vain! It is wheels within wheels. All kinds of motives influence theatrical managers in their estimate of expenses, and I suppose that the trouble with "Peter Ihhetson" was that it would require too large and expensive a company for an across-the-continent transit.

The company that is playing in "Smilin' Through" is first-class timber. We are lucky indeed. Jane Cowl has youth, beauty, charm, a full contralto voice, and magnetism. She uses wit and humor as if they were her natal friends. She can be tender, and playful, and yearning, and sad. In fine she fits into the part to a nicety and is at once sweetly old-fashioned in sentiment and blithely modern in mood.

Mr. Orme Caldara in his dual rôle exhibits the headlong, desperate unreason of one man and the fine, serene manliness of another, and differentiates the two so that the widely divergent individualities of the two kinsmen are clearly indicated.

Mr. Ethelbert D. Halles, as Kathleen's irascible but most loving uncle, gives an excellent portraiture of the kind of old man to whose wife, if he had one, he would always be her most loved, most indulged little boy. With this portraiture was blended that of Mr. David Torrence's of the doctor, and the wrangles of the old pair provided the kind of laughable diversion that audiences thoroughly enjoy.

Mr. Charles Hampden represented an unsuccessful suitor with neat touches of comedy, although a soft-hearted author allowed him a final interview and a state of mind that won for him sympathy and favor, more especially as the actor is a fine, well-set-up young man with an ingratiating English accent.

Miss Elaine Innescott was pretty, sprightly, and physically imposing in her crinoline of fifty years ago, and Miss Augusta Haviland gave a pleasant picture of the sterling old, indulged family retainer who has passed away with the Victorian era, but who made life pleasanter while the type lasted. These, with Miss Laine Brownell as one of the disembodied spirits in the opening scene, made up an excellent group of players.

The author, an Englishman, I believe, named Allan Langdon Martin, is fortunate that the very considerable amount of sensibility that characterizes his play does not show a tendency to degenerate into mere sentimentality. His gift lies in evolving romance and in idealizing youth, age, affection, emotion, love. Recognizing this quality in the play, the Selwyns (producers) have given it a most beautiful dress, and have had the good judgment to select sterling players for the lesser, as well as for the more important rôles.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The Dismal Swamp.

The name Dismal Swamp is a hy-word everywhere, and a legend has grown up around it of a dreary, hoggish, unknown region of snakes and dark, damp thickets, where runaway slaves fled for refuge. This region is but little better known today than it was when George Washington himself laid out a route through it.

The swamp is old historically. The first settlers at Norfolk and the region round about knew of it as a wild, impassable bit of country full of game and of valuable timber—cypress, so good for making shingles; juniper, black gum, and heech. In 1728 Colonel Byrd, while trying to establish the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina, ran a survey across it, working with the greatest difficulty and making only a mile a day through the thick growth. He it was who named it the Dismal Swamp.

Later surveys and government maps show that the wilderness contains about 800 square miles of wood and water lying in a tract twenty miles wide and forty-five long, and extending twenty miles into Virginia and twenty-five into North Carolina. The soil is a sort of rich black vegetable mould, dry and caky at some seasons, and saturated with water at others.

The whole region is like a huge sponge, alternately dry and wet, and as the swamp level, curiously enough, is twenty feet above tide-water, it is the source of many rivers and streams.

There are deer in the woods, but it is the wild cattle that give the best sport. The ancestors of these "reed-fed" cattle, as they are called, strayed in from the fields and took up their ahode in the swamp. The result is a race of small, active, wild cattle, the flesh of

which is a delicious combination of the qualities of wild game and tame animals.

There is a chance that before many years the greater part of the swamp will be re-deemed from its present wildness into civilized farm land, but it will be many years before the bear and wild cattle and moccasin snakes disappear from their refuges, and before the rare plants and birds that still draw hotanists and ornithologists from all parts of the country will be found only in museum showcases.

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Take, for instance, the following account:

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

"Frivolities of 1920," the musical revue which G. M. Anderson is presenting at the Columbia Theatre, is in its fifth week in San Francisco, and judging from the crowds that are flocking to the Geary Street playhouse nightly it could remain here indefinitely.

"Frivolities" is a topical spectacle that embodies in its succession of episodes the superlatives of the scenic artist, the milliner, the modiste, and the musician.

Conspicuous in the long and imposing list of artists whom Mr. Anderson has assembled under his banner are Henry Lewis, Edward Gallagher, Joseph Rolley, Frank Davis, Delle Darnell, Richard Bold, Tom Nip, Charles O'Brien, Lelia Ricard, Dolly Best, May Keefe, the Voltaire Sisters, Ruth Craft, Will Goodall, and Edward Metcalfe. Surrounding this array is the ever-dancing "frivol chorus of fifty."

The second and final week begins Sunday night, August 8th.

Maude Fulton as author and star of "The Hummingbird" will be the next attraction at the Columbia Theatre, opening a two weeks' stay on Monday night, August 16th. It is said that Miss Fulton has been as successful both as star and author in this play as she was with "The Brat."

The Orpheum.

All the requirements of good vaudeville seem to be welded into the show which will make its appearance at the Orpheum next Sunday.

Miss Georgia Campbell will headline in her picturesque song offering, "Gone Are the Days." An old Southern mansion set in the foliage of the Mississippi River bank will be the scene. With this attractive situation Miss Campbell and her associates, Robert Buchanan, Archie Ruggles, and George Sutton, will recollect the songs of other days until a dream of the Old South will be depicted.

George Austin Moore, famous for his songs and stories, is another notable artist. Moore blends his ability as a raconteur and vocalist with good effect.

The Harry Hayden company in a romantic comedy entitled "The Love Game" will depict this international sport as it is played in real life. The cast includes Harry Hayden, Scott Moore, Eloise Murray, and Virginia Marcellinus.

Dooley and Storey, a recently formed partnership, following the close of a production, will win more honors with their "vaudeville à la carte."

Elizabeth Nelson and the Barry Boys are scheduled to produce a medley of vaudeville bits. Miss Nelson will provide the athletics, while the comedy and dance will be interpolated by the Barry Boys.

Hayataka Brothers with an exposition of athletics, Japanese style, and the Parsleys with enormous tympanies, drums, and xylophones will be other features. Frank Dobson

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FRIVOLITIES of 1920

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Mon., Aug. 16—MAUDE FULTON in "THE HUMMINGBIRD."

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"THE CRIMSON ALIBI"

"The first detective play that fools all the
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THE ALCAZAR COMPANY
DUDLEY AYRES—INEZ RAGAN
SUNDAY MAT., AUG. 15—Brilliant Comedy
Jesse Lynch Williams' Slashing Social Satire
"WHY MARRY?"
Nat Goodwin's Final and Crowning Triumph
SOON—Demand Revival
"PEG O' MY HEART"
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and his thirteen sirens will remain one more week. Topics of the day, pictorial events, and orchestra will provide other programme numbers.

The Alcazar Theatre.

One big popular play release after another is packing the Alcazar, where "Fair and Warmer" gives place next Sunday to "The Crimson Alibi," the latest George Broadhurst melodrama, based upon Octavus Roy Cohen's magazine story. All the world loves a detective mystery. The New York Tribune declares that this one "completely baffles all the wise lobby guessers." Joshua Quincy, a cordially hated millionaire, is seen stricken by an unknown hand at midnight. Then through four acts suspicion wavers from one to another of a dozen suspects. The Alcazar company knows how to stage melodrama as well as comedy. The cast includes Dudley Ayres as the amateur student of criminology; Inez Ragan as the loyal lady with fighting spirit; Brady Kline, her ex-convict lover; Ben Erway, an underworld lad; Al Cunningham and Frederick Green, police officers; Henry Shumcr, an elderly scholar; Emily Pinter, a young matron; Gladys Emmons, her sister; Emelie Melville and Rafael Brunetto, the Quincy housekeeper and butler; Murray Barnard, a society wastrel, and Stella Warfield, the proprietress of a crooks' resort.

Another change, Sunday, August 15th, brings Jesse Lynch Williams' comedy, "Why Marry?" flashing with keen wit and brilliant epigrams, touching the divorce volcano now in perpetual state of eruption. It was in this remarkable comedy that the late Nat Goodwin was stricken at the height of the greatest triumph of his erratic career.

Antonio Scotti.

No opera singer now before the public enjoys so much popularity and distinction as Antonio Scotti, who will appear here with his grand opera organization at the Exposition Auditorium for the week beginning October 4th under the local direction of Frank W. Healy. It is therefore with peculiar pleasure that opera enthusiasts in this city will learn that Mr. Scotti is paying us another visit with his own company and with a greatly enlarged repertory and list of artists. The Scotti Grand Opera Company is already the leading traveling operatic organization of the country, for it has left all others behind by reason of the finish of its productions and the brilliant achievements of its artists, including, of course, Mr. Scotti himself.

Full particulars concerning the scale of prices, repertory, cast of characters will appear in next week's Argonaut.

Municipal Housing Construction.

Great Britain has under way comprehensive schemes of municipal housing construction. The London County Council has adopted a programme by which, within five years if possible, 29,000 new houses, lodging 150,000 people, will be built in the outskirts of London; while certain interior areas will be cleared and rebuilt, to the relief of 40,000 people now in unfit habitations. The council has bought 3000 acres at Barking, Essex, where it expects to raise a city for 120,000 people, with parks, shops, schools, churches, and factories. The City of London—the business region, which has but 14,000 resident population—also expects to help by erecting 2000 houses at Ilford. Leeds has acquired 8155 acres, on which it proposes to erect 8155 houses. The programme of the Edinburgh Corporation comprises the provision of 10,000 houses, of which 7000 are to be new houses in suburban garden cities and 3000 reconstructed dwellings on old sites. It involves, as lovers of Scott and Stevenson will lament, the clearance of many back closes and narrow streets of the Canongate, Cowgate, and High Riggs. The Sheffield, Newcastle, and Hull corporations expect to build more than 5000 houses each in the next few years.—New York Times.

The American Relief Administration European Children's Fund, as a private charitable enterprise, was organized by Herbert Hoover in order to carry on food relief among children of Central Europe after the general relief programme of the American Relief Administration came to an end through act of Congress of June 30, 1919. By the time the American Relief Administration personnel was withdrawn, efficient organizations for supplying undernourished children one nourishing meal a day each had been set up in the following countries: Austria, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Finland, Roumania, and in that small part of northwest Russia which had been freed from the Bolsheviks. More than 2,000,000 children were receiving this relief from the beginning of the programme.

It is said that a million tons of sugar are being held in Cuba for a still greater increase in price, and that American bankers are assisting the profiteering by making loans on the hoarded goods.

CURRENT VERSE.

She Is Overheard Singing.

Oh, Prue she has a patient man,
And Joan a gentle lover,
And Agatha's Arth' is a hug-the-hearth—
But my true love's a rover!

Mig her man's as good as cheese
And honest as a briar;
Sue tells her love what he's thinking of—
But my dear lad's a liar!

Oh, Sue and Prue and Agatha
Are thick with Mig and Joan—
They bite their threads and shake their heads,
And gnaw my name like a bone!

And Prue says, "Mine's patient man,
As never snaps me up;"
And Agatha, "Arth' is a hug-the-hearth,
Could live content in a cup;"

Sue's man's mind is like good jell—
All one color, and clear;
And Mig's no call to think at all
What's to come next year;

While Joan makes boast of a gentle lad,
That's troubled with that and this.
But they all would give the life they live
For a look from the man I kiss!

Cold he slants his eyes about,
And few enough's his choice—
Though he'd slip me clean for a nun or a queen,
Or a beggar with knots in her voice.

And Agatha will turn awake
When her good man sleeps sound,
And Mig and Sue and Joan and Prue
Will hear the clock strike round.

For Prue she has a patient man
As asks not when or why;
And Mig and Sue have naught to do
But peep who's passing by;

Joan is paired with a putterer
That hastes and tastes and salts;
And Agatha's Arth' is a hug-the-hearth—
But my true love is false!

—Edna St. Vincent Millay in Poetry.

Colloquy of Statues.

(Fifth Avenue, Night Before Pershing's Parade.)
Goddess, goddess, wake you or drowse you?
Horned Diana of Madison Square,
Bending your bow at the winds that house you,
Hunt you the Hyades, 'way up there?

Over my chase curves the moon-ship, waning,
Flapping the skies like a cloud-white drake;
Cellarer Mars and his stars are draining
Glories of light at her cruddled wake.

Sherman, Sherman, where are you riding?
Winds atoss in your brazen hair.
Down where the buildings are giants striding,
Where are you riding, away down there?

Ride? I would stir not for twenty stallions!
Yet, when your haggards of planets fade,
I shall march with the young battalions,
Leading the van of a long parade!

Steed of the Pentecost, what are you thinking?
Golden charger whose eyeballs glare,
Snuffing the smoke that's wive for your drinking
What are you thinking, away down there?

Musing, I wait till the tormented forces
Shake the black clouds to a crash of cheers
At the measured tread of Liberty's horses,
The iron eyes of her cannoners!

Whose is your guerdon now, bright palm-bearer
Courier of valor none gainsayeth.
For the old great cause, or a new cause fairer,
Angel of Courage and Love and Death?

Freedom's my guerdon. Her least word spoken
Is a wind to shuffle the kings to sand,
And the chains of oppression are utterly broken
When she smites men's hearts with her fiery hand!

Her old cause sleeps. To her new cause splendid
I carry my palm like a flag unfurled;
To the march that ends and is never ended—
To Freedom's drums in the blood of the world!

So it was when my Father thundered,
So shall it be until Man is grass.
Peace, old friends, for the night is Sundered,
And with morn the leaping bayonets pass!

—Stephen Vincent Benét in Romance.

Plants That Entertain Ants.

Among the most curious and interesting of natural phenomena are those pertaining to the mutual relationships of common organisms. Two plants, two animals, or a plant and an animal may live together for their mutual benefit. Very often one of the partners gets food for the combination, while the other receives protection. This is the arrangement that subsists between some tropical plants and certain species of ants which live and feed in their hollow stems, and in return drive away other insects that would do damage.

The name of "myrmecophily" (Greek *myrmex*, ant, and *philos*, friend) has been given by botanists to adaptations in plants whose object is to attract ants. These insects, even in the temperate zone, play an important part in the economy of nature, but this becomes quite notable in the tropics. In tropical America the so-called "leaf cutters," or "parasol" ants, are to be regarded as the most redoubtable enemies of vegetation. Besides such means of protection against these enemies as fibrous structure, disagreeable secretions, etc., it has been proved that some plants have relations with certain warlike species of ants which almost completely protect them from



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the "leaf cutters." This is held to be the most interesting instance of myrmecophily.

Two species of acacia are the best-known examples of this order of things. They have highly developed hollow thorns that serve as a refuge for a definite species of ferocious ants that pierce an entrance to them near the end.

But plants of this kind are not content with offering a mere asylum to their defenders. They also provide nutriment. At the ends of the leaves of these acacias we find small hodies, egg-shaped or pear-shaped, that are carefully garnered and eaten by the ants.

The Cecropias are remarkable trees, very widely distributed throughout the tropics. Their slender trunks are crowned with four leaves at the ends of the branches. A few active ants run continually along the branches and leaves, but if the tree is shaken slightly an army of ants rush out by small apertures, ready for savage assault on the intruder. This is the most terrible guardian that the tree has retained to protect it from its most formidable enemy, the "leaf cutter" ant. The defenders rarely leave their retreat, where they live on small whitish egg-shaped bodies about one-twelfth of an inch long, known as Mueller's corpuscles.

About 20,000,000 feet of lumber is used each year in making clothespins. Clothespins are made in three lengths, five, four and one-half, and four inches, but eventually, it is said, all clothespins will be made of the four-inch length, thus saving millions of feet of lumber,

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VANITY FAIR.

Mr. W. L. George, writing in *Harper's Magazine*, suggests that good manners are largely a matter of money. He does not actually say this, but the inference is a legitimate one. There are two classes of the community—and of course Mr. George is writing of Europe—that have no manners at all, the very poor and the aristocrats. The very poor have no desire to mark their distinction from any other class, and having very little to live for they live as hard as they can. They are debarred from all but the coarser pleasures, and as a result their manners are unrestrained. The aristocrats, on the other hand, are under no necessity to mark the distinction of their class. It is obvious and acknowledged. They were born in the purple, and every one knows it, and consequently they have no use for good manners, which are a bit of a nuisance anyway. But the middle class is recruited from the ranks of the poor, and is always haunted by the fear that it may be confused with them. It can hardly mark the distinction by dress, since nowadays we all dress pretty much alike, although it does what it can in this direction. But its long suit is in manners. They are acquired with comparative ease and they are inexpensive. Moreover, they constitute a sort of inward cultural possession that can not be taken away. They

produce a sense of inward equanimity greater than that conferred either by dress or religion.

A tradition of good manners has thus arisen in the middle class, and its origin is the desire to dig a visible trench between itself and the class from which it sprang. It wants to be as different as possible from the very poor, who have no incitement of their own to the cultivation of manners. This tradition of the middle class, says Mr. George, exhibits certain peculiarities which arouse unjust merriment. "For instance, I am told that in certain American circles, and I am sure in remote English circles, the use of the word 'leg' is not favored, and that it is better to say 'limb'; there really are people who do not go to bed, but who prefer to 'retire.' It sounds just like 'Cranford'; those ways are nearly dead, but their spirit is not. That spirit will die only when classes are dead. . . . So we obtain a middle-class tradition—to work hard, to save, to go to church, to paint the woodwork in colors that don't show the dirt (that's a summary, isn't it?), to have a piano and make the young ladies sing, to avoid strong drink, to send undesirable relatives abroad, to talk about the weather because it's safe. This sounds very dull, but the middle class is really good stuff; its tradition of decency, of generosity within bounds, and of justice to all classes, even to its own, all that is the pig-iron of the world out of which the spirit of the future will probably forge a finer steel."

We shall now have an opportunity to put Mr. George's theories to the test. The war has practically destroyed the old middle class and is in the way to create a new one. Large numbers of recruits have been brought up from the ranks of the very poor. We may call them profiteers if we like, and as a mat-

ter of fact there has been much more profiteering among the very poor than among the very rich. Will they acquire good manners? Will they want to forget their source and to acquire some sort of distinctiveness? It is safe to bet that they will.

A lady writing from England says that the *bouleversement* there is remarkable. If you see a woman clad in furs and jewelry sallying forth with a dirty face to do her shopping at 10 o'clock in the morning you may be sure that she is the wife of a day laborer. The rather skabbily dressed woman on the other side of the street may be a countess. What remains of the upper middle class have to resort to all sorts of expedients in their desperate efforts to cling to their position. They can not buy fine dresses any more, so they hire them. A regular trade has sprung up in this sort of transaction. One of these costumers says: "The cost of hiring a frock is about two guineas. A cloak comes to another guinea, and a tiara and jewels amount to another couple of guineas. So the woman who does not go out much, but who wants to look very nice on some special occasion can wear pretty things without the heavy cost of buying them."

Curiously enough, a very similar story comes from Mexico. There, too, the middle class has disappeared, as it always does in times of war. Its place has been taken, not by profiteers, but by conquerors, who have occupied the houses and annexed the property of the rightful owners. Official positions that were once filled from the middle classes are now filled from among these ex-soldiers, who are mainly drawn from the roughest parts of the community, but who are none the less behaving themselves remarkably well and showing evident signs of a desire to acquire good manners. The ambition to be in some way distinctive must evidently be counted as among the forces of civilization.

Even after five years of war struggles and eighteen months of past war worry the instinctive politeness of the average Frenchmen still survives (says a Paris dispatch to the *New York Sun and Herald*). This was evidenced in a small patisserie where M. Anatole France, the illustrious French author, casually drops in for his afternoon tea and cakes whenever he visits the capital. All of the tables were occupied, but the waiter recognized the visitor and with characteristically excited gesticulations insisted that M. Anatole France wait for just one minute.

Approaching two men seated at a comfortable table, the knight of the napkin, ignoring the appeals of the author, whispered to them, "May I have your table for M. Anatole France of the Académie Française?"

There was no hesitancy shown by the two Parisians. They rose, bowed to the writer, and departed. One, however, remarked to the waiter as he paid his bill:

"You are right. Here in France, from the President to the tea-room waiters, the world of letters must be honored."

American Troops in the Big War.

The United States made the third largest contribution in fighting forces during the war, namely, approximately 2,000,000 men, according to figures compiled by British statisticians. France headed the list, while Great Britain came second, with a grand total of 8,654,467.

The ration strength of the American army in France on Armistice day—that is, the total number of men who were fed from army stocks—is placed at 1,924,000, while Great Britain's ration strength in this theatre on the same date was 1,731,578. This does not take into account prisoners of war or the negro labor employed by England.

America's combatant strength in France on Armistice day is set down at 1,160,000 and Great Britain's at 1,164,790. The combatant strength includes all troops whose functions are, in the first place, fighting.

The capture of prisoners and guns in France during the victorious offensive against the German army between July 18 and November 11, 1918, is given as follows:

British armies, 200,000 and 2540, respectively; French armies, 135,720 and 1880; American armies, 43,300 and 1421; Belgian armies, 14,500 and 474. It is pointed out that in addition to the above there were 80,000 British combatant troops in Italy, who co-operated in the final defeat of the Austrian army at Vittorio-Veneto, capturing 30,000 prisoners, and that in the Eastern theatre of war, Palestine and Mesopotamia, where about 100,000 British troops, on an average, throughout 1918 were fighting, the complete defeat and destruction of the Turkish army was effected by the British alone, and a total of 85,000 prisoners taken.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Ossip was attempting to walk along the street on his hands. A policeman arrested him, not agreeing that the world had turned upside down. "How much did you drink?" asked the judge. "Just one glass of wine." "Well," remarked the judge, "it must have been a magnifying glass."

"Rivers," said the American, "why your rivers are nothing to ours. Compared with our Hudson and Mississippi, your Mersey, Severn, and Thames are sleepy, sickly streams." "Oh, come!" protested the Englishman, "I think your rivers are just as sickly as ours." "How do you make that out?" "Well, they are all confined to their beds," replied the visitor.

General Peyton C. March said at a dinner in Philadelphia, apropos of a military argument: "It is hard to argue with our opponents. They are more unreasonable than the lady who missed the train. 'We wouldn't have missed it,' the lady's husband growled, 'if you hadn't been so long dressing.' 'Yes,' she said, 'and if you hadn't hurried me so, we wouldn't have such a long wait now for the next.'"

To the rear door of the house of a lonely spinster in a Pennsylvania town there recently came a seedy-looking person who, after being given some food, made so bold as to proffer this additional request: "Missus, ask your husband if he aint got an old pair of trousers to give me?" Whereupon the spinster, anxious not to expose her solitude, replied: "I am sorry, my good man, but he—er—never wears such things."

Frederic Courtland Penfield, the noted diplomat and author, was discussing at a dinner in Philadelphia his campaign against profiteering tailors, when a young matron said mischievously: "Mr. Penfield, I'm astonished to see such a learned person as yourself going in for anything so frivolous as a campaign against the high cost of clothes. Clothes don't make the man." Mr. Penfield laughed. "Indeed they don't," he said. "Nowadays they break him."

He had escorted her home, and they stood together by the open door. What mattered the cold to these pulsating lovers? What mattered the icy wind that entered from the street outside and threatened to extinguish the flickering hall lamp? What, in fact, mattered anything? For their last moments had arrived, and they would not meet again for twenty-four hours. "Heart of my heart," he whispered, "how I love you!" "And how I love

you," she whispered back, "light of my days, light of my thoughts, light of my very existence, light—" "Lucy," shouted her father's angry voice from above, "just put out that light at once and get to bed."

Methodists attending the North Indiana M. E. Conference in Richmond were discussing what had become of a number of the old-time ministers they had known. "When the cost of living became so high," said one of the group, "our pastor resigned, went to live on his farm and now is in the dairy business." "And I suppose," said another, "he now sells pasturized milk."

An Irishman fresh from his native country was going to a situation in Liverpool. Feeling puzzled how to secure his ticket at the railway station he suddenly decided to watch some one else obtain theirs. Presently he heard a woman in front of him ask for a ticket—"Mary Hill, single." "Be jabbers, I have it," said Pat. Boldly stepping up to secure his ticket he exclaimed, "Pat Murphy, sir, married."

Little Timothy went to visit his Aunt Elvira, a dignified and severe woman who owned a parrot. One morning, coming unexpectedly upon Timothy and the bird, she was horribly shocked to hear the little boy using some profane words. "Why, Timothy," cried the old lady, "I do believe you're trying to teach my parrot to swear." "Oh, no, I'm not, auntie," the boy replied. "I'm just telling it what it mustn't say."

The late long staple cotton crop has made quite a lot of money for South Carolina negroes. A short time ago one of them purchased a high-priced car. A few days later he went back to the salesman. "Cap, is you got any of dese here cowketchers?" he inquired. "Do you mean humpers, Charlie?" "Yassir." "Well, Charlie, do you want one for both ends of your car?" "Nawsir, cap, aint nobody gwine ter ketch up wid me. Ah jes want one fo' de front."

Apropos of the University of Pennsylvania's Assyrian tablets, exonerating Eve from all complicity in the sad business of the apple, Mrs. William Yerbert, president of the Working Girls' Vacation Society, said in New York: "So Eve didn't tempt Adam, after all? So Adam fell of his own accord? Well, I'm not surprised. It reminds me of Mr. Downe. 'Does Mr. Downe bear his misfortunes like a man?' a lady asked. 'Exactly like a man,' answered another lady. 'He blames all on his wife.'"

A Jeffersonville merchant has recently placed an automatic weighing machine in front of his store. A few days ago a citizen was observed standing on the machine and closely scrutinizing the dial. His hat was in his hand although the thermometer marked a low temperature and a passerby asked him why he had his hat off. "I want to see what I weigh without my outdoor garments," said the citizen blandly. His interlocutor walked away muttering, "He would not weigh much less if he took his head off as well."

"It is a strange thing," said the professor. "I was shaved this morning by a man who really is, I suppose, a little above being a barber. I know of my own knowledge that he studied at Heidelberg and spent several years in other foreign educational centres. I know, also, that he has contributed scientific

articles to our best magazines and has numbered among his intimate friends men of the highest social standing. And yet," soliloquized the professor, "he can't shave a man decently." "By Jove," exclaimed young Rounder in astonishment. "What is he a barber for, with all those accomplishments?" "Oh, he isn't a barber," said the professor, yawning. "You see, I shaved myself this morning."

Mary's teacher one day asked her to draw a picture of Old Mother Hubbard's house, showing Old Mother Hubbard and her dog. Very quickly Mary drew the rough outlines of what was supposed to be a house, placing the crude form of Old Mother Hubbard beside the door. Then, with a self-satisfied air, she handed her finished product to the teacher. "That is very good, Mary," commented the teacher, as she looked at the drawing, "but where is the dog?" "Oh, the dog is in the house," promptly replied Mary.

A traveling man the other day was telling of one of his customers, a hardware merchant in one of the smaller places in the state, who enjoys the game of pool as a diversion after business hours. Frequently after closing his store he drops in a pool-room next door and enjoys a game or two before going home. His little daughter, who often waits on him while indulging in his pastime, one evening after going home said to her mother, "What kind of a game is that daddy plays when he takes a stick and a ball, then says, 'Oh hell?'"

Inasmuch as rats did much damage to his papers, a Hindu clerk, who was in charge of the official documents in one of the more remote Indian towns, obtained permission to keep two cats, the larger of which was to receive somewhat better rations than the other. A few weeks later the head office at Delhi received this dispatch: "I have the honor to inform you that the senior cat is absent without leave. What shall I do?" To this problem the office vouchsafed no reply. After waiting a few days the Hindu sent off a proposal: "In re absentee cat. I propose to promote the junior cat and in the meantime to take into government service a probationer cat on full rations."

THE MERRY MUSE.

To Be or Not to Be.

I'd rather be a Could Be
If I could not be an Are;
For a Could Be is a Maybe
With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been by far;
For a Might Have Been has never been,
But a Has was once an Are.
—Stanford Chaparral.

On Teaching.

When I consider how my days are spent
In teaching forty unresponsive girls
Who are too busy fondling puffs and curls
To let me on their minds e'en make a dent
Of what the ages past have to present
As food for thought, a little voice I hear
Which says to me, 'Tis quite in vain, my dear.
The present youth on present things are bent;
There is no time for thoughts of yesteryear.
Why should they learn of Roman and of Greek?
No movie plots are founded on their fate.
Why should they wish the poets' words to hear?
'T'll say so' are the words they need to speak.
To get response you must be up to date."
—Emily H. Welch in Life.

Truth and Fiction.

I saw the posters in a row that advertised a movie show. The characters were far from slow, With guns and ropes and knives. Their plain intentions brought dismay. They were prepared to maim or slay and possibly to run away With one another's wives.
I told myself I'd give no heed, to satisfy my mental need, to turbulence in thought or deed, But comfort I would find By sitting in an easy chair, where warmth and comfort fill the air, to read the daily page with care, And thus improve my mind.
I read of soviet and rum; of burglars bold who go and come; of prophets who are going some, Predicting troubles new. Suspicions dark I found rehearsed; old grudges vengefully were nursed. And of it all, this seemed the worst: Some of it might be true!
I tossed away the fateful page which told of reckless human rage and hid myself unto the cage Where movie tickets grow. And there I gave my kind applause to elus and dirks and gats and saws and feel quite peaceable because It's only just a show. —Washington Star.

A Practical Joke.

Premier Lloyd George has been besieged at his official residence, 10 Downing Street, by a large number of would-be housekeepers attracted there as the result of a joke with a

moral perpetrated by an organization of women clerks and secretaries.

Hundreds of members of the organization have been dismissed from employment in government offices as post-war activities have ceased. They have protested vigorously through delegates who have tried unsuccessfully to interview Mr. Lloyd George. In answer to their last communication the premier had the following addressed to them:

"The prime minister says there can't be very much in this talk of women finding it hard to find employment. He has been trying for some time to get a housekeeper for No. 10, and he can't find one who wants the situation."

Dorothy Evans, secretary of the organization, immediately called several employment agencies by telephone. The proposition appealed to many applicants at the agencies, for it isn't every day that a woman gets a chance to work at the famous No. 10. Soon the austere doorman at the official residence was opening the door, not to high-hatted politicians, but to a number of women in all stations of life brought by servitude.

The doorman reported to a secretary, the secretary to the prime minister, and in a short time the secretary was on the telephone telling the agencies to call off the applicants. And the prime minister has not yet obtained a suitable housekeeper.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Alexander of New York have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mary Alexander, to Mr. Sheldon Whitehouse of the United States diplomatic corps. Mr. Whitehouse is the son of Mr. William Fitzhugh Whitehouse of New York.

The marriage of Miss Barbara Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hall of New York, and Mr. Dearborn Clark, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Clark of San Francisco, was solemnized in the Chantry of the Church of St. Thomas in New York Thursday. Miss Gertrude Hall and Miss Olga Reincke were the bridesmaids. Mr. Gordon Young was the best man, and the ushers were Mr. Frederick Beaver, Mr. John Conway, Mr. Everett Hall, and Mr. Philip Seaman.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott were dinner hosts

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last Saturday at their home in Burlingame in compliment to Mrs. Patrick Calhoun.

In honor of Mrs. William Scaife of Pittsburgh, Mr. and Mrs. William Kuhn gave a dinner last week in Burlingame. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Horace Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mrs. Bissel Speer, Mr. Wendell Kuhn, and Mr. Robert Burroughs.

Mrs. George Kelham gave a luncheon last Thursday at the Marin Golf and Country Club, when she had as her guests Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. Edwin Griffith, Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee, Mrs. Frank Anderson, and Mrs. Frederick Beaver.

Dr. and Mrs. George Lyman gave a dinner-dance Saturday evening at their home in Woodside.

Complimenting Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Mrs. Louis Montague gave a luncheon Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Frederick Kohl is entertaining a house party at his summer home at Lake Tahoe. Among his guests are Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Arthur Lord, and Miss Celia O'Connor.

To celebrate the birthday of her granddaughter, Miss Mary Martin, Mrs. Eleanor Martin enter-

tained at a dinner-dance for the school set last Wednesday.

Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a luncheon Thursday in honor of Mrs. Butler Breeden.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker gave an *alfresco* luncheon last Saturday in Burlingame in compliment to the officers from the visiting ships.

For the benefit of the Stanford Home for Convalescent Children, the children of Menlo Park, Palo Alto, and Woodside gave a society circus last week at the William Weir home in Menlo Park. The children participating in the affair were Miss Elinore and Miss Elizabeth Weir, Miss Evelyn Taylor, Miss Betty Cumberson, Miss Henrietta Frazier, Miss Mabel Wilson, Master Royal and Master Gordon Coryell, Master Walter Linforth, and Master Tim Doyle. Among the spectators of the various "stunts" were Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. Richard Sprague, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Ernest Stent, Mrs. Howard Morrow, Mrs. Perry Cumberson, Mrs. Eli Well, Mrs. Albert Hahn, Mrs. Charles Merrill, Mrs. Howard Morrow, Mrs. William Cluff, Mrs. William Taylor, and Mrs. Leroy Nickel.

Mr. and Mrs. George Howard gave a luncheon Sunday in Burlingame in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman gave a dinner last Thursday in San Mateo.

In honor of Mrs. James Keeney and Mrs. George Harding, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker gave a luncheon Sunday afternoon in Montecito.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne entertained at a dinner Saturday in Woodside for Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jenkins.

Complimenting Miss Jeanette Riley, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McIntosh gave a dance Saturday in Woodside.

Miss Frances Pringle gave a moonlight picnic to the members of the school set last Saturday in Woodside.

Admiral and Mrs. Joseph Jayne were hosts at a buffet luncheon at Yerba Buena Island last Friday afternoon, when they entertained the visiting midshipmen from Annapolis.

Mrs. Benjamin Alvord was hostess at a luncheon Friday afternoon at her home in the Presidio.

Miss Rose Clark gave a luncheon Friday at the Presidio, when she had as her guests Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. John Clarke, Mrs. J. D. Kelly, Mrs. William Gambrill, Mrs. Kinzie Edmonds, Mrs. W. R. White, Miss Helen St. Goar, and Miss Maria Loughborough.

Mrs. Edward Haas gave a bridge-tea Thursday afternoon in Palo Alto, when she entertained, among others, Mrs. George Somers, Mrs. Reginald Smith, Mrs. Albert McKee, Mrs. Albert Houston, Mrs. William Breeze, Mrs. William Weir, and Mrs. Howard Morrow.

Major and Mrs. Austin Parker gave a bridge-supper Thursday evening in the Presidio in honor of Mrs. Henry Cavanaugh.

Mrs. Edward McCutchen entertained at a bridge-tea yesterday at her home in Los Altos.

Mrs. Hubert Law gave a luncheon last week in Santa Cruz, when she entertained, among others, Mrs. H. B. Warner, Mrs. L. E. W. Pioda, Miss Augusta Ames, Miss Alice Hanchett, Miss Lucy Hanchett, and Miss Josephine Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore had a house party over the last week-end in honor of Admiral George Kutz.

Honoring General R. M. Blatchford, Major and Mrs. Roger Harrison were dinner hosts last Wednesday. Others present were Colonel and Mrs. W. K. Jones, Colonel and Mrs. Benjamin Alvord, and Major H. C. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. George Martin gave a dinner last Wednesday in San Rafael. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mrs. Truxton Beale, and Mr. Frank Madison.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibblee gave a dinner Saturday evening in Ross Valley.

In honor of Mr. Harlow Pino, who visited here last week from Annapolis, Commander William Van Antwerp gave a dinner Monday at the Pacific Union Club. Mrs. Philip Bowles, Jr., chaperoned the party, among whom were Miss Anne Peters, Miss Ernestine Adams, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Ynez Macondray, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Lorna Williamson, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Jeanne Wirtner, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Schatz Adams, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Rosa Morella, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Catherine Stoney, and a complement of the first class men from the visiting ships.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker gave a luncheon Sunday in Burlingame at which they complimented Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery.

Miss Lorna Williamson gave a dinner Sunday at her home on Mason Street, when she entertained Miss Anne Peters, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Claire Knight, Mr. William Veach, Mr. Edward Malthy, Midshipman O'Donnell, Midshipman Dupont, Midshipman McWilliams, and Midshipman Beard.

Dr. and Mrs. Howard Naffziger are receiving the congratulations of their friends on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son at their home in San Mateo.

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Del Monte Notes.

DEL MONTE, CAL., August 2.—Social activities at Del Monte afford much pleasure for the many guests sojourning here. The Palm Grill overlooking the east terrace of the hotel, with view of the picturesque Roman plunge and solarium, is the favorite gathering place. Special dinner parties are numerous and afternoon tea affairs bring together the smart folk sojourning at California's best-loved resort.

Count de Limur's dinner the other evening was a delightful occasion. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Neville, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blythe, Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Scott, and Miss Katherine Ramsay. Miss Ramsay is visiting Del Monte with Mr. and Mrs. Blythe of San Francisco.

Another informal affair at Del Monte Lodge the other evening was a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. LaBoiteaux, who with their two daughters are making Del Monte their summer home. Some of those noted at the dinner were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Boisot, Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, and Mr. and Mrs. George B. Carpenter.

Mrs. Harry L. Scott, who has taken a house at Monterey for the summer, almost achieved the honor the other day of making the seventeenth hole on the Del Monte golf course in one stroke.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Mackenzie are spending a great deal of time in their new home, which fronts on the eleventh fairway of the Pebble Beach golf course.

Mrs. Charles Butters of Oakland, in company with Mrs. Arthur Rickard, visited Del Monte over the week-end.

Altitudes in the United States.

Slight differences in distance from the centre of the globe prove extremely important by comparison with differences in location on its surface. To look down a mile upon an object below, as one can do from the rim of the Grand Cañon of Arizona, constitutes a bewildering experience, yet that distance on the surface is of little account. One must travel north or south hundreds of miles to experience as much change in the climate as would be afforded by a few hundred feet on the vertical line.

The differences between Eastern and Western elevations in the United States are most striking. Colorado has forty peaks that are more than 14,000 feet above sea level. Mount Washington in New Hampshire and Mount Mitchell in North Carolina, the highest peaks of the Appalachian system, north and south respectively, are considerably less than half as high as this above the ocean. Several transcontinental railroads in the West pull their main line trains over a greater elevation than that reached by the cog railroad up New Hampshire's proud peak. But of course in the West these elevations are reached gradually.

Most American cities are low. Chicago is only about 600 feet above sea level and Pittsburgh but 100 feet higher. Minneapolis, near the head of the Mississippi, has an elevation of less than 1000 feet, and various parts of New Orleans, at the mouth of the river, are recorded in the government tables as having elevations of from one foot to fifty feet. St. Louis, as might be expected, lies about half way between these terminal cities. Montana is up in the air, with its leading city perched at the elevation of the highest peaks of the Adirondack Mountains of New York. In Denver there is a mark, near the State Capitol, which is just one mile above sea level. New Mexico is a tableland country.

The Germans of Chile are collecting money for the erection of a monument to Bismarck. The circular that is being sent to all Germans in Chile states that the monument is to be "in honor of the Chileans who fought for Germany, in memory of Bismarck, and a symbol of an unsubdued spirit among Germans."

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Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hussey and Miss Ysabel Chase returned Tuesday from Pehhle Beach, where they visited over the Rodeo.

Miss Anna and Miss Kate Beaver and the Misses Elizabeth and Grace Brown are at Banff, where they will sojourn for the remainder of August.

Mrs. Cullen Welty and the Misses Eleanor and Mary Welty are enjoying a tour of the Canadian Rockies and they will be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean and Mr. Edwin Dean have returned from Paso Robles, where they recently enjoyed a brief sojourn.

Mrs. Selby Hayne and Miss Grace Hayne have postponed their return from Del Monte to San Mateo until September 1st.

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun passed the last weekend in Burlingame as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. William Smith and Miss Mary Searles returned last week from Brookdale to their Vallejo Street home.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCutchen have returned to their summer place in Los Altos, after a visit to another country home at Lake Tahoe.

Lady Frances Hadfield and her adopted son, Count François de Buisseret of Belgium, are spending a few days at the Fairmont from Santa Barbara, where they have been passing the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kauffmann have joined Mrs. Franklin Lane in New York. Before returning to Washington they will visit Mr. and Mrs. Victor Kauffmann in New Hampshire.

Miss Rosario Moran and Miss Virginia Loop are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Brunswig and Miss Marguerite Brunswig in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Washington Dodge and Miss Vera Dodge are scheduled to arrive in San Francisco tomorrow to spend several months here. They have been summering in France and England and arrived in this country on July 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth have joined Miss Katherine Ramsey at Del Monte.

Mrs. Horace Morgan and Miss Eleanor Morgan have returned from Wawona, where they passed the month of July.

Miss Louise Hamilton is spending several weeks at Paso Robles.

Rev. Hugh Montgomery has gone to Lake Tahoe on a fishing and hunting trip. During his absence Mrs. Montgomery is the guest of relatives in Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Rawlings and the Misses Ellenita and Jean and Mr. Stuart Rawlings, Jr., are spending several weeks at Cool as guests of Mr. Moulton Warner.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin have returned from the south, where they recently passed several weeks.

Mrs. Wilson Sheils and Miss Jean Sheils have returned from Contra Costa County, where they have been visiting since their arrival from Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bowles will shortly take possession of their new home on Washington Street. At present they are spending several weeks in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Malcolm Whitman, and Miss Barbara Harrison have returned from Feather River, where they recently enjoyed a holiday.

Mrs. Clara Darling has returned from Paraiso Springs and has reopened her Los Altos home for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Haskins will return next week from Huntington Lake, where they have

been passing the last ten days with Mr. and Mrs. John Johnston, who are established there for the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. George Ehrig have been spending several days at Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge have returned from Santa Barbara, where they passed the month of July.

Mrs. Benjamin Foss has concluded her visit in Woodside where she was the house guest of Mrs. George Lyman.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Willett and the Misses Ola Audrey and Barbara Willett are home from a camping trip in Kern County where they recently enjoyed a fortnight.

Mrs. Alfred Ford has returned from Ross, where she visited for several days with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ford.

Mrs. Butler Breeden and Mr. John Breeden have reopened their apartments at the Burlingame Club, after having passed July in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Isaac Requa has closed her home in Piedmont and has gone to Miramar for a brief stay.

Lieutenant-Commander Miles Gorgas and Miss Mary Gorgas have taken a house at Coronado for several months. At present Miss Gorgas is entertaining as her house guest Miss Catherine Wheeler.

Major and Mrs. Roger Harrison will leave San Francisco August 15th for Fort Yuma, Arizona, where the former will be stationed for the next three years.

Miss Augusta Ames has recently been entertaining in Santa Cruz Mrs. James Howell and Miss Marion Mellon, who returned last week to the Howell home in Los Gatos.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and the Misses Grace and Happy Hamilton are spending the month of August in Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Aylett Cotton and Mr. Aylett Cotton, Jr., have returned from a motor trip through the southern part of the state.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen will leave next week for Sonoma to pass the month of August with the Misses Lillifite at their country home.

Mr. Philip Paschel and Mr. Alfred Holmes are enjoying a hunting trip in the high Sierras.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBryde and Miss Beatrice McBryde have returned to Woodside, after a brief visit in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. Lester Herrick is in Seattle, where she will visit for several weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry Alderson and Miss Cordelia Alderson have returned from Ben Lomond, where they passed the month of July with Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bishop.

Mrs. Wells Hanna and Mrs. George Wells have sailed for France. They will pass the season in Paris, instead of coming West as had been originally planned.

Accompanied by her daughter and granddaughter, Baroness Nugent de Devlin and Baroness Virginia Nugent, Mrs. William Younger will arrive soon from Paris to spend several months in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Edwards have sailed for Honolulu to remain a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Nixon have taken a house at Monmouth Beach, New Jersey, for the summer.

Governor and Mrs. William Stephens will leave soon for Los Angeles to visit Mrs. John Wilson and Mrs. Randolph Zane.

General and Mrs. Clement Flagler sailed last Thursday for Honolulu, where the former will be stationed.

Miss Helen Crocker returned Tuesday from New York and Europe, and is at her home in Burlingame. She spent the early summer in Paris and later accompanied Prince and Princess Poniatowski to Poland to visit Prince Stanislaus Poniatowski, now a major in the Polish army with station in Warsaw.

Mr. Henry Hadley will leave shortly for New York, after having spent several weeks at the Bohemian Grove.

Mrs. Richard McCreery and Princess Clara Hatzfeldt are at the former's home in England. They will leave shortly for Italy and will visit at Lake Como before their return.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hohart and Miss Ruth Hohart are entertaining Miss Ellita Adams at the Hohart place on Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Veronica Baird and Mr. Benjamin Baird have arrived from the East and they are at the Fairmont.

Mrs. William Sherwood, Miss Ethel, and Mr. William Sherwood, Jr., returned Wednesday from Santa Barbara, where they spent the early summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Baker and their children are established for the remainder of the summer at their home in Lennox, Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan will leave shortly for a trip through the high Sierras.

Mrs. W. D. Nielson has left on a motor trip through the southern part of the state. She will visit Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins in Monterey before her return here.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart White have reopened their cottage at Sandylan for the month of August. They have recently been visiting Mrs. T. Stewart White in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Harding of Philadelphia have returned from a trip through the southern part of the state.

Mrs. Franklin Harwood and Master Wilson, Master Franklin, and Miss Sally Harwood have gone to Santa Cruz for several weeks. They were joined recently by Mrs. George Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Graupner have returned to their home in this city, after a visit in Sonoma County.

Mrs. G. H. Mendell, Jr., and Miss Louise Janin have returned from Feather River, where they passed several weeks in July.

Mrs. Florence Pfingst is visiting at the Porter ranch at Pajaro.

Mr. and Mrs. George Coleman have gone to Lake Tahoe for a several weeks' visit.

Mrs. Adrian von Behrens and Miss Josephine Ross have concluded a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Butler at Saticoy.

Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall are entertaining

Mrs. Paul Foster, Miss Margaret and Master Paul Foster, Jr., and the Misses Mildred and Sallie Calhoun at their summer place at Bolinas. They will all return to San Rafael Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk and Mr. and Mrs. Austin Moore have closed their homes in Burlingame and have gone to Miramar for the month of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley and Master Neil Lilley will leave September 1st for Lawrenceville, New Jersey, where Master Lilley will enter school.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker and Mr. Brooks Walker are spending the month of August at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, and Mr. Albert and Mr. Robert Miller are spending several days in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. James Haggin left Tuesday for New York, after a several months' visit here with Mrs. Frederick Sharon.

Mr. Edwin Eddy and Master Selwyn Eddy will leave September 1st for the Atlantic coast. Master Eddy will enter Lawrenceville in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Douglas returned Sunday from the Russian River, where they spent July.

Registered at the Hotel Oakland recently are Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Rogers, Seattle.

Mrs. J. B. Coryell of Menlo Park and her children are the guests of Mrs. G. L. Horst at her home on Lake Tahoe.

Among those registered at the Palace Hotel recently were Mr. G. R. Colby, New York City; Mr. J. F. Nibley, Salt Lake City; Mr. Harry C. Newman, Los Angeles; Mr. Eugene Fox, El Paso, Texas; Mr. P. C. Drescher, Sacramento; Vice-Admiral Hilary P. Jones, Rear-Admiral Andrew T. Long, Captain Frank B. Upham, charge of visiting midshipmen; Miss Jessie H. Bancroft, New York; Mr. Sylvester Weaver, Los Angeles; Mr. Ben C. Dey, Mr. H. A. Hinshaw, Portland, Oregon; Mr. Henry P. Ferrell, Brooklyn, New York; Mr. Claude Parker, Los Angeles; Mr. H. D. Mortimer, Klamath Falls, Oregon.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis are Mr. Dave Schwab, New York City; Mr. H. E. McAfee, Helena; Mr. and Mrs. John T. Shepley and daughter, St. Louis; Dr. D. C. Cowles, Fullerton; Mr. C. L. Williams, Dallas, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Holdeman, Louisville, Kentucky; Mr. W. Hansen, Los Angeles; Mr. P. H. Saunders, New Orleans; Captain H. W. Goodall, Los Angeles; Mr. Samuel G. Blythe, New York City; Mr. W. G. Wallace, Los Angeles; Admiral C. M. Parks, U. S. N.; Mr. Rudolfo Vasquez, Los Angeles; Mr. W. Richard Lewis, Alexandria, Louisiana; Mr. H. W. Lake, Fresno; Mr. James Sheehy, Watsonville.

Among arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb were Colonel and Mrs. D. M. DeLoffre, U. S. A.; Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Cumming, West Palm Beach; Mr. and Mrs. M. Neihunse and daughter, Holland; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nichols, Santa Rosa; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Cam, St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Baumgarten, New Orleans; Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Reed, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hoag, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. M. Feinberg, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. A. E. McCord, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Spencer, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Smith, Train, Indiana; Mr. Elmer J. Eye, Aurora, Illinois; Mr. Robert Weaver, Van Buren, Texas; Mr. C. E. Burton, Los Angeles; Mr. E. W. Leary, Minneapolis; Lieutenant-Commander M. B. McComb, U. S. S. Connecticut; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Hart, Omaha, Nebraska.

Recent arrivals at Shasta Springs Hotel: Mr.

and Mrs. M. W. Raley, Terrell, Texas; Dr. and Mrs. Howard, Mr. F. C. Koepfli, Mr. J. B. Koepfli, Mr. and Mrs. C. Mier, Miss Willa Russell, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Hamburger, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Newton, Miss Olive Moore, Los Angeles; Miss Julia E. Harpham, Miss Dorothy E. Harpham, Mr. W. F. Wood, Mr. C. Engchretson, Mrs. D. B. Cooper, Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Adler, Mr. and Mrs. J. Friedman, Kansas City; Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Rope, Mr. Edwin C. Pettit, Mrs. Alice Leong, Honolulu; Mr. T. Brandt, Maunaloa, Hawaii; Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Hall, Jerome, Idaho; Mrs. M. J. Lowry, Mrs. Maud L. Cleary, Boise, Idaho; Mr. G. W. Funk, Mr. and Mrs. A. Leigh, Mr. D. M. Schindler, Mr. Henry Levy, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Vollmar, Mr. F. D. Ferris, Mr. J. H. Meyers, Mr. and Mrs. P. Zimmermann, Mr. and Mrs. R. Zimmermann, Mrs. L. Nonnenmann, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Meyers, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bemiss, Mr. and Mrs. Peter tum Suden, Mr. J. E. Peachman, Mr. J. H. Meagher, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bonny, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Skelby, Riverside; Mr. C. D. Longwill, Miss Marian Longwill, Mrs. C. J. Enrick, Miss Constance Millard, Madera; Mr. and Mrs. George L. Herndon, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Grigshy, Mr. R. L. Hamlin, Mrs. A. R. Dabney, Miss Clara B. Dabney, Dr. J. J. Walk and son, Oakland; Mr. E. V. Cresson, Princeton, New Jersey; Mrs. Vercoe, London; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. E. Smith, Chicago; Mrs. H. A. Michenfelder, St. Louis; Mr. B. D. Holt, Stockton; Mr. T. W. Churchill, Dorris, California; Mr. C. W. Bondarant, Mr. W. F. Daniel, Mr. Claud Taylor, Bristol, Vermont; Miss L. E. Oshorn, Miss Eva B. Oshorn, Miss Edna M. Oshorn, Watsonville; Miss Bessie E. Roberts, Mr. Russell Roberts, Portland, Oregon; Mrs. S. J. Hess, Miss Hazel C. Hess, Fredonia, Kansas; Mrs. W. S. Weaver, Mrs. F. A. Blevins, Mrs. W. S. Lowe, Houston, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Jamieson, Mrs. E. B. Gibson, Ukiah, California; Mr. Charles J. Grol, Woodland; Mr. R. N. St. John, Sacramento.

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Tramp—Once upon a time I did, ma'am; just once.—*Judge*.

Willis—My mother made her living by the needle. *Gillis*—Shake. So did my old man. He was a prohibition-town dope doctor.—*Outlook*.

Mrs. Knicker—Have you had a husy week?
Mrs. Bocker—Rather; I've had two husbands, three landlords, and four cooks.—*Sun and New York Herald*.

"An actress in preparing herself for the stage reverses all the usual rules of art."
"How so?" "She paints first and draws afterward."—*Baltimore American*.

Kitchen Caller—The folks here live pretty high, don't they? *Cook*—Oh, yes, I gave them to understand they'd have to if they wanted to keep me.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Life is getting to be such a bore!"
"What's the matter now?" "Oh, I went shopping this afternoon and was only able to spend \$500."—*Pittsburgh News*.

"Speakin' of the irony of fate," began Uncle Bill Bottletop. "What do you know about it?" "Quite some. This is the first spring that my little mint patch has looked like it was really goin' to amount to something."—*Washington Star*.

"Why, this is a funny telephone; isn't finished, is it?" "Yes; that's a complete telephone." "But there is nothing to it but the receiver. Where is the mouthpiece?" "Doesn't need one. That is the instrument over which I converse with my wife."—*Puck*.

"I'm going to get you another chair for the kitchen, Norah." "Sure, I don't need it, ma'am." "But you have only one." "One's enough, ma'am." "But you have company some evenings, don't you, Norah?" "Only gentlemen, mum."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Mr. Black picked up his baby boy and exclaimed with fatherly pride: "There now, isn't he just the picture of his father?" Mr. Brown thought a minute, and replied: "Yes, you're right, but you don't want to let that worry you so long as he's healthy."—*Boys' Life*.

"You say you were held up by a handit with a revolver this morning. At what time?" "Five minutes to one." "How can you fix the time so precisely?" "Because I could see the church clock and I noticed the hands were

in the same position as mine."—*New York Globe*.

"How did you enjoy the sermon?" "Too short." "That so? I never heard any one complain that a sermon was too brief before." "Well, you see, it was this way; I'd hardly dropped asleep before the thing was over."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Hub—The preacher said this morning, you'll remember, that the finest garment a woman can wear is the mantle of charity. *Wife*—Yes, and judging from the fuss they make over the hills, it's about the only garment some husbands want their wives to wear.—*Boston Transcript*.

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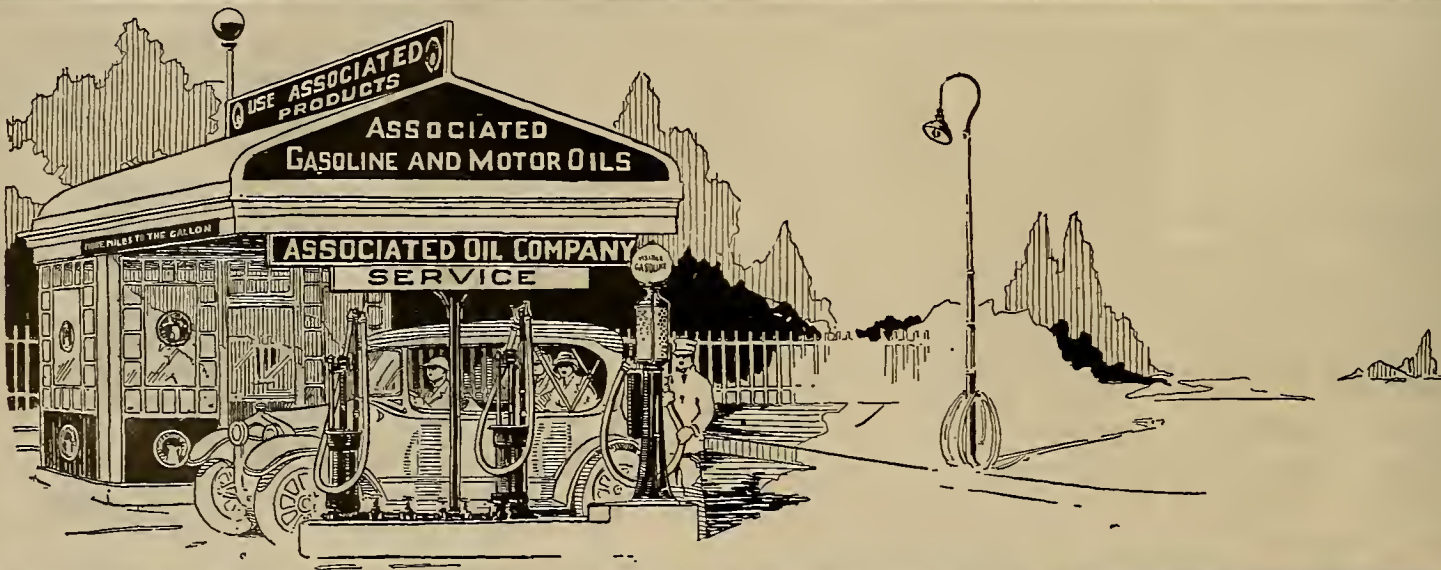
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Fifth Ave. and California

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VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2264.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 14, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.85; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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President and Chairman.

One of the very few persons who in recent months has had relatively free access to the President is Mr. Homer Cummings, who up to some two weeks ago was chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Only week before last, and since his retirement from the committee, Mr. Cummings was admitted to the presence. In marked contrast stands the fact that the new chairman, Mr. George White, although he has been in Washington, has not been received at the White House. Failure on the part of the President to receive Mr. White is interpreted as indicating resentment of an appointment not to presidential liking. It is no secret that Mr. Wilson wished the conduct of the campaign to be left in the hands of Mr. Cummings.

Mr. White is rather closely affiliated with the anti-Wilson faction of the Democratic party—the faction under whose machinations the nomination was given to Mr. Cox. When Mr. White was in the House of Representatives in 1914 he declined in a somewhat spectacular fashion to take orders from the White House, notably in the matter of the bill for construction of a government railroad in Alaska. This bill was an Administration measure, originating under presidential direction and supported by all the resources of executive influence. White, who had spent several years in the Klondike, was resolutely opposed to the theory of government ownership in Alaska. Furthermore, Mr. White attributes his defeat for Congress in the election of 1914

to Administration influences and his second defeat in 1918 to the President's letter asking that Democrats only be elected to Congress. At the time Mr. White was running on personal popularity in a close district and he has attributed his defeat to the President.

The choice of Mr. White as chairman of the national committee is part of the Cox tactics in an endeavor to carry the pro-Wilson Democrats on one shoulder and the anti-Wilsonites on the other. It is uncertain whether he can make this policy win—if under it he will be able, in spite of other concessions, to hold the President's cordial support. Mr. Wilson is hard to please in these matters. His demand in times past has been for complete subordination to his wishes and there has been no indication of a changed attitude of mind. In truth his marked slight of Mr. White may be taken as proof that his old autocratic spirit and his attitude towards those who fail to conform to his wishes are as definite and as positive as ever. It is not likely that Chairman White will win his way to favor at the White House; and it remains to be seen in what measure the presidential disfavor may embarrass him in his job as administrator of campaign affairs.

A Plan to Bring Liberty Bonds Back to Face Value.

To the fifteen million—more or less—holders of government securities Mr. Harding's statement in his speech of acceptance that "this government should make its Liberty and Victory bonds worth all that its patriotic citizens paid in purchasing them" was truly a cheering message. Undeniably the decline in the market value of these bonds has tended vastly to discredit the government in the minds of those who were assured that in taking these securities they were not only rendering to the country a patriotic service, but were making a sound investment. The outstanding issues represent at par approximately \$15,384,000,000. This is what was paid for them. Today they are saleable only at discounts aggregating approximately \$1,500,000,000. This last figure is the measure of the direct loss to those—mostly persons of moderate means—who bought the bonds in good faith and upon official assurances of their stable value. It is an obvious duty of the government to make these securities good; and it is no less a duty of honor than one of what we may call moral expediency, since there is a close and natural relationship between governmental good faith and patriotic sentiment. A citizen who has paid a hundred dollars for a government pledge and who now finds that that pledge is worth only eighty-five dollars is in the way of losing something of respect and affection for the government.

There are various ways by which the blundering policy under which the Liberty and Victory issues were put forth may practically be corrected, thus restoring to investors the losses sustained through depreciation. Ex-Senator Weeks of Massachusetts has suggested the calling in of these bonds with substitution for them of a serial bond issue bearing an interest rate of $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., which he thinks would go immediately to par.

Comparison of costs to the government under the sinking fund method and the plan proposed by Senator Weeks has been carefully worked out. On May 31st there were outstanding as above stated approximately \$15,384,000,000 of Liberty bonds bearing interest rates from $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., maturing at dates ranging from September 15, 1928, to June 15, 1947. The redemption date for Victory notes is June 15, 1922, and the maturity date May 20, 1923, times so near at hand that the notes should be considered separately in any plan for future financing. Assuming that each issue of Liberty bonds will be retired on its maturity date, an exceedingly conservative assumption, then it will have cost the taxpayers in interest and principal from June 15, 1921, to June 15, 1947, approximately \$26,142,000,000. If Congress should enact a law re-

funding all these issues into a single serial issue bearing $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. interest finally retired on June 15, 1947, the total cost would be in round figures \$26,287,000,000.

Thus at a negligible cost the advantages of the proposed conversion would be: (1) The probable return of every Liberty bond to par and the restoration of approximately a billion and a half dollars to the wealth of the bondholders. (2) Distribution the first year among the bondholders of approximately \$175,000,000 additional interest, gradually reduced from year to year as the principal is retired. (3) Certainty of the absolute extinguishment of the nation's war debt at the end of twenty-six years. It is argued that under the present system the debt would run for an indefinite period depending upon various factors, such as the discretionary use of the sinking fund by the Secretary of the Treasury and the possible refunding by Congress of portions of the debt.

Practically the only objection to the serial method is the increased first cost. It would require for the first year approximately twice the appropriation for principal and interest called for under the present plan, but with the additional reduction of the principal, in a few years the cost would be less than the sinking fund requires. Of course many details, including the tax-exemption features, would have to be worked out, but the problem is not an insoluble one. A supreme advantage in addition to advantages already indicated would be restoration to millions of owners of Liberty bonds the losses they have had to endure as the market prices of their holdings have steadily declined—this with the moral gain of reestablishing in the minds of some fifteen millions of citizens renewed confidence and respect for the government.

Cox Makes the Issue Plain.

Governor Cox's speech of acceptance, like that of Senator Harding two weeks earlier, is so long that practically nobody will read it. Sitting with a group of exceptionally intelligent men five days after Harding's acceptance, the editor of the *Argonaut* asked who had read it. One had done so, "rather hurriedly," he admitted. One other had read "about half of it." Two had read newspaper summaries. Seven confessed that the very sight of seven columns of closely printed matter had so discouraged them that they had "cut it out." Similarly, we suspect, it has been with Governor Cox's ten-thousand-word "drive." The *Argonaut* would like to wager something handsome that of the six hundred thousand and more men, women, and children in San Francisco not five hundred have read or ever will read either of these over-phrased documents. Thus in saying too much and in saying it too elaborately the purpose of the candidates has been nullified.

It is to be regretted that recent presidential candidates have not followed the example set by General Grant in 1868. In accepting the presidential nomination Grant covered all essential points in a statement of something less than five hundred words, running in printed form to about one-fourth of an ordinary newspaper column. It was read by everybody who read anything and it impressed the country as no one of these later-day pronouncements has done. A statement of such great length as to make nine hundred and ninety-nine men in a thousand—and all the women—shy at it might just as well never have been made at all.

Governor Cox mentions only inferentially the issue of prohibition, upon which the country was waiting his pronouncement with intense interest. The one issue upon which he is really explicit is that of the league of nations; and here he has shown the white feather. His position during the past year and a half, illustrated by many expressions in his newspapers and by his more or less close association with the anti-Wilson faction of his party, has been that of protest against the Wilson

son's autocratic insistence upon acceptance of the league project without the dotting of an i or the crossing of a t. Now he swallows the Wilson programme boots and breeches. His mind, he would have the country believe, goes fully with that of the President. The motive in this change of front is obvious. Mr. Cox wants the support that the Administration can give him. To get it he gulps his objections, withdraws his protest, surrenders unconditionally. It is an obvious, undignified, and in final analysis a shameless surrender. Distinctly it does not tend to establish the credit of the candidate as a man of definite and consistent mind and of sound courage. Plainly he would rather be wrong than miss the chance of being President.

In Governor Cox's surrender to Mr. Wilson there is this merit, namely, it defines the real issue, the supreme issue, in this campaign. In a word that issue is Wilsonism. Of course many other things are involved in the coming election, but the essential thing is that compound of theory, policy, and practice that mark off Mr. Wilson's administration from that of all others that have preceded it. Mr. Wilson as the master of his party has determined that the campaign shall be pitched to this key. Governor Cox, despite his previous judgments and commitments, has weakly yielded. He has knocked under to the stubborn spirit that knows no yielding or compromise and which remorselessly enforces its will through command of resources that lie under the hands of the executive authorities. Here is the issue. We may at least thank Governor Cox for making it so plain that no intelligent citizen can fail to understand it.

Observations and Reflections of a Practical Man.

There is not in California a man of closer practical observation or of sounder judgment in respect of fundamental realities than B. F. Walton of Sutter County, farmer, fruit-grower, man of general affairs, and—to give him a title justified by the generousities of his career—helper of men. At the age of eighty-five Mr. Walton lacks something of the vivacity of his earlier days, but nothing of the vision, of the wisdom, of the solicitude for human welfare that have been the inspiration of a long and worthily successful life.

Mr. Walton returned last week from a visit to the home of his youth—Pennsylvania—and to the contiguous regions with which his youth was familiar. This last was but one of many journeys to the East, but it was exceptional in the sense that it was made under conditions of leisure and with the purpose of noting the changes of sixty years ago and today. It was made, too, in the spirit of philosophic seriousness attendant upon a possible last view of scenes once familiar and dear to memory.

Mr. Walton's observations and judgments are those of a man of optimistic spirit and of intensely practical mind. His methods of observation are close, his conclusions are related to facts as they exist and to fundamental principles. Nothing, notes Mr. Walton, shakes my faith in the ultimate working out of a high destiny for the American people. A people capable of the intensity of thought, of the progressive adaptability implied in mechanical progress, of the energies exhibited in a hundred spheres, will not fail in the end to sustain and to expand the forces that make for civilization. None the less I find myself saddened in respect of certain tendencies in our immediate American life. Mainly I find myself critical of a growing disrespect on the part of our people for the plain hard work that is essential to the common welfare. Especially I observe with regret and solicitude the very general disposition to abandon the soil for pursuits tending less in my judgment to the sustenance and development of character.

Proceeding to illustration, Mr. Walton noted the disposition to shunt over to alien elements certain large departments of labor, which upon one theory or another the native element appears to regard as beneath its dignities. There seems, he said, a very general feeling that labor—hand labor—is unworthy, that there is connected with it a kind of degradation and that the first effort of every youth of spirit and purpose should be to evade it. There is abroad in the land a species of mental and moral distemper under which work of secondary importance is regarded as more dignified than work of primary importance. Thus I note numbers of husky and capable men who ought to be doing real and essential work, and doing it with manly spirit and pride, frittering their time and wasting their energy in non-

vital employments. The loss to society is tremendous—to the man himself it is fatal. The man who gives up the plow or the forge to stand behind a soda fountain or to tend a gasoline station appears to regard himself as having somehow advanced in the scale of life, whereas in truth he has thrown over a vital and constructive employment, a career of real service, of fundamental dignity, and of stimulative influence upon his own character to become a species of parasite, all but a drone in the social hive.

There is, continued Mr. Walton, a sound basis for pride in what we have achieved in the way of mechanical adaptation. The automobile, the farm tractor, the flying machine—not to mention the earlier achievement illustrated in our land and sea systems of transport—are vastly to the credit of the age and of the race. But when all is said and done the career of the average mechanic is one narrow in itself and narrowing in its tendencies, when compared with the labors of the soil and that directly related to the soil. When I left Pennsylvania sixty years ago industry in the modern sense had gotten a fair start, but as compared with present developments it was a day of small things; and I venture to say that the human element of Pennsylvania now—man for man—is not up to the mark of what it was. There is too much of routine, too much that is narrow, too much that is dwarfing of mind and spirit, too much of human classification for wholesome progress. The movement as it affects human character is distinctly backward. Pennsylvania as a seat of civilization, Pennsylvania regarded as men and women—these conditions and forces have lost rather than gained in the movement away from the soil and toward the factory. With a sense of pain I could not but note certain conditions too plainly indicative of a decline—I don't like to say decadence—in the spirit of the average Pennsylvanian of today as compared with the average Pennsylvanian of 1865.

If this country of ours, notes Mr. Walton, is going to sustain itself in a course of continuous progress, if we are to avoid a moral slump from which recovery will be difficult, we have got to take on a new attitude toward the realities of life, mainly toward the fundamental reality of work. We—men and women—have got to take stock of the fact that work of a productive and constructive kind is the real basis of human character and of dignity. We shall fail sadly if in breeding up the next generation we shall not impress upon it the truth that there is a nobility in work and that there is shame in avoiding work.

The best of all discipline, in the view of Mr. Walton, is to be found in productive labor, of labor that every day and every hour exercises the judgment, the skill, the hardihood of the worker. And in his opinion the best scheme of discipline is work with and upon the soil. Secondary and parasitic occupations pursued monotonously, without zest of achievement, without the stimulus found in exercise of individual judgment, are the bane of life, a waste of its opportunities, a nullification of its larger purposes. All of which is well worth thinking over.

Editorial Notes.

A long-pending diplomatic anomaly came to its conclusion last week in an official announcement by the Secretary of State that instruction had been given to the American representative at San Jose, Costa Rica, to announce the recognition by the United States of the present government of that country. It will be recalled that the long-existing government was overthrown in a regular election by Federico Tinoco in 1917. The issue in its last analysis was Germanism as opposed to Americanism. Tinoco opposed successfully the tendency on the part of the old government to become subservient to German dictation. Representations by responsible Americans living in Costa Rica, supported by the most intelligent element of the Costa Rican people, made clear to the Department of State that the weakness of Tinoco lay in his support of American interests as opposed to German interests. President Wilson declined to entertain the recommendations of his own officers in the Department of State and withheld recognition from Tinoco, whose government subsequently fell and a revolutionary government supported by the United States was installed in its place. It is remembered that the new revolutionary President in his inaugural address expressed the gratitude of his country to President Wilson for assisting in ousting the Tinoco régime. Thus ends

an extraordinary chapter of Wilsonian diplomacy—a chapter marked by embittered enmity to a government friendly to the United States and an extraordinary friendliness to one subservient to inspirations from a country with which we were at war.

In its efforts to bring the strength of the army up to the standard authorized by Congress the War Department is encountering difficulties identical with those affecting private enterprise the country over. The Army Reorganization Act provides for an army not to exceed 280,000, including the Philippine scouts, and a commissioned strength of 17,698. Despite extraordinary efforts to induce enlistment, the roster now stands 187,197 enlisted men and 15,364 officers. The commissioned strength (officers) now number 8221 regular officers, 6766 emergency officers, and 377 emergency officers undergoing physical reconstruction.

The White House and its grounds are still in quarantine. The iron gates on the Pennsylvania Avenue side, closed when we entered the war, have not been reopened. The theory of safeguarding the President that warranted the closing of the grounds for the first time in our national history no longer holds good. None the less the grounds are now sacrosanct and nobody may enter save through the side gate that leads to Mr. Tumulty's office at the western extremity of the enclosure. The President on his almost daily motor rides uses the partly screened southwestern gate, his car drawing up for him under the southern portico well shielded from public observation. On his rides he is accompanied by Mrs. Wilson and Dr. Grayson. His face is that of a man who has suffered and is yet far from normal. The eyes are fixed and the lines of the face are far more sharply lined than in other days. The President's seclusion is even more marked than before the recent session of Congress. He sees few persons, and never for more than a few minutes.

The indifference of the President with respect to the machinery of government and of the men connected with it is naturally reflected in all of the great departments. During last week six of the ten members of the cabinet—namely, Secretary Houston, Attorney-General Palmer, Postmaster-General Burleson, Secretary Payne, Secretary Daniels, and Secretary Alexander—were absent from the city. Secretaries Payne and Daniels returned late in the week, but Secretary Wilson left town upon the heels of their arrival and Secretaries Colby, Baker, and Meredith are to be absent during the latter half of August. The government is being conducted by clerks, probably very capable clerks, but certainly clerks. They are not undertaking anything beyond the transaction of routine business.

All this is in marked contrast with the activity that ruled in the earlier period—the summer of 1913—of the Wilson presidency. Then the new broom was sweeping overtime. Congress was in session practically all the time. It was in sympathy with the President and was working at a prodigious rate under direction from the White House. Today an air of lassitude pervades the entire Federal establishment. A more or less sweet do-nothing atmosphere is breathed by those in office. The government not merely hesitates, it stands still. Of course a world of things urgently needs to be done. But with a President practically incompetent for the suggestion or transaction of business and with a Congress at odds with the executive authority stagnation rules. And it will continue to rule until the 4th of next March.

The brittleness of glass is due to the quick cooling of the hot substance. It is known that constant motion tends to rearrange the molecules in any substance and similar effect is observed when glass is boiled in a weak solution of salt in water and allowed to cool gradually. The toughness of the glass is increased very much and the effect of quick heating is less disastrous to it. This is easily applied to articles such as glass tubes for lighting purposes and prevents much breakage.

A bullet-proof glass for cashiers' cages has been tested by New York police for a bankers' protective association. A 38-calibre automatic, fired at a distance of three feet, failed to penetrate the glass.

A sandstorm which wrecked huge stone walls in China uncovered to explorers the name of Touel Tze, who gave libraries to the people throughout China in the fifth century.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE "DOMINANT ISSUE."

ROCKLIN, CAL., August 4, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The dominant issue, the issue that now can not be denied, between the Republican and Democratic parties in this campaign is the league of nations. President Wilson has never receded officially or publicly from his demand that the United States accept the covenant as originally drawn without an additional dotting of an i or crossing of a t. The platform recently adopted by the Democratic convention in San Francisco endorsed this attitude of the President in the following words:

"We advocate the immediate ratification of the treaty without reservations which would impair its essential integrity, but do not oppose the acceptance of any reservations making clearer or more specific the obligations of the United States to the league associates."

Mr. Cox has not as yet made his official speech in acceptance of the Democratic nomination, but on July 18th, after a conference with the President, at which his running mate, Mr. Roosevelt, was present, Mr. Cox stated that:

"We [the President and the nominee] are agreed as to the meaning and sufficiency of the Democratic platform and the duty of the party in the face of the threatened bad faith to the world in the name of America. * * * What he [the President] promised I shall, if elected, endeavor with all my strength to give."

That brings the record to date and leaves the issue between the parties clear-cut and unshrouded. The Democratic party demands acceptance of the league of nations, virtually in the form in which it came from Versailles.

The Republican party will accept the league if the interests of the United States are safeguarded beyond a peradventure or a doubt, but otherwise refuses to stake the future and political freedom of America on an unknown and untried experiment in altruistic internationalism. Today practically all of the nations of the earth, both great and small, are members of the league save only the United States, China, Russia, and Germany, which as yet can not join.

With virtually every nation eligible to membership (save only the United States) subscribing to the covenant the league has not alone been unable to accomplish anything of good, but so far it has been both indirectly and directly productive of evil. It has proven unable to either prevent or stop war. In the case of Poland it has been criminally responsible for war. Poland's aggressive campaign against Russia that failed could only have been undertaken with the consent, either tacit or direct, of the league. This consent involved the sacrifice of one of the great principles upon which the league itself was founded; the principle of the self-determination of nations.

Despite the failure of the league, the Democratic party, apparently at the dictation and as the mouthpiece of Europe, insists that none of these things would have happened had we been members of the league and that they will and never can happen again if we but subscribe to the covenant. Democrats go even further and insist that we are in honor bound to join because the President signed the covenant.

The President possessed no power to commit the United States at Versailles to anything. He possessed it neither legally under the Constitution nor morally as representing a majority of his countrymen. Our government is based on the theory that the majority rules. In October of 1918 the President made an extraordinary personal appeal that Democratic majorities be returned to both the Senate and House, as approval of his conduct of the war and to uphold his hands in the peace negotiations. Mr. Wilson was deprived of even the moral support of representing a majority in Europe, for in both Senate and House the Democratic control was overthrown.

All eligible nations, save only ourselves, now belong to the league. If under these conditions the league can not function without and can function with us, it follows that the United States must possess something that the rest of the world hasn't and wants. Whatever that something is, its value is so great that we'd better hang on to it. The United States is no "Indian giver," and before we make this gift blindly, as the Democratic party insists, we'd better find out what it really consists of, lest we wake up some fine morning to find that we have played irrevocable ducks and drakes with both our political freedom and economic future.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Our Timber Supply.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: At the bottom of first column Page 67 of your issue of July 31, 1920, there appears the following news item to which I wish to take exception:

"Three-fifths of the original timber of the United States has been used and this country is now using timber four times as rapidly as it is being grown. There are only two billion two hundred million feet of timber left standing in the entire country."

Most all of the papers, magazines, and periodicals published in the United States have at some time in the course of their existence made wild and ridiculous statements about the stand of timber in the United States and about the lumber industry in general and now the heretofore fair and conservative *Argonaut* has accepted and published some of this humbug.

Such rot given to the public by such eminent theorists as Gifford Pinchot and others has caused the lumber industry the needless expenditure of vast sums of money, to say nothing of the worry and trouble caused the individual lumberman and the consequent damage to a worthy industry.

A proper understanding of the lumber industry and the exercise of a fair and sane forestry policy will insure a perpetual supply of timber. The annual consumption of timber in the United States amounts to over forty billion feet, of which the State of Washington produces about four and one-half billion feet, and has a supply of standing timber which will enable that state to be a factor in the industry for many years. No lumberman objects to a policy of conservation which will conserve and at the same time be fair and just, but as long as the public is kept in a continual state of uneasiness through the publication of such erroneous statements as referred to above, it is hard to arrive at a mutual understanding and adjustment of a real forestry policy.

Yours very truly, R. T. BUZARD.

Turks are limited to four wives by a new law. If the prospective wife stipulates that she be the only wife, the Turk who agrees to the stipulation is thereby legally bound to monogamy.

It is a curious fact that grains ripen earlier in Norway than in the south of Europe, an advantage due to the long days and short nights of the summer in the north.

THE TROUBLE WITH POLAND.

With every one talking about the end of the war and the duties of reconstruction, can you explain the fact that the war is not at an end, that the Poles and the Russians are at it as merrily as ever, and that the clouds seem to grow all the time thicker? What are they fighting about? No one seems to know. Do you? If so, will you enlighten the ignorance of those who now sit in darkness? Their name is legion.

Thus writes a correspondent of the *Argonaut*, reflecting the general perplexity engendered by the continued fighting on the old eastern front. The question is easy to answer in one sense, difficult to answer in another. It involves the whole tragedy of Poland, and the three partitions that eventually obliterated the nation. The present war is the immediate result of the incapacities of the peace conference. From a wider point of view it is the result of centuries of iniquity, of a ruthless contempt for human rights, of national greed and avarices that have now found a part of their nemesis in the great war. The remainder will follow in due course.

To put the answer in its simplest terms, it may be said that Poland is fighting for two objects. The first is to gain possession of a strip of territory to the eastward of the frontier marked by the peace conference. This strip of territory runs north and south, and it is about three hundred miles wide. It was allotted to Russia, but it was claimed by the Poles as forming a portion of their old domain, and as being strategically essential to their self-defense. If Poland is to be a buffer state between Russia and Germany, then it must be a strong Poland and not a weak one. It must be able to maintain its frontiers, and therefore its frontiers must be strong from the military point of view. Poland complains that not only has she been denied possession of a strip of land that indisputably belongs to her, but that her new frontier is one that can not be defended. Failing to move the peace conference, or indeed to secure its attention, she took the law into her own hands and moved her armies eastward.

The second of the two causes for war is in connection with the Ukraine. The Ukraine comprises all the lands that stretch from the Pripiet River to the Dnieper, a short distance below Kiev. Its people are Cossacks and they have always been free people, refusing to fight either for Russia or for Poland unless they approved of the quarrel. In the early days they belonged to the Kingdom of Poland, but their numbers were constantly augmented by Polish and Russian refugees who had fled from their own country to avoid persecution. But the Poles misgoverned the Ukraine. They resented the independence of the Cossacks, and even made war against them, with the result that the Ukraine was eventually attached to Russia. None the less it must be remembered that there is a strong affinity between the Poles and the Ukrainians. Large numbers of Ukrainians are to be found in Poland, and particularly in Galicia, and large numbers of Poles are to be found in the Ukraine. For the same reason there has always been a certain antipathy between the Russians and the Ukrainians. It was Bismarck's policy to increase this enmity in order that he might weaken Russia, and to this end he persuaded Austria to treat the Ukrainians of Galicia with great moderation in order that the Ukraine itself might be drawn into the net of Teutonic sympathies.

This antipathy to Russia showed itself by the declaration of Ukrainian independence after the Russian revolution. Now the Bolshevik government has always expressed its assent to Ukrainian autonomy, but none the less it has sought to dominate the country, with the result that there was war between the Ukraine and Russia. Now Poland could not possibly remain indifferent to such a war. The bond between Poland and the Ukraine was too strong for that. Moreover, Poland maintained—as in the case of the strip of north and south territory already mentioned—that she could not preserve an independence essential to the safety of Europe with Bolshevik Russia in control of the Ukraine and imposing a Soviet government upon a neighbor who was so much of her own life and blood. Thus we find Poland waging two wars against Bolshevik Russia for the maintenance of her independence, one for the rectification of her eastern frontier and the other for the independence of the Ukraine. Whether the rectification of her eastern frontier is actually necessary for her defense must be left for the determination of military experts, but it may be said that the Polish contention seems to be justified even to the eye of the layman. The frontier claimed by Poland is immeasurably stronger than the one allotted to her by the peace conference. It seems equally clear that the Ukraine is not only entitled to her independence, but that there can be no continuing Polish autonomy without that independence.

Now to speak of the present war as due to Polish imperialism is merely childish. There is no matter of imperialism at all. It is a matter of self-defense. Why should Poland be blamed for overriding the orders of the peace conference? Are we to assume that the earth and the fulness thereof belonged to the peace confer-

ence, that three or four men—and most curiously ignorant and incompetent men—had the right to loose or to bind all the peoples of the world according to the whim of the moment or in the light of some postprandial happy thought? Poland was not represented at the peace conference. Certainly Russia was not represented there when her garment was being portioned and lots cast for her raiment. By what rule of international law or usage was Poland required humbly to obey the bidding of three or four alleged statesmen who had only the vaguest ideas of the geographical position of Poland and no idea whatever with regard to her history? By what curious obliquity do we charge imperialism against a nation asking to do no more than achieve the object of its re-creation and for the power to defend itself against enemies who had already marked it for destruction? Are we actually so credulous as to believe that Bolshevik Russia would have allowed Poland to live in peace, no matter what she had done? Have we yet learned nothing of Bolshevik ambitions and Bolshevik methods that we can not see that the crushing of Poland was inevitable, and that some way would have been found, some provocation invented, some aggression fabricated, in order that Bolshevik armies might bring the contagion of their presence to the German frontier?

All these things must be dawning even upon the mud-diest mind. Certainly they are dawning upon the statesmen of Europe. Some of our own mean little newspapers, eager for Bolshevik and pacifist pennies, may continue to bleat about allowing Russia to work out her own salvation and to adopt the form of government most pleasing to her—we all know the formulas—but the man in the street is beginning to understand the situation. The question is no longer whether we shall allow Russia to work out her salvation, but whether Russia will allow us to work out our salvation. In a very real sense we seem to have caught the bear by the tail and now we can neither hold on nor let go. That the Russian armies are driving the Poles back upon Warsaw, that they are overrunning Poland, must not be regarded as their chief aim. It is incidental to a larger aim. Russia is making war, not upon the Poles, but upon Europe. Moreover, she does not dare to call home her armies. They are living upon the country, but if they were brought back they must be employed and fed. And returning armies are always dangerous to a country in revolution.

And so here is the point that we have to remember and that supplies us with the solution of the whole problem. Russia is making war, not upon the Poles, but upon Europe. She is advancing across Poland, not that she may overcome a Polish invasion, but that she may reach the German frontier. She would have invaded Poland in any event just as she invaded the Ukraine. Poland gave her a pretext, but she would have found a pretext for herself. She professes her readiness to enter into negotiations with England and France, her eagerness to secure a resumption of trade—but her armies move steadily forward. She agrees to the Polish proposition of an armistice—but in the meantime her armies advance. Another armistice discussion has now been agreed upon—but Warsaw is under bombardment, or nearly so. Russian cavalry is on the German frontier and the main Russian forces are not far away. No wonder we should be allowed to read the sinister report that Lloyd George and Millerand are concerting plans for the defense of western Europe. And well they may. The fate of western Europe hangs upon the defense of Poland. Poland was re-created as a barrier to Bolshevism, but with a heedful eye that the barrier should be built upon the sand. A frontier was drawn that could not be defended and it was left open at its upper end in order that it should not be a barrier at all, but rather a naked fraud, a semblance and a pretense. If Lenin had dominated the peace conference—as perhaps he did—he could have done nothing more conducive, more subservient, to Bolshevik aims. From the moment when President Wilson sent Mr. Bullitt and Mr. Steffens to plead for peace with Lenin the Bolsheviks have advanced from triumph to triumph. And the end is not yet. In the meantime we may note that it is now western Europe that must be defended.

The Russians say that they will give Poland a better frontier than the one allotted to her by the peace conference. Perhaps they will—when they have once established a Soviet government in Poland, which is the only object of their advance. Note the terms of the Bolshevik reply to the British ultimatum of July 12th. We are told that "Soviet Russia is willing in general as to the peace conditions with Poland to meet the wishes and interests of the Polish people the more fully the Polish people in its internal life enters upon the path creating a solid basis for really fraternal relations between the laboring masses of Poland, Russia, the Ukraine, White Russia, and Lithuania." There we have it in all its naked simplicity. Let Poland become Bolshevik and she may expect easy terms. Let her refuse to become Bolshevik and fire and the sword shall be her portion. This would have been her alternative in any event. If she had wrapped herself in the white robe of pacifism it would have saved her nothing. Bol-

shevism must go forward or it must cease to be. It can not stand still. The Polish movement eastward gave to it the desired pretext, but it was not an indispensable pretext. The placing of the blame upon Poland is no more than an excuse for inaction and political cowardice. And so now it has become a matter of the defense of western Europe.

But the Bolshevik advance is not a matter only of Poland. Would that it were. Sometimes the truth will come out, even in a daily newspaper. On August 2d we have two bulletins of the Associated Press. The first of the two says that "the Russian Soviet government has invited Djemal Pasha, former Turkish leader in Syria, to come to Russia and take over the command of the Mussulman divisions of the Soviet forces, according to a special dispatch from Bucharest to the *Lokal-Anzeiger*. The Soviet authorities are said to have recognized the Indian revolutionary committee as the legal government of India and to have granted it a loan of 1,000,000 gold rubles. Revolutionary committees in Turkey, Persia, and China also are receiving liberal financial support. The Russian fleet on the Caspian Sea has been reinforced, says the report, and concentration of troops on the Persian and Afghan borders is continuing." There we have Bolshevism reaching down into India, Turkey, Persia, China, and Afghanistan. The second of the two bulletins tells us that the Bolshevik penetration of Armenia is continuing and that the two provinces of Karabagh and Zangezur have established Soviet governments. We are further told that the Persian minister at Constantinople is about to go to Moscow in order to persuade the Bolsheviks to evacuate Persia. He must be a sanguine person.

But to return to eastern Europe and Poland. From the collection and juxtaposition of a few scattered bulletins we may form some idea of what may be called the underground situation. First we have a kind of appeal from General von Ludendorff. He says that Germany is practically under attack from Russia and that she can not defend herself unless she is allowed to raise an army. Now that is obviously true. Next we have a bulletin to the effect that Lloyd George has quarreled with Winston Churchill because Churchill believes that there is no hope for western Europe unless the Germans are allowed to stop the Bolshevik flood at their own frontier. Lloyd George will listen to no proposals for a German army. Now we can hardly blame Lloyd George, but then, on the other hand, neither can we blame Winston Churchill. Which would be the worse of the two evils—a German army in Germany or a Bolshevik army in Germany? There's the rub. A German army might misbehave itself. A Bolshevik army would certainly do so. Germany might take advantage of her army to enter into a military alliance with Russia, and then, in very truth, the fat would be in the fire. It is rather a nice balance of possibilities, but the weight of reason seems to be with Mr. Churchill. Lastly we have a pronouncement by Count Ernest Reventlow, whose name became so familiar during the war. He is a good deal of a fire-eater, is Count Reventlow, but none the less a man of influence and understanding. Count Reventlow says that there should be an immediate alliance between Germany and Russia. He does not believe that Russia would try to impose a Soviet government upon Germany, and particularly if Germany should now show herself willing to be friends. Reventlow has his own pleasant and peculiarly German little programme. Let the Russian government employ its army in an attack upon Roumania. He says: "A great Balkan campaign would open up a splendid perspective and would throw the Entente into a hopeless embarrassment, while Russia could derive increasing benefit from the alliance with Germany." Perhaps the count is a little indiscreet in thus saying his prayers in public, as it were, and particularly at a time when his friends are pleading for a larger German army. This army, he says, would then ally herself with Russia. But Count Reventlow is not the German government, and governments are always inclined to be conservative and they have a rooted objection to be ousted. And so there are the pros and cons and it is not easy to judge their merits. But it is quite easy to understand the Bolshevik policies, at least in their broader sense, and the main policy of them all and the one that is manifestly succeeding is to establish Bolshevism throughout Europe and Asia. What would not the world now give for a single statesman whose mind does not pivot upon the ballot-box? Unfortunately there is none in sight.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 11, 1920.

Word comes from the Department of the Interior at Washington that the American Indians are increasing in number, in intelligence, in the knowledge of how to get well and keep well, and in sanitary ways of living. Indian women are becoming better housekeepers and better mothers, and three-fourths of the Indian children eligible for school attendance are in school.

The Freemasons of London are considering plans to build the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem in commemoration of the expulsion of the Turks.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Thomas Hardy, the novelist, is eighty, and still a vogue.

The Queen of the Belgians is a clever playwright and has written several stories which are popular in Europe.

Otokar Sevcik, who disputes with Leopold Auer the reputation of being the world's greatest violin teacher, has followed his rival's example in making America his future home. He will be connected with the Ithaca Conservatory of Music. Among the most prominent of his pupils are Kubelik, Kocian, Zimbalist, Ondricek, Culbertson, Marie Hall, Eleanor Jackson.

William McFee, author, seaman, and chief engineer of the fruit steamer *Turrialba*, is to wed Mlle. Pauline Kondoff. Mlle. Kondoff is a Bulgarian, but looks very much like a Parisian, for she is small and slight, with red gold hair, olive skin, and deep brown eyes that show every nuance of thought. She was born in Saloniki twenty-six years ago. Because of an Italian grandmother she has always had a fondness for the Italian language, and part of her education was received in Italy. She speaks seven languages—English is not one of them. But as Mr. McFee speaks French fluently this language has always been her medium of conversation with her fiancé.

Governor James Cox in the manner of dress is neat and conservative. He wears sack coats and colored shirts and ties. He smokes a pipe most of the time, but cigars when the pipe is not at hand. His nose-glasses, which he always wears, even in his pictures, have no rims to them. He violates the customary rule and parts his hair on the right side. His hair is rather dark and his complexion is clear, with the suggestion of a tan, gained from golf and horseback riding, which are his means of exercise. When there is time Governor Cox goes hunting in the north woods of Michigan or in Kentucky. He usually takes one of his two boys along and they rough it for a week or two, building a shelter in the open and cooking their own meals over a campfire. Of this ability to cook Cox is particularly proud, and even on large parties he demands the right to be the chef.

The name of Harris occurs rather frequently in theatrical circles, and even those who follow the stage closely are sometimes confused. This, then, is to identify several of the different Harrises, and particularly William, Jr. Mr. Harris belongs to an old theatrical family. His father was William Harris, an important theatre owner in relatively early days. He was interested with Klaw & Erlanger and Charles Frohman in houses in New York, Boston, and Chicago, and when Mr. Frohman began to produce plays he was sometimes a silent partner. He was chiefly interested in theatres, however, and his estate is still concerned with some of those left by him. This elder Harris had two sons, Henry B. and William, Jr. Henry B., considerably the older, went into the theatre early, but, unlike his father, devoted his time largely to production. He became, in fact, one of the country's most active producers, some of his successes being "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Third Degree," and "The Chorus Lady." Among the stars who came out under his direction were Elsie Ferguson, Helen Ware, and Rose Stahl.

With about \$20,000,000 available to improve the music of the United States, the Juilliard Musical Foundation of New York has started its activities by selecting the Rev. Eugene Allen Noble, LL. D., L. H. D., to be executive secretary of the Foundation. Dr. Noble's qualifications begin with his natural musical talents, which were manifested from his early boyhood in Brooklyn. An uncle was for years a cathedral organist in England. His musical bent followed him to college. Through four years at Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, he sang tenor in the North Congregational Church of Middletown, and thereby paid his college expenses. He literally sang his way through college, where he graduated with high honors in 1891, winning distinction and the Phi Beta Kappa key. During his junior and senior years he was leader of the Wesleyan Glee Club, and it is interesting to know that on a certain tour which took in the Chautauqua circuit Dr. Noble was a tenor soloist and leader of a double male quartet in which one of the second basses was Frederick Morgan Davenport, now state senator from Oneida County, New York. Although he studied theology and early became pastor in Brooklyn, Dr. Noble has been chiefly active as an educator. He has been president of two colleges and has spent the major part of his time since he was graduated from college at teaching.

Miss Mary Lemery, who is a member of the Flathead tribe of Montana, has the honor and distinction of being the first Indian woman in the history of the country to be made president of the Tribal Council. She has held this exalted position of authority for four years. There are almost 3000 members of her tribe. With due ceremony the leading men of the Flatheads conferred the eagle feather upon Miss Lemery, which is their solemn manner of manifesting unlimited trust and esteem. In addition to superintending the business affairs of her people, this talented Indian girl owns and

manages a farm of 300 acres. She manages every detail, from hiring and firing the laborers to marketing the crops. She has made a thorough study of agriculture. Her garden is said to be the show place of her community. Any man in her section of Montana will tell you that the horse she fears does not exist. Most of the Flathead Indians are members of the Roman Catholic faith, and Miss Lemery is a well-known graduate of the Holy Name College of Oregon. This hustling and determined girl spent most of the winter in Washington in an effort to persuade Congress to give the Indians fairer treatment in the management and disposal of their property.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Burial of Moses.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moah,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

Lo! when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
And tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever huddled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hillside for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait.
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave,—

In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again,—O wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day;
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moah's land!
O dark Beth-peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,—
Ways that we can not tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him He loved so well.—C. F. Alexander.

Retrospection.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And think of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under world;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge,—
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,—
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

—Lord Tennyson.

IN THE DAYS OF VICTORIA.

Lady Georgiana Peel Writes a Volume of Her Reminiscences.

There are few more interesting links with the past than this substantial volume embodying the recollections of Lady Georgiana Peel as compiled by her daughter, Ethel Peel. Lady Peel tells us that her mother at the age of twenty married the second Lord Ribblesdale, who died in 1832, leaving her with four little children, three girls and a boy. Three years later she married Lord John Russell, the father of the author, then a well-known minister of the crown, a statesman with ever increasing influence over the country, the author and mover of the Reform bill, and a reformer at a time when reform was little understood. "I was glad to hear," wrote his brother, William Russell, in 1829, "you say that you meant to touch the poor laws; it is a bold thing to do, but very necessary. You will be abused by every ignorant political economist." The author was born in 1836, and therefore is now eighty-four years of age. Her mother was at the coronation of Queen Victoria, who mentions Lady John Russell in her diary, who "saw me leave the palace, arrive at the Abbey, leave the Abbey and again return to the palace." She herself dimly remembers the marriage of Queen Victoria and of being told to run to the window and see the carriages pass:

My sisters and I used to go very often to Buckingham Palace, while the court was in residence, for our aunt, Miss Harriet Lister, our "darling little Aunt Bunny," as we called her, was one of the queen's maids of honor, and often asked her little nieces to come to tea, and very delighted we were to go; especially as, sometimes, if the queen heard we were there, she would send for us to come to her dressing-room, where we would sit and watch her long fair hair being brushed by two dressers. On some occasions she looked very serious and thoughtful, but sometimes she was full of fun. I remember once or twice she got up, and taking our hands danced about the room with us. At this time she gave us children many little presents, which are now our greatest treasures. One of mine was a heart-shaped gold locket, with Queen Victoria's hair in it, and a pretty gold chain for my neck—I gave the locket and chain to my first granddaughter, Rosemary Peel, the daughter of my soldier son, who served all through the great war, receiving the M. C., the D. S. O. and har, and the C. M. G. Another is a little china doll dressed in china clothes, the exact fashion of that period. Perhaps the most valuable is a dear little gold peacock with a jeweled tail of emeralds and rubies. I wonder if "our precious little lady," as her maids of honor called her, knew how long and tenderly her gifts would be kept.

The author's father was prime minister at the time of the Chartist riots, and she tells us of her childish dismay at the discovery that one of her teachers had been able to make his way through the mob and so to give her the usual lesson. The Irish question was then very much to the front, and it was largely for the relief of Ireland that Sir Robert Peel threw his weight to the side of free trade and cheap bread for Ireland, though not before the famine had broken many an Irishman's heart and caused the death of thousands. Lady Peel tells us that at that time she was eleven years old:

I remember going over to Ireland with my parents, to stay with Lord Clarendon, then the lord-lieutenant. I remember the dense black crowd on the quay at Kingstown, waiting for the boat's arrival, and the lane of people through which we walked to the carriages that met us—I don't remember any railway then from Kingstown to Dublin. The hosts of Irish people were all shouting at the tops of their voices one word, repeated again and again, which as the boat stood in nearer for landing the passengers, we heard to be—"Repale! Repale! Repale!"

They meant the Union of Ireland with England.

I wonder if it ever will be "repaled"; certainly my father would not be party to it.

Lady Peel tells us that she was a great diary keeper, a fact to which we doubtless owe the present volume. Every evening she recorded the events of the day, whether important or not. Great notables as well as the man who came to tune the piano alike find places in her diary. She tells us that the cholera was a continual menace to London in her early days, and incidentally and in the same connection she gives us an amusing story of her father:

The cholera is, to this generation, absolutely unknown in England, and must seem to them as far off as the plagues of Pharaoh. In my young days it was a continual menace. I must insert here an amusing incident happening to my father. "I am very concerned," he said one day to the hairdresser who was standing behind him cutting his hair, "to hear of the fresh case of cholera in this neighborhood." "No one can prevent 'em, my lord," answered the man while he snipped and cut, "it's regularly got into the hair." "Not into mine!" exclaimed my father, really mistaking his meaning and nearly jumping out of his chair. He said he had seldom received such a shock!

Dickens and Thackeray were frequent visitors at Lady Peel's home, often lunching and dining there. Dickens was usually conspicuous owing to his wearing a pink shirt front embroidered with white, "but a genius can always wear whatever he chooses." Sometimes he would be seized with a fit of shyness or modesty, for he would suddenly slip away immediately after dinner, and people who came in later, having been asked to meet him, would all be saying: "But where is Mr. Charles Dickens?" Thackeray generally liked to leave immediately after dinner and not come up to the drawing-room to talk to the ladies. And another visitor was Lord Macaulay:

Perhaps the most interesting of all the friends who constantly came to both Chesham Place and Pembroke Lodge was

"Macaulay." He was invariably called "Macaulay" without any prefix, and I think used even to give his name like that for the servant to announce him. Oddly enough, I do not remember being very much impressed by this famous man. He seemed quite a matter of course, though to hear him talk must have been an education in itself. Every one expected, and wished him to hold forth the whole time he was there. Young and frivolous people of my day—of whom, I must say, he never took much notice—used to find this rather irksome, and approved much of the tale told, that some years before, Sydney Smith had said very gravely, towards the end of dinner, "Macaulay, when I'm dead, you'll be sorry you never heard me talk." The reverend gentleman also alluded to him as "that talk-mill Macaulay." My sister Isabel was a great admirer of his. She would tell how one day when she came down to dinner, when Macaulay was the first arrival, she found him declaiming to Johnny—then seven years old—as if he were a whole dinner party. It showed he did not talk to impress his hearers, but from the most intense interest in the subject.

Distinguished foreigners were always more or less in evidence at Pembroke Lodge, and the author tells us that she asked her father for an increased dress allowance in order that she might be garbed becomingly for these occasions. After grave consideration he promised to raise her dress allowance to one hundred pounds a year, which was then considered a generous amount for the daughter of an aristocrat:

An interesting recollection to people of the present day is that of a little boy who used to come with his parents, Count and Countess Bernstorff, and while they were sitting talking in the drawing-room used to run all about the garden by himself, exploring everywhere. I don't know how many little Bernstorffs there were, but I strongly suspect that little boy is now the notorious Count Bernstorff the late ambassador from Germany to America.

Another distinguished visitor was Sir Edwin Landseer, and the author notes a memorable dinner party when she was taken in by Mr. Disraeli. She says he talked incessantly, but her chief recollection is of his shirt front, which was made of white book muslin over a very bright rose-colored satin foundation which shone through it. She tells us that she did not enjoy his company very much, as he was too theatrical and continually held forth to the whole table. And then we have a glimpse of Jenny Lind:

Another most interesting person was Jenny Lind. The diva never had much time to come out to other people's houses, but she would often invite us to the pretty house she and her husband, Mr. Goldschmidt, had bought near Roehampton. She used to enjoy showing it to her friends, and displaying her collection of treasures. "And they all came out of here," she would say, laughing and pointing to her mouth. The little old chapel down Roehampton Lane could very seldom hold its congregation on Sundays, because of that heavenly voice, chanting the psalms, and singing the old hymns, as if the overwhelming beauty of it were the most usual thing in the world. Mr. Francis Palgrave has described her voice as "unspeakably lovely," and her acting, not as acting, but simply showing her thoughts. "The simplicity of a great soul." She seemed instinctively to know and to be able to enter into the sweetest and highest part of human nature, and, what was more, to be able to feel and interpret, as though it were happening to herself, the sadness and misery too often inflicted on it. A long time has passed since she has joined the "Choir Invisible," but I still remember hearing her voice rising and filling the great hall in the Crystal Palace, as she took the soprano part in some oratorio, and how we all went wild over Jenny Lind on those evenings when she was singing to the packed opera house, her audience hanging breathlessly on every glorious note. Has any one who heard this famous prima donna take any part ever forgotten it? We made it a custom to drive up from Richmond to an early dinner, and then go to the opera, or to any evening party which we wished to attend.

The author's father was frequently invited by the queen to Abergeldie Castle in Scotland, the whole house being placed at his disposal. The castle was close to Balmoral and it was convenient for the queen to have a minister at hand whom she could consult. The queen, we are told, always attended the Abergeldie Kirk on Sundays:

An amusing little incident that has somehow stuck in my memory is of Colonel Grey handing round the collecting box—which was like a long ladle—during the service. As was the custom, he had been all round to every one in the kirk first, and came into the queen's pew last. I suppose he must have been nervous, or he stumbled, for down went the box on the floor with a tremendous rattle, all the shillings and sixpences and pennies rolling noisily about everywhere. This was too much for the queen, also the sight of Colonel Grey's worried and apologetic countenance. She went into fits of laughter, shaking with mirth. Bessie and I, who were in the next pew, hurried to Colonel Grey's aid, and went down on our knees, searching for money, but we were also nearly helpless with laughter, and crawled on the floor much longer than we need have done, so that no one should see our faces. I don't think the little princes and princesses were present on that Sunday.

The author married Archibald, the son of General Jonathan Peel, and she tells us many stories of her father-in-law. For a time he was chief of the war office when there was much talk of an enemy invasion. "Yes," he said one day, "I hear of many very good plans for invading the country, but no one has ever explained to me how the enemy would ever get out again!"

Another story of General Peel's connected with his imperfect knowledge of the French language I must not omit. It occurred when he was—I forget on what occasion—entertained at a banquet in Paris. Mistrusting his capability of conversing in French, he talked during most of the dinner to a neighbor, among his entertainers, who he knew liked airing his English, but after a time he made up his mind he must talk to the silent French gentleman on his left. He gathered his French together, and hazarded a remark. "Quelle chamhre magnifique!" he said, with many distinctly foreign gesticulations. The man leant towards him confidentially; General Peel braced himself to understand. "Aint a patch on our Guildall," was the whisper that reached him, with an unmistakable accent. All the general's timidity of him throughout the banquet had been wasted!

General Peel was much addicted to horse racing and

was the owner of more than one distinguished animal. He even found excuses for betting, although he shrewdly pointed out that there could not be very much in it or the bookmakers would all be rich men, which certainly they were not:

General Peel had a good story illustrating the sharpness of dealers, with whom he said no gentleman could compete successfully at selling horses. The following is the dialogue, which he would relate in his own inimitable way: *Intending Buyer (inspecting horse for sale)*—Can he gallop? *Dealer (turning up his eyes admiringly and drawing a long breath)*—Can he gallop? Hoo, hoo! *Purchaser (delighted)*—And can he jump? *Dealer (ecstatically)*—Can he jump? Ho, ho! *Purchaser, quite satisfied, concluded the deal, but found the horse could neither gallop nor jump. The dealer when taken to task remarked that he had never said he could!*

Archibald Peel in his early life had an insatiable taste for boxing and was no mean adversary with the gloves. None the less he gave much time to reading and at Oxford he came under the influence of Professor Jowett, who is described as the most inspiring of tutors:

A story of Professor Jowett's which is now a well-known chestnut my husband heard from "Old Jowett's" own lips. The professor would tell how he one day arrived at a toll-gate and found he had no money in his pocket. Wishing to go through on credit, he said to the gatekeeper, "I am the master of Balliol." "You may be the master of Balliol," replied the man, "but if you haint the master of twopence you don't go through 'ere!"

In 1868 the author and her family went to live at Gerwyn in Wales, and among the earliest visitors was Alfred Tennyson:

A very delightful thing happened on this visit of Edward Cradock to the Gerwyn. The very first morning after he arrived, wheels were heard approaching up the long avenue, and who should drive up but Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate. He came rattling up to the house in a very tumble-down old dog-cart, which he had found at Wrexham station, and hired to bring him the six miles to the Gerwyn. I was quite in a flutter at having two guests instead of one. There was plenty of room at the Gerwyn in those days, and one under the roof was at his disposal, with a glorious view from the window, which I knew he would appreciate. I inquired the next morning if he had heard anything of the nursery party—my three step-children—who were domiciled close by, and he answered, "I heard a few faint splashes in the early morn." To entertain Alfred Tennyson was to entertain an ideal guest. In the evening A. and I, and Uncle Edward and the Bard were gathered round the fire, while he read out, in his beautiful many-toned voice, some of the magnificent poetry with which he had that year, or the year before, enriched the world. I remember how his great hands were continually moving as he read, now locked together till the knuckles were white, now unlocked and resting on the arms of his chair. He read to us his wonderful love poem, "Maud," and many of his hallads.

The author is now living at Hampton Court Palace, and here, she says, her grandchildren "bring the rushing times of the twentieth century to overwhelm my remembrances of once familiar faces in my long experience of life in nearly two-thirds of the nineteenth century."

RECOLLECTIONS OF LADY GEORGIANA PEEL. Compiled by her daughter, Ethel Peel. New York: John Lane Company; \$5.

Rev. Dr. John Krantz of Paterson, New Jersey, has felt the feeble pulses of and prescribed for more churches afflicted with debt than any other man in the United States, perhaps in the world. During the last twenty years he has raised approximately \$4,000,000. Now he averages \$250,000 a year. Brother Krantz was not always a doctor of debt. From 1876 to 1877 he served acceptably as business manager of the New York *Methodist*, which paper later merged with the *Christian Advocate*, and then for nineteen years he was in the pastorate of the Newark Methodist Episcopal Conference. It was after he became sales agent for the Methodist Book Concern that his friends discovered in Dr. Krantz a peculiar and fascinating talent for flattening plethoric pocket-books. As a debt-raiser he has been likened, and aptly, to the late Chaplain McCabe, whose place on the Methodist financial platform he has taken to some extent in securing funds for churches and benevolences.

The Amazon Valley is said to be the greatest undeveloped region in the world which is yet untouched. The soil is said to be extraordinarily fertile. The forests offer woods in inexhaustible variety, many of them cabinet woods of rare value. Of vegetable oil nuts-a tenth part only is known to the outside world. Resins, gums, spices, medicinal plants, fibres abound in infinite variety. Kapok grows along the banks of most of the main river, but not a pound of it is exported to the United States, although America imported 7,000,000 pounds last year from far-away Java. There are mineralized areas said to contain coal, iron, gold, silver, and precious metals of many kinds. They have not yet been prospected.

The 350,000 American Indians in the United States are gradually being "absorbed in the body politic of the nation." They have changed from game hunters and wanderers to land-holders and home-builders. About 37,000 farmers are cultivating almost 1,000,000 acres and 47,000 own live stock worth about \$38,000,000. It is said that there are a few Indian students in almost all colleges in the country.

Coal and sugar are exported to Canada from this country in great quantities in spite of the fact that there is frequent shortage here. Canada always seems to be sufficiently supplied with American sugar.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ended Saturday, August 7th, aggregated \$151,300,000, compared with \$142,600,000 in the corresponding week last year. Saturday's total was \$25,000,000.

Gold held by the Twelfth District Reserve Bank declined \$1,660,000 during the week ending August 6th, the report issued on Saturday showed. Total gold reserves decreased \$3,017,000 and total reserves \$2,888,000.

Total bills on hand increased \$3,207,000, principally because of a growth in discounted bills secured by other than government war obligations. Total earning assets were up \$3,190,000, for the same reason. Total resources were \$1,842,000 greater.

Opinions on the course of the steel industry during the next six or eight months differ

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materially. This is natural in view of the general uncertainty of the money situation, transportation difficulties, and the slackening demand from the automobile trade, which for some time has been among the principal consumers of steel.

Some authorities believe that when stocks now piling up at the mills are released by improvement in the transportation situation the available supply will be greater than demand and there will consequently be a slump in buying and a recession in prices to a level probably slightly above that maintained by the Steel Corporation.

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and economic conditions generally, does not share these views. He believes that the steel trade will enjoy prosperity for many months. He says:

"Production can not increase beyond transportation facilities, which constitute the neck of the industrial hottle. Until transportation facilities are adequate—and this will be some time—the demand is likely to exceed supply.

"The natural law of supply and demand will enforce stability of values until a narrow margin between supply and demand is reached.

"Admitting that demand in some quarters may slacken, we have in the first case the pending increase in freight rates, which is practically certain to mean greater consump-

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tion of steel by the railroads, normally the best customers of the steel companies.

"Further, we have the certainty of bumper crops with high prices for agricultural products, which means invigorated demand for steel and other goods.

"The tight money situation, while it has affected production of and demand for luxuries, means that the available cash and credit is being reserved for legitimate necessary production. Incidentally the steel companies as a whole are well fortified financially.

"The demand for steel is still strong and manufacturers, although by no means accepting all the business offered, are getting practically as much new business as they are producing. The steel mills are assured of a high rate of production throughout the year and longer.

"It is true that the demands from the automobile companies is slackening, but the slack is being taken up hy the increased demand from manufacturers of agricultural implements. The demand from this source is unusually heavy, due to the prosperity of the agriculturists."

Cities Service Company during June continued to show good improvement in earnings and active development work in various fields and pools in the Mid-Continent territory was carried on. At present in Kansas and Oklahoma active drilling operations are under way by Empire Gas and Fuel Company and subsidiaries in the Eldorado, the Augusta, the Elhing, the Douglas and the Rosalia pools in Butler County, Kansas; in the Tetter and the Beaumont fields in Greenwood County, Kansas; in the Florence pool in Marion County, Kansas; in the Winfield pool, Cowley County, Kansas; and in the Sedan pool in Chautauqua County, Kansas. In Oklahoma, active operations are being carried on in the Cherokee Nation in Washington County, the Osage Nation in Osage County, the Empire and Duncan fields in Stephens County, the Fox pool in Carter County, the Walters pool in Cotton County, the Beggs pool in Okmulgee County, and the Hewitt pool in Carter County. The outlook in the oil production end of the company's operations has never been better. The new acreage recently developed has proven very profitable and operations by Empire Gas and Fuel Company, as well as by other companies, have enhanced the values of other large tracts of land which Empire Gas and Fuel Company has under lease in the oil fields which at the present time are holding the attention of experienced oil operators.

Earnings of Cities Service Company for the first six months of 1920 showed an increase of \$1,980,481 in gross over the first six months of 1919, while, after providing for all expenses, interest, preferred dividends, and other prior charges, there was a balance for the six months available for reserves, dividends on the common stock and surplus of \$9,120,342, an increase of \$1,720,185 over the first six months of 1919, this balance being equivalent to \$45.66 a share per year on the common stock outstanding in the hands of the public. For June, 1920, gross earnings increased \$536,232 over June, 1919, while, after providing for all expenses, interest, preferred dividends, and other charges, the balance available for reserves, dividends on the common stock, and surplus for the month was \$1,533,962, an increase of \$505,665. On July 1, 1920, total surplus and reserves of Cities Service Company were \$49,322,071, while for the twelve months ending June 30th there was earned on the common stock outstanding in the hands of the public \$40.13 a share, with requirements for payment of the preferred dividends for the twelve months earned 4.33 times. In the first six months of 1920, requirements for payment of preferred dividends were earned 4.95 times.

The freight rate increases are quite as liberal as the railroad managements had any hope for, and they are not slow in showing their appreciation in the change that has come over the spirit of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Heretofore rate increases, where granted at all, seem to have been granted grudgingly, but at last the absolute necessities of the situation were too potent to be disregarded. Even the shipping interest have made no material objection, feeling, of course, that in the end the public will pay anyway. It is a good deal better as a matter of fact for the public to pay more for transportation facilities than to run the risk of either going without the things it desires to buy or being compelled to pay ridiculously high prices for them. It stands to reason that inefficient and inadequate transportation facilities will add vastly more to the cost of things than even a more generous rate increase than the one just announced.

The professional element in Wall Street is of such a bearish temperament, however, that it seized upon the opportunity furnished by the old argument of the "good news being out" to hammer the market generally. Prices have slumped in many instances below previous low levels of the year. What has worked around in favor of the bear party in Wall Street has

been the fact that as hanks have called upon clients to reduce their loan accounts the latter, in turn, have been liquidating their securities. There is such a vast amount of credit tied in delayed transportation that anything such as a freight rate increase that will be found working for better transportation will also be a most important factor in relieving the credit situation. This in turn would reduce the impulse to liquidate stocks. Such liquidation as is going on is in the great majority of cases not due to any feeling of insecurity as to actual values, but has been more or less involuntary and by persons who will want to repossess themselves of these same securities at the earliest moment possible.

The railroads are entering a new era and railroad securities are at panic levels, and the general run of railroad stocks offer most splendid opportunities for the speculative or investment buyer.

With the banks talking deflation all the time, hearish sentiment among professionals as regards industrial issues generally is the more pronounced. Perhaps in regard to the woolen trade this sentiment is as much intensified as in any other case. The public may not and should not be doing as much extravagant buying as it has been doing in the past, but when it comes to the ability to make a single dollar go farther than it did before it will likely take a long time to bring this about. It will not be long before there is a great change in sentiment in Wall Street and we will be wondering then why we did not take advantage of the opportunities to buy stocks at low prices.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are participating in a new issue of the Province of British Columbia 6 per cent. five-year gold bonds to yield 7.75 per cent. Direct and primary obligation of the Province of British Columbia. British Columbia is one of the wealthiest provinces in the Dominion of Canada. Price 92.85 and interest to yield 7.75 per cent.

A recapitulation of the activities in the New York stock market from 1904 to 1920 shows four "bull markets" (1906, 1909, 1916, and 1919) and five stock "panics" (1904, 1907, 1914, 1917, and 1920). The aftermath of a "bull market" has invariably been a stock "panic." It apparently takes two years to culminate the upward trend and allow the "pools" to distribute the entire floating supply of stocks and one year to accumulate them in a down market. For instance, starting from a panicky conditions in 1914, due to the beginning of the European war, the market began to rise and the upward trend lasted until November 23, 1916. Then came the stock panic of 1917. From a low point, December, 1917, we had another bull market which lasted two years, ending November, 1919. History has again repeated itself, and the year of 1920 is almost an exact replica of 1917. A veritable stock panic in fact, where stocks have broken on an average (using seventeen active industrials) of \$70 per share.

The extreme low points in a stock market are generally reached after the elimination of the margin trader has been effected. At the present time brokers are carrying only about 30 per cent. of their usual commitments. The month of August also is usually one of downward activity. "Bear markets" often culminate during this month. With the floating supply of stocks in strong hands at this time, one may hope for a sharp upturn in the fall of the year. When the turn comes it will be sharp and decisive, as a tremendous "short interest" no doubt exists at present. The depression in the minds of traders caused by the Polish situation is plainly apparent at this time, and heavy liquidation has taken place in the past three weeks. Traders should remember how the market acted during the great German drive in 1918, and also last year during the steel strike, and not become too "bearish" at present low levels when first-class industrial stocks are selling on a basis where they net from 9 1/2 to 11 per cent. per annum. Remember the words of J. Pierpont Morgan and don't sell the United States short. —W. C. Gregg.

The Associated Oil Company has announced that it has offered formally to the Navy Department to furnish whatever may be its equitable pro rata of fuel oil to care for Pacific Coast needs until September 30th at the present pipe-line terminal market price of \$2 per barrel.

The company announced it has no fuel oil whatever in excess of its commercial customers' needs and is drawing heavily on its reserve stocks, but nevertheless recognizes the essential needs of the navy and is willing to take its share of the load. The following statement has been issued by the executive committee:

"In view of the widely published and conflicting statements about the so-called 'seizure' of oil by the navy, the executive committee of the Associated Oil Company authorizes the following statement:

"First—The Associated Oil Company has at

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all times recognized the navy's essential need for oil and at all times is willing as a patriotic obligation, aside from any other motive, to supply the navy with the allotment falling to the Associated Oil Company, as determined by its relative capacity to furnish fuel oil.

"Second—Independent, however, of any question of allotment, the Associated Oil Company has never failed to meet any demand of the navy for oil. During the past three years the navy has declined to pay the market price which all other consumers have paid, offering figures below the market price and leaving to the future any question of adjustment. To protect its claims for the market prices the Associated Oil Company has recognized the demands instead of the ordinary purchase requisitions of the navy for oil, result being the so-called seizures, which are seizures only in a technical sense, as the facilities of the oil company have been as freely and as fully at the command of the navy in making the oil deliveries as they are for any other customer.

"Third—All questions of past prices of oil

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delivered to the navy up to June 30th recently have been adjusted with Admiral Countz in Washington. The present question is whether or no the current market price or the offer of the navy of \$1.72 at San Francisco Bay points shall govern. We anticipate this will be amicably adjusted. The Associated Oil Company is willing to accept for the three months ending September 30th a price of \$2 per barrel for its share of the obligation to furnish the navy fuel oil at its pipe-line terminals on San Francisco Bay. At Los Angeles and San Diego it has no tankage or pipe-line facilities.

"In this connection attention is directed to the urgent need for the conservation of fuel oil by all consumers and the encouragement in every proper way of greater production. The demand is far outrunning the supply. The greatly increased cost of labor and the shortage in casing supply, together with the lessened proved areas in which to drill, have resulted in a material slowing up in development work. The 600 producing oil companies in this state should be encouraged in every

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way possible to proceed with their work of development and exploration."

There has been a liquidating movement in most of the commodity markets lately, due to the continued efforts of the Federal Reserve Board to build up a stronger financial position in connection with the "deflation process." It will take a long time before much real headway may be noticed in this regard, but while the movement is under way it means a natural restriction of buying generally except for current demands.

Every one knows that cotton and wheat and corn are selling at ridiculously high prices, and every one believes that in the long run present prices will be cut in two. Consequently the bears in the commodity markets are always alert for opportunities to attack prices successfully, and sometimes they will be assisted in their efforts by arguments outside of the crops themselves.

There seems to have been very splendid progress made in some portions of the cotton belt since the last government report, and the prospect of increasing production in the favored sections has more than made up for the weevil losses reported. Foreign political affairs, as well as domestic trade matters, have been against prices also, but banks at last seem disposed to encourage liquidation of cotton holdings in a way that can hardly be ignored by the ordinary borrower.

The black-rust scare in the Northwest does not seem to be spreading much, and, indeed, the damage is, as yet, confined to a fairly small area. Meanwhile wheat crop prospects have increased remarkably and harvesting in the Southwest has added very appreciably to the favorable situation.

Austria has been looked upon generally as the defeated war power that has suffered most and was emerging as a crippled and almost hopeless nation. Recent advices are, however, to the effect that the Austrian peasant has become the savior of his country through hard work. Indeed this particular granary of Europe seems pretty full, and, as it has been filling, the spirits of the people have risen remarkably merely on account of the presence of food in quantity. On the other hand, the possibilities of having a fair exportable surplus have given a new life to the industrial element. It is certain that Europe will get back to work some day or other as a whole, and we may be fairly sure that there will be a lessening demand for our food products. At present the freight-car congestion impedes deliveries and the cash grains are quite high, while the options have been suffering considerably. The selling side of wheat and corn, and oats as well, seems the most reasonable at present.

James J. Hill's billion estimate per year and over as necessary to be expended by the railroads in order to make for efficiency in our transportation world seems to be a sort of perennial proposition. As the Interstate Commerce Commission has announced freight rate increases, the railroads should begin placing orders for equipment in large quantities. The outlook for the equipment companies is remarkably bright as far ahead as one can reasonably see, and this means a very splendid underlying demand for steel products, and in the circumstances it is difficult to see where

we are going to have any material reduction in steel prices for a long time to come.

Copper metal is selling a good deal too low as compared with steel, as it will play a very large part in the reconstruction of the world's business affairs—electrification of railways where possible being admittedly wise economy.

In the large banks in New York and Chicago the title of assistant vice-president has become a generally accepted term. It is given to an executive who is between the cashier and vice-president in the personnel of the bank.

Among the first banks on the Pacific Coast to use the title of assistant vice-president is the Anglo-California Trust Company of San Francisco. At the August meeting of the board of directors of the Anglo-California Trust Company Fred V. Vollmer and C. L. Smith, assistant cashiers, and R. D. Brigham, assistant to the president, were elected assistant vice-presidents of the company. The promotion to assistant vice-president is a distinct advancement to these three men and the result of good services rendered.

Mr. Vollmer will be assistant vice-president and office manager; Mr. Smith will be assistant vice-president and real estate officer; and Mr. Brigham will be assistant vice-president, manager of branches, and in charge of new business development work.

American farmers have increased their beet acreage production 10 per cent. over last year, but the actual production, due to more favorable growing conditions, promises to be 40 per cent. greater. Sugar production from cane in the United States makes even a better showing with a 47 per cent. increase.

Although the European sugar-beet acreage has been enlarged only 13 per cent. since last year, their normal acreage is so large that this means an increase equal to 45 per cent. of the average acreage harvested in this country during the last five years. Considering the prevailing high prices of sugar, even a larger increase was expected, but most of the price raise came after the crop had left the growers' hands.

It is now possible, with the complete figures of the total trade of the United States in the fiscal year 1920, to compare the trade of the first fiscal year following the war with that of the last fiscal year preceding the war. These figures, says the National City Bank of New York, which presents this analysis of the foreign trade at the present time, compared with that of the fiscal year 1914, which ended just before the outbreak of the war, indicate tremendous gains, though it must be remembered that in nearly all cases a considerable part of the gains are due to higher prices. In practically all instances, however, there is a large advance in the quantity of the merchandise, both imported and exported.

Imports as a whole, adds the bank's statement, which stand at \$5,239,000,000 for the fiscal year 1920, shows an increase of 177 per cent. over the fiscal year 1914, when they were \$1,894,000,000. Exports, which stand at \$8,111,000,000, show an increase of 243 per cent. over 1914, when they stood at \$2,365,000,000. Of domestic exports only, excluding

the foreign merchandise re-exported, the total stands in 1920 at \$7,950,000,000, or 241 per cent. over 1914, when the total was \$2,330,000,000. Re-exportation of foreign merchandise shows large gains, the total for 1920 standing at \$160,000,000 against \$35,000,000 in 1914.

Manufacturing material showed the largest increase on the import side, and foods and manufactures the big increases on the export side. The value of the raw manufacturing material imported jumped from \$634,000,000 in 1914 to \$2,160,000,000 in 1920, an increase of 241 per cent. This increase occurred in many lines of articles, but especially in india rubber, raw silk, raw cotton, wool, hides and skins, and tin. Of the ten principal manufacturing articles imported of a character which can be reduced to a uniform basis of pounds, namely, cotton, wool, silk, fibers, rubber, hides and skins, tobacco, tin, copper, and gums, the quantity, measured in pounds, increased a little less than 50 per cent. when comparing the 1920 imports with those of 1914, while the total value of the same article increased to a much greater extent.

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The crop-moving season, during which the country's credit requirements reach their maximum intensity, is now close at hand (says the National Bank of Commerce in its August letter on the credit situation). Because of the difficulties of transportation, it may be expected that the volume of credit needed this year to finance crop marketing will be larger than usual. While the traffic movement has improved slightly, sufficient relief can hardly be expected to the extent necessary to permit of the clearing away of existing congestion and the resumption of a normal movement of agricultural staples in the fall. The crops, to an unusual extent, may have to be held this year. Recent experience has demonstrated fully the effect of any interference with orderly commodity shipments in tying up an enormous volume of credit.

This prospect enhances the importance of the credit situation, which during the current period of June 16th to July 15th has experienced no relief from the tension of the past several months. Since last November the Federal Reserve institutions and member banks have been seeking to curtail non-essential borrowing, to limit loans to necessary requirements and to reduce gradually the volume of outstanding credit. In the former of these aims they have in large measure been successful, and there can be no question of the underlying soundness of the general credit structure. There has thus far, however, been no reduction of the aggregate volume of credit outstanding. The efforts of the banks have simply limited further credit expansion and the volume of credit at the beginning of July exceeded that outstanding at the close of 1919. The failure to effect a normal credit liquidation before the commencement of the crop-moving demands has in large measure been due to transportation difficulties which have obstructed free commodity movements and occasioned the credit stringency which became pronounced earlier in the year.

Were the banks still operating under the old banking system the outlook would be serious. But since the banking power of the country has become well coordinated under the Federal Reserve system, with its flexibility for meeting such a situation, there is no reason to apprehend serious difficulty in caring for essential credit requirements during the approaching season. In this connection it may be noted that the steady outflow of gold from this country has been supplanted at least temporarily by a moderate net inward movement of the metal, and this in a measure relieves one source of pressure against credit facilities. Commercial and industrial credit requirements, moreover, may be expected to become somewhat less pressing should the tendencies toward price recessions and reduced volume of business continue. While credit will be available to meet the country's essential requirements, there continues to be no prospect of its being available except for such use.

Net earnings of \$40,399.56 have been reported for the first six months of the present year by the C. L. Best Tractor Company.

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In addition to showing the strong position of this California organization, the statement of earnings is significant of the company's management when it is compared with the estimate of earnings for the year made more than three months ago by the company.

In April it was estimated net earnings for the year 1920 would be \$750,000, and at the rate of earnings during the first six months this amount will be exceeded by more than \$58,000. After provision for Federal taxes net earnings have been more than nine times the interest on outstanding preferred stock.

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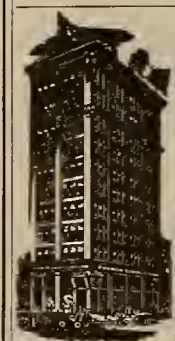
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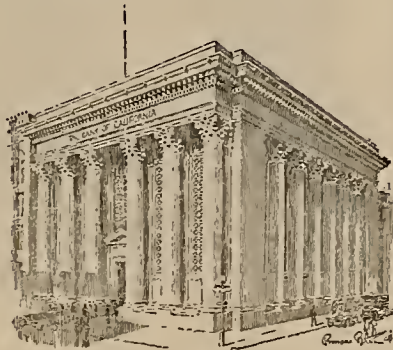
June 30th, 1920.

Assets	\$66,840,376.95
Deposits	63,352,269.17
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Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,438,100.00
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This book comes opportunely at a time when we are reaching the slow realization that the government of America is actually and to a very large extent beyond the control of the electorate. The power to raise and to spend money lies at the heart of all governmental functions, and without an adequate popular supervision of these processes we can hardly pretend to have arrived at anything like a democratic ideal. Mr. Taft, who writes an introduction to the volume, says: "Never before in the history of the country has reform of its ridiculous system of spending and raising money been so critically important." As a matter of fact there is no system. Governmental departments grab whatever they can from the treasury, practically without check or hindrance. Public participation is confined to the payment of taxes, and the funds thus contributed pass beyond the reach of public direction and control. They are commonly expended without much regard either to the necessities of the situation or the dictates of economy.

The authors have written a large book—perhaps too large—as an embodiment of their demand for a budget system alike for municipal, state, and national governments. They tell us what has already been done by some cities and states and it will be remembered that Mr. Cleveland himself effected the most notable financial reforms in New York. But the Federal government remains impotent. The unseen forces find the present system too profitable. They are too strong easily to be dislodged.

The general purpose of the work may be summarized by the four questions propounded and answered by the authors. These four questions are:

(1) On what is the mechanism of control to operate? That is, whose action is to be made subservient to the people through its use? Who is it that is to be made responsive and responsible?

(2) Why—with our system of elections which provides for freedom of choice of officers, secret ballot, accurate count, etc.—has our broad democratic electorate failed in its controlling purpose?

(3) Why have our Congress and assemblies, with their unlimited powers of inquest and discussion, still left the electorate without the information needed to enable them to act wisely and effectively? Why have the doings of those who are to be held accountable been "invisible"?

(4) Why has our leadership been irresponsible?

These questions are answered, not only with accuracy, but with vigor, and the authors are to be congratulated on a presentation that must measurably advance their plea.

THE BUDGET AND A RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT. By Frederick A. Cleveland and Arthur Eugene Buck. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.

Ladies of Greecourt.

This is the second of the two volumes in which Ruth Gaines records the work of French reconstruction done by the Smith College Relief Unit from its headquarters, fifteen miles

from the front-line trenches on the Somme sector. Those who read the first volume entitled "Helping France" will welcome the completion of a narrative so simply and effectively written. The pencil sketches by Anna Milo Upjohn add substantially to the interest of the book.

LADIES OF GREECOURT. By Ruth Gaines. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

A Semi-Architectural Novel.

"Tamarisk Town" is quite a beautifully written novel, the author, Sheila Kaye-Smith, being very much of a stylist. Her novel begins in the '60s and is written with a Victorian leisureliness. It tells the strange story of Tamarisk Town—a sort of nickname the author gives the south-of-England town which competes with the hero for the spotlight—because of the fringe of tamarisk trees which made a misty green setting for Marlingate.

Marlingate is a mere fishing village, but Monypenny, owner of a thousand-acre estate adjoining the town, has vision. He dreams of making it one of those centres of a stately social pleasuring at the seaside, such as were the setting for several of the Jane Austen novels.

Monypenny is a man of energy and resource, and his dream is materialized. A decade passes, and Marlingate, its Parade, Assembly Room, and other characteristically seaside structures, are all held by Monypenny's dominating will inexorably within the bounds of good taste. He loves this growing city of his making, and it becomes a thing of beauty.

Lovingly the author paints its beauties; the white gleaming Parade, the terraced hills ornamented with correct and beautiful homes for the visiting gentry; the pearl and silver tints of the sea, the green and russet of the woods which between them embrace the town. The author gives any number of beautiful word-pictures of the place, but she does more. She builds up a strong and vital story of passionate love, the whole set in a quaintly attractive Victorian atmosphere.

The story takes hold of the reader; at least if he is the kind of reader who enjoys a long and leisurely story told with poetic charm and with a deep perception of the unplumbed depths of human nature.

Sheila Kaye-Smith dives deep into the seas of the soul and she brings up strange things.

For what happened to Monypenny of Marlingate, the distinguished and admired creator of the beautiful seaside resort for the gentry, is strange indeed. Monypenny, too long austere and ascetic in his life, finds love at last, and his choice of honor in the town in place of the illicit love offered him constitutes the great event in the book.

When, however, Monypenny the conventionalist gave way to Monypenny the bereft lover a strange transformation passed over his spirit. He grew to hate the beautiful seaside city of his making, and he took a strange revenge on it for the part it had played in denying him his love.

Whether the peculiar psychology thus developed is or is not founded on the probable is for the reader to decide. But in either case it adds an interesting element to a story of unusual character, and one most fascinatingly told.

TAMARISK TOWN. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

A Kut Prisoner.

Kut surrendered on April 29, 1915, after a long and determined siege by the Turks. The British believed that all ranks would be treated well as the Turks "had always fought and behaved like gentlemen." So says Mr. H. C. W. Bishop in the volume containing a narrative of his adventures. He was a subaltern of the Indian Army Reserve of Officers, joining the forces at Basra and at once moving forward for the capture of Bagdad. After a good deal of desultory fighting the British were sur-

rounded at Kut with results that now belong to history.

Mr. Bishop tells his story in an effective but unemotional way. After a period of captivity he managed to escape into Asia Minor, eventually reaching Aberdeen on October 24th. His treatment seems to have been fairly good, and his story will take its place in the annals of a campaign of which we now know little enough.

A KUT PRISONER. By H. C. W. Bishop. New York: John Lane Company.

The Breathless Moment.

Miss Sabine Fane is reduced to poverty through the death of her improvident father, and she courageously faces the fact by taking service as housekeeper with Miss Vallance and her nephew. The nephew, Mark, ought certainly to be at the war, and Sabine wonders at what seems to be the white feather, until she learns that old Miss Vallance is a Quaker and sternly vetoes the military ambitions of the young man, who is so much in her debt as to enforce compliance with her wishes. Miss Vallance dies at about the time that Mark and Sabine discover that they are in love. Mark prepares at once to enlist, but Sabine suggests that he go away with her for a month in order that they may not be robbed of their "breathless moment." Sabine has a child which she explains by a secret marriage to a man who has been killed, and she continues to live on as housekeeper at Mark's home until he shall come home from the war and marry her. Sabine appears to be a very rash young woman, to say the least of it.

Presently comes a letter from Mark to say that he has been wounded and is coming home. But it is addressed to his aunt, who has been dead for some two years. Sabine quickly guesses the truth. Mark has lost his memory, and so he returns to his home in utter forgetfulness of Sabine, of the "breathless moment," and, of course, of the child that is his. It is an awkward situation for Sabine.

Of course we know that it will be all right in the end and we instantly foresee the operation—"triumph of modern surgery," etc.—that will restore Mark's memory and send him into the arms of the faithful Sabine. But we still think that Sabine took a big chance. She should thank the author for getting her out of a serious mess, and usually it is only authors who do that sort of thing.

THE BREATHLESS MOMENT. By Muriel Hine. New York: John Lane Company.

Brief Reviews.

The Stratford Company has published a little volume of verse entitled "Spanish Moss and English Myrtle," by Margaret Dashiell, and relating in the main to the life of New Orleans.

Thomas Seltzer of New York has published "Touch and Go," by D. H. Lawrence. It is among the Plays for a People's Theatre Series and is concerned with the conflict between labor and capital. Price, \$1.25.

Maud Lindsay is well known as a writer of stories for children. Her latest work is "Bobby and the Big Road," just published by the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. It is intended for children from five to seven years of age. Price, \$1.50.

Lucy Blackburn, author of "Helps on the Popular Game Auction Bridge," just published by the Stewart & Kidd Company, says that she "claims nothing original in these pages, save the arrangement of the choicest cuttings from the best writers on the game and experience gained in the years of teaching."

Dairy Exports Since the War.

The United States Department of Agriculture recently issued statistics showing that the war has caused a considerable increase in the export of dairy products. In 1914 the United States exported only 700,000,000 pounds of milk in the form of butter and cheese and no condensed milk whatever. The war worked wonders, however, in developing our foreign trade in dairy products because of the curtailment in domestic supplies of the Allies and importations from pre-war sources. During 1919 the United States shipped abroad 620,000,000 pounds of milk in the form of butter, 160,000,000 pounds of milk in the form of cheese, and 1,700,000,000 pounds of milk as condensed milk, a total of 2,550,000,000 pounds of milk as dairy products used for foreign shipment.

Indicative of the fact that the United States did not supply foreign countries with all of the dairy products it produced during the war, the factory production of butter during 1918 amounted to 793,289,301 pounds, while the output of cheese was 352,621,615 pounds and the condensed milk total was 1,675,477,360 pounds, enough of these dairy products being kept in the United States to supply domestic needs.

The department has also prepared recently estimates showing how the many billions of pounds of milk produced annually in this country are utilized. Forty-four and one-half per cent. is used as fresh milk for human food purposes, while 36 per cent. of the gross supply

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is converted into butter and 4.5 per cent. is made into cheese; another 4.5 per cent. is transformed into canned milk, 4 per cent. is used in making ice-cream, 4 per cent. is used to feed calves and hogs on farms, and 2.5 per cent. is lost in shrinkage and other waste of the dairying industry.

Anders Zorn, probably the greatest of Swedish painters, has given 160,000 kroner to the University of Stockholm for the establishment of a professorship in the history of Northern art. Several American exchange students are now studying at this Swedish university.

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Harriet and the Piper.
The reader may come to the justifiable conclusion that in this case the piper has made too heavy a charge and that so clever a girl as Harriet should not have allowed herself to worry over it. When Harriet was a young girl in poor circumstances she allowed herself to be dazzled by a clever mountebank called Royal Blondin. She went through an avowedly bogus ceremony, but left him before the marriage, such as it was, had become anything more than a name. Later in life she becomes secretary and housekeeper in the family of Richard Carter. Blondin turns up again and proceeds to make love to the daughter, Nina, threatening Harriet with exposure unless she uses her influence on his behalf. The breath of scandal may ruin her in the eyes of the women of the Carter family and we can understand why she should momentarily allow herself to be terrorized into compliance. But we can not understand why she should hide the facts after her position had become firmly established. So clever a girl must have known that Blondin had nothing to expose except his own rascality. Even when he does reveal the secret to Mr. Carter in order to revenge himself on Harriet for her failure to support his claims she still fails to defend herself by a quiet statement of the facts which must at once have been final.

The motive of the story seems a little weak, but the story itself is capitally told. The fine character of Carter, the sensual frivolity of his wife, are well described. The Carter family is typical of thousands of the newly rich, the kindly simplicity of the father, the vicious vanities of the mother, the dissipated son, the spoiled and selfish daughter who is determined to marry Blondin until she discovers that he has taken a sum of money from her father as his price for the postponement of the wedding. Harriet is, of course, the heroine, and a very good heroine she is in spite of her rather incongruous simplicities and reticences. She grows on us steadily as we read on in the story until at last we feel that she is one of the few heroines of modern fiction whom we shall wish to remember.

HARRIET AND THE PIPER. By Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Banking Progress.
Those who wish for a clear and concise history of banking will find it in this volume by J. Laurence Laughlin. But it is something much more than a history. Mr. Laughlin deals with the banking problems of today, with the various expedients to protect the depositor, and with the workings of the Federal Reserve Act. He points out to us, for example, that a guaranty of deposits would mean a direct inducement to banks to rely on the fund rather than upon their own skill and prudence. Soundness of management would cease to play its part, and deposits would inevitably be secured by those who are less skilled and honest than those who now hold

them. Some of the main topics of the work are "Banking Reform," "The Depositor and the Bank," "Government versus Bank Issues," "The Aldrich-Vreeland Act," "The Lending Power of a Bank," and "The Federal Reserve Act."

BANKING PROGRESS. By J. Laurence Laughlin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$5.

A Brazilian Mystic.
It seems that mysticism is not always so harmless an occupation as we have been led to believe. Mr. Cunningham Graham tells us the story of Antonio Conselheiro, a Brazilian saint and wonder-worker who, some thirty or forty years ago, gathered around him a considerable company of the credulous and established a sort of government at the town of Canudos, between the provinces of Bahia and Pernambuco. The settlement soon grew to as many as twenty thousand persons, and then it began to give trouble. Mysticism gave way to unbridled criminality, and then to a sort of veiled treason. Antonio naturally believed that he was a sort of God, the common failing of mysticism corrupted by flattery. The government sent various peaceful missions to suppress this pesthouse, but they were all ineffective, and at last it was necessary to send an army of some ten thousand men in order to exterminate what had become a nuisance and a danger. We may doubt if the incident is worth quite so large a book, but those interested in primitive Brazilian customs will find here much to repay a perusal.

A BRAZILIAN MYSTIC. By R. B. Cunningham Graham. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Our Unseen Guest.
This is one of the almost innumerable books of supposed "spirit communications" that are now being offered to the public. The messages purport to come from a dead soldier, and it may be said that in quality they are somewhat above the average, although this must not be taken as conveying the implication of praise. Indeed we search in vain for a single new ray of light.

The most remarkable thing about these volumes of "spirit communications" is that they are in hopeless disagreement with one another. Many of them, taken singly, are plausible and sometimes impressive, but their descriptions of the after-life are as wide as the poles apart. Each one seems to be a reflection of what we may reasonably suppose to have been the expectations of the writer.

OUR UNSEEN GUEST. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mexico in Revolution.
The celebrity who visits America is at once invested with a sort of omniscience by a somewhat credulous public and his views on every subject under the sun, even on death and immortality, are eagerly sought. He is invited to investigate the league of nations and to report a prize-fight or a political convention. It was for some such reason as these that Vicente Blasco Ibañez was com-

missioned to go to Mexico and to tell us all about the troubles there, their cause and their cure. The result is now before us in volume form. It is vividly and interestingly written. Its author could not write in any other way, but we hardly feel that we have been illuminated or that the tangle of the Mexican situation has been for the first time unraveled.

MEXICO IN REVOLUTION. By Vicente Blasco Ibañez. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Gossip of Books and Authors.
So great has been the demand for the memoirs of the Empress Eugénie that the telegraphic order for the book exhausted the first edition within one week after D. Appleton & Co. brought out the announcement of the intended publication. The second edition was immediately ordered, and every indication points to the fact that it and the third edition will be sold out before the actual date of publication arrives.

The Barnard gold medal for meritorious service to science was awarded by Columbia University at its one hundred and sixty-sixth annual commencement to Albert Einstein, professor of physics in the University of Berlin in recognition of his highly original and fruitful development of the fundamental concepts of physics through application of mathematics. Professor Einstein's own explanation of his famous theory which has so excited the scientific world will be published in this country in book form under the title, "Relativity: The Special and General Theory," by Henry Holt & Co. According to the publishers, Professor Einstein's book has been translated by Robert W. Lawson of Sheffield University and will be published this fall.

New Books Received.
MISS MINERVA'S BABY. By Emma Speed Sampson. Chicago: The Reilly & Lee Company; \$1.25. The story of a baby.

THE ADVANCING HOUR. By Norman Hapgood. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.50. A political review.

LECTURES ON INDUSTRIAL PSYCHOLOGY. By Bernard Muscio. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3. Second edition (revised).

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO SAINT MATTHEW. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Issued in the "Modern Printed" Edition.

HARRIET AND THE PIPER. By Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. A novel.

AMERICA AND THE NEW ERA. Edited by Elisha M. Friedman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6. A symposium on social reconstruction.

RESCUING THE CZAR. Translated by James P. Smythe. Ph. D. San Francisco: California Printing Company. Two authentic diaries.

SPANISH MOSS AND ENGLISH MYRTLE. By Margaret Dashiell. Boston: The Stratford Company; \$1.25. A volume of verse.

ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN SLAVONIC LITERATURE. Translated by P. Selver. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50. In prose and verse.

INDIAN VENGEANCE. By L. F. Jones. Boston: The Stratford Company; \$1.35. An Indian story.

TREATY-MAKING POWER. By William H. Fleming. Boston: The Stratford Company; \$1.50. A collection of speeches.

Paper Clothing Developed by Germans.
Paper clothing that would withstand the rain and not rasp and crackle as the wearer strode along was one of the novel inventions to which severe war shortage forced the Germans. Dr. Oskar Spohr, who followed the growth of the industry, in a recent review of the steps by which the paper fibre was developed into wearable and washable material, assures his German readers that their paper clothing today is not half bad (says the New York Sun and Herald).

Dr. Spohr tells an interesting story of efforts to clothe a nation when all sources of supply of materials formerly used were effectively sealed. The problem, he shows, was one of the largest magnitude, for before the war Germany was dependent upon the outside world for 98.5 per cent. of her total consumption of textile raw materials. When the stores on hand began to fail the outlook was serious indeed.

All the old and out-of-date clothing of the nation was brought out of forgotten chests and long neglected store rooms and this supply eked out the needs of the people for a time. Meanwhile textile technologists made feverish search for some substitute. Early in the war it was proposed that rahhits should be raised in unprecedented number to supply the failing national table with meat and the looms threatened with starvation with a new wool fibre. It was soon shown, however, that rahhit wool could not stop the gap.

It was soon decided, Dr. Spohr reports, that only wood pulp could be produced in sufficient quantity to cope with the huge textile demand. The working of wood pulp into paper fibre of durability had been done before the war for

the purpose of bag-making and the making of covers for inside use.
The raw material after treatment with heat and chemicals, consists of tiny fibres, two to four millimeters long, or much too short to be spun upon any machines so far invented. It was necessary, therefore, to work these tiny fibres into paper, cut the paper into strips and spin these strips. The resulting yarn had all the disadvantages that one would ordinarily imagine. Woven into cloth it was hard, brittle, easily tearable, and, when wet, it dissolved much like ordinary paper. It was serious business to venture forth into the rain clad in the early paper suits.

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"FRIVOLITIES" AT THE COLUMBIA.

I happened to go to the Columbia on a belated matinee survey of their attraction, and went there expecting to see a forest of girls. While waiting outside—I was rather early and the crowd had not begun—along came a gray-haired dame in the sixties. Presently there straggled along two white-haired ladies who were, I should say, just climbing the rock-hound slopes to the seventies. Following these came a cozy matron in the fifties, chumming with her twenty-five-year-old daughter. This seemed a little more reasonable, but at this moment a weary, dim-eyed old citizeness of eighty tottered past me. I rubbed my eyes and looked around. But it was just a white-headed coincidence, for just about this time the stream of short-skirted, high-heeled femininity began, and the normal basis was restored. But several times during the ensuing performance my thoughts turned to those venturesome grayheads and I wondered what they thought of "the show."

It was a great show: no mistake. A real leg-and-hare-hack show. There were almost too many girls to count, and they had been selected for looks, shape, and the ability to carry gorgeous costumes with a suitable amount of swagger. "Frivolities" purports to be the naughty devices showed by Satan to console those who mourn over the alleged shortage of alcoholic refreshment. So Satan and the cluhman denied of his drinks pass from place to place, and everywhere handsome girls, dressed, overdressed or underdressed, file before the pair, showing bare legs, hare hacks, hare shoulders, and sometimes a ceinture of hare flesh peeping coyly out above a pair of Oriental pantalets. Goodness, but the diversity of costumes they think up for this sort of thing! The girls must have been prancing like mad out of one bewildering collection of horned, and veiled, and turreted, and Chinese-pagodaed, and Turkish-trousered costumes into another. Sometimes they were like animated clothes-horses, their arms extended, as they slowly paced across the stage, while, with their legs, hacks, and shoulders in temporary draped retirement, they dragged yards and yards of gayly-colored and patterned stuffs after them, or allowed them to

hang in effective folds from their extended arms.

Ingenuity almost exhausted its resources. "Lovers' Lane" showed a valentine-like series of vistas connected by a winding path, along which lovers dressed in valentine pinks and blues sauntered until the entire stage was like a living valentine. Pretty girls attired in costumes of gay feathers swung in hoops like great parrots, fed the while with sweets by an attentive youth. Farmerettes in overalls, sailor girl-hoys in natty sailor suits, languorous odalisques in striking Oriental costumes, pretty Eves done up in a costume of leaves and blonde switches were among the girl effects. There were girls spilling all over the place, the chicklets looking—some of them—not quite grown up. The Eves were armed with long fishing-poles, from the ends of which dangled Japanese paper confections of some kind, with which they dallied with the hare spots on a luckless haldhead's skull. Rather cheeky on the part of the producers, it would seem. What about the haldhead that has a natural sense of dignity? However, this part of the show went rather flat at a matinee, as to make a suitable appeal it requires oodles of young men in the audience.

They have three good comedians, by the way, one of them, Frank Davis, presenting, with the aid of Belle Darnell, a characteristic and complete vaudeville turn called "Birdseed." Joseph Rolley is also expert in retailing blackface humor, Edward Gallagher serving as an excellent second. All three of these men helped on the hurlesque of "Omar the Tent-Maker," another comedian, Henry Lewis, doing promiscuous frivols by his lone. Mr. Lewis is that type of comedian who retails what Henry Arthur Jones has aptly described as "the sniggering, veiled indecencies of musical comedy." The putting out the light song was full of vulgar suggestion, and what made it worse was the ready-wittedness of the comedian in conveying a sense of prurience. Probably he has to do it, but he does it too, too well. It wouldn't be so deplorable if that were the only thing he can do, but this entertainer is expert in the line of amusing monologue.

They have a good musical-comedy tenor in the person of Richard Bold, whose powerful voice—sometimes unnecessarily forced—was heard to special advantage in "Music," a group of operatic arias rendered by Mr. Bold, the heroines of whom he sang being represented by a number of handsomely costumed beauties emerging at the auspicious moment from a huge phonograph cabinet.

There were lots of other features; any amount of them; dancing stunts, acrobatics, scenic effects, and of course a grand finale. "Frivolities," of course, is a rival to "Follies," and both always win a large and light-minded following.

"THE CRIMSON ALIBI."

All the plays of the day seem to be just story, nowadays. No man dare prophesy the future, these troublous times. Hug ourselves for our immunity though we may, Americans may yet be forced to play a part in another world tragedy. For the masses are learning their power, and America is the richest field in the world for looting. So the feeling is among the majority, entirely subconscious though it is with many, "Let's be gay, for tomorrow—" The dash is as far as our imagination goes.

Hence follies, frivolities, farces, and Crimson Alibis. The world, our world, must be well fed, well dressed, well amused during this transitional period. Yes, even though economies have begun, we must still be amused. "Who wants to think?" cries the world. "Bring on your Crimson Alibis!"

There is, to be sure, a spiritistic element in the great success "Smilin' Through." But the play, like everything else, is just story; just pretty, romantic, pathetic, pleasing story.

No, the professional thinkers can keep on the job, and once in a while we will listen, half fearfully and half abstractedly, to their pronouncements. As for the news in the daily press, well, we have begun to skim. We know, now, that this is a world of lies. German propaganda was so well done that it has opened our eyes to the fact that nearly every journal is a propagandist of some sort. So bring on your Crimson Alibis and keep us entertained, for fairy tales are necessary to replace our lost faiths.

"The Crimson Alibi" is that form of fairy story known as the detective play; the detective play of the benevolent stripe. The foxy author, like Hetty Green, writes his play backward, and six persons, I believe, were under suspicion for the murder in the prologue before they were all lined up in a final act, quaking one by one under the accusing finger of the Sherlock Holmes named David Carroll.

The foxy author, I started to say, took particular pains to win the liking or sympathy of the audience for each suspect. As for the others, he made them amiable, agreeable, pleasant people to have round. Even the detectives did not seem to yearn to hustle those they suspected, and when they arrested and handcuffed a man they did it considerably, regretfully, and with friendly sympathy.

Every one of the suspected ones had some agreeable, ingratiating trait. The one anathematized person was comfortably dead; murdered in the prologue.

The play begins with a dark stage, and we can only see faintly moving shadows, and hear the death cry of the murdered one; which, as he is supposed to be old and feeble, was a perfectly good specimen of a death cry. Yet the audience laughed aloud, in that irritating way that youthful audiences do laugh, every now and then, at perfectly satisfactory histrionic effects. I suppose it is a sort of artless vent for youthful excitement, but it must be rather trying to the players. At any rate the audience was thoroughly enjoying itself, even if it did laugh. And it had plenty of occasion for legitimate laughter in the subsequent acts, between the happy exuberances of Ben Erway's amateur detective and the half-shrewd, half-guileless old lady housekeeper presented so engagingly by Emelie Melville.

It won't do to tell the story. We should never spoil the surprises of the drama, nor tell anything that would cause a let-up on the suspense. Sometimes in discussing a serious play one has to, but with Crimson Alibis the whole point is to keep the audience guessing.

The author, of course, indulges in some trickery; or is disingenuous, to say the least. But in Crimson Alibis that is his inalienable right. And although his play does not purport to be any more than a whiler away of several idle hours, yet he whiles them away entertainingly, the Alcazar company backing him up with youthful zest.

Mr. Ayres is on the stage the greater part of the time, as the Sherlock Holmes of the cast, but Inez Ragan made rather a tardy appearance in the emotional rôle selected for her. Stage authors, by the way, should never omit such little points as this: A few minutes before the arrest of her man the tenderly devoted Mary hands over \$700 to him, that he may escape. Rather a fat wad, it struck me. for Larry to absorb, even in these h. c. l. days. When they arrested Larry I found that \$700 very much on my mind, and felt an uneasy desire to see it handed back to its rightful owner. And so, I do not doubt, did lots of fellow-spectators. Funny, isn't it, that half-detached, half-illusioned state of mind of even so sophisticated an observer as a professional reviewer.

The author is pretty cute about keeping his dozen characters to the fore, and it is rather amusing in the last act to note the workings out of his device to give each one a little try at the emotional spotlight.

The extreme benevolence of his attitude, however, rather went beyond limits when Sherlock said, magisterially, to the guilty one, "And no American jury would convict you." Whereupon the guilty one took his hat, with a relieved air, and prepared to march off with the released ones.

The company did so well that one does not need to particularize, except in the case of the new man, Murray F. Barnard, who was very satisfactory in the rôle of the next-morning young roysterer who doesn't know whether or not he did the deed in a state of alcoholic frenzy.

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB CONCERT.

The Bohemian Club concert began quite conventionally with the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," Messrs. Rudolph Seiger, J. R. Gallet, Uda Waldrop, and Ulderico Marcelli attending respectively to the violin, the harp, the organ,

and the leadership. In spite of its expectancy in regard to original contributions from club members, the audience enjoyed the number thoroughly; and then settled down to listen to Eugene Blanchard's Prelude to "When the Nile Flows to Athens." This composition was a revival, to the friends of the members, of music already heard and passed on. But this Orientally-colored composition, with its soothingly sweet beginning developing into the sustained flow of a faded river, upon whose hosom is reflected the rich and varied drama of life, proved to be a most fortunate selection for a revival of a past but unforgotten success.

Following this came a later revival: two

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selections from Domenico Brescia's Grove Play "Life" (1919); one the Preamble, which seemed to the uninitiated to express youth's expectancy and life's undertones and overtones. The "Flower Dance" and "Finale" was full of gayety blended with dreamfulness that real dance music should express. Perhaps there was something of an effort perceptible in its more showy passages, but the finale, with its suggestion of strength and sincerity, left an excellent impression.

Three very good selections from two of his operas were Henry Hadley's contribution to the programme. Each composer led the orchestra that rendered his own composition, and Mr. Hadley's experience as a leader told immediately in the smoothness and finish of the concerted playing, and greater unity of tone.

There is considerable virtuosity evident in Mr. Hadley's compositions. His ample experience tells here, also, for he knows well the resources of orchestral music. His music is characterized more by finish and conventional adherence than originality, but nevertheless he has good reason to be proud of all three of the selections presented.

The Grove Play of 1920, entitled "Ilya of Murom," composed by Mr. Ulderico Marcelli, was represented in eight selections given both vocally and instrumentally. The Prelude and Lament were a striking harmonious blend of the sorrow of the crippled Ilya with the woodland joy of the peasants. Mr. Marcelli is very much of a modernist in style, and these varied compositions—religious, demoniac, funereal—showed a wide range of dramatic expression. The youth and temperament of the young composer tell in his music, which has much individuality.

A fine male chorus assisted the orchestra in rendering these selections, and with Mr. Wallace Sahin at the organ the group led up

to an imposing Finale. There did not seem to be quite enough woe in the Funeral March, but it was, all the same, a fine spectacular example of elegiac composition.

There were some enjoyable vocal solos on the programme contributed by the young tenor Mr. Harry Robertson, whose voice is very pleasing and who sang his French songs with French grace, but whose French accent needs mending. Mr. Robertson also rendered songs of romantic longing very prettily.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

The management of the Columbia announces the first local presentation on next Monday evening, August 16th, of California's playwright, Maude Fulton, who will appear at the head of what appears to be a splendid cast in her newest play, "The Humming Bird."

Miss Fulton, who appears in the double rôle of author and star, has conceived a drama of the regeneration of the French Apache, through the united influence of patriotism and a rather deftly conceived love affair.

Miss Fulton is seen as Toinette, the girl of Montmartre, and has incorporated the same elfin charm which made her "Brat" so effective a figure before the footlights and later on the silver sheet.

In the cast which Oliver Morosco has selected will be found several names which command instant attention, including that of Henry B. Walthall, the distinguished screen star, who will make his legitimate stage debut before a San Francisco audience on Monday evening.

Others in the surrounding company are Harlan Tucker, Marie Walcamp, Arthur Stewart Hull, Grace Travers, Paisley Noon, Ernest Anderson, Leah Penman, Florence Oberle, Frank Whitson, and Mildred Cates. All in all, the engagement promises to be one of the most interesting of the early season.

The Curran Theatre.

Coming to the Curran Sunday night for a limited engagement is "The Satires of 1920," the stellar vehicle of Fanchon and Marco for the 1920-21 season. Miss Eva Clark is the prima donna and Arthur West, Al Wohlman, Lloyd and Wells, and John Sheehan are the comedians. The hook of the piece is by Jean Havez, whose work for Ziegfeld's Follies is famed, and the costumes are the creations of Lester of Chicago. The super revue has a definite plot and is a satirization of the motion-picture industry.

The Orpheum.

An unusual vaudeville bill, headed by Singer's Midgets in their new enlarged act of ten scenes and one hour's duration, is the Orpheum attraction to open Sunday afternoon.

Thirty tiny men and women, twenty ponies, three midget elephants, fifteen hunting dogs, numerous other animals, and three carloads of scenic and electrical effects now are included in Singer's Midgets' newest vaudeville presentation.

Every variety of entertainment from the

Wild West ring to the fashion forum will be delineated by these remarkable vest-pocket personages, it is declared. They qualify as artists, regardless of their minuteness.

An interesting bill accompanies the midgets. Georgia Campbell and the team of Dooley and Storey, both of this week, further augment the approaching Orpheum offering.

Newcomers will be Raymond Wylie and company in "The Futuristic Jail-Bird"; Roy La Pearl, the noted aerialist, with his company; "Sassy" Lillian Gonne and Bert Alhert, depicting old-time school days; Misses Shaw and Campbell in an artistic musical act; and Willa and Harold Browne, who create "rag pictures" of extreme heaviness from stray hits of cloth. Topics of the Day and the Orpheum Orchestra are standard features, always found at the Orpheum.

The Alcazar Theatre.

The Alcazar is having a wonderful summer season. There was never a time in its history when greater variety of widely contrasting dramatic successes were presented in rapid weekly succession. The acting company never included more popular, versatile, high quality players. The skillful arrangement of plays exerts universal appeal to theatre-goers who want constant variety. From this week's thrilling entanglements of "The Crimson Alihi" there follows next Sunday vivid contrast in "Why Marry?" the satirical comedy of marriage and divorce by Jesse Lynch Williams. "Why Marry?" is the recital of week-end happenings at a fashionable house party, where family problems of expedient marriage and get-relief-quick divorce find startling solution. The persons involved are Dudley Ayres and Inez Ragan, as the idealistic young scientists, madly in love and defiant of public opinion; Henry Shumer, as the philosophical judge; Brady Kline, Gladys Emmons, and Ben Erway, as social climbers; Frederick Green, as the hatter, and Al Cunningham, as the well-intentioned clergyman who can not stifle his conscience.

Revival of "Peg o' My Heart" for the week of August 22d becomes a necessity to satisfy the demands of thousands away on vacation or unable to secure seats during the phenomenal engagement of a month ago. The Alcazar's presentation of this romance has never been surpassed.

AMERICA HAS LARGEST CAVES.

None of the peculiar formations of the earth are more interesting than caves, and many are the adventures that have been had by the explorers of these often mysterious caverns. The very word "cave" seems to have a strong attraction for everybody. Some of the best and most interesting stories have been written about adventures in caves, so they have always been well advertised on our library shelves. And then we must remember that caves were the only homes of many people who lived in the undiscovered parts of the world thousands of years ago, and this in itself adds much historical interest to these natural tunnels under the surface of the earth.

So far as is now known, the United States can lay claim to having the largest caves in the world, and first among these is, naturally, Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. It is only about eighty-five miles from Louisville. Upon visiting its depths it is easy to see how the word mammoth is coupled with its natural name, for parts of it have been explored for a distance of over 150 miles and maps made so that the guides themselves can not get lost. The main body of the cave is only about three miles long, yet parts of this section furnish the famous halls and domes, some of which are 175 feet wide and 125 feet high.

This great cavern has many small lakes and rivers, the best known of these being Echo River, which reverberates an echo to an untold distance, repeating the sound of your voice until only a whisper is heard at the last. The fish in this and the other bodies of water are white and have no eyes. There are also crickets, bats, flies, beetles, spiders, and other queer blind creatures to be found here, and it is interesting to watch them when they are taken out into the light. Being blind, their movements are quite slow and cautious when compared to their kind that live out in the open. In taking a hike through this world's largest cave the guides light up the way so that many beautiful things can be seen, such as the Star Chamber, where the lofty ceiling is studded with snowy crystals that glisten like diamonds. When white men first discovered Mammoth Cave they found many stone arrowheads, pieces of torches, and other relics which indicated that it had once been a meeting place for the Indians, and for all we know countless numbers of war dances may have taken place in the famous Star Chamber just mentioned.

Wyandotte Cave is another one of our great caverns and ranks next to Mammoth Cave in both size and interest. It is in Crawford County, Indiana, and so far has been explored for more than twenty-three miles. In its



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depths are found many formations similar to those of its bigger sister, one of the chambers being 200 feet high and 300 feet broad. The temperature and moisture in the air are so even that you can walk a great distance without feeling the least fatigue until coming out into the open once more. But if you happen to be one of those few folks who do not indulge in hikes you'll certainly feel the results of the long walk after sitting around for a few minutes.

Distinguished literary men are just like ordinary folk after all. They do not live in a cloud of inspiration, and the incentive that people burn under their noses is likely to choke them. Mark Twain once told a hysterical admirer that he had writer's cramp early in his career. When asked what he took for it he answered, "Beefsteak." Samuel Johnson, although not an ordinary man in any of his ideas or habits, took a very commonplace view of his profession. He said that a man was a fool to write for anything but money, and when asked if he did not like to write he answered that it is not pleasant to write, but it is pleasant to have written. An inquisitive woman was once talking with James Whitcomb Riley about the poor material reward that comes to poets. "But, Mr. Riley," she said, "you have no cause for complaint. You must be a very rich man. I understand that you get a dollar a word for all you write." "Yes, madam," said Riley, with his slow drawl, "but sometimes I sit all day and can't think of a single word."

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None the less it seems that there is a fly in the ointment. Something must be paid for beautification and rejuvenation. The lady admits that she is "just crazy with joy." Where is the lady of forty-nine who would not be?

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But she must not show her joy in the usual way. She must not laugh. She must not even smile. Needless to add that she must not cry. Probably she does not want to cry, although one would think that a prohibition of laughter would be equivalent to an incitement to tears. The ravages inflicted upon the feminine countenance are due, it seems, to laughing and crying. The old adage, "Weep no more, ladies," becomes hygienic as well as sentimental, but it must be supplemented by a similar injunction against laughing. "I daren't smile or cry," says the Paris beauty. "That would start the wrinkles all over again. I should never have needed the operation if I hadn't gone round laughing and weeping all my life."

It seems a pity that laughing should be banned, that it should thus be pilloried as the enemy of feminine beauty. There seems a good deal to laugh at just now, even though the laughter be of the cynical variety. We wonder why the lady laughed so much, and also why she cried so much. It is easy to have an excess of either. Was it not said that the laughter of fools is like the crackling of thorns under a pot. There are tears and laughter that are only skin deep.

The New York Times permits itself to discuss this world-shaking event in its editorial columns. What, it asks, is beauty? Portrait painters revel in lines, wrinkles and crows'-feet, but a non-artistic world, and particularly its male portion, is supposed to abhor them. But does man really abhor them? There are so many current fictions about the male taste. It is supposed to favor a fashionable attire for women, but that it does nothing of the kind is one of the things that every man knows. Men would rather have laughter and wrinkles than no laughter and no wrinkles, always provided that the laughter is of a tolerable kind. Says the editorial writer in the Times:

"And the gayety he loves is not that which springs from the sense of personal and selfish well-being, but from sympathy and from a genuine joy in the human comedy. No man who has ever felt the delight of whole-souled, humorous comradeship can have anything but love and reverence for the lines it leaves—even wrinkles and crows'-feet. And then there is the matter of tears. Men, it is said, hate tears. They do; but only of a certain kind—the kind of which one suspects the Parisian lady to have been guilty. In the whole scope of a man's nature there is probably no emotion so strong as that which is evoked by tears of genuine grief in his womenfolk."

"So one sees what a creature is man, how noble in reason, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god! If he had his own way there would be no Midnight Frolics and Follies, no Winter Garden. Like Hamlet, he scorns all who, God having given them one face, make themselves another. If he acknowledges any other mood, it can be only the result of that mouthful in the Garden of Eden, which he never would have thought of eating if only the woman whom he revered, and so mistakenly trusted, had not tempted him."

The Turkish woman is being emancipated. Almost any man may now look upon her face and live. She still wears the yashmak, but she wears it very much as she wears her appendix, as a sort of record of obsolete functions. She throws it back and exposes her countenance. And a very pleasing countenance it often is.

There has always been a good deal of humbug about the yashmak anyway. Mohammedan law says that the face of the woman must be covered, but it does not say what with. It does not prescribe the opacity of the veil, and some of the veils were of the finest muslin and nearly as transparent as glass. Women of the poorer class were not able to afford the finer materials, and with them the yashmak was often a real veil. You could see nothing of the face and were left to speculate as to its beauty. Elderly women and women who were not beautiful were apt to favor the denser materials and to hope for a favorable guess, but the actual beauties were not disposed to leave anything at all to guesswork. Even the changes of expression could be discerned through the yashmak.

It is the war that has done the miracle.

The Turkish women had to do the work of the men, and there were many kinds of work that could not be done while wearing the yashmak. Turkish opinion strongly disapproved of women working in the telephone exchange, but the women took the matter into their own hands. They needed the money for one thing, so they threw away the yashmak and went to work. Other Turkish women who had to work in the fields found their labor unheatable if they retained the yashmak, so they discarded it. The religious authorities remonstrated and threatened, but it made no difference. Why even in America there have been cases of feminine rebellion against the dictates of convention. It was observed also that the Turkish women were showing laxity in other respects. They rode freely in public conveyances, and they were not so careful as of yore in drawing the curtains that were intended to hide them from the public gaze.

With jade for ornaments increasing in price from five to six times what it was previous to the great war, it is interesting to know that the largest known hock of jade in existence is in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City (says an article in the New York Times). The big stone looks to the average observer to be about as large as that famous piece of rock they keep under an elaborate arch at Plymouth, Massachusetts, the famous Plymouth Rock upon which the Pilgrims landed. Its actual size is seven feet in length by four in width and its weight is three tons.

The Museum's block of jade does not look unlike the Plymouth Rock, for while jade always suggests a beautifully polished green, or perhaps white stone, this, being in the rough, looks very much like any other boulder.

While the big piece of jade is one of the museum's great curiosities it is not, as might be supposed, in a conspicuous place, say in the big central hall of the museum on the main floor. This is because it is used as a part of an anthropological exhibit and on it is poised a Maori warrior, life size, in an attitude suggestive of a war dance, with a knife poised in an upraised hand.

The warrior is an interesting person himself. He is in native costume, which consists of tattooing on the face and the upper part of the legs and a breech cloth. The model was cast from life. The original was Hautuoterangi, a Maori dancer, who was one of a troupe brought to this country a few years ago to perform at the Hippodrome. The statue was the work of Sigurd Neandross, and in the difficult pose in which it is done is considered one of the finest and most realistic figures of this kind in the museum.

Monsieur Hautuoterangi is poised upon the block of jade because that stone is found in very considerable quantities in New Zealand and is prized by the Maoris both as an article of value and also as a lucky stone. Besides making ornaments and charms of the jade, the Maoris carved axe-shaped implements from it, drilled at the upper ends, and carried by their chiefs as badges of office.

The greater part of New Zealand jade is found on the western coast of South Island in boulders which usually appear in mountain streams. This big block of jade was found on South Island in 1902. It is of the green variety, none of the white jade being found in New Zealand, and the interior ranges from apple green to the richest tones of emerald. The outer surfaces are subject to change and, like this great houlder, are a subtranslucent brown or yellow brown.

Jade is usually considered one of the hardest of stones. It is not, however, actually as hard as quartz, but it is a tough stone and requires much more effort in shaping and polishing than either quartz or agate.

There was no such place as Beacon, New York, at the time of the 1910 census, but now the city of that name reports a population of 10,996. The explanation is that in 1913 Fishkill Landing and Matteawan were incorporated under the new designation. Fishkill Landing, on the other hand, has a familiar sound in Providence. It was the western goal of the organizers of the Providence, Hartford and Fishkill Railroad of more than half a century ago—a road that afterwards became the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill, and later successively a part of the Boston, Hartford and Erie, the New York and New England, the New England and the New York, New Haven and Hartford. The history of the 200-mile stretch of track from Providence to Beacon thus fairly epitomizes the history of railroad change and consolidation in the United States as a whole during the last two generations.—Providence Journal.

A professorship in the history of the United States has been urged for the University of Oxford by Lord Rothermere, who has offered £20,000 for the endowment.

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Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

To Kipling an American once wrote: "Hearing that you are retailing literature at \$1 a word, I enclose \$1 for a sample." Mr. Kipling complied with "Thanks" and kept the dollar. Two weeks later the American wrote, "Sold the 'Thanks' anecdote for \$2. Enclosed please find 46 cents in stamps, being half the profits on the transaction, less the postage."

Titus Titmouse was infuriated, but the editor of the *Western Wind* shut him up in two seconds. "Is this the newspaper office?" inquired Mr. Titmouse. "It is," responded the man at the desk. "Didn't this paper say I was a liar?" "It did not." "Didn't it say I was a scoundrel?" "It did not." "Well, some paper said it." "Possibly it was our contemporary down the street," suggested the editor, as he picked up a paperweight. "This paper never prints stale news."

"Most of the remedies for the social unrest—and the social unrest is a very deep and menacing thing—most of the remedies for it remind me forcibly of little Johnny Jones. Johnny Jones, you know, was studying botany, and he declared that he had an infallible way to tell the difference between mushrooms and toadstools. 'When you git vi'lent spasms,' said little Johnny, 'with cramps, swellin' of the feet, and partial loss of vision endin' in insanity and death—then it aint mushrooms.'"

Shortly after the arrival of the professional play producer a young amateur came up and, much to his annoyance, began to tell him what to do. "I must have a part to suit me," he said. "I am always one of the principals in our productions, and I'm usually a big success." "You must allow me to be the best judge of a suitable cast," was the dry reply. A few days later, at rehearsal, the cast chosen

was read out, and the name of the budding Irving was omitted. "Why am I not given a part?" he asked in a great rage. "You have not been overlooked," the great man replied with dignity. "You are to be the first onion in the market scene."

For sheer loyalty, at once to truth and to home industries, the palm belongs to the oldest inhabitant in a small Illinois town where the noon hour found a tourist waiting for a train. He stopped the old-timer to inquire where he could obtain a meal. "There be two restrants," was the answer, "down 'round the corner, one on this side of the street, and th' other acrost from it, and," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "if y' go to one you'll wish y'd gone t' th' other."

A recently discharged soldier, who had unpleasant memories of his military experience, took the first opportunity after resuming his civilian clothes to write to his former colonel: "Sir—After what I have suffered for the last two years, it gives me much pleasure to tell you and the army to go to hell, a place to which only the wicked are consigned." In due course he got his reply: "Sir—Any suggestion or inquiries concerning the movement of troops must be entered on army form 2132, a copy of which I enclose."

Cornelius Vanderbilt, supping recently in a fashionable New York restaurant, gazed with critical admiration at the beautiful young women all around him. Most of them wore the new and striking type of décolleté gowns Paris has recently invented, sleeveless affairs, cut under the arms like the jersey of a young athlete. "I suppose," he mused, "that when a young woman is very beautiful she should wear these things, and yet," and he smiled: "She reminds me of the prophet. Not much on her in her own country."

Blasco Ibañez, the Spanish novelist, was talking in New York about the cubists. "I know a cubist in Madrid," he said, "who paints portraits that look like eggs, chairs, bottles, rocks—anything but the models they are painted from. I dropped in on this cubist in his studio one morning, and found him examining with low, troubled oaths some twenty or thirty of his masterpieces. 'What's the matter, old man?' I said. 'The matter is,' said he, 'that Don Mucho Denarom, the oil profiteer, has just sent around for his portrait, and to save my life I can't remember which it is.'"

A clerk in the employ of a Chicago business man, while a fair worker, is yet an individual of pronounced eccentricity. One day a wire basket fell on the top of the clerk's desk and scratched his cheek. Not having any court plaster at hand, he slapped on three 2-cent postage stamps and continued his work. A few minutes later he had occasion to take some papers to his employer's private office. When he entered the "old man," observing the postage stamps on the clerk's cheek, fixed him with an astonished stare. "Look here, Tom!" he exclaimed. "You are carrying too much postage for second-class matter."

During the recent epidemic for naming old-established spots after the new heroes brought into being by the great war Charles M. Schwab was called upon to speak at one of the rechristening exercises. He mentioned how appropriate the new name was and then said: "This occasion reminds me of another I attended several years ago. It was

on the frontier and the citizens had gathered to give their little town a nice big name. Suddenly a voice boomed from the back of the crowd: 'Gentlemen, I move we name this here burg Old Glory.' 'Why'n tarnation do yuh want caller that?' demanded the chairman, reaching for his gun. 'Waal,' answered the man with the hunch, 'she aint never goin' to be nothin' but a flag station.'"

Since her husband had become a government contractor Mrs. Newton had put on no end of style. Recently she gave a reception and thought to impress her guests by having the gardener in to help at table. He managed fairly well except for spilling the tea on the frock of the doctor's wife and treading on the vicar's pet corn. But he got tired of offering thin bread and butter to one old lady. At the seventh trip he bent down and advised in husky tones, which rang through the room: "If ye was to slap two or three pieces together, ma'am, mebbe you'd get a mouthful."

The American tourist had hustled through England, Wales, and part of Scotland in a few days. Now he was visiting Loch Lomond with its "bonny, bonny banks," a guidebook in one hand and a time-table in the other. In these days of cinema wonders it's strange that Americans ever bother to go abroad. They could "see it in the pictures." A local worthy was acting as a guide, and his face fell when the visitor remarked candidly that they possessed many much finer "beauty spots" in the states. "Ha'e ye?" remarked the son of Scotia coldly. "Ah, weel, jist ye come away, tae the tap o' this hill, an' Ah'll show ye something ye havenna' got in Ameriky." After a laborious climb, the pair reached the summit. Then the guide recommended the American just to turn round slowly and view the landscape o'er. During the process he called the tourist's attention to a number of large buildings in different directions. "Waal, what are they?" asked the bored visitor. "Distcleeries!" replied the Scot in savage triumph. "An' all wurkin'."

THE MERRY MUSE.

In the Subjunctive.

If I were a hotel waiter
And you were a manicure
What bounty of fate were greater?
We'd go to the best the-yater
With seats from a speculator,
And never again be poor,
If I were a hotel waiter
And you were a manicure!

If I were a taxi pirate
And you were a waitress fair,
We'd never again be irate
When living attained a big rate;
In the giddiest whirl we'd gyrate
With never a fret or care,
If I were a taxi pirate
And you were a waitress fair.

If I were a master plumber
And you were a check-room pest,
Our town bouse would be a bummer,
We'd live at the shore in summer;
While now—one must be a slummer
To get to our little nest.
Ah, were I a wealthy plumber
And you but a check-room pest!

If I were a garment cutter
And you were a lady's maid,
At prices we'd never mutter,
In satins and silks you'd flutter,
And we could have milk and butter
And eggs that were newly laid,
If I were a garment cutter
And you were a lady's maid!

But since I'm a versifier
And you're on a magazine,
I've gone and I've bocked my lyre,
Our larder grows daily shyer,
And we have no luxury higher
Than oleomargarine!
For I am a versifier
And you're on a magazine.
—Berton Braley in Life.

The Ace.

Let others delight in the aeroplane's flight
High over the clouds that are fleecy and white;
Or get a big car and go speeding afar
Where silvery daisies the green meadows star;
Or gallop away on a roan or a bay
On roads where the boofs a wild symphony play.
No envy disturbs my enjoyment serene,
Contented I pilot my little machine.

When the shadows are long and the cricket's shrill song
Is beard, and the beetles are playing ping-pong,
I push it with ease while enjoying the breeze,
The scent of the roses, the drone of the bees.

I've no tires to replace, fear no fall out of space,
With lawn-mower I am a conquering ace.
My lawn is like velvet, though small is its measure,
For mowing the grass is my principal pleasure.
—New York Sun.

"At last Bulger has gotten his book published." "Who by?" "When he was elected to Congress he read it into the Congressional Record."—Washington Post.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Sallie Calhoun, to Mr. Benjamin Foster, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Foster of San Rafael.

Mr. W. Harr of Washington, D. C., has announced the engagement of his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Harr, to Mr. Lilo Perrin, son of Dr. and Mrs. Edward B. Perrin of Arizona.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Burnham and Dr. Harold Hill was solemnized last Thursday night at the home of Dr. Clark Burnham in Berkeley, Bishop W. F. Nichols officiating. Mrs. Wheaton Brewer was the matron of honor and Dr. Sumner Hardy the best man. Dr. Hill is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hill of Redlands.

Mrs. Frank Deering gave a luncheon Monday at the Francisco Club in honor of Mrs. James Laidlaw of New York. Among her guests were Mrs. William Denman, Mrs. Charles Norris, Dr. Aurelia Rinehart, Dr. Millicent Cosgrave, and Miss Ethel Moore.

Mrs. Charles McIntosh was a luncheon hostess Tuesday at her home in Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre gave a luncheon Sunday at their home in Menlo Park.

Mr. Edward Malthy was a dinner host last Saturday, when he had as his guests Mr. and Mrs.

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Francis Langton, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Lorna Williamson, Mr. Edward Johnson, Mr. Benno Hart, Jr., and Mr. William Veach.

Mr. Frank Anderson gave a luncheon last Friday at the Pacific Union Club at which Mr. James Laidlaw of New York was the guest of honor.

Mrs. Paul Foster was a luncheon hostess Tuesday in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Baker and Mr. and Mrs. John Pigott were the guests of honor at a dinner-dance at which Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Baker and Dr. and Mrs. George Willcutt entertained Saturday night at the Lagunitas Country Club. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Paul Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mr. and Mrs. John Selfridge, Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Eustis, Judge and Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd Eells, Mr. and Mrs. George Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz, Mr. and Mrs. Graeme Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans, Mr. and Mrs. James Jenkins, Rev. and Mrs. Henry Ohlthoff, Mr. and Mrs. Milten Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ford, Mr. and Mrs. John Cushing, Rev. and Mrs. Charles Deems, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee, Dr. and Mrs. Lorenz Schemerhorn, Mr. and Mrs. Rulison Knox, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Mrs. Thomas Brooke, Mrs. Lawrence Symmes, Miss Mauricia Mintzer, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Helen Ashton, Miss

Sallie Calhoun, Miss Mildred Calhoun, Miss Marie Brewer, Miss Marjorie Pittman, Miss Catherine Pittman, Miss Alice Oge, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Alice Carr, Miss Sara Coffin, Miss Beatrice Howitt, Miss Janet Danner, Miss Margaret Bahcock, Mr. John Kittle, Mr. Alan Kittle, Mr. Norman Ford, Mr. Geoffrey Ford, Mr. Benjamin Foster, Mr. Evan Evans, Jr., Mr. Arthur Evans, Mr. Kittle Boyd, Mr. D. Campbell, Mr. Charles Boericke, Mr. Lucio Mintzer, Mr. William Jackson, Mr. Philip Baker, Mr. W. Hopkins, Mr. Alfred Holmes, Mr. Kenneth Moore, and Mr. John Cassell.

In honor of Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Ziel, Miss Charlotte Ziel, and Mr. John Ziel, Mrs. Alfred DuBois, Mrs. Harry Johnson, and Miss Marie Lichtenberg entertained at a dance last Saturday evening in San Rafael. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Weaver, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Judge and Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mr. and Mrs. William Hammon, Mr. and Mrs. Stanleigh Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Menzies, Mr. and Mrs. Christian Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Wehster Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Ashe, Mr. and Mrs. William Horn, Mrs. Jonathan Kittle, Mrs. Thomas Brooke, Mrs. Frank Winchester, Mrs. W. D. Carr, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Truxton Beale, Mrs. Frederick Foster, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Alice Oge, Miss Mauricia Mintzer, Miss Sara Coffin, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Patience Winchester, Mr. John Kittle, Mr. Stanford Gwin, Mr. Wilherforce Williams, Mr. Evan Evans, and Mr. Frank Madison.

Admiral Andrew Long, U. S. N., was the guest of honor at a dinner-dance which Mr. Richard Tobin gave last Wednesday. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent, Mrs. William Carpenter, Mme. Paul Verdier, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Helen Crocker, Miss Evelyn Poett, Mr. John Parrott, Mr. William Crocker, Lieutenant Frederick Neal, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Wallace Dunne, U. S. N.

Mrs. Edward McCutchen gave a bridge-tea Friday at her Los Altos home.

In honor of Mrs. Paul McKee, Mrs. Donald McKee, and Miss Bessie Jewett of Plainfield, New Jersey, Mrs. Dempster McKee gave a tea last Friday in Ross. Her guests included Mrs. Henry Bothin, Mrs. Frank Winchester, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Truxton Beale, Mrs. James Coffin, Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mrs. George Moore, Mrs. James Armsby, Mrs. Edwin Griffith, Mrs. William Pittman, Mrs. Ralph Palmer, Mrs. Leland Lathrop, Mrs. Somers Peterson, Mrs. Ralston Page, Mrs. Ernest Chipman, Mrs. Forrest Carey, Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Mrs. Crawford Greene, Mrs. Duval Moore, Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee, Mrs. Jonathan Crooks, Mrs. Louis Sloss, Jr., Mrs. Milten Griffith, Mrs. W. S. Davis, Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. Blandine Coleman, Mrs. Milton Esberg, Mrs. Margaret Foster, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Lena Blanding, Miss Marjorie Pittman, Miss Louise Boyd, Miss Sara Coffin, Miss Catherine Pittman, Miss Anne Dibblee, and Miss Jean Boyd.

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Harry Turner gave a tea Wednesday last on the U. S. S. *Kansas*, when they had as their guests Mrs. Philip Bowles, Mrs. Maynard Dickinson, Mrs. Francis Langton, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Ernestine Adams, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Schatz Adams, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Lorna Williamson, Miss Jean Webster, and Miss Claire Knight.

Colonel and Mrs. Austin Parker gave a dinner Friday at the Presidio, when they entertained General and Mrs. U. S. G. Alexander, Major and Mrs. George Nelson, Colonel and Mrs. Roger Fitch, Major and Mrs. Henry Bergin, Mrs. Richard Derby, and General R. M. Blatchford.

Mrs. Frank Winchester gave a tea last week for Mrs. Gustavus Ziel at her home in San Rafael. Among her guests were Mrs. Edwin Griffith, Mrs. Truxton Beale, Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mrs. Edwin Coppee, Mrs. Alfred DuBois, Mrs. A. P. Shennon, Mrs. Jonathan Kittle, Mrs. Harry Johnson, Mrs. Crawford Greene, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. James Coffin, Miss Marie Lichtenberg, and Miss Margaret Foster.

Colonel and Mrs. Osmun Latrobe were dinner hosts last Friday at the Presidio. Those present included Colonel and Mrs. William Jones, Colonel and Mrs. Nathaniel McClure, Major and Mrs. A. D. Chaffin, Major and Mrs. George Gillis, Captain and Mrs. J. D. Kelly, Dr. and Mrs. Guerin, Major and Mrs. J. A. Damman, Captain and Mrs. L. W. Huss, Captain and Mrs. Henry Mayo, Mr. and Mrs. Ward Dwight, Mrs. H. D. Baxter, Miss Rose Clarke, Miss Charlotte Kelley, Miss Wallace Slacks, Colonel John Page, Colonel J. Fleming, Captain W. Henry, Captain C. D. Murphy, Captain L. Richard, and Lieutenant Harold Potter.

Mrs. Gaillard Stoney was hostess at a table at the tea-dance for the visiting midshipmen last Thursday at the Fairmont Hotel. Her guests included Miss Margaret Buckhee, Miss Catherine Stoney, Miss Newell Bull, Miss Jean Wirtner, Miss Frances McLaughlin, and Miss Evelyn McMullin.

Captain and Mrs. F. P. Helm entertained at dinner Thursday in honor of Admiral Hilary Jones and his staff.

Miss Mary and Miss Agnes Harrison gave a tea Wednesday at their home on Washington Street.

To celebrate the birthday of Miss Betsy McCarthy, Mrs. Andrew McCarthy gave a picnic in Burlingame last Saturday. Those present included Miss Mary Grace Hayne, Miss Sophie Barron, Miss Patricia Tobin, Miss Consuela Tobin, Miss Barbara Tobin, Miss Barbara Wolsela, Miss Mary Louise McCarthy, Master James Chesebrough, Master Christian de Guigné, Jr., Master Silas Sinton, Master James Sinton, Master Andrew McCarthy, Jr.,

Master Carl Wolff, Jr., Master Richard Tobin, Master James Coleman, Master Lent Hooker, Master Fentress Kuhn, and Master John Kuhn.

Mrs. Gaillard Stoney gave a tea last Thursday for Miss Pauline Wheeler, Miss Dorothy Smith, Miss Dorothy Stone, Miss Ola Willett, Miss Frances Corhusier, Lieutenant Mack, Lieutenant Collins, Lieutenant Kellar, Lieutenant Hamlin, and Mr. Lansing Scribner.

Complimenting Mr. and Mrs. David Dureau of Sydney, Australia, Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner Tuesday evening at her Broadway home.

Count André de Limur gave a dinner last week at the Hotel del Monte, when he had as his guests Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse, Mr. and Mrs. John Neville, and Miss Katherine Ramsey.

A no-host party of last Thursday, which was held at the Palace Hotel, included Mrs. Philip Bowles, Jr., Miss Anne Peters, Miss Jean Webster, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Lorna Williamson, Miss Constance Hart, Lieutenant-Commander Frederick Nielson, Lieutenant-Commander William Harlow, Midshipman Roger Rauschhausen, Mr. James Jackson, Mr. Andrew Talbot, Mr. Donald Lewis, Mr. William Veach, and Mr. William Bartschman.

Mr. and Mrs. William La Boyteaux gave a dinner last Saturday at Del Monte, when they entertained Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Boiset, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden, and Mr. and Mrs. George Carpenter.

Commander and Mrs. William Downing Prideaux are receiving the congratulations of their friends on the birth of a son.

Commander and Mrs. Herbert Kays are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

Dr. and Mrs. Dixwell Davenport are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

Sawdust Latest Source of Sugar.

Get your sweet tooth ready, and then prepare to be disappointed. Sugar can be made from sawdust. Every sawmill's refuse heap is a mine of sweetness.

Now comes the sad part of the story. It's not the kind of sugar you know at all, but a different kind, that you can not use to sweeten your coffee.

The announcement has been made that sugar in immense quantities can be made from sawdust. But this ray of hope in the days of 30 cents a pound sugar is a false alarm, for the sugar that is produced is not the table sugar of commerce, not the cane or beet sugar, but is glucose, an entirely different substance, and not a chance is there of the sawdust pile relieving the famine in sugar.

This is the announcement of the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse in explanation of the recent announcements that sawdust contains sugar, the explanation being given by Dr. Louis E. Wise, professor of forest chemistry and an authority on the chemistry of wood. He says:

"An important sugar can be prepared from sawdust by hydrolysis with acid, but it must not be confused with the sugar of the breakfast table. This sugar, prepared from wood, is dextrose or glucose and is identical with the sugar obtained by acid treatment of starch. The sugar is not identical, however, with sucrose, commonly termed 'cane sugar' or 'beet sugar.' Glucose is, however, widely used commercially and is an important food-stuff. It is the principal component of corn syrups and the like, and has distinct nutritive value. As sucrose can not be prepared from glucose, either commercially or in the laboratory, there is little prospect that such a synthesis will be an accomplished fact in the near future.

"The commercial production of glucose from sawdust or other sources probably merits thorough investigation. On the other hand, it should be clearly understood that glucose is not cane sugar, and that the term 'sugar' as commonly used by the layman refers to sucrose or cane sugar. There are many sugars. In fact they comprise a most important group of organic compounds, and different species of trees have produced different sugars."

Almost half of the 800 square miles of territory devastated in France are again being cultivated. The trenches and shell-holes are being rapidly filled in and 12,000,000 square yards of barbed wire have been removed. One-third of the 25,000 damaged homes have been entirely repaired and 230 of the 12,000 factories which were demolished are again producing.

Several Canadian motion-picture companies have been organized to compete with film concerns which export considerably to Canada.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Robert Nuttall and Mrs. Stetson Winslow are spending a fortnight at Feather River. They have been enjoying a motor trip through the Sierras for several weeks.

Mrs. Downey Harvey and Mrs. Oscar Cooper have returned from a visit to Saratoga.

Mrs. Leroy Nielson is spending a few days at Capito.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and Mrs. Robert Hays Smith are visiting in Santa Barbara, having motored there from Tahoe last week. They will remain in the south for another ten days.

Miss Geneva Febiger has arrived from France and will spend several months here with Colonel and Mrs. Lea Febiger.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McBean are enjoying a few days at Feather River.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester McLaughlin have returned to Kansas City, after having enjoyed a visit here with Dr. and Mrs. Chester Woolsey.

Captain and Mrs. Chillon Heword have arrived in Montreal, after a trip through the Canadian Rockies, and they will be in the Canadian city for the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank King are enjoying a motor trip through the state. At present they are spending a few days at Huntington Lake.

Mrs. Butler Breeden is spending a fortnight in San Mateo as the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch.

Mrs. J. Langton Erving is spending a few weeks in San Francisco from her home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. William Sherwood will leave early next month for Harvard, where he will enter upon his freshman year.

Mr. and Mrs. William Kuhn, Miss Dolly, Miss Catherine, and Mr. Wendell Kuhn have gone to Santa Barbara to spend the month of August.

Mrs. W. M. Graham has returned from Los Angeles to her home in Montecito.

Mrs. Selby Hayne and Miss Grace Hayne are visiting at Del Monte.

Mrs. William Nielson is motoring through the southern part of the state.

Miss Ellita Adams is visiting Mr. and Mrs.

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Walter Hobart and Miss Ruth Hobart at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Charles Alexander returned last week to New York, after an extended visit in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody and Miss Marion Zeile have gone to Weber Lake, to be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley and Master Neil Lilley will leave the last of August for Lawrenceville, where Master Lilley will enter the preparatory school. Before their return here Mr. and Mrs. Lilley will visit Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckhee have returned from the south and are at their Pacific Avenue home.

Mrs. Henry Dutton will return to San Francisco next week, after a several months' absence in New York.

Mrs. Charles Butters has returned from Del Monte, where she recently enjoyed a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. George Batheider are entertaining Mrs. de Lancey Lewis and Master de Lancey Lewis, Jr., and Master Douglas Lewis at their home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Murray are spending several weeks at Glendale in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. R. K. Stevens has taken her departure for Santa Barbara, after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. James Langhorne in this city. She has recently arrived from New Jersey, where she visited her daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker have closed their Burlingame home and have left for Puget Sound, where they will enjoy a fishing trip for two months.

Mrs. Mountford Wilson has arrived from New York and is at her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michaels have returned from Del Monte, where they recently passed a month.

Mr. Raymond and Mr. Gordon Armsby have returned from France and have reopened their home in Burlingame for the rest of the year.

Mr. George Armsby has concluded his sojourn in the southern part of California and has returned to his home in New York.

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. James Parker have gone to Norfolk, Virginia, where they will reside for the next three years.

Mrs. William Stephens has arrived from the south and has taken apartments at the Fairmont. She will be joined there in September by Mrs. Randolph Zane, who is spending the summer in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pigott, Miss Virginia, Miss Elizabeth and Master John Pigott, Jr., have arrived from Sacramento to spend two months in San Francisco.

Mrs. Randall Hunt is entertaining at her Pacific Avenue home Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Baker, Miss Betsy and Master Robert Baker, who arrived last week from Sacramento.

Mrs. Frank West has left for the Orient to spend several months in travel.

Miss Maud and Miss Dorothy Woods have returned to San Francisco, after a visit in the South. Miss Lottie Woods is enjoying a motor trip through the Eastern states and she will return to California early in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Anson Herrick are spending several days at the San Ysidro Rancho.

Mrs. John Clark and the Misses Dorothy and Barbara Clark are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mullins in Montecito.

Mr. and Mrs. James Tucker have returned to the Bourn ranch at St. Helena, after a brief visit to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. James Laidlaw of New York and Miss Louise Laidlaw are spending a few days at Del Monte. At the conclusion of their sojourn they will go to Grass Valley to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Starr for several weeks.

Mrs. William Scaife and Miss Helen Scaife took their departure Monday for Washington, D. C., where they will spend several weeks before returning to Pittsburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, Miss Dorothy and Master Eyre Pinckard have returned to their San Rafael home, after a month's visit at Lake Tahoe with Mr. and Mrs. William Mein.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett, Miss Evelyn Poett, Miss Emily Timlow, and Mr. Harry Poett, Jr., have returned to San Mateo, after a brief visit in Plumas County.

Mr. Christian de Guigné, Jr., has returned from France, where he has recently been visiting Vicomtesse Elie de Dampierre and Vicomtesse Philippine de Tristan.

Miss Anne Peters has gone to Santa Cruz, where she has joined Mrs. J. D. Peters for a month's stay.

Mrs. John McMullin and Mrs. John Hays are spending the summer in San Jose.

Mrs. Hays Norris has gone to Lake Tahoe, where she is passing August with Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Wbecler are spending several days in Los Angeles.

Mrs. C. H. Perkins and Miss Jane and Master Huntington Perkins are visiting here from Pasadena.

Mrs. F. P. Pfingst has returned from Watsonville, where she was the guest of Mrs. John Porter.

Mrs. Lee Robinson has returned to Louisville, Kentucky, after a visit of several weeks in California. While here she divided her time between San Jose, where she was the guest of Mrs. John McMullin, and Santa Monica, where she visited Mrs. William Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Slade are enjoying a motor trip through the southern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Shewes-Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hooper and their families are spending a week at Del Monte.

Among Hotel St. Francis arrivals during the past week were Mr. Marcel Bloom, San Salvador; Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph M. Kellam, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Ben Crouch, Chico; Mr. Franklin D'Olier, New York; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Oliger, Topeka, Kansas; Mr. Harold H. Swift, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. James R. R. Cromwell, Philadelphia; Mr.

Music's Effect on Animals.

From time to time investigations have been made in order to ascertain whether the legend of Orpheus, the wondrous music of whose lyre enthralled the wild beasts of the forests, rests upon a fact. Cornish, at the London Zoological Gardens, endeavored to discover by experiment what effect music would have upon the creatures there in captivity. With him went a musical friend, who played on the violin to insects, reptiles, birds, and beasts.

The tarantulas listened, or did not listen, unmoved and sulky. They whose hite is said in fable to cause others to dance refused to dance themselves. Not so the scorpions. After a few notes had been played they became agitated and writhed and danced tumultuously, their excitement increasing with every crescendo and decreasing with every diminuendo.

In the reptiles' cages more marked effects were seen. The monitor lizard listened and swayed. Black snakes were attentive and started up and hissed. A boa crept as close as possible to the instrument and seemed enraptured.

But of all the snakes, the cobra is reputed to be the most susceptible to music, and the specimen experimented on at the zoo did not helie its fame. On hearing the violin it raised itself in the traditional attitude on its tail and spread its hood gently, swaying to and fro tue while.

The first quadrupeds to which the violin was played were polar and grizzly bears, which manifested much pleasure and stood up at the front of the cages to listen. The wolves snarled and cowered in fear at the sound of the violin, with their tails between their legs, hair hristling and hodies quivering in spasms of fright. The same results were noted in the case of jackals and foxes. The sheep, naturally enough, found much pleasure in that which frightened the wolves. So did the wild hogs, the hisons, and the zehras.

The elephant did not care for the music, but snorted and whistled with rage. The monkeys displayed a critical diversity of sentiment. Some listened eagerly with nods and gestures of appreciation, while others scowled and turned away in disgust.

Further experiments were made on the various animals with other instruments, especially with the piccolo and the flute. As a rule, the shrill notes of the piccolo annoyed, frightened, or enraged the animals, while the softer tones of the flute soothed and pleased them.

"May I ask if you have made up your mind to stay in?" asked the young husband, after the domestic tiff. "No," she replied firmly. "I have made up my face to go out."—London Telegraph.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Who is the stranger?" "A man who tem-
pers justice with mercy." "A judge?" "No,
a photographer."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Teacher—Who can tell me something about
Cæsus? *Bright Boy*—He was very rich and
he invented the creases in pants.—*Boston
Transcript.*

"Does your wife wait for the least little
thing on your part to make trouble?" "Dear
me, no; she's not so slow as all that. She's
a self-starter."—*Tit-Bits.*

"Suppose Joh had had some of our modern
afflictions." "Yes, and suppose Solomon had
to give judgment as umpire in a baseball
game."—*Boston Transcript.*

Mrs. Wiggs—Cook has only broken one dish
today, dear. Mr. Wiggs—That's better. How
did that happen? Mrs. Wiggs—It was the
last one.—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Mother—Now, Bohhy, was it you who
picked all the white meat off this chicken?
Bobby—Well, mother, to make a clean breast
of it, I did.—*New York Evening Post.*

"You ought to have a hero medal," said the
customer. "Why?" asked the clerk in the de-
partment store. "Because it certainly takes
courage to ask the price you do for the stuff
you have here."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Briggs—I see that Thomas Mott Osborne is
making an effort to improve our jails. Griggs
—Quite right. Our criminals are becoming
such a large and important class that certainly
something ought to be done to insure their
comfort.—*New York Globe.*

The black-haired boy had a mighty con-
tempt for the tow-headed boy. "Huh," he
said, "your mother takes in washing." "Of
course she does," the tow-headed satirist re-
torted. "You didn't think she would leave it
hanging out at night unless your father was
in jail, did you?"—*Sentinel.*

"I understand you have told your wife to
throw the ouija board into the wood-box."
"Yes. I'm not going to have any such super-
stitious nonsense deciding questions around
my house. When I come to a point where I
can't make up my mind what to do, I simply
flip a coin."—*Washington Star.*

"Where did you say the Grabcoins were
going to locate their new garage?" "They
haven't decided yet, but since it is to be two
stories high and accommodate half a
dozen large cars, Mrs. Grabcoin says it would

be a total loss if it couldn't be seen from the
street."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Jane—I'm not so crazy about Harry any
more. Lizzy—Why not? Jane—Because he
knows so many naughty songs. Lizzy—Does
he sing them to you? Jane—No, he just
whistles the tunes.—*Life.*

"It seems to me," said the old-fashioned
man, "that \$75 is a lot of money to pay for a
ready-made suit of clothes." "Perhaps it is,"
said the purchaser, "but the salesman made
the transaction as painless for me as possi-
ble." "How so?" "He told me the same
suit would probably cost \$100 next year."—
Birmingham Age-Herald.

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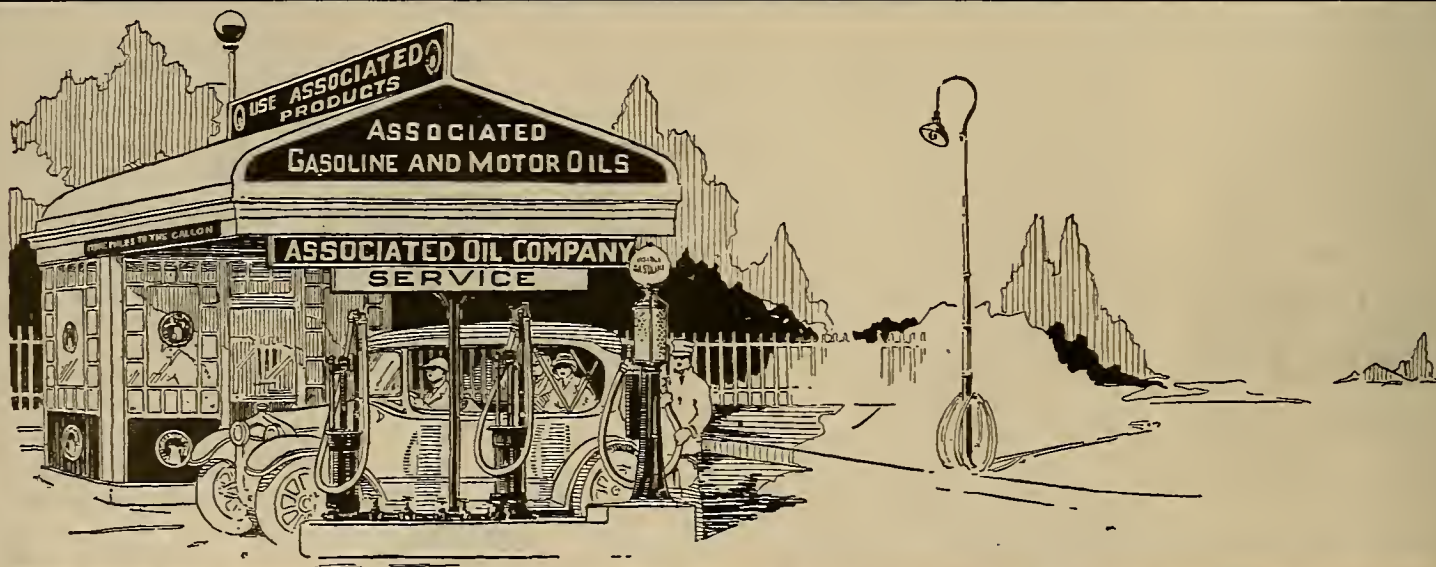
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4th Ave. and Geary
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Columbus Ave. and Grover Place
Post and Mason
Fifth Ave. and California
Mission and Spear
Post & Market
Mission & School St. (Colma)

OAKLAND
Broadway and Water
21st and Broadway
25th and Telegraph
35th and Foothill Boulevard
14th and Harrison
620 Lakeshore Avenue
25th and Broadway
12th and Webster
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30th and San Pablo
East 14th St. and 24th Avenue
College Avenue and Broadway
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BERKELEY
Shattuck and Haste

SAN RAFAEL
40th St. and Petaluma Avenue
BURLINGAME
Park Road and Petaluma Avenue
(State Highway)
SAN MATEO
3d Ave. and State Highway
HAYWARD
A and Boulevard
LOS GATOS
Santa Cruz and Elm Sts.
NAPA
3d St. at Bridge
SUNNYVALE
State Highway & Mt. View Rd.

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Vol. LXXXVII. No. 2265. SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 21, 1920. Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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"Tin Whistles."

The War Department announces that it has conferred the Distinguished Service Cross on General Peyton C. March, the chief of staff. Nobody begrudges to General March any acknowledgment that may be due to personal or military merit, none the less it is to be remembered that the Distinguished Service Cross is a decoration awarded only for gallantry in action. A Distinguished Service Medal, quite another thing, is designed for those who have distinguished themselves in war otherwise than in action. General March had previously received the Medal, as have a great number of persons in and out of military employ for non-fighting service during the war. Both decorations are of recent creation, having been provided by Congress toward the end of the war in Europe.

To find a justifying feat of battle gallantry in General March's career the War Department had to go back to the days of the Spanish war and the Philippine insurrection. The award is made "for gallant conduct while serving as a first lieutenant of the Astor Battery in the Philippine Islands." It is evident that Secretary Baker will see to it before he goes out of office that General March shall be hung with every form of decoration within the authority of the department. He has everything now except the Medal of Honor, and not even the Secretary of War can assemble

a board of officers to make the recommendation necessary for that particular bestowal.

The practice of making awards of battle decorations long after the event is not an innovation. For example, it was not until March, 1898, during the administration of President McKinley, that Leonard Wood received his Medal of Honor "for distinguished conduct in the campaign against Apache Indians, 1886." Likewise it was not until he had become a prominent member of the Committee on Military affairs during the Roosevelt administration that Senator Warren, father-in-law of General Pershing, was awarded the Medal of Honor for gallantry on the battlefield at the siege of Fort Hudson during the civil war.

This whole business of decorations seems trivial enough. Yet it is to be remembered that since time out of mind governments have rewarded special merit by these means. When one of Napoleon's aides referred to a decoration as a "tin whistle," the emperor's reply was: "Have you yet to learn that the world is ruled by tin whistles?"

Governmental Finance—With an Eye to the Campaign.

On Tuesday, August 3d, the Associated Press sent out from its Washington office the following dispatch:

The gross national debt was reduced a total of \$76,404,453 during July, according to the treasury statement today. This leaves the public debt at \$24,222,917,013. The reduction was accomplished through the retirement of that amount of treasury certificates of indebtedness.

The information embodied in this dispatch was very obviously given out by the Treasury Department with intent to impress the country with the idea that the public debt is being reduced. It may easily be believed that this gratifying statement was especially designed to nullify criticism of continued extravagance and waste of public funds at the hands of the Administration to the end of wringing favor and support for the party and the candidates with which the Administration is affiliated. It will be remembered that upon the heels of Governor Cox's acceptance of President Wilson's programme in the matter of the league of nations it was announced that the Administration would "put behind" Mr. Cox all the forces at its command. It was very obviously in pursuance of this bargain that the dispatch, so helpful to the Democratic cause, was given to the public.

A few days after the giving out of this statement—five to be exact—allowing time for the country to be impressed with the idea that the national debt is being reduced—the Secretary of the Treasury made a public announcement offering for subscription at par with accrued interest at First Federal Reserve banks, treasury certificates dated and bearing interest from August 16, 1920, payable August 16, 1921, with interest at the rate of 6 per cent., the certificates to be free of all taxes up to the sum of \$5000. Here we have an Administration boasting of a reduction of \$76,404,453 in the public debt, immediately followed by an increase in the public debt of \$150,000,000. It is a case where comment would seem to be superfluous.

In his speech of acceptance Governor Cox denounced the Republican party in control of Congress for its failure to reduce taxation—this in the face of the fact that former Secretary Glass and the present Secretary Houston of the Treasury Department are on record as advising Congress that any attempt to reduce taxes would be disastrous to the national resources. Now comes Franklin D. Roosevelt in his speech of acceptance, denouncing Congress as stingy and shortsighted in limiting appropriations for the executive departments. Thus from various Democratic mouths the Republican Congress is condemned (1) for not having

reduced taxes and (2) for not being more liberal in its appropriations of money. The want of logic in this series of condemnations is on a par with the want of honesty that represents the Administration as paying off the national debt, when as a matter of fact it is steadily adding to it.

The mess into which the government finances have been plunged is indicated by the fact that Secretary Houston finds himself obliged to pay 6 per cent. on the new short-term notes aggregating \$150,000,000. This rate is unprecedented in time of peace, and when it is considered that the notes are tax-free for the small investor, 6 per cent. becomes truly a prodigious rate for a government loan at a time void of emergency. Another interesting feature of the situation is the fact that the Interstate Commerce Commission has been reprimanding the railroads for paying 7 per cent. for money with which to provide themselves with necessary equipment. The commission has declared that 7 per cent. for loans of this character is little short of outrageous. The sharpness of its criticism brought a group of railroad executives to Washington last week with explanation of the utter futility of trying to get money at a lower rate at this time. The soundness of their position is emphasized by the Treasury Department's bid of 6 per cent. on gilt-edged government paper with a tax-free clause.

The Moral Basis of "Policy."

In the course of a report based upon personal visitation of the Pacific Orient, with careful study of financial and other conditions there, Mr. Thomas A. Lamont, the well-known financial authority, makes the pregnant declaration that there are two ways of dealing with Japan—(1) "antagonism," (2) "coöperation." It hardly needs to be added that Mr. Lamont's recommendation is an earnest plea for the method last named. In truth the coöperative idea is entitled to be regarded as a fixed moral obligation, not only in our relations with Japan, but in our dealings with other countries. Among civilized men and countries the coöperative idea is so regarded, none the less because there sometimes come conditions in respect of which the arguments of coöperation must yield to the arguments of force. But before antagonism may legitimately be brought to the service of international diplomacy coöperation is entitled to a full and fair trial. The diplomacy of antagonism as distinct from the diplomacy of coöperation is the employment in international affairs of the spirit, not of the gentleman, but of the bully.

In the immediate situation we may see in striking contrast the brutal principle of antagonism and the humanitarian principle of coöperation. Our self-seeking politicians, our clamorous sensational newspapers, certain unthinking combinations of interest and prejudice are seeking by a hundred sinister means to inflame American sentiment in relation to Japan and to enforce policies, not in themselves wrong, by unworthy means. They would bring the country and the government to an attitude of antagonism towards Japan and all things Japanese, would substitute hate for amity, would supplant good-will by resentment. True, they may not intend to do all this, but the means they are attempting to employ must inevitably lead to a breach between the two countries, out of reason, fatal to mutual interest, morally harmful to both.

Most intelligent and disinterested men, we believe, recognize the fact that there are differences between the two races that render anything like close domestic relations impracticable and undesirable. By many devices nature has put limits upon association of the Eastern and Western worlds. Considerations of heredity, of mental propensity, of moral perception, all defined and emphasized by differences of color, mark the two peoples and disqualify them for close association.

It is a sound instinct that declines a fusion whose mongrel product could not have the character or the acceptance of the one or the other.

History and circumstances have combined to place the two races each in a habitat to which it is suited and to which it has acquired a prescriptive right. There is no need that either should impinge upon the territories of the other. There are many obvious reasons why each should, broadly speaking, hold to itself, preserving its racial standards and the civilization that is the product of its spirit and its environment. There ought to be no movement of a large kind from America to Japan. By the same token there should be no large movement from Japan to America. Just as one is brown man's country so the other is white man's country. But in holding to the adjustments of history, tradition, and prescription, policies of antagonism are neither necessary nor excusable. Individual Japanese find advantages in coming among us, but no national purpose of Japan is involved in this movement. It may be restricted in so far as our judgment and wishes may determine without offense to Japan if we shall go about the business discreetly and in good temper, in the spirit of coöperation as distinct from the spirit of antagonism. In truth Japan, in refusing alienation of her soil, has set an example that we may properly follow. In respecting our Monroe Doctrine she has made a precedent which should be instructive to us in relation to her legitimate ambitions. We have only in our dealings with Japan to accept and employ her own methods of national self-preservation and ambition and thus reinforce the foundations of peace and good-will established between the two countries more than half a century ago.

More Amusing Than Important.

On June 1st a contract of long standing between the Washington branch of the International Jewelers' Union and the well-known establishment of Galt & Bro. expired by limitation. The union submitted a new contract calling for a 20 per cent. wage advance and the observance of certain new and pretty stiff conditions. Galt & Bro. professed willingness to grant the wage demand, but declined to accede to the proposed shop rules, refusing to sign the contract and announcing that hereafter the firm would carry on the manufacturing part of the business on an open-shop basis. As expressed by union officials Galt & Bro. "repudiated the idea of collective bargaining and declined further dealings with the union." The upshot of the matter is that the union has picketed the store of Galt & Bro., along with several other jewelry stores that take the same position as the result of a campaign for the open shop now being conducted at Washington. Every person who enters the store is informed by the picket on the job that "this store is unfair to organized labor."

The management of Galt & Bro. concede that the facts are as above set forth, but it points out that its workmen voluntarily severed their connection with the union some time ago. They also point to the fact that for several years their employees have worked on a profit-sharing basis, watchmakers, engravers, porters, and others receiving a minimum wage plus a proportionate 50 per cent. share of the net profits. The only point in the controversy is the principle of collective bargaining.

Public interest in this relatively small matter rests upon the fact that Galt & Bro. is only another name for Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt Wilson, sole proprietor of Galt & Bro., she having come into the property by inheritance from her late husband, Norman Galt. The amusing fact is that while the distinguished proprietor is being reproached as "disloyal to the principle of collective bargaining," the distinguished proprietor's distinguished husband is on record in many resounding phrases as a supporter of this "sacred" principle.

An Impertinent Proposal.

It will be recalled that the recent labor conference at Washington, affiliated with the league of nations, adopted a resolution to the effect that the governing body of the international labor office (one of the "sections" of the league of nations) should appoint a commission to consider and report "measures to regulate the migration of workers out of their own states and to protect the interests of wage-earners residing in states other than their own." The conference also recommended that "each member of the international labor organization, on terms to be agreed upon by the coun-

tries concerned, admit foreign workers (together with their families) employed within its territory to the benefits of its laws and regulations for the protection of its own workers as well as the right of lawful organization as enjoyed by its own workers." It would seem from all this that the league of nations is seeking to establish for itself jurisdiction over all international labor arrangements. The project is not likely to commend itself to the United States, where we have our own ideas in the matter of alien workmen. We shall hardly be willing to transfer this particular phase of sovereignty to a league in which we have only a minor voice. The point gains emphasis by reference to the Japanese issue now before the country. Is there any American who would conceive it to be practicable or wise to refer this issue to the league of nations and tamely submit ourselves to its adjudication? The query answers itself. Not an international labor organization, but the American Congress, will determine the traditions under which Japanese or other foreign workers ("together with their families") shall or shall not be admitted to the country. The project above outlined is only another of many developments going to illustrate the impracticability of endowing an outside organization with powers in relation to what we regard as domestic questions.

Radicalism Rebuked by the Standard Parties.

In Russia radicalism is in the saddle and is riding hard. Elsewhere in Europe it presses upon the established order of things. It has a strong hold upon Germany, broken as that country is by defeat, humiliation, and poverty. It threatens both France and Italy and its murmurings are heard even in conservative England. That it will make conquest of western Europe is not likely, but in the situation there is sufficient cause for uneasy apprehension.

Radicalism has its votaries in America, but recent indications happily tend to assurance rather than to fear. Highly significant was the attitude of the conventions of the great political parties at Chicago and at San Francisco. The politician is perhaps the keenest of practical judges of the temper and disposition of men and times. It speaks much therefore for encouragement that both parties in convention distinctly and promptly repudiated all radical proposals. Radical urgency was not wanting either at Chicago or San Francisco. Its agents openly or in disguise were present at both these great meetings and were eager to enforce expressions friendly or even tolerant of "advanced" ideas. Pressure was employed to this end, but to no effect. In the platform of neither party is there an expression tending to comfort of those elements that would weaken traditional Americanism. On the other hand by positive action both parties repudiated and cast forth suggestions and proposals tending to compromise of essential and recognized principles.

Defeated and disappointed at Chicago and San Francisco, various groups representative of radicalism in its many forms came together a few weeks later and undertook a scheme of political action. It was a flat failure. No sooner were the varied proposals presented than they were found to be as incapable of fusion as oil and water. Combination being out of the question, coöperation was proposed, and here again it was discovered that antagonisms between the various radical groups was too positive for common sympathy, much less for association in political projects.

The American spirit is not quite what it once was. Infusion of alien elements has to a degree weakened the old hardihood of mind. We have let in too many elements of social protest. But as the recent conventions demonstrate, the spirit of the country remains sound—if not everything it once was, at least sufficient to render futile the noisy efforts of the enemies of social order.

America will not "go Red." The spirit in which the republic was founded, and subject to which its great advancement has been won, still abides with us, still dominates our councils, and holds authority in the land.

Editorial Notes.

The manner in which the government does business with private individuals, and the persistence with which each arm or branch of the Federal service visions itself as being a self-contained government of its own, is illustrated in a pamphlet just issued containing a digest

of opinions of the judge advocate-general of the army for January. For example:

A contract was made for the manufacture of treenails for the Emergency Fleet Corporation. The contractor entered into a contract with the government for the purchase of merchantable treenail timber on a military reservation and agreed to pay therefor to the United States at the rate of \$25 per cord. Under this contract a large amount of merchantable timber was cut and removed, but the contractor has failed to make payment for same. He admits the correctness of the amount claimed as due, but because of the cancellation of his contract by the Emergency Fleet Corporation and his consequent inability to work up all the purchased timber on hand he has refused payment. The claim of the government against the contractor under the War Department contract is not affected by cancellation of his contract with the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

Still more illustrative of the departmental sense of self-sufficiency is the means by which the Secretary of the Navy has been supplying ships and yards with fuel oil from our entrance into the war and up to this time. Despite the constitutional assurance that private property shall not be taken for public use without "full compensation," Secretary Daniels continues to fill the navy tanks with oil for less than commercial prices by threats of force. Just why oil should be taken at less than its market value, while flour, potatoes, and other supplies are paid for at full value does not appear. The department takes upon itself the function of judge, jury, and executioner in the matter of oil supplies with as little regard for the pledge of the Constitution as had Germany for the "scrap of paper" in which her faith was pledged to Belgium. It is all of a piece with President Wilson's assumption in contempt of the Constitution that the making of peace was his private business—that the Senate, for all its constitutional mandate, has no authority in the making of peace that the Executive is bound to respect. It is, we suspect, the President's example that has filled every little bureaucrat with an extravagant sense of his own authority to make rules and regulations having all the force of laws duly enacted. Verily it is time to bring the government back within the limits of the Constitution.

We recall nothing more naïve than Lenine's remark that "*America must learn that she can not dump her anorchists upon Russia,*" unless it be President Wilson's query at Princeton some ten years ago: "*How can I democratize this institution unless I have absolute authority?*"

The New York City government is not a common agency of reform in municipal practice. Nor would reform naturally be looked for, at the point of saving public money, at the hands of an official bearing a name of such Milesian suggestion as Whalen. None the less Commissioner Grover Whalen of New York has brought into effect an innovation by which approximately one-half of the municipal automobile bill has been saved. Under the old plan each city employee of a certain rank rode about at his pleasure or held in waiting at his convenience or whim a city-owned automobile. Commissioner Whalen has put into effect a system under which officials may use city-owned automobiles only when actually employed in public service. He has devised a procedure under which cars may not be held in waiting while officials cool their heels or otherwise kill time. Under the Whalen plan city employees authorized to use municipal cars must call for them precisely as a citizen may call for a taxicab; and he must release it at the moment its service is not required. Thus many abuses, including that of careless holding of cars and "joy-riding" in general, have been cut out. The scheme works so well that according to an official report in one branch of service five cars do the work formerly done by twenty-five. We are not informed as to Commissioner Whalen's general qualifications, but at least it may be said for him that he has a firm grasp upon one sound principle. Further pertinent is the suggestion that the Whalen method might well be employed in San Francisco, where the use of city-owned machines for services essentially private in character is an open scandal.

Reports are once more current that the passenger pigeon, a species formerly of extraordinary abundance which suddenly disappeared some years ago, has been rediscovered. Four Massachusetts bird hunters have testified to the state ornithologist that they saw at close range and positively identified a pair of supposedly extinct birds.

THE NEW IRISH BILL.

Following is the full text of the measure before Parliament "for restoration and maintenance of order in Ireland":

(1) Where it appears to His Majesty in Council that owing to the existence of a state of disorder in Ireland the ordinary law is inadequate for the prevention and punishment of crime or the maintenance of order His Majesty in Council may issue regulations under the Defense of the Realm Consolidation Act 1914 (hereinafter referred to as the Principal Act) for securing the restoration and maintenance of order in Ireland and as to the powers and duties for that purpose of the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary and of members of His Majesty's forces and other persons acting on His Majesty's behalf and in particular regulations for the special purpose hereinafter mentioned.

(2) The provisions of the Principal Act with respect to the trial by courts-martial or courts of summary jurisdiction and punishment of persons committing offenses against the Defense of the Realm Regulations shall extend to the trial and punishment of persons who have committed crimes in Ireland whether before or after the passing of this act, including persons committed for trial or against whom indictments have been found so however that:

(a) Any crime when so tried shall be punishable with the punishment assigned to the crime by statute or common law.

(b) A court-martial when trying a person charged with a crime punishable by death shall include as a member of the court one person (who need not be an officer) nominated by the Lord Lieutenant, being a person certified by the Lord Chancellor of Ireland or the Lord Chief Justice of England to be a person of legal knowledge and experience, and regulations under the Principal Act may be made accordingly.

(3) Regulation so made may also

(a) Provide that a court of summary jurisdiction when trying a person charged with a crime or with an offense against the Regulations when hearing and determining any application with respect to recognizance shall, except in the Dublin Metropolitan Police District, be constituted of two or more resident magistrates, and that a court of quarter sessions when hearing and determining an appeal against a conviction of a court of summary jurisdiction for any such crime or offense shall be constituted of the recorder or county court judge sitting alone.

(b) Confer on a court-martial the powers and jurisdiction exercisable by Justices or any other civil court for binding persons to keep the peace or be of good behavior for esteeming and enforcing recognizance and for compelling persons to give evidence and to produce documents before the court.

(c) Confer on persons authorized to summon witnesses before a court-martial the power of issuing warrants for compelling persons to attend as witnesses, and any warrant so issued shall have the like effect and be executed in the like manner as if issued by a justice of court of summary jurisdiction having jurisdiction in the place in which it is executed or sought to be executed.

(d) Authorize the imposition by courts-martial of fines in addition to or in substitution for any other punishments for offenses against the regulations as well as for crimes and provide for the manner in which such fines are to be enforced.

(e) Authorize the conveyance to and detention in any of His Majesty's prisons in any part of the United Kingdom of any persons upon whom a sentence of imprisonment has been passed in Ireland, whether before or after the passing of this act.

(f) Provide for any of the duties of a coroner any coroner's jury, being performed by a court of inquiry constituted under the Army Act instead of by the coroner and jury.

(g) Provide that where the court house or other building in which any court has been usually held is destroyed or rendered unfit for the purpose, the court may be held in such other court house or building as may be directed by the Lord Lieutenant.

(h) Authorize the trial without jury of any action, counter claim, civil bill, issue, cause or matter in the High Court or a County Court in Ireland which apart from this provision would be triable with a jury.

(i) Provide for the retention of sums payable to any local authority from the local taxation (Ireland) account or from any Parliamentary grant or from any fund administered by any government department or public body where the local authority has in any respect refused or failed to perform its duties, or for the purpose of discharging amounts awarded against the local authority in respect of compensation for criminal injuries or other liabilities of the local authorities and for the application of the sums so retained in or towards the purpose aforesaid.

(4) Any such regulations may apply either generally to the whole of Ireland or to any part thereof and may be issued at any time whether before or after the termination of the present war and the Principal Act shall continue in force as far as may be necessary for that purpose and the regulations may contain such incidental, supplemental, and consequential provisions as may be necessary for carrying out the purposes of this act and shall have effect as if enacted in this act.

(5) In this act, unless the context otherwise requires, the expression, crime, means any treason, felony, misdemeanor or other offense punishable whether by indictment or on summary conviction by imprisonment or by any greater punishment and other offenses against the Defense of the Realm Regulations. The expression, "Persons committed for trial," shall include a person who has entered into recognizance conditions to appear and plead to an indictment or to take his trial upon any criminal charge or who has been committed to prison, there to await his trial for any crime.

California Shipbuilders at Hamburg.

A letter of unusual interest has been received from Dr. Theodore Rethers of this city, who is traveling in Europe. It was written at Hamburg and contains some significant facts about post-war conditions in the great German port.

Dr. Rethers recently left here with Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Moore and Mr. and Mrs. George A. Armes. The two shipbuilders went abroad primarily to make arrangements with a Norwegian company for the exclusive manufacture of a new type of Diesel engine. The success of this mission should mean a great deal for San Francisco and Oakland. Dr. Rethers is now in either England or Scotland, and intends to visit the principal hospitals on the Continent with the view of investigating the latest methods of surgery as developed by the world war.

Aboard the *Manchuria*, on which the party left New York, was Dr. W. Kuno, president of the Hamburg-American Steamship Line. Dr. Kuno had been in New York arranging with the Harrimans for the revival of the transatlantic service of his company.

"On our arrival in Cuxhaven," writes Dr. Rethers, "Dr. Kuno invited us to accompany him on a tour of inspection around the harbor Hamburg. Accordingly we embarked on the director's steam yacht and were shown the marvelous docks of the Elbe with their thousands (5000) of hoisting cranes, unloading devices, etc. We inspected the uncompleted but largest steamer in the world, the *Bismarck*; also the *Deutschland*, tied to a dock where she had capsized and had been refloated.

"We landed at the new works of the Deutscher Werft Company, which were started a year and a half ago and are still in course of construction. The grounds cover thousands of acres. At present there are in course of constructive forty-five steamers, varying in size from 4000 to 20,000 tons capacity. These works on the Elbe have many immense floating dry-docks.

"The average wage of the mechanic is \$1.50 a day, with forty-eight hours' work a week. At present there is a certain degree of unrest among these workmen, as well as in other industries, due to the fact that the government contemplates taxing all wages 10 per cent. at the source of help to pay the cost of war. I might add that there is a surplus of workers, with a great deal of unemployment."

BRITISH LABOR AND RED RUSSIA.

The fate of Warsaw is still in doubt at the moment of writing on Wednesday morning. The Poles have won a modified but a marked success and have repelled the Red attack. None the less the city is likely to fall unless the unforeseen shall happen. The Red armies have invested it in strong force and their military leadership is much superior to that of their enemies. Warsaw will not only be taken, but it will probably be sacked. It will certainly be sovietized. So will the whole of Poland, and an attack by propaganda will then be made upon Germany in the effort to reach France and England, and particularly France. There is no need to dwell upon the chapter of inanities that has produced this result. It became inevitable from the moment when the whole of Europe was allowed to welter in its misery for month after month while three or four men, imagining themselves to be Providence, were chasing the rainbow of the league of nations. It became still more inevitable when the claims of Poland were flouted and the nonsense of self-determination was allowed to stifle the voice of justice. It was certain that Poland would fight for the territory denied to her. It was equally certain that Bolshevik Russia would fight, on one pretext or another, for the subjugation of the Polish barrier. All the world except the peace conferees knew this well. We have now to face a situation that was thus created, and it is a situation that moves steadily toward a debacle.

The most notable feature of the moment is the rift in the Allied lute. The anti-Red forces in Russia are now led by General Baron Wrangel, who is thus the successor of Denikine and Kolchak. France pins her faith to Wrangel and is prepared to support him so far as she dares do so. Great Britain, on the other hand, refuses to lend any aid, moral or material, to Wrangel, and has notified him to that effect. America inclines to the support of France, and has sent warships to the Baltic on the usual diplomatic pretense of saving the lives of Americans, who can of course retreat westward whenever they wish to do so and without let or hindrance. We need not inquire why President Wilson is now so incensed against the Reds, in view of the extraordinary support and encouragement that he gave them during the peace conference, and the incitements to Bolshevism with which his utterances were then so rife. Possibly he feels a moral obligation toward Poland, seeing that the independence of Poland was one of the Fourteen Points. Possibly he feels a resentment against the Bolsheviks for their refusal to be led by his counsels. However that may be, he seems to have ranged himself on the side of France and will doubtless go as far as public opinion will permit, which is probably not very far. We have thus an alignment of America and France in favor of some sort of aggressive movement against the Bolsheviks. Great Britain, on the other hand, refuses to join in the movement. She is intent on the resumption of trade with Russia, while France is equally intent on the collection of her loans. None the less Great Britain would like to help Poland so far as she can do so short of war. France would certainly desire to send an army against the Reds, but the difficulties are almost insuperable. Such an army would have no shadow of an excuse for crossing Germany, and it would probably have to fight Germany in order to do so. There would be a storm of indignation in France and probably a revolution. France may "recognize" Wrangel, although that would do him no good whatever. She can send both military experts and stores to Poland and to Russia, and she is already doing this. But we may doubt if she can give any substantial aid whatever with a bitterly hostile Germany in her path. It is too late. The Reds have the ball at their feet. They can kick it whenever they will.

It may be that Lloyd George is making a virtue of necessity in his present attitude toward Russia. He has that sternly practical view of the possibilities that to some extent has been denied to the French. He does not dare to summon his people to a new war, and a war that might easily surpass all their experiences in that line. For the threat of the labor unions to order a general strike in the event of war with Russia was no idle one. It is true that Lloyd George has taken up the glove thus thrown into the arena and has stated amid the applause of Parliament that the government will be conducted by the regular authorities, and not by the labor unions, and that all the forces of the country will be employed to that end. They were brave words and they were doubtless sincere. We should much like to hear something of the sort over here. None the less Lloyd George was on fairly safe ground, seeing that the labor unions had done no more than voice his own intentions. Lloyd George and the unions were in agreement as to what the country ought to do with regard to Russia, and a conflict between them was therefore improbable. None the less he did well thus sternly rebuke what was no more nor less than a threat to establish a Soviet government in Great Britain.

The British Labor party has just held its conference

at Scarborough, and it was from this conference that the threat of a general strike was issued. A year ago the party numbered about half a million. Its present strength is three millions and a half. It is organized in nearly all the English constituencies and it already intends to contest over three hundred of the five hundred and eighty seats. When the general election comes it will probably be ready to conduct a fight in all of them. No less than twelve hundred delegates were present at Scarborough and the proceedings were of the most orderly kind. The debates were by no means confined to labor questions. All phases of politics, national and international, were considered, and it is said that the delegates showed themselves to be much better informed than the average member of Parliament. Resolutions were passed demanding the independence of Egypt and the summoning of a constituent assembly for Ireland. But the threat of a general strike was only in the event of war with Russia. A sympathetic report of the proceedings says that the conference in no way approved of Bolshevism, but it wanted peace, trade, and friendly relations.

The conference "in no way approved of Bolshevism," but then proceeded to act in a typically Bolshevik way. For to override representative government by a threat of force is Bolshevism pure and simple, and, by the same token, it is the negation of democracy. The British House of Commons is elected by nearly universal suffrage. It is much more democratic than the American House of Representatives, seeing that the people can force a general election almost whenever they wish, and that all the members of the government have parliamentary seats and can be called to account and ousted at a few hours' notice. It is hardly possible to imagine a machinery better devised to represent the popular will than the House of Commons, and this is practically admitted by the Labor party when they announce their intention to contest all parliamentary seats and to fill the House of Commons with labor men. But in face of a Parliament which admittedly represents the popular will, and must always be kept abreast of the popular will, the Labor party announce their intention to overawe the House of Commons and the government by a general strike. If this is not undiluted Bolshevism it is hard to say what Bolshevism is.

Let us suppose that the Labor party shall presently succeed in electing a Labor House of Commons, which they are quite likely to do. Let us suppose that the House of Commons then decides upon this, that, or the other line of action. Let us further suppose that the capitalists then devise some means to bring the country to the verge of anarchy and ruin in order to prevent the House from doing what it was created by a popular mandate in order to do. Imagine the outburst of rage at such a defeat of the popular will, the democratic frothings and foamings at the mouth. As a matter of fact we can not imagine any such thing. It has never happened, nor anything like it. The so-called capitalist party has never made any threat of national reprisals in the event of the adoption of a measure or of a policy. There is no single resolution on record anywhere as emanating from capitalists in any way comparable with this threat of the British Labor party to paralyze the whole country if a democratically chosen Parliament and government shall exercise in a particular way the mandate that it received from the people at a general election. It is all very well to disavow Bolshevism, but the disavowal is unfortunately neutralized by action that is definitely Bolshevik in its nature, by action that is an impudent defiance of democracy and the assertion of a right to govern and to control by virtue of force and force alone.

It is significant of the lengths to which we have already gone in the direction of Bolshevism that such a threat as this with its many parallels in this country should be received almost without comment and as belonging to the proper order of things. Indeed it is received with some applause, and even by those who would repudiate any aspersion upon their own democratic loyalties. We take it almost as a matter of course that any organization having the requisite power should use that power to browbeat a democratic government and to force it into compliance with the wishes of an organized minority. Now if the Labor party can ordain that there shall be no war with Russia, even though the vast majority of the people favor war, where shall the exercise of that power stop? Why should not the Labor party similarly control all the other details of government? Why should it not threaten a general strike in case this bill is passed or that other bill rejected, in case the duty on sugar is raised or the duty on tobacco lowered? Why indulge at all in the farce of elections, or congresses, or parliaments? All the necessities of government seem already to be met by the summoning of a labor conference with its power to destroy the nation by means of a general strike. It is true that it is equally within the power of the government to summon soldiers and to make appropriate threats, and the Labor party ought to be the last to complain if their own medicine should thus be administered to them. But then that is civil war. It was what Mr. Lloyd George had in mind when he said: "The Council of Action constitutes in itself one of the most formi-

able challenges ever given to democracy, and the government must meet the challenge. Such acts as labor contemplates were the genesis of the French revolution." Bolshevism, it is well to remember, does not necessarily show itself, at least in its beginnings, by tortures and massacres, although these things follow in due course. Bolshevism is forcible domination by a minority caste and the overthrow of democratic government by majorities. In Bolshevism the tail wags the dog, not the dog the tail. The threat of the British Labor party is unadulterated Bolshevism, and we need hardly remind ourselves that there have been many examples of the same thing in America. Verbal repudiations of Bolshevism are all very well in their way, but they are somewhat negated by actions that are distinctively Bolshevik, such as have been foreshadowed by Mr. Gompers, who says that he will inflict all sorts of pains and penalties upon us unless we admit that the will of the American Federation of Labor is the supreme law of the land.

The position of England is therefore an uncertain one so far as Bolshevism is concerned, but the position of France is probably far worse. Mr. Robert Dell, whose knowledge of France is unique, shows a tendency in his recent book to take a decidedly gloomy view of the situation. The Frenchman, he tells us, never protests. He suffers in silence so long as he can and then he revolutes. He gives no premonitory warnings. Mr. Dell thinks that Bolshevism is much stronger in France than we suppose and that the gulf between the government and the governed is widening. There have been some ugly fulminations from French Socialists, ugly threats of what will happen in case there is an interference with Russia, and we know that ugly things have happened in France on far less provocation than has now been furnished by the aftermath of war. The difference between the policies of Great Britain and of France may be summarized in a few words. Both yearn ardently for the overthrow of Bolshevism. France believes that this can best be accomplished by force, and England believes that it will more readily follow a pacific policy. And America seems to be nearer to the French position than to the British.

In the meantime Bolshevism is advancing in Asia. Mr. Henry G. Alsberg, writing in the *Nation* of August 14th from Moscow, and of course from the Bolshevik standpoint, says that Russia will help Kemal Pasha in Turkey and that she is also sending agents to Afghanistan and Beluchistan. She has helped Djemal Pasha to go Indiawards and make trouble. Russia, says Mr. Alsberg, does not need to send huge expeditionary forces to India. "The inhabitants need only be armed and provisioned to come rolling down from the border states to smash the British Raj—with the help of revolting population and troops in India itself. In Mesopotamia there are constant revolts, which, with a little material help, may serve to turn the recent conquerors out. Persia has already commenced to shake off her chains. England may continue to hold isolated Ireland in bondage, but unless she takes a quick decision to make peace with the Soviets, Asia will begin to move." Mr. Alsberg's text is the yearning of the peaceful and happy Bolsheviks to be let alone. England is unwilling to leave them alone, and therefore England must be compelled to do so by the sending of the fiery cross into Asia. Now of course Mr. Alsberg knows better than that. He is merely repeating the little lessons that he has learned at the Bolshevik kindergarten. Heaven forbid that we should insult his intelligence by assuming that he believes any of this nonsense. Asia will indeed "begin to move." She has already begun, but the animosities of Asia are directed against Europe as a whole, and not against only one country. Mr. Alsberg is also aware that England is now the champion, and apparently the only champion, of non-intervention with Russia. Mr. Alsberg also knows that while Soviet Russia may wish to be let alone she has not the slightest intention to return the compliment nor to swerve a hair's breadth from her resolve to destroy the governments of Europe and to use the smouldering discontents of Asia to that end. It may be that the governments of Europe can find a remedy. Evidently they are badly frightened, as well they may be. Whether they can bring themselves to give the means of self-defense to Germany, to take that risk, remains to be seen. The layman can not see very much difference between several million highly-trained soldiers scattered throughout Germany and a portion of those same millions summoned to the defense of their eastern frontier.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 18, 1920.

SIDNEY CORYN.

Lost musical masterpieces composed between the reigns of Henry VII and James I have been discovered in manuscript form in England and will be published. They are said to compare well with works of contemporary productions of Flanders and Italy.

John Wilkes Booth uttered "Sic semper tyrannis" in the box at Ford's Theatre the moment he shot Lincoln, and not on the stage, says William J. Ferguson, an actor who was standing in the wings awaiting his part when the assassination occurred.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Epstein, the sculptor, whose "Christ" so generally shocked the sensibilities, is a product of New York's East Side. Another controversy over his work has been in progress in England since 1908, the cause being certain figures he made for the British Medical Association's new building.

Little Miss Constance Sunquist, nine years old, Panama Canal Zone girl, is the heroine of the southern waters. She recently swam the canal at Culebra cut with her hands and feet tied. At the age of six she made a thirty-four-foot dive in the Balboa swimming pool every day and swam a mile in 39 minutes and 45 seconds.

Mrs. Medill McCormick, it will be remembered, is the daughter of the late Mark Hanna, the well-known political "boss." Mrs. McCormick, long interested in suffrage, will be an active participant in the affairs this year of her father's party, for, like her senator husband, she is an enthusiastic believer in the principles of democracy as interpreted by the Republican party.

Harry Hogo is eighty-two years of age, has only one leg, and lives the life of a hermit in the Nevada desert. But he operates more than fifty mining claims, with prospecting operations financed by Christine Cornelius, sixty years old, and with the advice of "Rawhide Jack" Davis, famous prospector and mining man. Hogo was the discoverer of the Three Towers mine at Queensland, Australia, when he was twenty-two years of age. Before the civil war he was engaged in running slaves into the Southern States from the Congo, and has enjoyed a life on the edge of things.

Not so many years ago, in Roumania, a little girl dreamed of becoming a great actress. She knew that before her lay almost insurmountable obstacles—poverty, racial prejudice, lack of "influence," and opportunity. But these were overcome, and while still a girl Bertha Kalich was hailed as a star in the capital of her own country. Then she came to America and among the people of her own race she grew in fame as an actress of superb attainments. She was playing in Yiddish then, but studied the language of her new country so assiduously that before long she was a Broadway star.

It pays to be homely, says Mrs. Mary A. Bevan of London. She arrived in port on the steamer Philadelphia to claim the distinction of being the world's homeliest woman and is ready to contest the title with all comers. She is here under contract to appear with the Ringling-Barnum & Bailey circus. Mrs. Bevan's only concern is that she did not discover years ago the value of being homely. She feels she has lost many thousand dollars by her failure to recognize the fact that people are willing to pay to see homely women as well as beautiful ones. Last year she entered a contest at an English seaside resort and won the \$5000 first prize, the judges deciding she was the ugliest woman in England. She has two boys and two girls. She said positively that her husband never commented on her looks.

A. L. Westgard, field representative of the American Automobile Association, is known in the automobile and good roads world as the king of pathfinders. Christopher Columbus discovered the outer edge of America, but it remained for this man Westgard to discover and revive the old trails of the inhabitants of past centuries, and to preach facts and spread enthusiasm, until the people living adjacent thereto converted these old trails into modern highways well-nigh as smooth as a ballroom floor. In searching out roads for the laying out of the stupendous system of transcontinental and Canada-to-the-Gulf highways, which now make it possible for the motorists to take jaunts about the continent with ease and speed, Mr. Westgard has found it necessary to make twenty trips from ocean to ocean and thirty trips from the Canadian border to the southern boundary of the United States. On all these trips he was accompanied by his genial wife, who has the distinction of having traveled more miles in an automobile than any woman in the world. The Westgards are as familiar with the country roads of every state in the Union as "Uncle Joe" Cannon and Champ Clark are with the streets of Washington. Much of this pioneer roadway exploring was done over old trails which had never before been penetrated by man other than on horse or mule or on foot. Westgard commenced this useful work back in 1903 and has been unceasingly sticking to the job from that day to this. He has worn out eighteen cars in his travels, and will start out with his nineteenth in a few weeks when he begins locating the national park connecting highways.

Hon. Arthur Meighen, Canada's new premier, was born of Scot-Irish Protestant stock in 1876 at St. Mary's, in the County of Perth in Western Ontario, the son of Joseph and Mary Meighen, and like most eminent men on this continent was raised on a farm. He received his education at the local school, at St. Mary's Collegiate Institute, and Toronto University, where he graduated as B. A. in 1896. For a few years he followed the profession of teaching school, but only as a stepping-stone to the law. Taking Horace Greeley's advice, he went West at the beginning of the cen-

tury, and after serving his apprenticeship in a Winnipeg law office was admitted to the bar of Manitoba in 1903. He settled down to practice in the little town of Portage La Prairie, the centre of an old established settlement sixty miles west of Winnipeg. He married in 1904 and is now the happy father of two sons and a daughter. Before he had time to build up a large practice politics claimed him and has held him ever since. In 1908 he was nominated as Conservative candidate for the riding of Portage La Prairie and was elected after a bitter fight. His party was then fighting a hard battle in opposition and was in serious need of able recruits, so that a man of his ability was gladly welcomed. He soon made his mark as a speaker and showed frequent signs of independence in advocating causes which his party chieftains frowned upon. He was reelected in 1911, when his party came into office, and continued to gain in parliamentary stature. In 1913 he was appointed solicitor-general without a seat in the cabinet, but this promotion came to him two years later, when he was also made a privy councillor.

OLD FAVORITES.

Auld Lang Syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the hurn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid wallie-waught
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne. —Robert Burns.

Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them! To die,—to sleep,—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep; perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveler returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. —Shakespeare.

The Stormy Petrel.

A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the stormy sea,—
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds;
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds;
The mighty cables and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,—
They strain and they crack; and hearts like stone
Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down!—up and down!
From the base of the wave to the hallow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam
The stormy petrel finds a home,—
A home, if such a place may be—
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the deep!—o'er the deep!
Where the whale and the shark and the swordfish sleep,—
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale—in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard!
Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;
Yet he never falters,—so, petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!
—Bryan W. Procter (Barry Cornwall).

WHAT ABOUT OUR EDUCATION?

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones Attributes Most of Our Evils to the Errors of the Public School.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is not the only nor the first author who has started out to write upon one topic and has subsequently found himself writing upon something quite different. He tells us that he was moved to send a letter to the English newspapers on the edict that prevents children from appearing on the stage, but he found that such a letter would be too long. Moreover, it seemed to involve the whole system of popular education which, in its turn, lay coiled around the roots of the national character. Under these circumstances it seemed best to address an open letter to the British minister of education, and then the vast panorama "caught me in its whirl." What hope could there be for a people fed on unrealities and trivialities, evading every great and real problem, but always to be snared by such catchwords as "making the world safe for democracy," "self-determination" and a "brotherhood of nations"? And so the present substantial volume came into being, a general arraignment of secular and religious education, of the theatre, and of all the great forces that mold the public mind, or what it pleases us to call the public mind, very much as a potter models the clay. Mr. Jones addresses himself to a British audience, but the limitation is hardly discernible. The evils of which he complains are to be found to an almost equal extent in America. Here, too, we find the same popular diet of puerilities, the same evasions and falsifications of facts, the same steady appeal to the basenesses rather than to the nobilities of human nature.

Why is it that Shakespeare has lost in popularity *pari passu* with the spread of education? Have we here a case of cause and effect or only of coincidence? What is wrong with education and what is wrong with the drama? Why is Shakespeare neglected in England and fostered in Germany?

He has been absent from the English stage. But he has not been absent from the German stage. In the year before the war there were sixty-six companies playing Shakespeare in Germany, and in Berlin eight theatres put up twenty-five different Shakespearean productions; while 1104 representations were given of "The Merchant of Venice" alone. Our English record for that year is too contemptible to set down. Our record since the war, compared with Germany's, would probably prove to be equally contemptible, equally shameful to us, and equally dishonoring to Shakespeare. May not Germany well fling at us the taunt that "if music-hall and cinematograph England" had been possessed with the spirit of Shakespeare, we should long ago have won the war?

Mr. Jones invites the minister of education to consider the influence of the music-hall. There one may find a "blazing popular comedian" deliver lines of ill-concealed filthiness "for which his hourly rate of pay was probably ten times as much as you receive for superintending the education of the kingdom." But as a rule the music-hall is not indecent. It is only idiotic, which is worse. Its entertainments are largely composed of dull mediocrity, banality, tawdry sentiment, rank sensation, horribly vulgar sensual suggestion, and sheer imbecility.

When the war had been in progress for long over two years, and we were in deadly grapple for our lives, I saw at a West End theatre a large troupe of chorus girls, all uniformed as men, in tightly-fitting coats, cut short with little flaps, so as to display the least attractive part of their bodies, and set off with other items of man's attire in garish colors; the whole costume being a pattern and model of vile, ugly, senseless, bad taste. The girls had been drilled to perform in unison a series of quite meaningless operations and evolutions, waving their arms, lifting their legs, placing their bodies in ridiculous ungraceful attitudes, and sometimes flaunting unconsciously that terribly conspicuous and least attractive part of their bodies which the costume seemed chiefly designed to "exploit." The hideous exhibition was accompanied by music that could only be described as appropriate to it. I had come into the theatre reading of horrible battle carnage in Flanders. My heart sank within me, and I hurried away from this more dreadful scene.

The drama has gone steadily downhill. Shakespeare is no longer endured, but his place was taken some fifty years ago by the burlesques of Byron and Burnand, and they were often amusing and witty and the dialogue was in good English. But their day has passed, except to a certain extent in the metropolis. The dialogue is now slovenly, uncolloquial, and insincere. It is usually in very bad English:

I will give a sample. The following sentence was spoken in a fashionable West End theatre, in a piece that had no connected story or discoverable plot; where none of the personages, so far as I could discern, acted from any intelligible motive, or had any reason for being in the places where they found themselves. There was a succession of bright tawdry scenes, a display of gorgeous dresses, a crowd of chorus girls, and several star performers of both sexes, who appeared in different disguises throughout this disordered maze and revel of insanity. The leading comedian was making advances to the leading lady.

"I suppose you mean to infer that I'm hot stuff," she replied.

I am fastidious in the matter of dialogue, and I claim that this line should have read, "Then you think I'm a whore."

That is good Shakespearean English, and it says what she meant in exactly half the number of syllables. It has also the merit of implying a reproof instead of a sanction for further impropriety.

Mr. Jones asks to what extent we must blame popular education for this descent into blatant vulgarity and flagrant silliness, and at a time when governing power

is falling steadily into the hands of those who seem to have been robbed of all power to think or to reflect. It is in the popular theatre that we see people as they actually are, and now the stage makes hideous exposure of our unsightly mental and spiritual nakedness:

I ask you, sir, to dwell for a moment on the comparative levels of popular education in the time of Elizabeth and in our present time, as measured by the popular entertainments in their respective theatres. There was plenty of brutal, obscene amusement in the days of Elizabeth. Doubtless there were displays which would have shocked the ears and eyes of many of the frequenters of our present popular theatres, though I question if those coarser entertainments of a coarser and more robust age were so charged with insidious corruption and mental depravity as some of our present-day entertainments. But alongside those brutal exhibitions, there flourished the greatest drama of all times.

One might put up with a large amount of tawdry, extravagant display and witless vulgarity—treating it as mere holiday exuberance—if alongside we had a vigorous, sane, modern drama that addressed itself to intelligent audiences. But the music-hall has usurped and devastated nearly all the evening leisure of our masses. It is our national school of taste and manners, and it clearly indicates the level and the drift of our popular education.

The author reverts to the danger that must come to a state from the mental corrosion of its people. There was a time when we hailed popular education as the solution of all social problems, the augury of a social millennium. What are we to think now of popular education as we witness its fruits in the theatre and the music-hall and the movie? Is this all that education can do for us?

If a man drugs me with ether, and takes from me my watch, he knows he has robbed me, and, in his heart, he probably calls himself a thief. But if, in some greatly involved matter of politics, a man drugs me with the fumes of his words and his whimsies, and takes from me my power of right judgment, he doesn't know that he has robbed me, and he probably calls himself a Social Reformer. Very likely, before drugging me, he has carefully and systematically drugged himself, and then, if it is to our personal or class interest to be deceived, we go on drugging each other, and we form a caucus to drug all our neighbors.

And by and by a monstrous hill comes in for the state to pay.

What shall it profit us, we are asked, if we exchange the war of the battlefield for the war of commercial and economic life? The battlefield does at least produce heroisms and shining sacrifices, but what does this other produce? What is this peace that we acclaim, and how rich is it in "the valors and sanctities of the soul, the ornaments and elegancies of the mind"?

I have known much of English commercial life. I have some knowledge and experience of American commercial methods and practices. These nations may justly claim that, as human nature is constituted, they compare very favorably with most other nations. There is certainly a greater proportion of righteous men in London and in New York than would have saved Sodom from destruction. But commercial life everywhere seems to be necessarily leavened with baseness, dishonesty, greed, and cunning selfishness. Can we contemplate, with any satisfaction, the perpetual dedication of the greater part of mankind to industrialism and commercialism, human life everywhere becoming more mechanical, more uniformly prosperous and banal and smug, dwarfed down to standards of material comfort and competence? The spirit of man loses its finest impulses, loses its wings if it stays too long in the warm nest of material prosperity. On both sides of the Atlantic, amongst men of high repute and great commercial standing, I have known trade dealings and daily practices so abhorrently mean and dishonest that rather than put my son to fight for his livelihood with such weapons I would thrust him into the deadliest forefront of our battle line, and think I had acted well by him.

Education has given us a wrong standard of values. We have become materialists and utilitarians, sanctifying ourselves with silly sentiment, as in that detestable song which declared "I did not raise by darling boy to be a soldier":

So sang the American mothers two years ago, hugging their darling boys to their bosoms. But He that had the steerage of their course caught them in His fist, blew His strong breath, and filled their sails, and wafted them to France, there to fulfill the destiny that He, and not their mothers, had chosen for them. Nor will any American mother whose son is gathered amongst the first fruits of her country's valor, in that richest vintage those vineyards have ever known, esteem him any the less her pride and joy, because he found in the valley of the Marne a safer and more sacred resting-place than in her arms.

One of the results of education has been internationalism, with Mr. H. G. Wells for its prophet. Internationalism seems to consist largely of a defense of iniquities. Mr. Wells says that the Bolsheviks are "straight," that they are "probably honest," and "profoundly wise," and "shining clear," and thus far superior to Western statesmen "crudely ignorant of the world of modern ideas," that is to say Mr. Wells' ideas:

Can human imagination conceive our plight today, if our rulers had followed Mr. Wells' advice, and had incorporated the cause of the Allies with that filthy mass of corruption, fraud, massacre, disease, and anarchy which now festers in the vitals of the Russian people? How thankful we may be that our foreign office is filled with limited, ignorant, uneducated men, who, not possessing Mr. Wells' "clarity," and being "crudely ignorant" in Mr. Wells' "world of modern ideas," could not get a grip upon the situation.

Mr. Wells is prepared at a moment's notice to reconstruct the human race. He is perfectly informed as to the behavior of men under all conceivable circumstances, and with the eagle eye of prevision he foresees the future of the human race:

I can not, however, agree with Mr. Archibald Spofforth, who, in his recently published "Noted English Seers," places Mr. Wells rather below Old Moore in the rank of prophets. It may be true, as Mr. Spofforth argues, that Old Moore has lately been more successful in making lucky shots at futurity. But this is due, not so much to his professional skill in

prophecy, as to mere chance; and Mr. Wells, who, it must be owned, has been a little unfortunate in his recent premonitions, may confidently look to the law of average to put him on a level with Old Moore in this respect. We must also remember that Old Moore has been longer in the business than Mr. Wells, and may well have profited from his many past failures to make events tally with his predictions. Under one of his hieroglyphics for 1919, the elder prophet cautiously remarks, "Old Moore does not say that what we see in the picture will be brought about." This modest and judicious attitude towards his own prognostications is one that might be imitated by most prophets with great advantage to their reputations. Would that all our social prophets had the wisdom and candor of Old Moore, and an equal courage to avow that what they fondly dream may not be realized!

The value that we place upon a thing may usually be measured by the price that we are willing to pay for it. What are we willing to pay for erudition in comparison with other things? The Arbroath school board, for example, offers £80 a year as salary for a schoolteacher who must have high intellectual and moral qualifications, but the same town pays its scavengers nearly £102 a year, that is to say over 25 per cent. more:

Again, what manual work calls for less skill, or thought, or knowledge of any kind, calls for less care in habits, conduct, manners, dress, or character, than that of a scavenger—its one desirable, but not necessary qualification, being a diminished sensibility of the olfactory nerves. What would you consider, sir, to be a suitable salary for an Arbroath scavenger, comparing his work and responsibilities with the work and responsibilities of an Arbroath schoolteacher? The town pays its scavengers £101 18s. per annum, that is, over 25 per cent. more wages than it pays its schoolteachers.

What treasure houses of social and economic information are these advertisement columns of newspapers! Let us take another sample.

The Bath City Council and Education Committee require an assistant to the School of Commerce and Languages. This, again, is a post which seems to demand that its occupant shall possess rather high and varied qualifications and accomplishments. He is offered £90 a year. Meantime the *Daily Chronicle* offers £208 a year (£4 a week), with permanent employment and easy hours, to a ragpicker—a calling which, like scavenging, demands neither skill of hand or brain, nor any qualification of character or conduct.

How excellent a thing is Education! How far more excellent is plenty of good bread and cheese and beer!

Is it not, sir, a grave reproach to your department that a dejected and servile employment like ragpicking should be paid more than two and a half times as highly as school teaching? Doubtless, sir, you will consider it advisable to redress this grievance of your teachers, and to see they have no cause to envy the affluence of the happy ragpickers.

The inception of the league of nations is cited by the author as an illustration of the fatuities saddled upon immature minds by the educational falsities of the day. The peace conference decided that the ending of the war was a quite secondary and negligible matter in comparison with an ideal that was so much easier to think about and to enthuse about than the realities of facts:

It is distressing to find that there have been some quibbling and friction about the constitution and scope of the league of nations. But the scheme has the warm support of my Aunt Julia, whose husband was eaten by cannibals, and who therefore speaks with inside knowledge of the subject. Those objectors who have remained deaf to President Wilson's powerful arguments would, I feel sure, be convinced by my Aunt Julia. She very pertinently asks why a league of nations was not established in the very dawn of history, and then there would have been no wars at all. She is lending the movement all the weight of her moral influence, and all the vigor of her tongue. If any further doubts or discussions should arise, I hope the assembled statesmen may be persuaded to call my Aunt Julia to their councils. Her voluble optimism admirably qualifies her to deal with the question.

It will gratify President Wilson to know that whatever difficulties or disasters the league of nations may have to encounter, he can always be assured of the active sympathy and cooperation of my Aunt Julia. From the time when the question was first hushed she has been enthusiastically in its favor. So much so that she has declared throughout if we could only get a league of nations she did not care what its conditions might be, or what nations came into it, or whether it would work or not. The main thing was to draw up some document, call it a league of nations, and then defy any nation to go to war. I mention this to show how wholeheartedly she has supported President Wilson.

What shall the future be? The alternatives, says the author, are patriotism and internationalism, substance and dream. It is not patriotism that severs nations. It unites them. It is not internationalism that will bring the kingdom of heaven upon earth, but rather the kingdom of hell. Mr. Jones addresses his appeal to his own countrymen, but it is equally valid upon this side of the Atlantic. And the choice, the definite choice, must be made.

PATRIOTISM AND POPULAR EDUCATION. By Henry Arthur Jones. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4.

A beaver in a park was experimentally placed at work on a tree twelve feet long and two feet six inches thick, just as the town clock sounded the hour of noon. The beaver began by barking the tree a foot above the ground. That done, he attacked the wood. He worked hard, alternating his labor with dips in his bathing pond. He bathed and labored alternately; then he ate his supper of bread and carrots, which the keeper brought him, and paddled about in his pond until half-past 5 o'clock. Ten minutes later, when only one inch of the tree's diameter remained intact, he bore upon his work and the tree fell. Before it fell the beaver ran as men run when they have fired a blast. Then as the tree lay on the ground he portioned it out mentally and began to gnaw. He worked at intervals all night; cut the log into three parts, rolled two of the portions into the water, and reserved the other third for his permanent shelter. The work done, he took a bath.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending August 14, 1920, were \$153,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$161,500,000; a decrease of \$10,500,000.

Considerable gains in gold held by the bank, in total gold reserves, in total reserves, and in total resources, but losses over half a million dollars each in total bills on hand and total earning assets of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco took place during the week ending August 13th. The gains amounted respectively to \$6,689,000, \$3,575,000, \$3,637,000, and \$5,805,000.

Discounted bills secured by government war obligations rose nearly a million dollars and bills bought in the open market fell off over \$1,100,000.

There has been so much talk about small investors cashing in their Liberty bonds and

gate value of Liberty bonds held for their depositors was found to be approximately \$17,000,000, or an average of about \$2,500,000 for each bank. For the convenience of its depositors the Williamsburg Savings Bank is holding in round numbers \$1,500,000 in Liberty bonds, and the controller of this institution says the amount is steadily increasing.

"At the Bowers Savings Bank the amount of Liberty bonds entrusted to the institution by its depositors is estimated at \$2,000,000. Here also it is reported that the total amount held for customers is showing a gradual increase.

"The Dime Savings Bank in Brooklyn is holding for its depositors approximately \$2,500,000 in Liberty bonds, and from the time that the bank made known its willingness to care for the securities of the depositors the holdings have shown a steady increase.

"What is described as a high-water mark has been reached by the Franklin Savings Bank in the amount of Liberty bonds safeguarded for its depositors. At present \$2,735,000 in these securities is held for safe-keeping, and there has not been a single week in which the total holdings were not increased.

"The largest amount reported by a single bank was that of the Bank of Savings, which is holding \$3,500,000 of its depositors' Liberty bonds. These holdings are steadily being increased.

"Depositors of the Brooklyn Savings Bank have accumulated \$2,500,000 in Liberty bonds, which they have placed in the care of that institution, and the holdings are increasing rapidly.

"Not only do the savings banks generally agree to take care of Liberty bonds for depositors who have no safety vaults, but the banks undertake to clip the coupons and deposit the amount to the credit of the customer. In the first place, when a bond is placed in the care of the bank it is deposited to the credit of the customer, and unless he requests that a particular bond be returned to him on demand, a bond of the same denomination and issue as deposited is given back to him when he makes the request for its return."

John Marshall, Jr., vice-president of the Fireman's Fund, left August 7th for New York to attend the first meeting of the governing committee of the new National Underwriters Conference. This committee is composed of twenty members, fifteen of whom must be company presidents or vice-presidents. The other five members are the elected representatives of the local conferences in the different sections of the country.

The Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco has announced the treasury's issuance of government bonds Series C-1921, bearing 6 per cent. interest. The bonds are dated August 16, 1920, mature August 16, 1921, and are in denominations of \$500 to \$100,000. The bonds are exempt from all taxation with the exception of the estate and inheritance tax, surtaxes, excess and war profits taxes.

Local shippers have been advised of a penalty charge of \$10 a day which has been authorized by the Interstate Commerce Commission for the detention more than forty-eight hours of all open-top cars and cars loaded with lumber, coal, or coke. This new charge is in addition to the regular demurrage rate, and is designed to prevent undue detention of equipments in the present emergency.

The penalty charge will apply on forest materials to which the lumber rates themselves apply, but excepts cars held at ports for transshipment by vessel.

Reconsignment rules on all freight in open-top cars and coal and coke in all cars are amended to permit of but one reconsignment under certain conditions and exceptions, outside of which any reconsignment, diversion, or reshipment will subject the freight to the local rates plus five dollars per car.

The stock market has been under pressure of the severest liquidation for the past two weeks it has seen for a long time. When fairly strong pools are unable to support their securities and are even compelled to sell at whatever prices they can secure it makes for a condition that is delightful to the professional bear operator. It also makes for a situation that should be quite satisfactory to that considerable element in Wall Street that before buying has the patience to await just some such disastrous break in the market as accompanies semi-panic conditions. Once or twice a year these conditions recur.

The cause for the selling has been primarily due to the policy of the banks in curtailing their loans and to an extent it has been considerably increased by the fact that the Polish situation discouraged a good deal of buying that otherwise would have softened the fall in security prices.

It looks as if the turn in the situation were rather close at hand and that the lowest average prices for a long time are likely to be reached within the next week.

There are so many splendid bargain opportunities in the list these days that it is hardly worth while to enumerate them. The railroad stocks will offer a splendid field for bullish operations when the market turns. There are a good many low-priced rails that can be favorably exploited by pools and the banking interest will be found encouraging anything that will develop a stronger market for railroad securities, as practically every financial institution of consequence in the country is more or less loaded up with railroad stocks and bonds. In the past few months we have seen successful pool operations in stocks like Rock Island, Pere Marquette, and Southern Railway, and it is probable that such operations for a long time to come will be quite as conspicuous in the railway share list as among the industrials. It will require, however, consistent good management on the part of the railroads to make the best of the readjustment brought about by the rate and wage development.

Public utility issues will be restored to public favor in due course. Better rates must be afforded them in order to permit more efficient service. Court developments have favored Consolidated Gas and it is unlikely that the company will lose out in the appeal from the \$1.20 decision. This stock from its asset value viewpoint is a distinct bargain. Philadelphia Company is another. It is selling close to \$30 a share, has a long and enviable dividend record and is now paying \$3 a share a year, with large surplus and immensely valuable concealed equities. Its earnings are gaining ground at the rate of about \$3 a share per year, so that favorable dividend developments should not be long postponed. This company is controlled by the United Railways Investment Company, which is meeting success in its reorganization of its other most important subsidiary, United Railroads of San Francisco.

E. H. Rollins & Sons are participating in the offering of an issue of \$500,000 City of Pasadena 4 1/2 per cent. bonds for the purpose of obtaining funds to enable the city to take over the electric lighting distribution system of the Southern California Edison Company. The bonds are dated August 1st, are a legal investment for savings banks and trust funds in the state, are eligible as security for postal savings deposits, and are tax-exempt in the state.

The bonds have back of them an assessed valuation of \$73,363,977, and the total debt of the city, including the present loan, will be only \$2,157,250, from which a water debt of \$1,100,000, when deducted, leaves a net debt of only \$1,057,250. Pasadena's nine banks have aggregate deposits of about \$22,000,000. The bonds are a direct obligation of the whole city and payable from taxes on all taxable property in it.

Maturities are \$23,000 or \$22,000 annually on August 1st and prices allow yields from 5.81 per cent. in 1921 to 5.60 in 1926-30.

The automobile manufacturers of the United States made in the fiscal year just ended their highest record in supplying foreign markets. The total value of automobiles and accessories, such as tires, engines, and other separate parts, exported in the fiscal year 1920, says a statement by the National City Bank of New York, aggregates \$275,000,000 against \$138,000,000 two years ago and \$30,000,000 in the year preceding the war. Thus the value of automobiles and accessories exported in the fiscal year 1920 are nine times as much as in the year before the war and more than double that of the closing year of the war.

The whole world, adds the bank's statement, seems to be demanding motor vehicles for passenger and freight purposes and looking to the United States for its supply. The number of commercial cars exported in the first eleven months of the fiscal year 1920 was, according to the official reports of the government, 21,656 against 11,134 in the same months of 1919, and the number of passenger cars 103,146 against 32,412 in the corresponding months of 1919. Great Britain, which saw the practical qualities of the American commercial automobile during the war, took in the first eleven months of the fiscal year 1920, according to the above authority, over \$5,500,000 worth of our commercial automobiles against \$2,500,000 worth in the same months of the preceding year. Cuba, which recognized the convenience and practicability in a tropical climate of the power-driven vehicle as against that driven by animals, took of our commercial automobiles in the eleven months of the fiscal year 1920 1419 machines, valued at over \$3,000,000, against 610 machines, valued at a little over \$1,000,000, in the same months of the preceding year. To the distant Dutch East Indies the number of commercial machines sent was 440 against 309 in the same months of 1919, and only 68 in the corresponding months of 1918, and to our own Philippine Islands 698 commercial machines in the 1920 period against 159 in the same period of 1919, while British Oceania, which consists chiefly of Aus-

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tralia and New Zealand, took 929 commercial machines in the eleven months of the fiscal year 1920 against 271 in the same months of 1919 and 178 in the corresponding months of 1918.

A brief memorandum showing at a glance the causes of the existing money stringency and a possible programme for relieving it has been prepared by the brokerage firm of A. B. Leach & Co. It is presented as follows in the news columns of the Boston *News Bureau*:

"The cause of the money stringency:

"1. Transfer of large sums to Europe, in particular: (a) For the purchase of foreign internal and foreign-owned American securities, for real estate, control of foreign enterprises, luxuries (such as precious stones and high-priced semiluxuries, as silks, etc.). (b) To support dependents and by emigrants in person. (c) For relief work abroad. (d) Enormous speculation in foreign exchange.

"2. Hoarding (outright by the foreign element), and for the purpose of future purchases of 'bargains' in material and securities.

"3. Reduction of producing power of labor in general by 20 per cent. to 50 per cent., making necessary the investment of tremendously increased amounts in the labor cost of all raw materials and finished goods, including foodstuffs.

"4. Lack of thrift (the craving for luxuries and non-essentials is still general).

"5. Transportation difficulties causing the storing-up of essential goods and thereby restricting additions of new wealth.

"6. The preparation for the financing of the crops, which requires the contraction of loans and the curtailment of new issues of securities. Nos. 4, 5, and 6 are the principal causes working against the accumulation of surplus capital, which is the essential need for industrial expansion.

"7. Instalment payments on Federal taxes restricting, temporarily, the use of large amounts of money for productive purposes—this on account of the slowness of getting this money back into the banks, available for commercial needs.

"8. The uncertainty of the political outlook.

"The possibilities for relief:

"1. Improvement in the labor situation: (a) By a return to pre-war efficiency. (b) By the functioning of courts of mediation in disputes. (c) By education (mutually of capital and labor and the liberalizing of the leadership of labor). (d) By a broad-minded immigration policy (possibly by unemployment in certain overexpanded industries, as automobiles, silks, shoes, clothing, shipyards).

"2. The addition of new wealth from agricultural crops, the principal ones of which are estimated to yield the following quantities: Wheat, 809,000,000 bushels; corn, 2,779,000,000 bushels; oats, 1,322,000,000 bushels; cot-

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where the aggregate thus accumulated had decreased." He continues:

"Of eight savings banks where inquiries were made all reported that there had been a steady increase in the amount of Liberty bonds held for depositors, while two of this number said the demands of depositors had reached such proportions that the privilege had to be discontinued. These banks had declined to accept any more Liberty bonds for safe-keeping, not because they wished to discourage depositors from making investments in these issues, but because they found it was physically impossible to take care of the accounts with their organizations as at present constituted.

"In seven of the largest savings banks of Manhattan, Brooklyn, and Queens the aggregate

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ton, 11,450,000 bales of 500 pounds each; hay, 110,000,000 tons. It is difficult to state the amount of the wealth which the above quantities will represent, but a conservative estimate would be in excess of two billion dollars.

"3. Interest payments on foreign debts to the United States and payments to reduce these debts, which debts, with the improvement of the productive power of Europe, will gradually be substituted by the largely increased importation of goods.

"4. The improvement in the transportation situation.

"5. The improvement of the financial and economic conditions of the principal European countries.

"6. A 'business' government.

"7. Improvement of the Federal Reserve machinery."

The improvement in the cotton crop prospect as reported by the government recently was not quite as great as had been looked for, and the short interest, which had been rather

extended in anticipation of this report, was inclined to cover, with a resulting sharp advance. The extent of the crop seems any one's guess at this time, but around 12,000,000 bales would seem to be a fair average estimate with a leeway on one side or the other of 1,000,000 bales, due either to very favorable crop conditions during the remainder of the season or serious damage by holl weevil or early frosts.

The price of the staple at present is very high relatively, and the credit and monetary conditions throughout the world are such as to suggest that there will be increasing economy in spending. Banking restrictions are beginning to have a sort of progressive effect on industry generally.

It begins to look as if we would have a wonderful corn crop this year, which is particularly important, in view of the relatively light wheat crop, though, of course, the wheat output will be very much greater than had been looked for a few months ago. The bears have had the best of it in the grain markets ever since the resumption in wheat trading. Prices are still extravagantly high as compared with normal years and, as we have definitely changed from a period of inflation to one of deflation, the undercurrent of prices in grains and agricultural products generally is to levels a good deal lower than we have seen. The situation might change in the event of any further great successes on the part of the Russian army.

Now that the freight rate decision has been rendered, it is up to the banking interests of the country in cooperation with the various governmental departments that could lend a hand to finance the great requirements of the railroads in the matter of rails and equipments. The underlying foreign demand is still extraordinary, though the financial problems concerned are difficult. If this situation works out the way every one hopes it will mean a long period of decided activity on the part of various rail mills and equipment corporations and, of course, would utilize an immense amount of steel.

There has been in recent years a radical increase in our steel-making capacity, and it will require this large demand from our railroads in order to keep up prices in the trade, as banking restrictions otherwise will have a tendency to diminish the demand for steel products in other lines.

Steel prices, however, must be deflated just as much as everything else before we can get back to anything like an approach to normal

business conditions, and in consequence consumers in this trade will place orders with particular regard to their early requirements. There has been seemingly a definite conclusion of the speculative buying in the trade which has had in the past few years at times a tendency to lift prices sensationally.

The world demands more efficient transportation facilities, and in this country it has been found that many railroads when electrically equipped are in position to offer much more efficient service. There are in this situation vast possibilities for an enormously increased demand for copper metal. Copper, when production costs are considered, is selling much lower than the average of commodities generally, and it would not require any great buying demand to bring about a favorable price readjustment.

Net earnings of \$404,399.56 have been reported for the first six months of the present year by the C. L. Best Tractor Company. The statement comes through Cyrus Peirce & Co.

In addition to showing the strong position of this California organization, the statement of earnings is significant of the company's management when it is compared with the estimate of earnings for the year made more than three months ago by the company.

In April it was estimated net earnings for the year 1920 would be \$750,000, and at the rate of earnings during the first six months this amount will be exceeded by more than \$58,000. After provision for Federal taxes net earnings have been more than nine times the interest on outstanding preferred stock.

The Good Railway Service Association of California is calling the attention of all its members to the June report of the Pacific Car Demurrage Bureau, showing that 10,000 more cars were held beyond free time in that month over June of 1919, the demurrage charges increasing from \$34,011 to \$63,797.

Commenting further upon a statement issued by K. M. Nicoles, chairman of the San Francisco Committee on Car Service, officials of the Good Railway Service Association point out that while it is possible that shippers can afford to lose \$63,797 in demurrage, they can scarcely afford the loss of approximately 30,000 car-days. According to Mr. Nicoles, the Commission on Car Service in its monthly statement on the car situation in the United States, on July 28th, shows that the heavy demand for box-cars continues, especially in the grain-growing section to which empty cars are being moved from the Eastern and Southeastern districts as an emergency measure to save the crops. This movement will compel California and the Pacific Coast shippers to make still more intensive use of their cars. Car shortage reports for the country, as of July 15th, show deferred requisitions for over 100,000 cars.

The Good Railway Service Association of California urges all its members and shippers generally to load heavy, load and unload quickly, as an assistance to the carriers in the effort to increase the average miles per car per day.

The Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company announce that of an issue of \$600,000 first mortgage 6 per cent. sinking fund gold bonds of San Diego Lands, Inc., underwritten and offered by them in March of this year, there remain outstanding only \$274,500. The bonds have been retired through the sales of real estate, which sales to date exceed \$800,000.

A report of the president of San Diego Lands, Inc., to the stockholders, issued as of July 1, 1920, sets forth the information that the company was incorporated January 12, 1920, and acquired from J. P. Morgan & Co. of New York approximately 28,000 acres of land, diversified as to character, in San Diego County, California, and that approximately 6000 acres have been sold.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company is participating in an offer of \$1,000,000 Pacific Power and Light Company first lien and general mortgage 8 per cent. gold bonds at a price of 98 1/4, yielding 8 1/4 per cent. These bonds are in denominations of \$1000 and \$500, due August 1, 1920, and redeemable at any time upon four weeks' notice up to and including August 1, 1925, at 105 and accrued interest and 1 per cent. per annum less thereafter until maturity.

The Pacific Power and Light Company was incorporated in 1910 by the consolidation of several established properties, owned in fee, some of which have now been in successful operation for twenty-five years. The company's business is conducted without competition and under satisfactory franchises in the states of Washington, Oregon, and Idaho, in an agricultural industrial territory, which in the past ten years has shown a growth of approximately 61 per cent. in population. Among the communities served are Walla Walla, Yakima, and Vancouver, Washington; Astoria, The Dalles, Pendleton, and Hood River, Oregon, and Lewiston, Idaho.

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Most of the company's franchises extend to at least 1950, while none except three expire prior to 1930. The gross earnings during the past twelve months from the properties operated under the franchises expiring prior to 1930 were only 2 per cent. of the total. All franchises are free from objectionable restrictions. The company operates in all communities served without competition.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Von Falkenhayn's Story.

Lieut-General von Falkenhayn, then German minister of war, became chief of the general staff of the army in the field on September 14, 1914, taking the place of the invalided General von Moltke. Just two years later, on August 28th, he was informed that the Kaiser had summoned Field Marshal von Hindenburg to consultation. This was naturally regarded by Von Falkenhayn as a dismissal and he laid down his duties at once. It is the story of these two years that he gives us in his present volume.

It is difficult, and indeed unnecessary, to epitomize a narrative of military movements. The author disclaims any intention to write a history of the war. He is concerned only with the events for which the general staff was responsible. He tells us that he found affairs in a serious, but not in a desperate position. Indeed he seems never to have been very optimistic. He deprecates the necessity of waging a trench war. His apology for the Verdun adventure is half-hearted. He admits that the Somme battle was a British success, although only a partial one, and he thinks that if the Austrian army had done what was expected of it Italy would have been forced out of the war. Indeed he does not seem to have believed at any time in the possibility of unqualified victory for Germany. His best hope was that Germany might so hammer her enemies that they themselves could not pay the price of victory.

THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF AND ITS DECISIONS. By General von Falkenhayn. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

With the Chinks.

Among side lights on the war is this pleasant book by Lieutenant Daryl Klein. The author was in China at the time of the war and he volunteered for the training of Chinese coolies who were to be sent to France to work behind the line. In this book he tells us all about it, and it makes good reading. He says: "The coolie whom we trained and brought to

France is a simple, jolly fellow. He is content with the very simplicities of life; he steals, but not overmuch; he is to be trusted. He is extraordinarily happy; he grins and grins; he is good to his fellow-creatures." What more could one want?

WITH THE CHINKS. By Daryl Klein. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

Ordnance and War.

Public interest in American ordnance and munitions of war in general was at zero point before the outbreak of the war. Usurping the prerogatives of Providence, we had said "Let there be light," and we had assumed that there was light. We had abolished war by the simple process of "holding the thought."

Public interest has probably sunk to zero once more. By the same psychological processes we have ordained an era of "reconstruction," for which artillery is not needed. For these reasons there may be no large popular audience for General Crozier's book on our recent munition deficiencies.

No American artillery of the two most important calibres reached Europe before the armistice. The same is true of gas shells. The funds furnished for these purposes were prodigious, and the public was eager to know—at one time—what had become of them. We had munition scandals, and we had aeroplane scandals, but we shelved them all—until next time, which of course will never come.

In this volume General Crozier tells us all about it. It was the fault of a public emasculated by peace and dollars, which is patently true. A nation can not be put on a war footing over night. Factories can not be built by the waving of a wand. The task was incalculably great. A large part of General Crozier's book is devoted to the Lewis gun dispute. He surveys all the charges pro and con and presents us with the official view. It may be said that these facts give a distinctly changed complexion to the situation. At the same time they leave us with a somewhat distinct impression of what may be called leishureliness at headquarters, of a state of mind inappreciative of tremendous urgen-

cies. The frequent repetition of placid official assurances that guns were being "developed," that "tests" would be undertaken on some nebulous future occasion, produce a certain irritating effect on the mind. Perhaps it could not be helped. It is not for the layman to say. But the layman does know that enormous sums of money were available, that the warnings of war were long and insistent, and that the most vital of munitions were still upon their way when the last shot had been fired.

ORDNANCE AND THE WORLD WAR. By Major-General William Crozier, U. S. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"So Saith the Spirit."

This is a volume of so-called spirit communications, and the second to reach us from an author who describes himself as "A King's Counsel." The messages, says the author, reached him through his two daughters, who were using the planchette and who were in their normal state of consciousness. Apart from their supposed origin, they are good messages and far above the average.

The author can not understand why there should be any reluctance to adopt "the simple, natural, and obvious explanation for these writings that they are what they purport to be, messages from the spirits of persons who have passed from this life." We will cheerfully give him the explanation that he desires. His own volume is one of some hundreds of similar volumes, all purporting to describe the life after death. They are all in hopeless disagreement. For example, his own book argues strenuously against the theory of reincarnation. It is denied by the "spirits" with whom he thinks himself to be in converse. But on the table lies another book, quite as authentic as his own, quite as well written, and also based on communications with the dead. It is called "Claude's Second Book," by Mrs. Kelway-Bamber, and published by Henry Holt & Co. In this book we find strong assertions of reincarnation. It is assumed as a fact and its mechanism is described with diagrams. Which shall we believe? Either or neither? When the "spirits" are able to come in some sort of agreement among themselves we may pay some attention to their gibberings. Until then we shall favor the theory of "Cosmic Memory" to which "A King's Counsel" so much objects.

"SO SAITH THE SPIRIT." By A King's Counsel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50.

The Transit of Venus.

This is an extravaganza of the lighter kind, and with some rather venerable stage fittings. Some half-dozen of the maritally unfortunate set out on a voyage of scientific investigation and with the definite understanding that no women shall be allowed on board. Great is their consternation when they discover that the captain has surreptitiously introduced his niece as substitute for one of the party who had been prevented from sailing. Of course we know at once what will happen. The woman hates, one and all, fall in love with the niece, and as only one of them can marry her we are left in a state of more or less pleased uncertainty as to the identity of the lucky man. The story is fairly well told. Whether it was worth telling is another matter.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS. By John Philip Sousa. New York: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.60.

Brief Reviews.

The Reilly & Lee Company, Chicago, have published "Miss Minerva's Baby," by Emma Speed Sampson. This is the third story in the Miss Minerva Series. The price is \$1.25.

Two books for little children come from the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. The first is "Blueberry Bear," by J. L. Sherard, with illustrations in color by George Carlson, and the second is "Jane and the Owl" (sage brush stories), by Gene Stone, also with colored illustrations by the same artist.

A full and pleasantly written account of the lace factories of Belgium will be found in "Enchins of Belgium," by Charlotte Kellogg (Funk & Wagnalls Company). The author deals sympathetically with the human aspects of the industry, while her fifty-one full-page illustrations of lace patterns and the many smaller cuts of stitches and meshes make it a delight to the lace lover. The price is \$2.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published a second and revised edition of "Lectures on Industrial Psychology," by Bernard Muscin. There seems to be as much psychology as psychology in this treatise, and perhaps it is well to remember that the higher and by far the most important psychological processes—conscience, for example—are not to be measured by any mechanical process whatsoever. The price of the book is \$3.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has published a new edition of "Readings from Colonial Prose and Poetry," edited by William J. Trent and B. W. Wells. This is an

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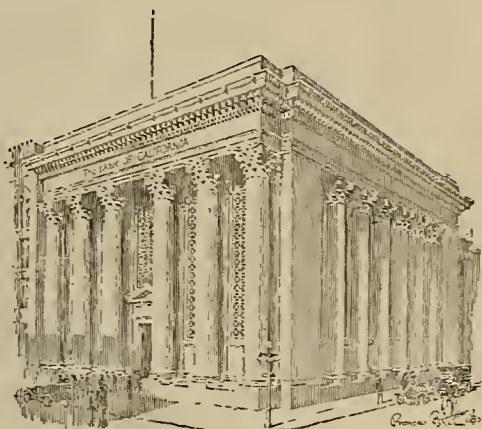
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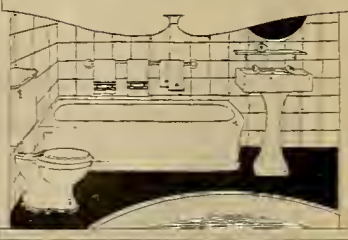
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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Eve of Pasqua.

The first of these sixteen short stories is decidedly the best, although all of them are good of their kind. It concerns two Spanish girls, sisters. One of them goes to the city to be an actress and returns to her home with the supposed stain upon her of an evil life and the resulting death of a suitor. She is recognized by the ignorant populace and stoned in the street, but escapes through the aid of a young Englishman and is restored to her sister. The two girls wait for night and then go toward their home, but are met by the arena bulls and one of them is gored to death. The report is spread that Providence has wreaked its vengeance upon the guilty girl, but we are allowed to know that it was the other one who was killed, and that before she died she persuaded her sister to connive at the deception in order that the past might be forgotten and opportunity be afforded for a new life. Mr. Dehan tells his stories vigorously and they are all of them worth telling.

THE EVE OF PASQUA. By Richard Dehan. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Atlantida.

This story, translated from the French, might have been a collaboration by Jules Verne and Rider Haggard. It describes the discovery in Central Africa of a surviving remnant of the lost Atlantis. The country is governed by a supremely beautiful woman whose amusement it is to give herself in love to the rare travelers who discover her domain. When she successively discards them they die of grief and are then petrified by an ancient process and preserved in a sort of museum. The story is told by a French officer who has already visited Atlantida and escaped the toils of the temptress, and who is now about to attempt a second incursion to the same region. Apart from the interest of

the adventure the author includes a surprising amount of information, presumably authentic, on the subject of African exploration and the various trade routes of antiquity. This is the sort of thing that Jules Verne would have done. Rider Haggard might have conceived the character of the lovely ogress who is the central figure of the story.

ATLANTIDA. By Pierre Benoit. Translated by Mary C. Tongue and Mary Ross. New York: Duffield & Co.

Freethinkers.

It seems hard to believe in the religious bigotries of a generation or so ago—until we realize that we are just as bigoted today, although in a different direction. Our fathers may remember the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, professor of English literature and theology at King's College. Maurice did not quite believe in the hell of the then-existing orthodoxy, and so the authorities came to the conclusion that his views "regarding the future punishment of the wicked and the final issues of the day of judgment are of dangerous tendency, and calculated to unsettle the minds of the theological students of King's College." And so Maurice was deprived of his position, but today we remember Maurice and have wholly forgotten his persecutors.

Maurice is the first of the six freethinkers to whom Mrs. Courtney devotes her book. The other five are Matthew Arnold, Huxley, Bradlaugh, Leslie Stephen, and Harriet Martineau. She regrets that Huxley gave so much time to the Gadarene swine. Today we are not interested in the Gadarene swine and we can not understand why any one should ever have been interested in them. Bradlaugh, says Mrs. Courtney, was no philosopher, but he was a great fighter. He did much to give us religious liberty and perhaps we have somewhat forgotten our great debt to these heretics and the gratitude that is their due. There is no finer courage than the courage which attacks a received opinion, just as there is no such blind cruelty as is summoned to the defense of those opinions. We no longer trouble ourselves about the Gadarene swine, nor allow ourselves to be worried by thoughts of a material hell. But perhaps our minds are not actually freer than they were fifty years ago. The accepted ideas have changed, but not the resentment with which we repel an attack upon them.

Mrs. Courtney has done her work very well, although without any marked literary merit. She shows us the lives of the men about whom she writes and how they suffered and fought. If we draw the right lessons from her narratives we shall be well repaid.

FREETHINKERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Janet E. Courtney, O. B. E. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Announcement is just made by the University of Chicago trustees that Director Charles Hubbard Judd of the School of Education, who is also head of the department of education in the university, has been made

chairman of the department of psychology to succeed Professor James R. Angell, who resigned to accept the presidency of the Carnegie Corporation of New York. Director Judd, who formerly was professor and director of the psychological laboratory at Yale University, has been president of the American Psychological Association and editor of the monograph supplements of the *Psychological Review*. He has written a general introduction to psychology, as well as a recent volume on "The Psychology of High School Subjects."

Professor James Henry Breasted, Ph. D., LL. D., chairman of the department of Oriental languages and literatures and director of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, will be the next convocation orator at that institution. This will be the one hundred and seventeenth convocation of the university and will be held on Friday, September 3d.

A number of the faculty of the University of Chicago are contributors to a new volume, "Ideals of America," issued under the auspices of the City Club of Chicago. Professor John Merle Coulter, head of the department of botany, has contributed "Ideals in Science," Professor Robert Morss Lovet of the department of English has a contribution on "Ideals in Literature," and Frederick D. Bramhall of the department of political science one on "Ideals in Politics."

A notice from the Century Company that a seventh edition has been ordered of "Italian Villas and Their Gardens," recalls the fact that Edith Wharton has done distinguished work in literary lines other than fiction. This is one of those volume of a sort of golden age of book-making. Over half of the forty-one illustrations are by Maxfield Parrish—which would represent a small fortune nowadays for the drawings—and fifteen are reproduced in full color. The text is printed in two colors on special plate paper. If the drawings and plates were made today, such is the high cost of book-making, the price of the volume would probably be somewhere around fifty dollars.

A book which will interest the many readers of verse is "A Study of Poetry," by Bliss Perry, which the Houghton Mifflin Company will publish in August. It covers the subject from the background in the far past down to the present day, but it is the present of which the author writes the most fully. Coming from a writer of Mr. Perry's scholarship and fine literary enthusiasm, this book will undoubtedly be an authority from the day of its appearance.

Richmond Old Palace, where Queen Elizabeth died, has been acquired on a thirteen and three-quarter years' lease by an American, Charles Kingsley, the English representative of Charles Scribner's Sons.

New Books Received.

ATLANTIDA. By Pierre Benoit. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.75.

A story of Atlantis.

THE MAID MIRABELLE. By Eliot H. Robinson. Boston: L. C. Page Company.

A romance of Lorraine.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS. By John Philip Sousa. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.60.

A novel.

MORALE. By G. Stanley Hall, LL. D. Ph. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$3.

The supreme standard of life and conduct.

THE KINGS OF POETRY AND OTHER ESSAYS. By John Erskine. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50.

A discussion of poetry past and present.

A MAN OF THE PEOPLE. By Thomas Dixon. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.75.

A drama of Lincoln.

SUNNY DUCROW. By Henry St. John Cooper. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.90.

A novel.

JANE AND THE OWL. By Gene Stone. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Sage hush stories.

BLUEBERRY BEAR. By J. L. Sherard. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

For children.

READINGS FROM COLONIAL PROSE AND POETRY. Edited by William P. Trent and B. W. Wells. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

A new one-volume edition.

EARLY EFFECTS OF THE WAR UPON THE FINANCE, COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY OF PERU. By L. S. Rowe, Ph. D., LL. D. New York: Oxford University Press.

Issued by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

Male Passengers on "Mayflower."

The forty-one male passengers, heads of families, who signed the compact on the *Mayflower* were: John Carver, William Bradford, Edward Winslow, William Brewster, Isaac Allerton, John Allerton, Myles Standish, John Alden, Samuel Fuller, Christopher Martin, William Mullins, William White, Richard Warren, John Howland, Stephen Hopkins, Edward Tilley, John Tilly, Francis Cook,

Thomas Rogers, Thomas Tinker, John Ridgdale, Edward Fuller, John Turner, Francis Eaton, James Chilton, John Crackston, John Billington, Moses Fletcher, John Goodman, Degary Priest, Thomas Williams, Gilbert Winslow, Edward Margeson, Peter Brown, Richard Britteridge, George Soule, Richard Soule, Richard Clark, Richard Gardiner, Thomas English, Edward Dotey, and Edward Leister. With the passengers came also fifteen male servants. They bore the names of Carter, Coper, Ely, Holbeck, Hooke, Langmore, Latham, Minter, Moore, Prower, Sampson, Story, Thompson, Trevore, and Wilder.

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"SATIRES OF 1920."

Gorgeous in the extreme is the production of the Fanchon and Marco show at the Curran. It is a Californian revue, being gotten up on this Coast by the enterprising pair of dancing partners. There is money in this line of entertainment, for it is the sort of thing that men turn out in shoals to see. The fact that they had "Follies" at the Columbia and now "Satires" at the Curran indicates that these are rivals in the same line as the original "Follies," because they can always count on a big male following. They provide the authentic girl-and-comedy prescription for the business man's particular line of American fatigue.

The girl part of the show was all there, by the score. How in the world they can rake in so many pretty girls for the show business is a problem, unless they are largely depending for these various traveling shows on a local chorus. But there is an astonishingly large number of pretty girls in the world. We see them on the streets, in the shops, in the business offices, besides showing up gayly at social affairs. And the girls in the "Satires of 1920" are very pretty, and there is no doubt whatever about their symmetry. Not the least in the world. Why, those girls in the gypsy dance, when they were all spinning around in concert—well, considering the outwardly decorous appearance of the band just before and after the crucial moment, it made the particular effect I hint at seem just about the most daring of any of the numerous near-nudities that we have seen on the stage since the war left off. The war and its aftermath of demoralization is, of course, knocking maiden modesty clean out of the running, as it did in France after that little '93 affair. And what the girls don't bring about in the line of radical innovations the theatrical showmen can be entirely depended upon to further, for the good of the box-office.

They have, however, other scenery besides girl-scenery in the "Satires"; really beautiful effects, with a striking manipulation of lights. This gypsy scene and the Shrine of the Zunis were alike immensely striking and effective. The scenery was painted by Alexander, and he will doubtless receive many compliments and commissions as the result.

There is a lot of the usual comedy work in

the "Satires" very well done by John Sheehan, who gives an excellent take-off of an impetuous British scenario-shifter; by Arthur West, who was a number of things, all of them done with genial competence; by Messrs. Lloyd and Wells, excellent blackface comedians and wonderful dancers, and by Al Wohlman.

Fanchon and Marco were more to the fore than usual, giving several of their whirlwind dances and doing some good burlesquing besides.

Marco's talents in jazz music were exhibited in "The Birth of Jazz," the number being ably helped out by some particularly clever instrumental comicalities by Messrs. Sieger and Wolf. In fact the dancing pair demonstrated pretty thoroughly that their versatility was not covered by the business acumen they had displayed in getting up this mammoth show.

One of the successful points about it is the new personnel. But new though some of the performers are, the work shows no signs of rawness. On the first night things went smoothly, for there had evidently been an enormous amount of rehearsing. The play, or performance rather, is divided up into fifteen "incidents," with widely varied settings and costumes. The girls dance beautifully, Muriel Stryker being particularly spectacular in her youthful grace and agility. They have a prima donna, Eva Clark by name, who is young, fresh-voiced, and pretty.

There is some sort of a plot in the beginning of things, but everybody, including the audience, forgot it eventually, although Jean Havez, who was responsible for the book, succeeded in supplying very entertaining matter while the story was on. But spectacle and specialties squeezed it out eventually. Besides those people already mentioned there was a lot of good work done by other performers, the evening's entertainment being, on the whole, rather too generous in quantity. There were a lot of lyrics, by the way, both lyrics and music being contributed by the indefatigable Fanchon and Marco, and the locally well-known Charles Sieger ran the orchestra with his well-known expertness.

"THE HUMMING BIRD."

Maud Fulton has written her second play. She has not rushed into it and galloped through with it because she felt pretty sure of the public's support, but she has evidently written it thoughtfully, deliberately. She has, as in "The Brat," abjured the stereotyped. Her story has a certain freshness and novelty. There is a French element in it, for Toinette, the little fitter, and the character that is impersonated by Maud Fulton, is a Parisian transplanted to America. As a general thing writers and playwrights who introduce a French character in their stories throw in a lot of cheap and obvious French, such as "Mon Dieu!" "Voilà!" and so on. And as it is scarcely fair to traduce these two perfectly good French expressions, I will add that the type of writers I refer to make them cheap and obvious by the way they use them. Maud Fulton, however, hit on a much better scheme. She made Toinette speak English all the time, with piquant little foreign turns to her American slang and colloquialisms which made us hang delightedly on her accents. And furthermore, in order to give the requisite French flavor to her heroine's speech, Maud Fulton had evidently listened attentively to French people who speak English with an accent. At least that is the way it impressed me, because Toinette's accent dropped from her lips so naturally and Frenchly.

Evidently the talented author is an uncommonly capable little citizen. She can dance well, do vaudeville stunts well, and act well. Acting is not the same thing as merely entertaining the public, and Maud Fulton was mastering the art of acting all those years while

she was a dancer and stage entertainer. That is to say, she knows how to slip under the skin of the character impersonated, and remain that character, completely and consistently, every minute that she is on the stage.

In the character of the Humming Bird, who is a Parisian Apache, Miss Fulton showed considerable ingenuity in her idea of making him dumb. It saved a repetition of the French accent, and added to the prestige of terror attached to the Humming Bird.

The story opens in an artist's studio, and we are plunged immediately into absorbed interest and a Bohemian atmosphere. All of the four characters living in this Bohemian world are racy, original, witty, and all but one lovable. The exception is a mannequin, very handsome, very tough, and very dissipated. She is rather a hard citizen and we are sorry for the artist, who has been caught in her snare and who is rapidly becoming disillusioned.

The intrepid authoress also lands us in a smart and prosperous interior, but she makes the wealthy and presumably worldly Henrietta Fish unconventional, slightly eccentric, warm-hearted, and dowered with a large-sized bump of humor. Miss Fish is the crisply loving aunt of one of the lovable Bohemians, a delightful, irreverent, true-blue American, full of fun and fancy; one of the type, as he says of himself, who are obliged to pass their lives joking so that the world will not discover how soft-hearted they are and laugh at them.

The story hinges on a peril that threatens Toinette, the kind, merry, helpful, domestic little French fitter, who cooks and darns for the two Bohemians, mothering them gayly, and perplexing them at times by the shadows from the past that revisit her mobile countenance.

Miss Fulton plays the rôle delightfully, looking the slip of youth that Toinette is; and if at times a look of maturity and care dims Toinette's gaiety, there is warrant for a girl who has toiled for a bare living in the poverty-haunted precincts of Montmartre to wear a look that shadows forth a sad precocity. Miss Fulton plays the character with love, for she has lived with it for months, and knows Toinette's aspiring soul as no other actress could know it.

The company surrounding her, too, is excellent. Not a rôle but is well played. That flavor of freshness and originality to the play extends to the characters. Without any evidence of undue or inartistic contriving it seems as if every principal had his or her moment when we were permitted to glimpse the real soul of them. Harlan Tucker made the audience love Philip Carey when he told his love to Toinette, because under the youthful gaiety and nonsense we detected the true and gentle manliness. Florence Oberle made us warmly like the woman she impersonated, whose wealth had failed to make her spirit superciliously conventional. Leah Penman gave an uncommonly clever representation of Billie, the calculating beauty to whom manly love meant merely a complaisant wage-earner with a full purse. Miss Penman has beauty and style, happily reinforced with intelligence and a very good equipment of histrionic ability.

Paisley Noon, as the silent Apache, did a particularly forceful, expressive, and feeling bit of pantomime, and the Apache dance between the Montmartre pair was charged with that sense of an electric spark ready to burst into flame which was designed by the author to accompany the fateful presence of the silent fugitive.

Arthur Stuart Hull gave a pleasant flavor of sterling manliness to the character of the artist, and both he and Harrison Tucker made the persiflage of the men particularly enjoyable by the ease, gaiety, and naturalness with which it was expressed. Other characters were the Irish couturière with the imitation French nationality; which allowed for a contrast to Toinette's neat, quiet Gallicisms; this one was well played by Grace Travers, who presented an array of appropriately efflorescent charms for the subjugation of Mme. Burque's business manager, who matched his employer's imitation French by a varnish of imitation English, extremely well done by Ernest Anderson.

Pretty Marie Walcamp, with her delicate features and girlish sweetness, was well placed in the rôle of Lisa, who in her talk with Toinette showed a gentleness of nature that won our sympathies. Henry B. Walthall completes the list of principals, this actor appearing as the great French sleuth who, like the majority of the characters, loved kindness for its own sake.

Evidently Miss Fulton is an optimist about human nature, and she likes to have an audience leave with their hearts full of softened, kindly sentiment. Add to this she has given us a capital story and dialogue that is both natural and witty. And, if you like, you can draw a moral from the play, for we gather that in the war devoted service to one's country made Frenchmen grateful and forgiving even to the ruthless Apaches.

THE ORPHEUM.

Heaven can be found at the Orpheum for the children this week, for they have a troupe of sixteen performing midgets. Once upon a time it was just enough to be a midget to make the public gape and pay. But these tiny humans in miniature are a talented lot, and have been carefully trained for the show business. Their act is a complete and quite wonderful show in itself, and the midgets demonstrate the possession of a variety of talents. They sing, dance, play on instruments, do circus stunts, including trick riding and a strong-man act; they juggle and work Chinese magic—or one of them, the tiniest atom in

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But it is inconvenient to forget all about it for an hour or more.

And that is what usually happens.

Meantime, the water meter does not forget about it—all the water wasted by a "standing irrigator" is measured by the meter.

The "standing irrigator" not only increases the water bill—it frequently injures the garden.

For the garden which is watered with a "standing irrigator" generally gets too much water.

Too much water leaches out and sours the soil.

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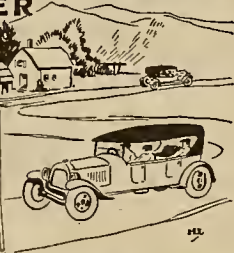
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the group, does; they do lariat whirling in the cowboy act; the men and women together—it really seems ridiculous to call them men and women, but they are adults—do a splendid stunt in fancy marching, and the girls vamp and showgirl, while the tiny Sandow simply takes our breath away by his strength and the feats which exhibit it.

And after all these various specialties—the doing of which went without a hitch—were over and done with, along came Carl Becker, a manly-looking midget who is an elephant trainer. Three fine, docile, splendidly trained elephants were on the stage going through their accomplishments as if they loved it. And strutting around among their moving forests of mighty legs was their infinitesimal trainer. Dressed in Oriental costume, more mature in countenance than the others, he dominated the huge beasts with his voice, running nimbly up their trunks and over their backs, as much at home on those moving mountains of flesh as if they were terra firma. It is always rather awe-inspiring to look at these trick elephants and realize how easily they could break up a show if they wanted to and violently project all human participants and on-lookers into kingdom come. That, of course, is one of the elements in the enjoyment of it. Only, the men behind the show always know their elephants and their dispositions pretty thoroughly and only select their most intelligently tractable charges for this kind of work.

This special trio are an unusually handsome collection, their rippling hides lighter than ordinary in color, and it seemed to me they were more intelligent in expression. In fact they seemed like patricians in elephantland; and as a special mark of distinction two of them have tusks.

It was interesting to observe the midgets' countenances. They are nearly all quite young, some of their faces being rather childlike. Their voices, too, are undeveloped, but all the same they are a mighty smart, brisk, reliable group of show-people.

Among the girls they have their special performer, one of whom, Dora Vieg, as Cleopatra, and the vamp-in-chief, was costumed with extreme gorgeousness. She also sang in a voice of midget quality.

Louis Vaschek, their strong man, has a remarkable chest circumference, his whole, compact little body being builded for strength. And the inconceivably minute Chong, rather older than the rest, was a deft performer of Oriental magic.

There were constant changes of scenery to set off the ten acts, very striking, most of it, which was accounted for by the fact that the sets were the work, some of them, of Joseph Urban, the others coming from the H. Robert law studios. The women's costumes were made in Paris, and the little creatures, some of whom were quite pretty, looked like living dolls as they marched, danced, and sang, their

'little bodies, as far as I could make out, being correctly proportioned.

In fact the troupe seems to have been selected for youth, health, looks, symmetry, and intelligence, only one of the men noticeably departing from the normal type in his build.

There are other features in the week's bill which, while very much enjoyed by adults, would also make a decided appeal to juvenile interest, one of them, "Artistic Rag Pictures," while not in the least artistic, being most cleverly contrived and the pictures very spirited, while it was entertaining to the audience to watch the deft manipulation of the "rags," and see the pictures grow visibly.

"Sassy Lillian Gonne," who is costumed in rompers and presents a very successful imitation of an enfant terrible, would also tickle the young people by her sudden darts of childish mischief and her general tomboyishness. She is a clever little being and a highly successful entertainer.

Georgia Campbell's "Gone Are the Days" has Southern atmosphere and the audience vastly enjoyed the old songs, which are very pleasingly sung by Miss Campbell and by a trio with mellow, non-yelling voices.

"The Futuristic Jail Bird" is pretty good, two girls warble acceptably in "Moments Musical," Dooley and Storey are good dancers, the man of the pair being able to monologize and do rope-spinning simultaneously, and can tell funny stories with a suggestion of honest foolishness about him that might mask his real cleverness if he were not so successful and such an amusing entertainer.

The programme closes with a lot of whirlwind repartee between the stage and a stage-box, in which there is some excellent fooling by three men, one of whom, Pasquale, sings with Latin charmfulness.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

New History on Old Battlefields.

In A. D. 106 one of Trajan's generals conquered Petra, the ancient city of the Nabatheans in Arabia, and created the Roman province of Arabia Petraea, but the city continued to flourish as a trade centre under the strong peace of Rome. In those days Petra was the focusing point on the caravan route from the interior of Arabia, Persia, and India to Egypt, Palestine, and Syria. It was a great safe deposit of fabulous wealth, fortified by frowning cliffs. When Roman power waned the Romanized Nabatheans were unable to withstand the desert hordes. The caravan trade was diverted through other channels, and Petra declined in importance.

A little more than a century ago John Lewis Burckhardt, a Swiss traveler, who had heard rumors of a great city of rock lying far out on the fringe of the Arabian Desert, penetrated the gorge and found once more this wonderful old city of Petra, which had not been mentioned in any literary record since A. D. 536. In the century or more since Burckhardt wrote of his discovery of the rock city in a letter from Cairo only a few explorers and archaeologists from the West have visited Petra. The journey is so long and arduous and the danger of violence from Bedouin nomads so great that not many have had the time or zeal to attempt it. The lion and the lizard kept the court where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep until Thomas Lawrence brought his fighting Bedouins into this city of tombs and empty palaces.—*Lowell Thomas in Asia.*

When the United States was sending Bolsheviks to Russia, Lenin made a most delicious remark about it: "I want America to understand that she can not dump her anarchists on Russia." The American deportees were put to work by their Soviet "comrades" and did not like it. It is pretty hard for an American agitator, who can make \$50 to \$100 a night by incendiary speeches in the United States, to find upon his arrival in glorious Soviet Russia that he must work at hard labor for his board.

Eliminating extravagance, and buying only essentials, the English middle classes are bringing down the cost of living. Many shops have large stocks at hand which they are forced to sell at reasonable prices to avoid greater loss.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

Maude Fulton has returned to San Francisco, this time appearing in a new play from her own pen entitled "The Humming Bird," and the Columbia is assured of unusual prosperity during the coming week, the final one, by the way, for this popular star and company.

Miss Fulton is seen in the rôle of Toinette, a character of the Paris underworld, who has graduated from the Apache life and is seen at a modiste's establishment as a fitter. Nothing of the lower Parisian life is pictured in the play, the three scenes being laid in New York.

Miss Fulton seems the ideal actress for the new rôle created by her, just as she was in "The Brat." Her personality and acting are all that could be desired.

Oliver Morosco has supplied a well-nigh perfect cast, including as it does well-known players of stage and screen, among whom will be found Henry B. Walthall, Marie Walcamp, Paisley Noon, Arthur Stewart Hull, Ernest Anderson, Grace Travers, Frank Whitson, Leah Penman, Florence Oberle, and Mildred Cates.

The Curran Theatre.

As a producing centre for revues San Francisco has become a large factor in the theatrical world. This became assured through the instantaneous hit scored by Fanchon and Marco's "Satires of 1920," now playing at the Curran Theatre.

Last year the same producers won great success in "Let's Go," both on the Coast and Eastern tour. The present revue is something new in stagedom, a revue with a plot in which the motion-picture industry is satirized.

The marvelous dancing of the stars, Fanchon and Marco, the humor of the five comedians—Lloyd and Wells, Arthur West, Al Wohlman, and John Shean, the lilting voice of the prima donna, Eva Clark, and the budding beauty and charm of the girls find ready favor.

The book of the production, by Jean Havez, eclipses his work for Ziegfeld's Follies, which brought him fame, while the costumes are works of art.

The Alcazar Theatre.

The Alcazar lends attentive ear to the popular demand, so here comes "Peg o' My Heart" again next Sunday. There will be no change in the "Peg" cast so enthusiastically acclaimed on its former appearance. Triumphs were won by Inez Ragan as the witching little Irish-American lass, Dudley Ayres as the magnetic Jerry, Emelie Melville in her original character of the proud British matron, Ben Erway and Emily Pinter as the priggish brother and sister, Brady Kline as the amorous Brent, Rafael Brunetto as the family solicitor, and Al Cunningham as the haughty butler.

"Daddies," to follow Sunday matinée, August 29th, for the first time on the Pacific Coast, is another special manifestation of David Belasco's brotherly affection for the Alcazar. It ran over 500 times at his own New York theatre and made conquest of England and Australia. It is one of his most cherished possessions, this wonderful comedy of love, laughter, and humanity, depicting the perplexities of the club of confirmed American bachelors who adopted a group of delightful little foreign war-waifs.

The Orpheum.

Due to their extreme popularity and the peculiar interest they hold for children and grown-ups, Singer's Midgets are held over one more week at the Orpheum.

The turn, as thousands of San Franciscans have witnessed this week, consists of thirty tiny men and women in a variety of scenes and exhibiting such an assortment of skill as seldom has been witnessed. A large menagerie of animals accompanies the act.

An entirely new bill of vaudeville accompanies Singer's Midgets' second week. Clarence Oliver and Georgie Olp will be seen in "The Bee Hive," their latest and said to be their neatest offering for advanced vaudeville.

Lovett's Concentration is described as a real mystery, embracing music, science, and mirth. A revelation in mind-reading and psychic power entirely different from that offered by other acts coming under this description is their accomplishment.

Jimmy Duffy and Mr. Sweeney, two lively young Yanks, will indulge in a "kidding" number, built on American lines of humor. Dave Harris, one of vaudeville's foremost syncopationists, will be heard in a variety of numbers. W. Horlick and Sarampa Sisters will be seen in descriptive dances. John Orren and Lillian Drew will offer their "barnyard" episode. Arco Brothers will prove their claim to being athletes supreme. Topics of the day and Orpheum Concert Orchestra are other featured numbers.



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Crowning a Pagoda.

A curious festival was held not long ago in Mandalay, the chief town of Burma. A new pagoda dedicated to the Buddhist religion was to be completed by the placing of a huge crown or thii upon its summit, more than 300 feet above the ground.

To witness the ceremony came Buddhists from Indo-China, from the Himalayas, from Laos and Chan and Siam. Warriors from Katschin, sorcerers from Mot, and people from other places made a medley of languages like that at Babel.

On a street corner would be seen a barber pulling a customer's tooth. On another corner a Mohammedan bird dealer sold caged paroquets to Buddhists who piously set them free. At very modern booths one could buy ice-cream, soda, or tea. Mandalay was a gorgeous spectacle and the new pagoda was the centre of it.

Every pagoda has at its summit a thii, or cap, the placing of which is often a herculean task. The one now to be raised weighed several hundred pounds and consisted of a gilded ball and crown and a great spindle above it.

To get it to the top an inclined plane of bamboo scaffolding like a huge toboggan slide had been built, and was decorated with silk flags and umbrellas. Up the inclined plane the heavy cap was slowly pulled up. Six days were required for the ascent and a seventh to fasten it in place.

The South Sea Islanders have a curious method of salutation, which is to fling a jar of water over the head of a friend.

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VANITY FAIR.

The Russian aristocrats of the old régime were certainly neither wastrels nor fools if we may judge from their representatives who were left stranded in France by the coming of the revolution. Most of them were without money except what they happened to have in their pockets. They could get nothing from Russia, for their estates had been seized. And the French government would do nothing for them because they represented a nation that had become unfriendly. Perhaps there is no such test of capacity and character as to be thrown upon one's own resources in a foreign country.

But most of these men seem to have met the test and passed it with honor. Colonel Doroschewik and some of his comrades, knowing all about automobiles from their hours of ease, opened a motor repair shop. Count Paul Ignatieff and his mother, the Princess Mestchersky, started a model dairy farm at St. Cloud. Their available money was just enough to buy the land and to stock it. There was nothing left for wages, and so they did their own work, and they knew how to do it, thanks to the experience they had gained on their vast estates in Russia. They knew all about the making of Swiss cheese, and they used their knowledge to such good effect that their products are known everywhere in Paris. They are democratic people, and such servants as they have are invited to sit with them at table and are considered as members of the family.

Among other Russian aristocrats who find it better to work than to weep are Prince Lyszevsky and Captain Thoe of the Imperial Guard, who found desks in a hank and who seem to have no difficulty in doing their new duties. Colonel Skouratoff grows salads, and Prince Goudacheff, formerly Russian ambassador to Spain, and Prince Dadeshkilian have become farmers. Prince Boris and his wife, having an eye for the good, the beautiful, and the true, have opened a decorating and painting business, and are doing well. There are very many other Russians in Paris who

seem quite able and willing to withstand the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune and to wrest victory from defeat.

Here in America we sometimes profess to be mightily amused when we hear that the great ones of the earth have been forced to get their living just like mere human beings. As a matter of fact we do not know who are the great ones of the earth until the acid test has been applied. How many of us would make much of a showing if we were suddenly to find ourselves, say in Petrograd, and without visible means of support, as they say in the police courts. If these Russian aristocrats who are now doing such good and manful work in France represent a caste that has been overthrown it seems to be about time that it was restored.

The members of the German royal family show up in a very inferior light in comparison with the Russians. Immediately after the German revolution it was said that one of the Kaiser's sons was selling automobiles, but apparently the sales were a little slow, for we heard nothing more about it. Since then another son has committed suicide as the readiest way to pay his debts, and now we are told that the other princes are frequent visitors to Holland, not that they may gaze with awe upon the imperial and paternal countenance, but that they may relieve their temporary financial embarrassments from the imperial and paternal exchequer. But these efforts to "touch" dear father are usually failures. Dear father has little enough of his own, and the renovating supplies from Germany are neither so regular nor so substantial as might be wished. The Kaiser's fortune that he took with him into Holland was about \$340,000, but out of this amount he had to buy his house and to furnish it, and when that had been done the balance was not a very large one. It is said that the royal princes have invariably gone empty away unless they were so fortunate as to find the empress with a little money in her purse, which they showed no reluctance to accept. The last visit that the Crown Prince paid to his dear parents was said to have what may be called a financial motive, but the gleanings were decidedly poor. His mother had very little to give him, but she made him a present of some chairs and tables, which he carried back with him to his cottage in Wieringen.

One wonders what these weird and dreadful people think about. We may suppose that the Kaiser thinks about the past and the

Crown Prince about the future. There we have the difference between youth and age. Age looks backward and youth looks forward. It may be that we could avoid old age, or at least postpone it indefinitely if we would compel our minds to turn away from the past and to look only toward the future. The man who indulges in reminiscences is old, no matter how old he is, if the paradox may be allowed. To look steadily toward the future is very much of a guarantee that we shall witness it. The future is full of interest, speculation, enthusiasm, and no man grows old so long as he preserves his interest and his enthusiasm.

Reminiscences are usually melancholy. It is the shadows that we see as we look backward and the reproachful might-have-beens. Dante said, "Nessun maggior dolore che ricordarsi dal tempo felice nella miseria." The citation may not be quite correct, but some chance should be given to the critic who is always anxious to say so. Let it go unverified. Tennyson filched the same sentiment when he said, "For a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier days"—also unverified. Such must be the Kaiser's crown of sorrows as he reviews the splendors and the triumphs that were as unreal as are now his dreams of them. Was it not Byron who depicted the dreams of Napoleon—"thou throneless homicide." But the dreams of Napoleon must have been brighter than those of the Kaiser. At least Napoleon had the dreams of a personal supremacy for which he owed no thanks to birth, nor tradition, nor heredity. At least he fell sword in hand, the self-made master of men, overwhelmed by the fate that he had dared, single-handed, to challenge. Here at least there were no meannesses, no treacheries, no hypocrisies. If Ajax defied the lightning there was at least no shame in the destroying bolt.

The London Times laments the decay of English cookery. Cookery in English restaurants, says the Times, "decadent for many years, is almost a lost art. The local dishes for which the provinces had a just fame are no longer offered; the hotels and restaurants of the cities have ceased to specialize. From one end of England to the other a uniformity of high prices, of careless service, and incompetent cooking prevails. We offer no proof of our allegation. He who demands it either never visits restaurants or is served according to his merits. Many excuses—but all bad—have been suggested. There was a war and a scarcity of materials. Granted; but, to the artist, paucity of material is an opportunity and may be an inspiration. The Spartan justice of the food control, it is pleaded, arranged distribution so that hotels and restaurants were sacrificed to the masses of the people. We do not believe it, partly because we doubt if the bureaucrats had a real knowledge of the raw materials over whose allotment they ruled, still more because the light remains when there is no question of selective distribution. It is alleged that the new rich outdid public purveyors and absorb all the best ham, and meat, and vegetables. It would be good hearing that the greater spending power of these fortunate persons was exercised with discrimination, but the prices charged to customers at restaurants should give these a stout hold on any market. There is a cry that we suffer from the absence of foreigners, and that the English race, too proud to cook, must starve, like slave-making ants, self-deprived of their slaves by a gust of patriotism. The argument savors of propagandist internationalism, and must be hurriedly passed by. The real explanation is unfortunately simple and presents little hope of change. The fate of many an individual restaurant has fallen on restaurants in the mass. A new establishment is opened, unpretentious and excellent. The whisper goes round, and the tables are crowded by the elect. The rumor grows and reaches those who are content to dine on the advice of others, until in the end the modest home of art turns into a thronged palace of convention. The proprietor prefers riches to honor, and caters only for the ignorant. The dislocations of war, the difficulties of home life, and a wider distribution of money have prodigiously increased the restaurant habit in England, until those who know and care have been swamped by a multitude of customers who neither know nor care. The purveyors cater for the majority. And so cookery becomes a lost art in England."

A superintendent of weights and measures examining a country grocery store near Bridgeton, New Jersey, found no ounce weights, and the woman proprietor enlightened him with the information that sixteen candles weigh just a pound, and so when customers wanted an ounce of anything she used a candle as a weight; if they wanted two ounces she used two candles, etc. Now she has some regulation weights.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

There was not even standing room in the crowded electric car, but one more passenger, a young woman, wedged her way along just inside the doorway. Each time the car took a sudden lurch forward she fell helplessly back, and three times she landed in the arms of a large, comfortable man. The third time it happened he said quietly: "Haden't you better stay here?"

Dinah was a product of New Orleans, a big, plump "yaller gal," who could cook the finest dinners for miles around. One day a new butler appeared upon the scene, and Dinah's mistress noticed that she took a great interest in the man. At last her mistress could stand her curiosity no longer and asked, "Dinah, do you know that new man?" Dinah took another long and scrutinizing look and then slowly and reminiscently replied: "Well, I dunno, Miss Alice; but I think he was mah fust husband."

The commercial traveler met Sandy, the canny one, emerging from the postoffice. "Ah, Sandy!" cried the commercial, "it is good to see as prosperous a farmer as yourself—not forgetful of his country! You have been in the postoffice to purchase war bonds?" "Nay," said Sandy easily. "Oh. Then perhaps you have put a little money in the savings bank that it may help the country?" "Nay," "Well," said the traveler as a last resort, "I suppose that you have bought a postal order to send to some poor acquaintance?" "Nay, I've been in to fill my fountain pen."

With many sobs and repetitions the good woman had told her tale of woe to the English clergyman. It was full of "he sez" and "I sez," but the clergyman listened patiently until she had finished. "I'm sorry, my dear lady," he said, sympathetically. "Certainly

your husband does seem to treat you rather unkindly. But remember that you took him for better or for worse." "Well, it's allus been for wuss, s'far as I kin see," replied the visitor, dabbing her eyes with what only politeness could call a pocket handkerchief. "Have you tried to cure him with kindness?" pleaded the man. "Have you tried heaping coals of fire on his head?" "No, I aint, sir," replied the woman, grateful for the new idea. "So far, I've only tried 'ot water."

"Say," said the irate visitor, "you had something about me in your paper that has gotta be corrected." "If the item was wrong," the editor smoothly replied, "we shall cheerfully do as you request." "I told one of your reporters I saw a beautiful goldfinch perched on a twig just outside of my bedroom—" "Well—" "And when the item came out in the paper it read 'goldfish.'" "That isn't so bad." "Oh, isn't it, though? Well, ever since it was in the paper friends of mine have been hanging around our house thinking I have a private supply of something to drink in my cellar."

John Simmons had been an abstainer for twenty years but fell from the ways of grace and worshiped the vinous god with all the fervor of a convert. Feeling the need of recuperation, he sent his boy to an adjacent hostelry for a bottle of whisky. "But," cried the hotel proprietor, "who's it for?" "For my father," said the boy. "Nonsense. Your father is a total abstainer and has been to my knowledge for longer than you've lived." "Well, at all events, he sent me for it." "What does he want it for?" "To let you into a secret," said the boy, ashamed to tell the truth, "he's going fishing and he wants the cork to use for a float."

The smart young automobile salesman was trying to sell a car to a farmer who swore he would never set foot in one of the pesky things. Other salesmen had tried and had failed. "Now, Mr. Cornsilk," spoke the young man. "This bar here is the 'gid dap' rod. This iron thing here is the 'whoa' pedal. The other one is the 'back' pedal. This tin box is the feed bag. Of course this jigger here is the reins. Perfectly simple. I'd like to sell you this little nag." The farmer stroked his chin and looked like a man about to make an important decision. "Well, I dunno, young man. I might say 'yes' if you'd throw in a whip."

The family had been having an epidemic of colds and sore throats. Each received the physician's favorite prescriptions for powder and gargle. Finally the maid, a recent importation from Poland, fell ill. The lady of the house, Mrs. G—, tried to give her the powder and gargle, but she insisted on having the physician. And when the latter came he prescribed as usual. "Now, you see," said Mrs. G—, "he's giving you exactly the same things I took." "I von't take dem," responded the maid. "Doctor, you are a sensible man. I ask you, is id right a single girl should take de same medicine as a married voman vid children?"

Mr. Fairfax telephoned to his wife at 5 o'clock that he was bringing a party of six to dinner. An inventory of the larder showed short rations. So Bridget, the cook, was instructed to order certain supplies over the telephone. Wishing to supplement the order, Bridget's mistress followed her to the telephone and heard: "Oi wahnt yez to sind along a leg o' mutton and ask the grocer nixt

door to let your boy bring two jillies and a tin of pears, an' if Oi don't get them quick Oi'll be along in the mornin' and paralyze ye all!" A brief pause, then: "Who's shpakin'? Sure, an' it's Mrs. Fairfax of the Cedars." "Bridget," cried the astonished and outraged mistress. "What do you mean? How dare you say such things?" "Sure, ma'am," returned the cook unconcernedly, "that's all right. I talks to 'em like that for you all the toime."

Aunt Lizzie, comfortably fat, a widow, and nearing middle age, met her fate in the person of a prosperous negro who owned a plantation and a good home. Her white friends thought she had done unusually well, and were glad. A few short months after the wedding ceremony, however, she came to see a family she had once cooked for, and when a young member of the group asked about her wealthy spouse, she said: "Law, chile, I done left that nigger. Him and me didn't get along a-tal." Surprised, the girl asked: "What on earth was the matter, Aunt Lizzie? I thought you married a fine man with plenty of money." "Had plenty of money all right," she replied. "Warn't but one thing wrong with him—he was sanctified. You know, one of dese here holiness men. Us hadn't been married no time befo' he told me I warn't as good as him. Said I was onregenerate. Den he stopped me fum drinking coffee, wouldn't let me wear my weddin' clothes, and said he'd quit me if I ever went near one of dese picture shows. And you know, honey, I loves my coffee, my clothes, and when I comes to town my picture shows. So I up and quits him." "You don't look sad about it," the girl said. "Aint sad, honey; aint sad. I got me a lawyer and tuk half dat nigger's plantation 'way fum him. Guess he wished when I done dat he hadn't been so sanctified."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Rashness of an Ancient.
Obelisk so tall and grand
Reared on the Egyptian sand,
Did some ancient Royal Boss
Carve upon you to his loss?
Do your hieroglyphics dim
Show the goods are caught on him?

Did he make his blunders known
On imperishable stone?
Did he say that he was for
The unrighteous in the war?
Did he chisel thus his creed
For posterity to read?

Down the centuries you came
Telling how he played the game;
Paper only five years old
Makes a candidate turn cold—
Tall and stately obelisk,
Some one ran an awful risk!
—McLanburgh Wilson in New York Sun.

The Realist.

I've reached that stage in my career
Where I had rather eat
Than put the grandest moral thought
In verses chaste and neat;
As I perpend the ways of men,
It rather seems to me
The noblest souls, unfed, are not
As happy as might be.

It may seem quite unorthodox,
But candor hides me state,
The sustenance in purity
Is not so very great.
And as for earnest purposes
(Whose worth is not debated),
Their calorific content has
Been somewhat overated.

I dare say you've observed, as I,
Though prudence gratifies,
It isn't quite as filling as
New England apple pies;
So if promises were negotiable
And hope and praise and zeal,
I think I'd cash them at the bank
And buy myself a meal.

—New York Evening Post.

Calling Cattle Home.

I sometimes wonder where the cattle calls heard in the North Carolina Mountains come from, syllables sedulously handed down from one generation to the next.

When the sheep come scuttling and scurrying with sharp, hurried bleatings across a pasture sown with boulders gray and shaggy as themselves, the cry that brings them to the salting is "sheep-in-nan, sheep-in-nan." When the cow bells are near at hand, their incessant clamor subdued by enfolding tree and bush, there is no need of calling the cows home, but when these are slow in returning from pasturage in the long gold twilight, then the cattle call of the mountains is a cry long to be remembered.

Some mountain woman, standing by the bars, suddenly straightens and breathes deep, then utters a rich yodel that rings and echoes far and far up the black-recessed coves where who knows what mysterious evening herdsman hold the cows. Patient, far-reaching, musical, it summons until the far bells reluctantly tinkle, and slowly come nearer and nearer;

presently dusky horns and lumbering flanks emerge from deep forest gloom. While the cows shamble down to the home gate, from out the haunted ravine rings the sweet hell note of the wood thrush, chiming on and on, at recurrent intervals, until full darkness possesses the forest, when another bird begins, and the pathos of the whippoorwill issues from the wood like the swish of an elfin flail.—Winifred Kirkland in the Outlook.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. William Miller Graham announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Geraldine Graham, to Mr. Whitney Warren, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Warren of New York. The marriage will be solemnized after the first of the year.

Mrs. Herbert Coil announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Kathleen Coil, to Mr. Farragut Ashe, son of Mrs. Francis Davis. The marriage will be solemnized in the spring.

Mrs. Maud Mann has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Dorothy Mann, to Mr. Innes Randolph, son of Mrs. Van Rensselaer Randolph of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leighton of Vancouver announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Florence Leighton, to Commander William Glassford, U. S. N.

The marriage is announced of Miss Ruth Messer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Messer of London, and Captain Guy Heinckley-Buxton of the

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British army. Captain and Mrs. Heinckley-Buxton will reside in the Sudan.

Mr. and Mrs. Denman McNear were the guests of honor at a dinner-dance which was given Saturday in the Marin Golf Club by Miss Amanda McNear. Some of those present were Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Rulison Knox, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Donald McKee, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Hoyt, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Dr. and Mrs. George Willcutt, Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Baker, Mr. and Mrs. John Selfridge, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kent, Mr. and Mrs. James Jenkins, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Anne Dibblee, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., Mr. William Hendrickson, Jr., Mr. William Shuman, and Mr. Andrew Talbot.

Mr. and Mrs. Truxton Beale complimented Senator and Mrs. George Sutherland of Utah at a luncheon Sunday at their home in San Rafael.

Mrs. William Pool gave a luncheon last week in Menlo Park. Covers were laid for Mrs. Edward Tobin, Mrs. Harry Stetson, Mrs. Latham Mc-

Mullin, Mrs. Evan Williams, Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mrs. McDonald Spencer, Mrs. William Duncan, Miss Evelyn Poett, and Miss Evelyn Barron. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a dinner Friday in San Mateo for Miss Florence and Miss Marie Welch.

Complimenting Mrs. Joseph Sartori, Mrs. Irving Wright gave a luncheon Thursday at the Francisco Club. Covers were placed for Mrs. Hancock Banning of Los Angeles, Mrs. William McKittrick, Mrs. Hinckley Taylor, and Miss Lillie O'Connor. Miss Mary Emma Flood was a dinner hostess Saturday, when she entertained sixteen guests in her Menlo Park home.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre gave a dance Saturday at their home in Atherton for Mr. Edward Eyre, Jr. Accepting their hospitality were Mr. and Mrs. Warren Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Skewes-Coxe, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Casey, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Field, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pool, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Isabelle Jennings, Mr. Atherton Eyre, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Kenneth McIntosh, Mr. Victor Cooley, and Mr. Herman Pileger.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen gave a dinner Saturday at their ranch in Sonoma in honor of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Jackling.

Mrs. Frank Glass gave a tea Wednesday in honor of Mrs. J. D. Nahli.

In honor of Prince Carol of Roumania, Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner Friday evening.

Mrs. Robert Hays Smith gave a dinner at El Mirasol in Santa Barbara Monday evening. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. James Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Knight Culley, Mrs. W. M. Graham, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Charles Lanier, Mr. Langdon Erving, Mr. Harry Brainard, and Mr. James Paramore.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hadley gave a farewell supper last Wednesday prior to their departure for New York. Among those accepting their hospitality were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Haig Patigian, Mr. and Mrs. Uda Waldrop, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Peixotto, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tripler, Consul and Señora B. Puyans, Miss Maude Fay, Miss Jane Cowl, Mr. Rudie Seiger, and Mr. Richard Tobin.

Mrs. Clement Gray gave a small card party Friday last in Ross Valley. Her guests included Mrs. Alan Macdonald, Mrs. Leavitt Baker, Mrs. Harry Johnson, Mrs. William Guthrie, Mrs. Henry Howitt, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Miss Alice Carr, Miss Alice Oge, and Miss Elsa Korbel.

Complimenting Miss Maude O'Connor, Mrs. Milo Potter was a luncheon hostess last Thursday in Santa Barbara. Some of those present were Mrs. James Keeney, Mrs. Miller Graham, Mrs. Edward Vail, Mrs. Leigh Sypher, Mrs. George Harding, Mrs. Davis Moore, Mrs. Mary Stewart, Mrs. Edgar Park, Mrs. H. H. Webb, Mrs. Desider Vescei, Mrs. W. B. Cunnane, and Mrs. Payne Tallant.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon gave a dinner Tuesday in the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Truxton Beale and Miss Alice Oge gave a tea Thursday at the Beale home in Ross Valley. Some of those present were Mrs. J. K. Armsby, Mrs. Henry Bothin, Mrs. Paul Foster, Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee, Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mrs. Frank Winchester, Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mrs. Philip Brown, Mrs. Ralph Palmer, Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. William Horn, Mrs. John Eells, Mrs. Crawford Greene, Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, Mrs. George Pinckard, Mrs. John Cushing, Mrs. Harry Evans, Mrs. Scott Brooke, Miss Mauricia Mintzer, Miss Mildred Calhoun, Miss Sallie Calhoun, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Alice Carr, Miss Louisiana Foster, and Miss Sara Coffin.

Mr. Prescott Scott gave a dinner at Del Monte last week, when he entertained Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lapham, Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas, and Mrs. Willard Drown.

Miss Margaret Mee gave a supper Wednesday in Ross, her guests having been Mr. and Mrs. Philip Brown, Mr. and Mrs. John Selfridge, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Macdonald, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Kathleen Byrnes, and Miss Gertrude Byrnes.

Mr. Richard Tobin gave a dinner last Monday for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hadley of New York.

Complimenting Mrs. Gustavus Ziel and Miss Charlotte Ziel, Mrs. Rex Sherer gave a tea Wednesday afternoon in San Rafael. Mrs. Alfred Dubois, Mrs. Harry Johnston, Mrs. Thomas Brennan, and Miss Marie Lichtenberg assisted in receiving the guests, among whom were Mrs. J. K. Armsby, Mrs. George Moore, Mrs. Henry Bothin, Mrs. L. A. Lancel, Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mrs. W. S. Davis, Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mrs. Henry Keuchler, Mrs. Leonard Abbot, Jr., Mrs. Douglas Campbell, Mrs. Charles Belden, Mrs. Arthur Foster, Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Mrs. Robert Bentley, Mrs. Frank Winchester, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. George Kelham, Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. George Hind, Mrs. George Boyd, Mrs. Truxton Beale, Mrs. Edgar Alexander, Miss Sallie Calhoun, Miss Mildred Calhoun, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Margaret Mee, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Alyse Allen, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Betsy Dibblee, Miss Alice Oge, and Miss Margaret Foster.

Mrs. Coppie Thurston was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Thursday in San Rafael by Miss Sara Coffin.

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun gave a luncheon last Tuesday in San Rafael, when she had as her guests Mrs. J. P. Langhorne, Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mrs. Almer Newhall, Mrs. Paul Foster, Mrs. Henry Keuchler, Mrs. Leonard Abbot, Mrs. Lawrence Draper, Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Lynn White, Mrs. James Jenkins, Miss Lou Crosby, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Mauricia Mintzer, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Florida

Greene, Miss Alice Carr, Miss Mildred Foster, and Miss Sallie Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wayman gave a dinner Friday in Ross Valley.

Address by Rupert Hughes.

On the afternoon of the 20th of September the University Fine Arts Society will have its formal opening in the Colonial Ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis, with Rupert Hughes as its guest of honor. Mr. Hughes will deliver an address on "The Golden Age of Today." He is now preparing questions and answers on this subject which will be sent to the society in advance. These questions and answers will be sent to all members of the society and will comprise the first study course to be taken up on the programme. Mr. Hughes will address the University Fine Arts Society exclusively. He will appear nowhere else in San Francisco.

Among the recent charter members of the Fine Arts Society are Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mrs. Cuyler Lee, Mrs. Sarah Winslow, Mrs. Alfred Oyster, Mrs. Philip Bowles, Mrs. W. G. Henshaw, Mrs. Arthur Page, Mrs. E. A. Selfridge, Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mrs. E. R. Breyfogle, Mrs. John Gallois, Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mrs. Berthe Welch, Mrs. Albert Ehrmann, Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann, Mrs. Chauncey Pennoyer, Mrs. James Black, Mrs. Vincent Whitney, Mrs. R. I. Bentley, Mrs. A. M. Bancroft, Mrs. Emma Breeden, Miss Anna Peters, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Lorna Williamson, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Rosamund Lee, Miss Perris Coleman, Miss Hope Bliss.

Julian Huxley's account of experiments by himself and others with the thyroid gland, which appeared in the London *Daily Mail*, is far more wonderful than the romantic perversion of the matter which had found currency. It has been known for twenty years or more that this little gland in the neck regulates growth, and that it is deficient in imbeciles. Mr. Huxley has found that thyroid extract, if administered to the lower animals, stimulates their development in an astonishing way. Thus the small tadpole transforms itself prematurely into a frog, whereas, if its thyroid is removed, it remains a tadpole. Thyroxin, a substance which has been isolated from the thyroid, and which has also—this is a remarkable fact—been made by synthesis from inorganic chemicals, exerts "a most powerful effect" on men. Thus a dose of a milligram causes a man to work, chemically speaking, 2 per cent. more quickly than before. The ulterior effects of such a dose remain to be studied. Mr. Huxley's article confirms the belief, suggested by Professor Arthur Keith's recent paper on the interstitial and other glands, that the biologist and chemist working on these minute and obscure portions of the body may be on the eve of epoch-making discoveries as to the nature of life.—*London Spectator*.

An interesting substitute for ice is provided in some parts of Syria. Snow gathered in the mountains is packed in a conical pit dug in the ground and provided at the bottom with a drain to carry off the water formed—for some of the snow unavoidably melts. The snow is tamped firmly and covered with straw and leaves. From these pits the solidified snow is distributed to customers on pack-horses, and costs all the way from 10 to 25 cents per 100 pounds.

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Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun took her departure last Saturday for Cleveland, Ohio, after a two months' visit in Ross Valley with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Foster. Miss Sallie and Miss Mildred Calhoun will join their parents in Cleveland in the late autumn.

Mr. Stephen Parrott is spending several days in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Starr are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. James Laidlaw of New York and Miss Louise Laidlaw at their ranch in Grass Valley.

Miss Maude O'Connor is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Sypher at their home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spieker have been entertaining Mrs. Joseph Rucker in Burlingame.

Mrs. J. O. Miller has arrived from the South and she will spend the remainder of the summer in Sausalito with Mrs. James Sperry.

Mrs. Homer King and the Misses Genevieve and Hazel King are spending a few days in town, after a motor trip through the South.

Mrs. James Keeney and Mrs. George Harding motored up last week from Montecito, where they have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker.

Miss Marie Louise Baldwin has returned from the Atlantic coast, where she visited friends and relatives on Long Island and in Newport.

Mrs. Edward Harriman, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Roland Harriman, arrived Saturday from New York on a several weeks' visit. Later they will join Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Harriman in the South.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Miss Eleanor. Miss Claudine Spreckels, and Mrs. Robert Smith returned to their homes in San Francisco Sunday, after a several weeks' stay in the Southland.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barr McCutcheon are spending several weeks at Del Monte.

Having concluded a visit in Paris, Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild are now sojourning in Switzerland.

General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett returned Saturday to Fort Mason from a trip through the Northwestern states.

Mr. Lawrence Gray is visiting in Montecito with Mr. Otis Chatfield-Taylor.

Colonel Herbert Brees, U. S. A., has returned

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to the Atlantic coast, after a visit in San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins arrived last Thursday in Santa Barbara from Monterey, where they have been spending the summer. They will be in the southern city until the late fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapin Tuhs are enjoying a motor tour through the Sierras, after a visit with Mrs. Merritt Reid in San Mateo.

Mrs. William La Boyteaux returned to Monterey Thursday, after a brief visit at the Fairmont Hotel in this city.

Dr. and Mrs. Nicholas M. Butler and Miss Sarah Butler will come up from Santa Barbara next week to pass several days here before taking their departure for the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hadley returned to New York last Thursday.

Miss Maye Colburn has gone to San Rafael to pass the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hooper have concluded a visit to Monterey and they returned last week to Woodside.

Mrs. Macondray Moore is spending the month of August in Los Gatos.

Mrs. Alpheus Bull, Miss Newell Bull, Mr. Henry Bull, and Mr. Alpheus Bull have returned to San Francisco from Mill Valley, where they recently passed two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt Perry and Miss Ellita Adams have returned to their homes, after having passed the week-end in Ross Valley with Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stringham are spending several days at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Herbert Payne is occupying the Hillsborough residence of Miss Amy Brewer during the latter's absence in Washington.

Colonel and Mrs. Robert McMillan will leave in October for Alabama, where they will be stationed at Fort Morgan.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes will leave September 3d for New York and Canada to be gone a month.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cronwell of New York are spending several days at Del Monte. They recently arrived from the Atlantic coast.

Mrs. Washington Dodge and Master Washington Dodge, Jr., arrived Saturday from New York and Europe and they will spend several weeks in San Francisco.

Mrs. George Grant is spending several days at Lake Tahoe with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bolton.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker are enjoying a few weeks in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham are sojourning at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenery are entertaining Mrs. G. A. Humphreys-Davis, who arrived last week from New Zealand.

Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Tower returned last week from Honolulu and they are spending several days at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Bartlett arrived from the South the first of the week to spend several days in San Francisco.

Mrs. Sherman Hoyt and Miss Ruth Hoyt are spending several days in San Francisco from their home in Pasadena.

Miss Margaret Lee will go to New York next month to enter one of the Eastern seminaries.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton and the Misses Grace and Happy Hamilton returned last week from Coronado to their home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Luther Kennett will come up from Coronado the last of the month to enjoy a fortnight's sojourn at the Hotel del Monte.

Count and Countess Eric Lewenhaupt and their children are visiting the British consul, Cecil Gosling, at Frankfort-on-the-Main. They will come to this country in April.

Miss Florence Martin has arrived from the East and has joined Mr. and Mrs. George Martin in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George Moore have returned from New York, where they spent the early summer with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Geissler.

Mrs. Willard Drown has concluded a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibielle have joined the summer colony at Feather River, where they will spend the remainder of the month.

Dr. Jessica Peixotto has arrived from Europe and has taken apartment in Berkeley for the period of her stay.

Mrs. Katharine Hooker, accompanied by Miss Marion Hooker and Miss Alice Mosgrove, have returned to Berkeley, after an extended motor trip through the southern part of the state.

Mrs. T. H. Barnard has come down from Chico and she is enjoying a brief visit in San Francisco.

Dr. and Mrs. William Lyle have come from New York to pass the remainder of the summer in California. They are visiting Mrs. Clement Tobin and Mrs. Eugene de Sahl in El Cerrito.

Mrs. John Gill and her children arrived this week from the South. While in San Francisco they will visit Mr. Frank Drum at his home here.

Mrs. Norris Davis and the Misses Nancy and Ruth Davis are sojourning through the Eastern states.

Mrs. Edward Barron and Miss Evelyn Barron have joined the fashionable colony at Del Monte, where they will pass the month of August.

Mrs. John Page has returned to Montecito, after a visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze and her two sons have returned from Lake Tahoe, where they passed the early summer, and they are visiting in Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Jr., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle at their home in Ross Valley.

Mrs. Coleridge Ertz has arrived from London and she is visiting in Mill Valley. Mr. Ertz will join her there in the late fall.

Rear-Admiral Albert Nihlack has been appointed naval attaché to the American Embassy at London and he will leave for his new post in a few days. Admiral and Mrs. Nihlack have been in Washington for the past two years.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Harry White returned to California last week and they have gone to San

Diego, where the navy officer will be stationed. Mrs. Charles Wheeler, who met the Whites in Santa Barbara, returned to her home here Monday.

Mr. Armitage Bull has arrived from the Orient and has joined Mrs. James Bull in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin are visiting Mrs. Waldo Haskins in New York.

Sir Henry Heyman is spending the month of August at Lake Tahoe.

Judge and Mrs. Edgar Zook will shortly take their departure for Lake Tahoe, where they will enjoy a fortnight's stay.

Mrs. Joseph Peters and Miss Anne Peters have returned from Santa Cruz, where they recently passed a week.

Mrs. F. S. Loop and Miss Virginia Loop will leave next week for New York to sail almost immediately for Europe, where they will travel for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison passed the week-end in Menlo Park with Mr. and Mrs. Perry Eyre.

Mr. Whitney Warren has arrived from New York and he is visiting Mrs. Miller Graham and Miss Geraldine Graham in Santa Barbara.

Registered at the Hotel Oakland recently were Miss Loral Redwine, Riverside, California; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Foreman, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Frankel, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Los Angeles.

Among recent arrivals at the Palace Hotel are Dr. Grace Peckham Murray, New York; Mr. Frederick Bamsman, Seattle; Mr. M. J. Boggs, Colusa County; Mr. C. H. Palmtag, Salinas; Mr. Donald M. Heape, London; Mr. J. M. McLeod, Los Angeles; Dr. E. Harbert, Stockton; Mr. L. B. Silverwood, Los Angeles; Mr. C. A. Johnson, Huntington Beach; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Duval, New York City; Mr. Max Dyer, Los Angeles.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis are Mr. Paul Pauly, Los Angeles; Mr. E. W. Lane, Jacksonville, Florida; Mr. C. H. Baker, Los Angeles; Mr. Edward H. Fallows, New York; Mr. A. O. Johnson, Chicago; Mr. Fred L. Hutchinson, New York; Mr. John L. Curtis and family, Chicago; Mr. G. S. Wainwright, Baroness Brugere, Los Angeles; Mr. P. E. Zabala, Salinas; Captain and Mrs. I. C. Colquhoun, London; Mrs. George A. Bartlett and her three daughters, Reno; Mr. and Mrs. Ernest John Krause, Jr., St. Louis.

Among those registered at the Hotel Whitcomb recently were Mr. H. M. House, Los Angeles; Mr. D. Owen, Holland; Mr. Guy Hall of the National Tractor Show; Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Boggs, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Ramsdell, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Meyer, Jonesboro, Arkansas; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Green, Omaha; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jackson, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Elwell, New Haven, Connecticut; Mr. and Mrs. L. B. McConille, Los Angeles; Mr. C. A. Osborne, New York City; Mr. S. W. Colvard, Dayton, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Reuf, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Black, Geyersville; Mr. and Mrs. David T. Beals, Kansas City, Missouri; Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Palmer, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Sloan, San Jose.

Recent arrivals at Shasta Springs Hotel: Mrs. Walter Brode, Miss H. Mathewson, Mrs. M. R. Riegel, Mrs. H. F. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Langmuir, Mr. M. A. Farnum, Mr. K. Miller, Mr. M. K. Miller, Mr. E. Masters, Los Angeles; Mrs. T. H. Williams, Miss Beatrice Williams, Mr. T. H. Williams, Jr., Miss Johanna E. Heim, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. McCarron, Mr. Robert C. Storrie, Mrs. Ella Helm, Miss Ruby H. Loring, Mr. George S.

Meddis, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Mercer, Mr. Stewart Lowery, Mr. Francis Carolan, Mr. Earl Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Parmelee, Mr. B. L. Clark, Mr. H. C. Bennett, Jr., Mr. Harry Hathaway, Miss Clyde Yarbrough, Miss A. Feder, Mr. Milton Feder, Mr. H. L. Ewing, Miss O'Connor, Mr. V. Welty, Mr. L. B. Murphy and family, Mr. Everett H. Wyman, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Loescher, Misses Marguerite and Rose Loescher, Mrs. Hedwich Nieland, Vancouver; Mr. and Mrs. M. Bachanear, Atlantic City; Mrs. M. H. Biernbaum, Philadelphia; Mr. A. A. Brager, Galt, California; Mrs. F. A. Newell, Miss Ruby P. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Lee, Miss George Davidson, Portland, Oregon; Mr. Stephen W. Gilman, Madison, Wisconsin; Miss F. E. Charlesworth, Detroit; Mrs. Jean Boothman, Hamilton, Ontario; Mr. Frederick C. Storrie and Misses Mary and Mura Storrie, Paisley, Scotland; Mr. Thomas M. McCormick, Brooklyn, New York; Miss Martha Hilpert, Miss Margaret Garrard, Fresno; Mr. A. M. Mennie, Milwaukee; Mr. T. L. Hamlin, Oakland; Mr. J. B. Marshall, Santa Monica; Mr. W. L. Evans, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Harris, Holtville, California; Lieutenant-Colonel J. I. Mabce and Mrs. Mabce, U. S. A.; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. King, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Payne, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Jack, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. Bert Lewis, Mrs. A. Blackman, Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Eaton, Stockton; Mr. S. A. Rowland, Mr. J. E. Rowland, Denver.

In many parts of Western Asia even tiny children have developed heaving into such an art that only the highly skilled eye can detect the real from the bogus cases of want. A Near East relief worker writes from Kermanshah that while walking along the street her attention was called to a four-year-old girl writhing on the ground. Her eyes were glassy and her cheeks flushed, and she seemed to be burning up with fever. At her side was a little fellow about the same age, tearfully heaving the passerby to give him money to help his poor little sister. The "relief lady" summoned an amulance from the Near East Hospital in the town and rushed the little girl off for immediate treatment. The doctors began to work over her anxiously, but found that there was absolutely nothing the matter. She was a trained street heggard, successfully shamming illness to arouse sympathy and to wheedle coins from people.

Alligators are becoming scarce in Louisiana because of the demand for skins from which suitcases and purses are manufactured. One company destroys an average of 10,000 alligators monthly. Government protection for alligators has been begun in some Southern states.

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He—I saw your girl in the garden yesterday with her stockings on inside out. *Him*—What did you do? *He*—I turned the hose on her.—*Williams Purple Cow*.

Hubby—No man with any sense would allow you to carry on the way you do. *Wifey*—How do you know what a man with any sense would do?—*London Punch*.

Mr. Langley—Ah, they have just dropped their anchor. *Mrs. Langley*—Dear me! I was afraid they would; it's been dangling outside for some time.—*Galveston News*.

Irate Father—Did I see you steal a kiss from my daughter? *Young Man*—I may have kissed her, but I'll have you understand, sir, that I'm no thief.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"How do you like my pound cake, dearie?" asked *Mrs. Newlywed*. "Why, er—er—er!" stammered *Mr. Newlywed*, "I don't think you pounded it enough, did you?"—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Mrs. Pester—You never pay me any compliments on my appearance as you did when we were first married. *Her Husband*—That's all right. I paid fully in advance then.—*Boston Globe*.

"And what do you say she's like?" "Well, she's this kind of a girl: When you are dancing with her she talks to you all the time, but when you're alone with her she just sits and looks at you."—*Columbia Jester*.

Master—My mother-in-law is coming for a long visit tomorrow. Here is a list of her favorite dishes. *Cook*—Yes, sir. *Master*—Well, the first time you give us one of these you'll get a week's notice.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

"Have you really done anything to deserve the gratitude of the people?" "Yes," the candidate responded, "I have, though they do not know it. I haven't made a large number of speeches that I was tempted to make."—*Washington Post*.

Cousin Helen (just arrived in the city from the West and anxious to make a hit with little Bobby)—Have you been to the circus, Bobby, and seen all the clowns and elephants and things? *Little Bobby* (with enthusiasm)—What a bully idea, Cousin Helen! I've been so bothered and husy with my new novel that

an afternoon of idle recreation is exactly what my nerves need.—*Boston Globe*.

Counsel—I'm sorry I couldn't do more for you. *Convicted Client*—Don't mention it, guv'nor; aint five years enough?—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Pardon me for referring to it, sir," said the profiteering plute's head accountant, "but your surplus is growing at a really disgraceful rate." "Yes," replied his employer, "but in a short time my wife's bills for the current month for goods purchased from other profiteers will come in, and when I have paid them my hoard will be reduced to respectable proportions."—*Kansas City Star*.

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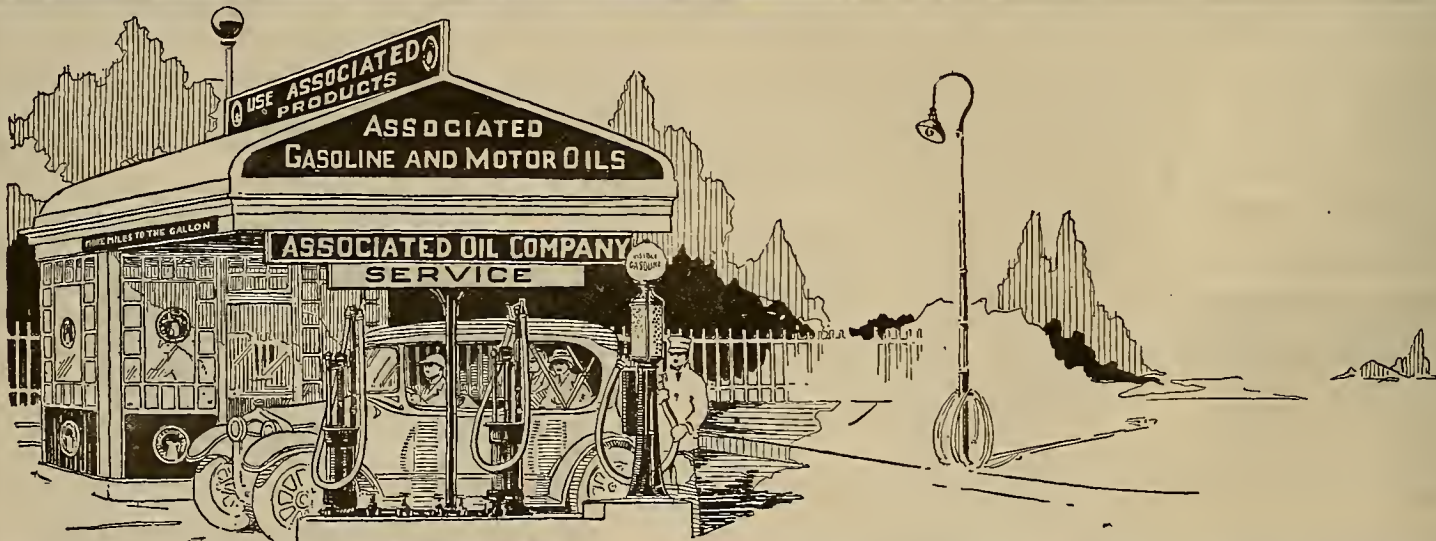
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The Argonaut.

Vol. LXXXVII. No. 2266.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 28, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Brems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

Forty-fourth Year.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - Editor

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Tuesday's Primary Election.

The issues in the primary election dated for Tuesday of the coming week are wholly partisan and personal. The parties are to choose candidates for a United States senatorship, candidates for Congress in eleven congressional districts, candidates for two justices of the State Supreme Court, and candidates for various district and local positions. In addition delegates are to be chosen by districts to the state party conventions and the several county central committees. California is essentially a Republican state. The Republican registration exceeded the Democratic in each of the fifty-eight counties. The record stands: Republican, 779,854; Democratic, 288,449; Socialist, 19,071; Prohibition, 19,117; scattered, 2500. Number of those declining to state party affiliation, 143,077.

Interest centres in the Republican nomination for the senatorship, it being a foregone conclusion that the Democratic nomination will go to Phelan, incumbent. For the Republican nomination there are three candidates, namely: Shortridge of San Francisco, Kent of Marin County, and Wallace of Los Angeles. Although California is essentially a Republican state it is represented in the Senate by Phelan, a Democrat. The fact is in itself an anomaly, and it becomes of grave significance in respect of the existing situation. By all

omens the country is in the way of electing a Republican President, and a Republican President ought, if his service shall be effective, to have the support of a Republican majority in the Senate. At the present time the division between the two parties in the Senate is practically equal. It is therefore a matter of prime importance both locally and nationally speaking that California should send a Republican in the place of Mr. Phelan.

Curiously enough, two of the three candidates for the Republican nomination are only Republicans in a nominal sense. Mr. Kent, a man socially respectable, is a chronic eccentric, an avowed radical who may not be depended upon for party loyalty. Mr. Wallace, likewise socially respectable, is a man of uncertain political character and, like Kent, not dependably a party man. On the other hand Mr. Shortridge is a Republican of unquestioned conviction and of unquestioned loyalty. In the Senate there would be no doubt about his devotion to Republican principles or of his support of Republican policies. In the interest of California, which ought to share in the councils of the Executive, and of the country at large under the necessity of sustaining the incoming President, Mr. Shortridge ought to be nominated. Furthermore, the nomination of Shortridge would go a long way toward assuring Republican success in the November election. Besides being a dependable Republican he is at all points a stronger man than either of his rivals. Every consideration, therefore, that should have weight with Republican voters points to Shortridge as the man to whom the favor of the party should be given.

A Swap in Midstream.

The career of Mr. George White as the directing head of the Democratic national campaign turns out a brief one. He is, to save his face and to sustain appearances, to retain the nominal chairmanship. But actual powers will be in the hands of Representative Charles C. Cantrell of Kentucky under the title of "National Campaign Organizer."

The motives back of this swap of horses in midstream were indicated in the *Argonaut* of 14th inst. Mr. Homer Cummings, a friend of the President, was deposed at the dictation of the Taggart-Thompson-Tammany combine by which Mr. Cox's nomination was "put over" and which not unnaturally, as the game of politics goes, expected to have an active part in directing the campaign. Under this inspiration Mr. George White, former congressman, was made chairman. The selection did not please Mr. Wilson, and there was reason for it. When White was a member of the House of Representatives in 1914 he declined in somewhat spectacular fashion to take orders from the White House. He was especially obstreperous in the matter of the Alaska Railroad bill. Having spent several years in Alaska, he thought he knew what was needed there and he resolutely opposed the proposal for government ownership of the Alaska road. Choice of Mr. White as chairman of the committee was an attempt on the part of Mr. Cox to placate anti-Wilson sentiment in the party. It was thought that Mr. Wilson, following universal practice in such matters, would concede to Mr. Cox the right to name the head of the committee. It was further believed that the concession already made by Mr. Cox in accepting the Wilson programme in the matter of the league of nations would be sufficient to hold Mr. Wilson in line.

But it appears that Mr. Wilson was not so easily to be held in line. He refused or at least neglected to receive Mr. White at the White House and quite pointedly received others at a time when White was in Washington and anxiously waiting round in the hope of invitation to come and talk things over. The President has made no public announcement, but very evidently he has made

it plain to Mr. Cox that support of the Administration was contingent upon putting the direction of the campaign into hands friendly to Mr. Wilson. Concession in the matter of the league of nations and of other points was not sufficient to bring and hold the presidential favor. Surrender to the presidential will had to be complete. Mr. White will not precisely be kicked out. He will be shelved. He will bear the title of chairman, but he will be an unused fifth wheel attached to the campaign coach. Mr. Cantrell will sit in the driver's seat. Mr. Wilson will really hold the reins.

This latest concession to the presidential will can not fail to be an embarrassment to Mr. Cox. Besides confusion incidental to a second change of leadership within a few weeks, it exhibits the candidate as a man lacking in the moral force of independent character. Further, it remains to be seen how the new deal will strike the Taggart-Thompson-Tammany outfit. Already there are rumors that Boss Murphy of Tammany is disgruntled, and there are those to suggest that his support of Mr. Cox from now on may be nominal rather than enthusiastic and effective.

Julius Kahn.

To the many disposed to despair of our American politics the *Argonaut* commends consideration of the case of Julius Kahn. Now for some twenty years Mr. Kahn has represented the Fourth California District (San Francisco) in the House of Representatives, and he is again a candidate upon whom all parties and factions are seeking to impose formal nomination. Mr. Kahn, so far from being a professional politician or a man of the ordinary politician type, is personally a gentleman and by profession an actor. So far from being a typical exponent of the policy of all things to all men, he is a man of definite and known principles. Racially and religiously he is a Jew, a fact not commonly reckoned as a political asset. He neither has nor has ever had a personal "machine," and if he had one he would have neither the art nor the lack of conscience essential to its effective use. Nobody, least of all himself, claims for Mr. Kahn supreme powers of constructive statesmanship. Nobody claims for him any other sort of genius than that which abides in intelligence, industry, plain common sense, strict integrity, straight manliness. Mr. Kahn represents a city and a district notable for varied types of social and political interest and of the varied forms of bias thereunto inherent and therewith associated.

Mr. Kahn is no dissembler. He coddles no interests. A friend of man in the abstract, he stands neither for the selfishness of capital nor for the radicalisms of labor. Devoted to the principle of personal liberty, he is opposed to sumptuary laws, including prohibition. Alien by birth—he was born in Germany—Mr. Kahn is an American through and through. Respectful of the opinions of others yet always coming to his own judgments by logical and moral processes of mind, Mr. Kahn stands amid the turmoils of the time four-square, a man unafraid. Thus for twenty years and more Mr. Kahn has illustrated at home and in Congress the virtues of independence, intelligence, courage, and industry in public service. And with process of time and with growth of authority based upon character and service, Mr. Kahn has become the foremost personality in the House of Representatives. He is a partisan—a Republican—not because he swallows party creeds and plat-forms by the gulping process, but because he believes that by and large the interests of the country may best be sustained through Republican policies. Yet three years ago in an emergency, when a Democratic party leader, misplaced in the chairmanship of the House Military Committee, turned tail as a pacifist, Mr. Kahn stepped to the front and took the leading part in support of a Democratic administration, carrying through

to success a measure essential to the time and necessary to the maintenance of our national obligations.

No man has the temerity to contest the Fourth District of California with Mr. Kahn. To do so one would only make a laughing-stock of himself. Mr. Kahn does not have to look after his district—his district looks after him. And it honors itself in the doing. Thus we have an inspiring illustration of what a real man may do and of what powers he may gain, even in the sphere of politics, by scorning the tricks of demagoguery, by courses founded in intelligence and conscience, by standing ever a gentleman without fear and without reproach. If by these means so notable a success may be achieved in a district of San Francisco, why may it not be duplicated throughout the length and breadth of the land? The answer is that it may be done as Julius Kahn has done it whenever and wherever men of Julius Kahn's type—men of independence, men of intelligence, men of candor, men of character—go into politics.

The Future of Europe.

President Barrows of the State University is quoted in the daily press as declaring that "Europe will never again play a world rôle." This statement, we think, betrays a mind over-impressed by the material desolation of present-day Europe. It reflects a depression produced by immediate and pained observation from which Mr. Barrows has not yet had time to become sufficiently detached for sound reflection. He speaks as might one who fifteen years ago saw San Francisco a mass of broken walls and glowing ashes and whose imagination failed to vision the forces from which there would arise a new and mightier city.

Let us consider for a moment the basic conditions: The bulk of the white race—the race that has developed and which sustains Western civilization—abides in Europe. Tradition and habit, shocked as they have been by the great war and its aftermath, remain as profoundly potent forces and must ultimately reinvigorate the spirit and reinspire the minds of the European peoples. Europe holds, if not the highest developments of the scientific mind and of disciplined skill in the world, at least her full share in ratio with her population. Necessity, famed as the mother of invention, may be further defined as the inspirer of the spirit embodied in the phrase "carrying on." It is not too much to say that a world bereft of Europe would be a world measurably bereft of the higher forces in the modern world. In America and in various other parts of the world civilization has large and potential outposts, but when all is said and done her high court is in the older seats of ordered life, where the homogeneity of peoples holds a reserve power not to be found dependably in the human congeries of newer lands. If we are to believe that never again Europe would play a world rôle it would be to think of a world broken and lop-sided and to despair of its future.

We venture to remind Mr. Barrows that the world neither goes backward nor forward by leaps and bounds. Periods of decay as well as periods of progress do in truth come as do the ocean tides, but they come slowly—so slowly that their movement is usually unnoted except by minds of especial powers of observation and interpretation. Europe today is indeed a blasted and painful spectacle, but from the ruin and horror of the time we venture to prophesy a new Europe capable of carrying on the obligations of the old Europe. It is not unreasonable to hope that in the cataclysm of war there has perished much that has retarded the moral progress of Europe. The brutal autocracy that ruled Russia has been destroyed, and if for the moment anarchy is running a wild course it is not conceivable that a vital race in a practically virgin country will remain permanently in abject slavery to a group of selfish and blood-thirsty adventurers. German autocracy is in exile, but let no man believe that the vital resource, the knowledge, the skill, the discipline illustrated in the career of the German people in the last half-century has perished with the dynasty of the Hohenzollerns. Germany will rise again and in the spirit of better things. And is there anybody so fatuous as to imagine that the heroism and hardihood that inspired France and England in the war have been lost in the victory? Is it the lesson of human triumphs that they weaken the spirit and destroy the powers of those who have achieved them?

In the argot of the street, Mr. Barrows has another guess coming. The conditions of Europe are appalling,

but only at the point of geographical magnitude is the prevailing distress more grievous than it has been at other and historical times. Europe will rise again, not precisely in the old image, but in forms new, and, we profoundly believe, purged of much that in times past has tended to restrain progress. Europe, so far from having no future part in world affairs, will, we have faith, speedily get into step with the new order of things and duly sustain her responsibilities to civilization.

Practicability vs. Ideality.

Senator Harding makes very plain his objection to participation on the part of the United States in a super-government of the world as proposed in Mr. Wilson's project for a league of nations. His hope is for such an association of nations as may by its promotion of knowledge and sympathy—by its moral powers—tend to peace of the world. Eager to coöperate with other nations in all proper ways, he objects to any arrangement that would so bind the Washington government as to limit its entire freedom of action in any situation. Mr. Harding's position is easily understandable and the carrying into effect of his idea is not difficult. It is not needful or practicable to retrace the whole ground traversed by the peace conference. It will be quite sufficient to accept the treaty as drawn subject to reservations limiting participation on the part of the American government. If the reservations suggested by the Senate are not deemed satisfactory, then something else similar in spirit may be substituted. The point is, not to define a complete scheme for a league or association of nations, but to establish a league or association, leaving its development to times, events, occasions. This we understand to be Mr. Harding's idea as distinct from the Wilson project worked out in schoolmaster fashion in theoretical detail.

Mr. Harding declares himself hopeful in connection with the work upon which Mr. Elihu Root is now engaged at The Hague in coöperation with representatives of various European powers. It is the project of establishing an international court to which international issues may be presented for critical examination and moral adjudication. There is the promise of vast service to the causes of justice and peace in such an institution. Once definitely established in the respect of the world and accepted in the practice of nations, its moral powers would be incalculable.

Somebody, we hope, may recall that when the editor of this newspaper returned last year from attendance at Paris upon the peace conference he predicted that out of all the pother and confusion of the time there would come, not a super-government of positive powers, but an enlargement of the character of The Hague Tribunal or a substitute for it of enhanced moral authority. The events of a year and a half since this prediction was made tend to accredit it as a bit of true prophecy. The world is not ready for a super-nation—for a "parliament of man." Probably it never will be. Interests, instincts, environments, temperaments are too diverse. The most that can be hoped for is a good understanding between the nations, with acceptance of simple standards of good faith and equity in international dealing. The idea which inspired the league of nations project was too idealistic for a practical world. And if even in course of time something in the character of a world organization may be brought about, it will not come full-armed. Nothing comes that way. Movements of peoples from one purpose or status to another are by degrees. Whatever dreams may be founded in hope of sudden and revolutionary changes in human thought, in human action, in human organization, are doomed to pass through the ivory gate.

H. C. L.

All the candidates talk glibly of cutting the high cost of living. Talk is cheap; and it may serve its purpose of cajoling the non-thinking voter. But pray, in the name of all the saints alive and dead, bow are we to have cheaper goods—lower costs of living—with constant advance in all the factors that go into the creation and delivery of food, clothing, and the varied necessities of life? Wages go up, interest on capital goes up, freight rates go up and tend to go still higher up, rents go up. In other days it was said that high rates and advanced wages implied greater efficiency, but we now find that the principle works the other way. For the ruling high wages the return in

production is less than formerly. The shorter day yields, not only less in the final account, but less in the per hour ratio. Thus cost of production and cost of delivery of any product tends to advance rather than to decline. And so long as this condition prevails it is idle to look for reduction in the cost of living. Of course the upward movement can not go on indefinitely. There must come a time when the ability to pay will be a minus quantity. Then there will come a general smash; and nothing short of a general smash will bring down the cost of living.

Unseemly.

Governor Cox does not accredit himself or help his cause by charging that there is a "plutocratic conspiracy" backed by millions to "buy the presidency" for Senator Harding. The statement is stupidly untrue. If Governor Cox believes it, then he is easily duped; if he is merely using a scandalous fiction for campaign effect, his character is not what we have hoped and supposed it to be.

Approximately a year ago the Republican National Committee in a procedure publicly reported announced that individual contributions to the then coming campaign should be limited to one thousand dollars. Unless Chairman Hays and the other members of the national committee are a pack of liars—and nobody believes they are—that policy has been adhered to strictly. There has been no drumming for funds, no evidence of other than limited resource in the campaign treasury. For the first time in the history of our politics the record is open. And it is not impertinent to remark that there is less reason to suspect the Republican managers of concealed methods than the managers of Mr. Cox's campaign. The atmosphere of the Republican organization is quite as free from sinister suggestion as that of the Democratic management. When it is remembered that Governor Cox's nomination was "put over" by a combination of Tom Taggart of Indiana, Bill Thompson of Illinois, and Boss Murphy of Tammany Hall, something of the fine flavor of ideal purity seems lacking.

It has been hoped that this campaign would be conducted upon high ground. Senator Harding has said nothing and done nothing out of keeping with a dignified rivalry between gentlemen. Mr. Cox's reiterated charge tends to bring the campaign down to the low level of a shanty-town row; and if he shall persist in this sort of thing the effect will surely be to cheapen the campaign immeasurably.

Chairman Hays of the Republican Committee in express terms has denied Governor Cox's charge. It is to be hoped that he will not further descend. Nothing in the way of emphasis will be gained by repetition or recrimination. The country should be spared the shame of a mud-slinging spectacle. There is no argument in slander; still less in the too familiar arraignment "You're another."

Editorial Notes.

We are told that certain radical elements of organized labor are "gunning" for Judge Frank H. Dunne on the score of his firmness in the matter of the Mooney case. It will be recalled that in connection with this case Judge Dunne declined to yield to open threats that he would be beaten in his next candidacy. Since the enemies of justice are thus seeking to punish Judge Dunne for maintaining the integrity of his court, it becomes the duty of the friends of justice to rally to his support. This is the more important in view of the fact that Judge Dunne is confined to his home as a convalescent and is so unable personally to face and counteract the forces arrayed against him.

Between presidential candidate Cox and vice-presidential candidate Roosevelt there appears to be sharp competition as to which shall excel in the not over nice business of denunciation. Mr. Harding, Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Lodge, Mr. Root, and pretty much a leading men of the Republican party are let in for sound drubbing when either Mr. Cox or Mr. Roosevelt lifts his voice. It is not a pretty spectacle; it is not the sort of tactics that command approval and success. The public is not profoundly interested in what the rival candidates think of each other or in what they think of opposing partisan figures.

Only 11 per cent. of the women and girl workers in New York State belong to unions.

THE NEW WARS IN THE EAST.

The magic wand is waved once more over eastern Europe and the unexpected has happened. The Poles have won a great victory over the Soviet forces and have driven them headlong eastward and northward. The rout of the Reds is described as utter and complete. They have lost 75,000 prisoners and their dead and wounded must be correspondingly numerous. The battle still continues at the moment of writing, and we may presently hear that the Red armies have been herded into a position that will compel their capitulation. This startling success is of course due to the strategy of General Weygand of the French staff, and to the aeroplane and bombing services organized and probably supplied by France. It is due also to the lack of discipline in the Red forces and to the poison of military equality first injected into their veins by Kerensky.

But at the moment we are not concerned so much with the details of a great battle as with its results upon the general situation. What effect will it have upon the Bolshevik government? Will it shake its hold upon the Russian people, or will it serve to solidify the national sentiment behind the Soviet authorities? No one can foresee the psychological reactions of a nation, and particularly of an illiterate, emotional, and credulous nation. But at least we have some precedents in history: The armies of France after the great revolution were similarly corrupted by the demagogues of Paris, incited against their officers, and applauded for their insubordination. But they learned the lessons of inevitable defeat. The nation sustained the revolutionary government with redoubled energies. Discipline was restored in the armies, and France defended herself triumphantly against a monarchical Europe bent upon her destruction. It is easy to lay too much emphasis upon an analogy, but the resemblances between revolutionary France and revolutionary Russia are too strong to be ignored. Adopting every proper caution in our judgments, we may find that the Soviet government draws inspiration from defeat, and that its hold upon the Russian people has been strengthened. So far, every attack upon the Russian government has had just that effect.

Those who are disposed to believe that the Russian government had no intention to Bolshevize Poland, that it was doing no more than repel an act of aggression, would do well to read the memorandum issued from Lucerne by Lloyd George and Giolitti. Be it remembered that they are both friends of Russia and to that extent in opposition to France. Both want to resume commercial relations with Russia. Both have refused to use force against her. Lloyd George asked the Russian delegation to London for the terms on which Russia would make peace with Poland, and those terms were supplied, together with the assurance that they contained everything of an important nature. It appears now that this was untrue. There was another stipulation to which the Russian delegates made no reference, and it was to the effect that Poland, in addition to a small military army, was to raise a large civil army drawn from the workmen only—that is to say a Soviet army. Commenting upon this discredited suppression, Lloyd George and Giolitti remark: "The government of Poland is based on the choice of the whole adult male population of the country without distinction of class, and this so-called civil army to be drawn from one class only, which is referred to in the fourth condition of the Soviet terms, is only an indirect method of organizing a force to overthrow by violence this democratic constitution and substitute for it the despotism of a privileged few who may have absorbed the doctrines of Bolshevism." To add such a proposal to the peace terms after the assurance that the copy submitted was practically a complete one "is a gross breach of faith, and negotiations of any kind with a government which so lightly treats its word becomes difficult if not impossible." If the Soviet government, say the premiers, "notwithstanding the punishment which its aggression is encountering," still maintains this proposal and continues to fight upon Polish soil, "no free government can either acknowledge or deal with the Soviet oligarchy." Lloyd George and Giolitti know well that Russia would in any case have attacked Poland in pursuance of her intention to Bolshevize Europe and that the Polish advance was no more than a welcome pretext. None the less the onus for the whole situation rests upon the peace conference, which drew the Polish frontier with its eyes shut and utterly without regard either to Polish rights or to the necessities of the situation. The Polish delegates were not even allowed a real hearing by the three or four potentates who imagined themselves as dictators of all human destinies.

While on the subject of Poland let us take three news items that appeared in our papers on Tuesday, August 24th. The first is to the effect that German workmen at Danzig have established Soviets and have seized the piers in order to prevent the landing of stores for Poland. Let it be remembered that Danzig is a Polish

port and the only Polish port that exists, although it was "internationalized" by the peace conference for reasons that have not been divulged, there being no reasons to divulge. The next news item is to the effect that Sir Reginald T. Tower, high commissioner of the league of nations at Danzig, has refused to allow the unloading of an American ship with supplies for the Poles, not because he is in any way opposed to the Poles, but because there would be resulting disturbances which he has not troops enough to quell. The third item is to the effect that Lloyd George and Giolitti are concerting measures by which Poland may be allowed the use of the port of Danzig—her own port—according to the orders of the Versailles conference. Poland, it will be remembered, laid claim to Danzig and also to the Prussian territory south of Danzig, as parts of her ancient domain. The conference decided that Danzig should be internationalized and that the Poles should be allowed access to it by means of a corridor through the Prussian territory that they claimed. This Polish corridor, a few miles wide, was to be the sole northern barrier between Russia and Germany. Now it seems that Danzig is practically in the hands of the Reds, as evidenced by the three confirmatory bulletins from London, Lucerne, and Paris. Sir Reginald Tower, we are told, has undoubtedly acted in contravention of the treaty in forbidding the unloading of the American ship, but his action is held to be justified in view of the forces opposed to him. Incidentally we may notice that it is German workmen who formed the Soviet at Danzig in order to prevent help reaching the Poles. We may also notice the bulletin from Coblenz to the effect that Red demonstrations and the formation of two or three Soviets occurred at various points in Germany.

The newspapers of August 24th, from which citations have already been made, were unusually rich in dispatches significant of the coming storm. The anti-Red forces of the Ukraine under General Wrangel have naturally been heartened by the Polish success before Warsaw. It will be remembered that the Ukraine was a part of ancient Poland, and while the Poles make no claim to its present possession, they are resolved that it shall maintain its independence of the Russian Reds. Soviet bulletins draw attention to the energies of Wrangel in the Ukraine and speak of them as an increasing danger. Now Russia is just as eager to conquer the Ukraine as she is to conquer Poland, and while she gave her verbal acquiescence to the independence of the Ukrainians just as she did to that of the Poles, she has insistently interfered with the Ukrainian government and has shown in every way her determination to control it. Wrangel seems to be a different type of man from Denikin and Kolchak and free from the personal ambitions that were supposed to govern his predecessors. The war in the East is now nearly as extensive as it was four years ago. It extends from the Baltic to Lemberg and then eastward through the Ukraine. We shall never reach an understanding of the situation on this front by a discussion of the pros and cons of the quarrel between the Russians, the Poles, and the Ukrainians or by an effort to determine who was the aggressor in any particular movement. We can understand the course of events only by a realization of the main intent of Russian policy to Bolshevize Europe and to sweep away whatever stands in the road to that end. Poland must be destroyed because Poland holds the gate to the west. The Ukraine must be destroyed because the Ukraine holds the gate to the south. To represent Soviet Russia as an innocent citizen assailed by thieves is mere vicious nonsense. Bolshevism can not exist without advances and conquests, and this should have been evident enough even to a peace conference. If the conference had actually restored Poland instead of hypocritically pretending to do so, if this had been done quickly while the Allied armies were in being and ready to sustain an equitable decision, there would probably now be no fighting on the eastern front. But the spectacle of an impotent and hamstrung Poland wedged in between Russia and Germany, with no water-front of her own and with her frontiers so drawn as to be at their weakest was naturally a temptation to which Russia has succumbed and to which Germany will succumb. Russia and Germany together could hardly have done anything more wholly to their own advantage.

But the present war is much more extensive than the Russian frontier. A bulletin from Constantinople dated August 23d tells us that the British lines of communication have been cut between Bagdad and Mosul and between Bagdad and the Persian Gulf and that the British garrisons are hard pressed and in need of reinforcements. This represents a line some five hundred miles in length running nearly north and south and through what was formerly Turkish territory. It is in order to maintain their hold upon the route to India that the British are in occupation of this territory. Once more we find ourselves faced by the same causes that produced the great war. Turkey was persuaded into her alliance with Germany in order to insure to Germany the possession of this line. It is practically the line of the Bagdad Railway.

The Arabs who are fighting the British are actuated

by two motives. In the first place they have been deprived of their independence and of the custody of their sacred cities. In the second place they are animated by the Mohammedan religious zeal that is making itself felt throughout the whole Mohammedan world. To these may be added the incitements of the Bolsheviks, who are quick to pour oil upon the flames wherever the flames are to be found. Now it may be said at once that the Arabs have very considerable cause for their discontent. They have been independent for ages, ever since the days of the crusades. They gave substantial aid to the cause of the Allies during the war, only to find when the war is over that their territory has been parceled out between France, Great Britain, and Italy under mandates from the league of nations. Now the league of nations had no more right to issue mandates for the government of Mesopotamia than it would have to issue mandates for the government of Holland. It had no right to assume any sort of authority over this territory. It belongs indisputably to the Arabs, who now find broad black lines of delimitation drawn across the map with a notification that henceforth they become wards of nations with whom they have no affiliations either racial or religious. Perhaps this is no large matter to a world that seems to be contemptuous of the simplest laws of territorial honesty, but it is decidedly a large matter to the Arabs themselves, who are now making war upon the mandatories under the quite reasonable conviction that the league of nations is a reincarnation of the Forty Thieves.

Naturally the Russian Reds have been quick to seize upon a situation thus fashioned to their hand. The Third International has summoned a conference to meet at Baku and has issued a manifesto to the peoples of Asia. It is a formidable document and well calculated to find its way to the Asiatic heart. It is addressed directly to the people of Armenia, Turkey, Persia, and Mesopotamia. A single paragraph, as follows, will give a taste of its quality: "Peasants and workers of Persia: The Teheran government of the Kadars and its retinue of provincial Khans have plundered and exploited you through many centuries. The land which, according to the laws of the Sheriat, was your common property has been taken possession of more and more by the lackeys of the Teheran government, they trade it away at their pleasure, they lay what taxes please them upon you, and when, through their mismanagement, they got the country into such a condition that they were unable to squeeze enough juice out of it themselves, they sold Persia last year to English capitalists for £2,000,000, so that the latter will organize an army in Persia that will oppress you still more than formerly, and so the latter can collect taxes for the Khans and the Teheran government. They have sold the naphtha sources in South Persia and thus helped plunder the country." Other sections of this manifesto are addressed directly to the peoples of Armenia, Turkey, and Mesopotamia. One of the results of this agitation is the present fighting to the north and south of Bagdad, where the British have about 80,000 troops, a number quite insufficient to the task in hand. It will be seen, therefore, that nearly the whole of the old eastern front, from the Baltic Sea in the north to the Persian Gulf in the south, is in flames, and with consequences likely to be so momentous that no one can foresee the end. To this area of disturbance we may add Egypt and India. The two great insurrectionary factors of today are Bolshevism and Mohammedanism. They lie at the root of the world's unrest, and to them we must have recourse for an understanding of all the great events that are now current as well as for the basis of such precautions as we may care to indulge in. They can not, in any case, be very cheerful.

SIDNEY CORYN..

SAN FRANCISCO, August 25, 1920.

Some interesting figures relating to the behavior of structural steel at the high temperature of ordinary fires have been given by the United States Bureau of Standards. Naturally, the strength of steel at high temperatures has a very important bearing upon the stability of a structure which may be subjected to fire. Without any protective covering, steel columns fail after only ten or fifteen minutes of exposure to temperatures such as are reached in ordinary fires. Resistance can be greatly increased by the use of coverings of brick, concrete, plaster, tile, etc., to such an extent that columns so protected are unaffected after several hours' exposure to intense heat. Tests have been made to determine the compression strength of specimens of structural steel when heated in an electric furnace to temperatures corresponding to dull-red heat (1100 deg. F.) and loaded up to 20,000 pounds per square inch. It was found that structural steel loaded to 10,000 pounds per square inch fails at about 1075 deg. F., and under a load of 20,000 pounds per square inch failure occurs at about 925 deg. F. For practical considerations, however, the limit of utility may be regarded as reached at temperatures of about 130 deg. F. below those given above.

Irish emigration to Canada has increased 300 per cent. during the last year. Canada, unlike the United States, does not demand a passport from Irish immigrants.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. A. E. Cameron, Canadian entomologist, is developing a parasite which will effectually control the grasshopper plague. He predicts there will be no possibility of a plague after 1921.

Mrs. Arthur Meighan, wife of the new Canadian premier, will take her position as one of the first women of the province to the north with the distinction of being known throughout Canada as one of the most beautiful women in the length and breadth of the land.

The Arnold family tree, of which Matthew Arnold and Mrs. Humphry Ward were only two of the better-known branches, has put forth a new literary off-shoot in the person of Aldous Huxley. Mr. Huxley is a nephew of Mrs. Ward and a grand-nephew of Arnold. He has just brought out in America a volume of short stories entitled "Limbo."

Mrs. Daniel F. Sullivan of Chicago, who since the death of her son five years ago has devoted her whole time to the care of orphan children, has announced her intention to locate in California, where she considers climatic conditions more favorable for the tots. She has taken care of 142 children, caring for them until they can be placed in suitable permanent homes, and some of them she cared for more than two years.

When the interviewer, accompanied by a photographer, called at the home of Aaron S. Watkins in Germantown, Ohio, the Prohibition party candidate for President was engaged in the domestic duties of the family wash day. Professor Watkins holds the chair of literature in a military college, and salaries of educators are not keeping pace with the higher costs of laundry establishments. He has lived all of his life in his native state, born at Rushsylvania November 29, 1863, was admitted to the practice of law in 1889, and was ordained a Methodist minister in 1895. He received his LL. D. degree from Taylor University in 1902. He was Prohibition candidate for Vice-President in 1903 and again in 1912, and was the party candidate for governor of Ohio in 1905.

Mrs. Sally James Farnham since the age of twenty has become one of the greatest American sculptors, although before that age she had never modeled even a ball or cube and never in her life has she taken a lesson in her chosen art. Mrs. Farnham declares that suddenly she became as busy as that busiest man in the world—the paper-hanging gentleman with one arm and the hives. She marched straight into fame and fortune without any detours or any serious mishaps. The first "job" of this extraordinary sculptress was her third piece of work and was planned in a hospital, when her friends were still laughing at her. It is a large fountain which stands on Captain Emerson's lawn in Baltimore. When the competition was announced for which the winner was to receive the commission Mrs. Farnham simply sketched the fountain, all the details of which she had already conceived. She won against forty contestants, the majority of them sculptors of proved talent and ability. The first money she ever earned was the check received for this fountain—\$5000—an enviable debut.

It is a peculiar coincidence that in both private and public life the career of Franklin D. Roosevelt follows closely that of his distinguished kinsman, the late Theodore Roosevelt. Educationally they were similarly fitted, with preparatory work at Groton School, then to Harvard, from which Franklin D. Roosevelt was graduated in 1904. Politically, too, there is an analogy, for both began their public careers in the halls of the state legislature, both became Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and both became nominees of their party for Vice-President. Mr. Roosevelt was born in Hyde Park, Dutchess County, on January 30, 1882, the son of James and Sarah Delano Roosevelt. The family is of Dutch origin, having come to this country from Holland in 1648 and moved to Hyde Park about a hundred years ago. James Roosevelt was a fourth cousin of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. After his graduation from Harvard Roosevelt entered the law school at Columbia University, and after his admission to the bar in 1907 he became managing clerk for the law firm of Carter, Ledyard & Milburn in New York. Three years later he became a member of the firm of Marvin, Hooker & Roosevelt, general practitioners, with which firm he still retains his connection.

The oldest, most effective, and most persistent reformer in the United States is the Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts. Twenty-five years ago Dr. Crafts organized the International Reform Bureau at Washington, D. C. Since that time he has been taking in all sorts of reforming—both plain and fancy—and incessantly hammering away year after year until the opposition became weary or disgusted and Congress came across with the desired laws. Dr. Crafts is seventy, but doesn't look it by twenty years, and evidently doesn't feel it by forty years. He has recently mapped out a national and international programme of reformation that a risky young chap of twenty-one would look upon as a lifetime job. His headquarters are located in the historic building on Pennsylvania Avenue which was occupied by the Supreme Court of the United States after the burning of the Capitol by the British in 1814. This

building is only a matter of three minutes' walk from the National Capitol, making it quite convenient for the doctor to present his daily desire to the senators and representatives, which he never fails to do. Dr. Crafts was born in Maine, but went to Boston and Connecticut to be educated in the ministry. In the early days of his preaching he teamed with such illustrious parsons as Henry Ward Beecher and T. DeWitt Talmage in New York and Brooklyn.

Thomas Hardy was born in a little village in Dorsetshire—in the countryside that has been his lifelong home and the scene of most of his novels—June 2, 1840. Educated as an architect, he went to London when he became of age, there practicing his profession in a small way and becoming known for writings on architecture and art. It was at the age of thirty that he wrote his first novel, "Desperate Remedies." At the urgency of his wife, a charming young country girl, he then abandoned architecture entirely to go in for writing.

Dr. Esther Lovejoy of Portland, Oregon, is president of the Medical Women's National Association. Dr. Lovejoy has had an unique speaking record, for her work has touched on a number of subjects, including those of Portland's first milk ordinance and systematic medical inspection of school children, while she was head of the Portland board of health. During the war she was sent to France by the Medical Women's National Association to make a survey of the work of helping the women and children of that country. Later under the Red Cross she made a country-wide speaking tour here.

Father Finn, conductor of Paulist choir of New York City, really secures sensational music effects with his choir of seventy boys and men. He is an unique music genius. Born in Boston, Father Finn became a music composer at the age of fifteen, studied music at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, and subsequently went to England to study under the famous choirmasters in London. His exceptional ability to train boys' voices and his magnetic power to bring out in choral singing the full value of each boy's voice have made Father Finn the recipient of many honors. In Paris he received the coveted distinction of being decorated with the insignia of the Order of Palms of the French Academy, the highest musical decoration conferred by that celebrated body. During the choir's visit to the Vatican, His Holiness, the late Pope Pius X, conferred upon Father Finn Magister Cantorum (Master of Singers) in recognition of his efforts to promote ecclesiastical choral singing.

Frank Mann, brother to James R. Mann of congressional fame, is often called "the best farmer in America." Among those granting him this distinction is no less an agricultural authority than Dean Davenport of the University of Illinois. To his close friends the congressman is known as an enthusiastic lover and grower of plants. Hundreds of the shrubs growing on the lawns of his neighbors on Chicago's South Side got their start in the Mann gardens. Frank Mann's agricultural interest, however, is no spare-time proposition. It consists of the full-time, full-fledged business of operating a remarkable farm of five hundred acres at Gilman, Illinois. Bois d'Arc Farm, as his place is known, probably is the most productive agricultural area of its size in the Middle West. Here are regularly produced yields from three to four times as large as the average of the United States. Mr. Mann's average acre yield of corn the last ten years has been more than seventy-five bushels. Of oats the average has been better than eighty bushels, while his wheat has averaged about fifty-four bushels to the acre. A field of oats on Bois d'Arc Farm yielded one hundred and fifteen bushels an acre one year. Mann also has produced ninety-three bushels of corn as the acre average of a field, and sixty-three bushels of wheat.

There are over 10,000,000 motor vehicles in the world and America manufactured more than eight-tenths of them. This country during the past six years has exported over a half-million passenger cars and trucks valued at over a half-billion dollars, and at this writing is supplying practically the demands of the world with automobile apparatus. During the year 1919 we exported nearly \$50,000,000 worth of tires alone and almost \$40,000,000 worth of automobile parts. In 1919 alone this country exported close to 70,000 passenger cars and 16,000 trucks, the combined value being about \$110,000,000. The motor vehicle industry in this country has merely begun to supply foreign markets, manufacturers have just awakened to the fact that foreign countries ought to be considered as so many additional states.

Nowhere in America has there been such a diversity of Indian languages as in California. But these languages are now rapidly disappearing. Several of them are known only by five or six and others by only twenty or thirty living persons, and hardly a year passes without some dialect, or even language, ceasing to exist through the death of the last individual able to speak it. Efforts are being made to record all these languages for the sake of the light they throw on the ancient history of the Pacific Coast.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Inchcape Rock.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,—
The ship was as still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The holy Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,—
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled around,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph, the rover, walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,—
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess;
But the rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the bell and float:
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat;
And row me to the Inchcape rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And cut the warning bell from the float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound;
The bubbles rose, and burst around.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
Will not bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph, the rover, sailed away,—
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course to Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They can not see the sun on high;
The wind bath blown a gale all day;
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For yonder, methinks, should be the shore.
Now where we are I can not tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind bath fallen, they drift along;
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
O Christ! it is the Inchcape rock!

Sir Ralph, the rover, tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair.
The waves rush in on every side;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But ever in his dying fear
One dreadful sound he seemed to hear,—
A sound as if with the Inchcape bell
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

—Robert Southey.

Phyllida and Corydon.

In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
With a troop of damsels playing
Forth I rode, forsooth, a-Maying,
When anon by a woodside,
Where as May was in his pride,
I espied, all alone,
Phyllida and Corydon.

Much ado there was, God wot!
He would love and she would not;
She said, "Never man was true;"
He says, "None was false to you."
He said he had loved her long;
She says, "Love should have no wrong."

Corydon would kiss her then;
She said, "Maids must kiss no men
Till they do for good and all."
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness, Truth
Never loved a truer youth.

Thus, with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,—
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not love abuse,—
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded;
And Phyllida, with garlands gay,
Was made the lady of the May.

—Nicholas Breton.

Millions of fish are eaten monthly by the cormorant flocks on the Chincha Island near Peru. The cormorants build their nests close together; from 15,000 to 20,000 are frequently found within an area of 5500 square yards.

The process of crushing the seeds of various plants for the purpose of extracting the oils has been known and employed in Japan for centuries.

JAPAN REAL AND IMAGINARY.

Mr. Sydney Greenbie Gives a Lively Account of His Observations in the Country.

Mr. Sydney Greenbie makes no apologies for writing about Japan. Others have written about Japan, perhaps too many others, but nations change rapidly, and the Japan of today is very different from the Japan of 1914. It was after a long journey to Australia, New Zealand, and China that Mr. Greenbie found himself in Japan, and there he remained for nearly two years. Two years, it may be said, is not enough to reach an understanding of a nation, but then so much depends upon the observer, and Mr. Greenbie is an observer of an exceptional kind. He knows what to look for and how to look for it.

Mr. Greenbie has a high opinion of the Japanese woman. She is not merely the female of the male. She is *sui generis*. The Japanese man has been made effeminate by the attentions of the woman. He occupies the same place in his society as does our woman in ours:

Foreigners seldom get a chance to look into the home life of the Japanese simply because in the majority of cases there is no such thing. Even were you to speak the language fluently, what would most women talk about? They are not trained for social lives, and the reason is as much that they are too bashful as that the Japanese is wilfully reserved. I have been in the homes of a few well-to-do Japanese, and in each case the women would be introduced, but would retire soon after. The homes are then quiet. Among the educated and the converted, the woman does come forward a little, but generally finds more pleasure in serving delicacies than entering the conversation.

This is due to the absence of natural selection in the matter of mating. Were a young man free to choose, he would decide upon one who would not only be wife and mother, but also companion. As it is, only rarely are the dull and stupid eliminated. The parents are more concerned about having meek and obedient daughters-in-law whom they can manage than that their sons should have pleasant companions.

The Japanese craftsmen are good, but the delays they impose are intolerable. Nothing is ever done at once. The simplest task is deferred, and delays are chronic:

One's life in the Orient is one continuous process of hunting down such details as in the ordinary world seem to look after themselves. And the most amazing feature of it all is the bland indifference of the native to your discomfort. If a thing doesn't suit you, even though you ordered it—you needn't take it. Japanese dealers will let you go away without making a purchase rather than effect the simple readjustment to your needs. I had ordered a flat-top table desk with green-felt cover, but found the felt had not been tucked in properly. The man had stained it to suit my special requirements, yet he preferred to take it back rather than finish it off to suit me. "Shikata ga nai!" Oh, the sound of that agglutinated negative always accompanied by a shrug! "It can't be helped!" "Way of doing is not!" "Resource or alternative is not!" And indeed there is not—not that nor anything else. Alternative? Plead and see yourself scorned without mercy. Threat? Only to know that the *junsu*, or policeman, would put you through the third degree and then leave you as little satisfied as before. You can not punch them, you can not warn them, you can not "do" them. "Shikata ga nai!" Fate never rewarded Western efficiency or American training never to say "I can't" with a more immovable mountain of indifference.

Mr. Greenbie has a good deal to say about the Japanese indifference to the nude, an indifference that is giving way to an imported and detestable prudishness. Western ideas have proved a veritable curse to the Japanese in this respect:

On hot summer days the beach is alive with bathers. Physically the bathers aren't any too robust, but morally it seems that, in spite of all said against them, they move on a much higher plane. It is amazing with what simplicity and indifference bathers changed from bathing suit to kimono without the use of pavilions. Women appeared quite naked, and dressed in the midst of crowds of both sexes, yet no one but ourselves seemed to pay any attention to it. I believe the time will come when the Japanese will hate the foreigners most bitterly and most justly for their interference in this phase of their life. For nothing but the poison of prudishness has come to take the place of their former indifference to the nude. It is the custom of missionary critics of Japanese morality to forget the immorality they left behind. No one who knows the Japan of yesterday and today will say that the people have been bettered in any way by the introduction of Western morality. It must not be forgotten that in ancient times, as now, here as everywhere, adultery has been looked upon as a crime.

Japan is a country of contrasts, of ancient and modern side by side, of filth and cleanliness, of education and superstition. The smells in the street are indescribably evil, but the stock exchange reminds one of New York or London:

The state of flux in which modern Japan now moves leaves all attempts at studying the problem in the realm of speculation. Industrially, Osaka is the heart of Japan. Its factories cloud the sky with smoke and its stock exchange controls the pulse of the Orient. An exchange is quite a different proposition in Japan from what it is in America. The visitors' "gallery" is more open to the public than a zoo, and one has some difficulty discovering which is hull and which head. But for the policeman I might have wandered into the lions' section. Two officers stood at the wicket and barred my way. So I turned back into the crowd from which I had come, stumbling over the unexpected steps in the inclined floor. The crowd was thick. No seats about, the men stood close together—now more interested in the foreigner than the market. Well they might be. But when the momentary interest vanished they were as forgetful of foreigners as the spirit of speculation is native to them. Between them and the gamblers was only the slope in the floor. That afternoon things were tame. The "animals" had eaten their fill during the wild rampageous days before the rice riots, and though one might think the lean period would intensify their hunger, the whip of riot had subdued them somewhat. The "auctioneer" from his pulpit suddenly advanced his offering, whereupon the speculators gathered round him like the lions before

Daniel, but his intrepid self-composure kept them at bay. They screamed in his face and shook their fingers at him; a moment more and he must certainly perish. But suddenly the irate mob disintegrates, and the unfed pack falls apart indifferently. The door to the street is open and the messengers course in and out, while upon the narrow gallery running round the chamber others chalk the changes upon the boards. Immediately before the pit is another device, peculiarly Japanese, which keeps the stranger guessing. The boys twirl the strips of metal as though a guessing contest were on, and the excited brokers watch them with intense interest.

The Japanese woman is quite conscious of the different status enjoyed by women of the white world. When the author went to a Japanese hotel in Tokyo a girl took his suitcases. He relieved her of the undue burden and she remarked, "Foreigners are very kind-hearted":

I was taken to the top story and given a corner room, neat, costly-looking, modern, but Japanese in every detail. And here it struck me that this is the secret of all Westernization of the Orient. Though it was an extremely up-to-date building, still in all essentials it was as inconvenient as one in the olden days. When I asked for a bath I was led down the three sets of stairs to the cellar where were the communal bath and lavatories. Imagine having to go three stories to wash yourself and washing in common with all the other strangers in the hotel. It struck me that socially the Japanese hotel is a negative affair. Washing, gargling, and clearing of throats are done in common, but eating and every other function by us regarded as social is done in private. Of course, eating should not be a social affair, either, for that matter, but the contrast is interesting. When I was ushered into the bath by the maid she called aloud into the room with the pool that a guest had come, and forthwith a tiny little woman came out with a towel in her hand—and not a stitch of clothes about her. Nudity has its attractions when slightly concealed, but when no secrecy obtains it has the opposite effect. She was small, she was brown. But she hadn't even a blush on her face. Why should she? None of the people she cares anything about considers it wrong! I made my way into the bath. Two men were there, but left shortly. I wasn't alone five minutes when in came a dainty damsel with as much on her as I myself had. She was soon followed by another, and the two seemed to support each other in virtue. They entered the pool and huddled in a corner. An old man entered and also stepped right into the water. The male attendant chatted with the ladies, and never a sign of confusion or of things amiss disturbed the atmosphere. It was the first experience of the kind I had had in all my stay in Japan. One is here inclined to agree with the Japanese that they don't need Western moral restrictions because they are naturally moral, though this is not an absolute truth. And the story is told by those whose veracity is not to be doubted that when first the edict went forth that no one was to go into the sea at the beach without a bathing suit on, all obeyed the order, but all took off their suits on the sand after they came out of the water.

The author describes the ascent of Fuji as one of the most impressive experiences that the world can furnish. On the occasion of his own ascent there were some two thousand persons wending their way upward, and the entire mass halted and faced about to greet the rising sun:

The first ascent I made was from Suhashiri. When we reached the peak at 6:30 we were welcomed by the biting wind, strong enough to lift whomsoever ventured away from the lava wall clear off his feet. Very few climbers went anywhere near the crater, and those who did returned rather hurriedly. In double file the soldiers were marched off up the ridge and they disappeared in a cloud. We risked the wind and reached the edge, creeping on our stomachs for a glance over into the crater. A gale from over the gulch pressed down the deep pit and brought back with it a cloud of mist. Heaps of snow lay bedded in the inner cavities where once was seething lava. As the wind made a breach in the cloud it revealed the snowdrifts like sharp, angry teeth. My companion, just a youth, said, with somewhat of awe in his voice, "It felt as though you were looking into something which you had no right to see."

The path of the foreign instructor in Japan is now no more the path of glory. The days when he was the idol of new Japan are gone. Today he is an inconsequential drudge and he is fortunate if his years of patient effort are not rewarded with a medal and dismissal:

I had entered upon my duties as instructor of English in the Kobe Higher Commercial School with all sorts of notions about methods. Nothing in all my life have I unlearned so quickly as those useless schemes. One very worldly schoolmaster, without the shadow of an illusion circling round his bald head, puts the situation exquisitely to his students when they ask him which is right: "English people say it this way; Americans, that; Japanese say it as they like." I was not given a single hint as to how much English the students knew nor what I should teach. And I had to find out. To get them to talk is as difficult as driving an artesian well; you sometimes go a thousand feet through rock and then get no water. They simply will not open their mouths. Yet most of them have had seven and eight years of English study. One of the first peculiarities I noticed was that when looking straight into the eyes of a student, and asking him a question, he will invariably think you are talking to his neighbor and regard him as the guilty person. And behind and around him half a dozen will bob up as though they had been called upon. This most likely comes from the native habit of never looking into a man's eyes when speaking to him.

The emperor's birthday is a solemn occasion throughout Japan. Portraits of the royal family are displayed with appropriate ceremonies. There is nothing shabby or affected about it, says the author. It is done thoroughly and properly and with reverence:

I had once unwittingly led a class in general discussion from one thing to another until, under current events, I contrasted the freedom of movement of the President of the United States with the King of England. It had been reported that returned soldiers on parade broke ranks and shook hands with the king. I then contrasted the easy simplicity of Prince Arthur with the rigid formalism of Prince Nashimoto, both of whom I had seen while stopping at the Nara Hotel one summer. Then I added that formerly, when their emperor passed, they were not allowed to look at him, any one caught so doing being in danger of losing his eyes. Even today no one can be on an open balcony, but must be on the ground

when royalty goes by. I made no comment on this. Up spoke one student, "You must not mention our emperor in the same breath with kings and presidents."

With all the world exercising the rights of censorship there is no reason why the Japanese censorship should be singled out for blame. But other governments, says the author, take care that their rules and regulations shall be known, but in Japan the interpretation of the law depends upon whim:

For instance. You are a publisher of a foreign newspaper, You have lived for years in the country, respected and feared. You have tried to understand the ways of the people among whom you have chosen to live. You insist, however, on publishing news when it comes to you.

But, "No," says the censor. "You may surely publish news, but you must take your chances in the matter. It is not unlikely that the news you publish in your newspaper may not be to our advantage, and in consequence it will be suppressed."

"But if that is the case," you plead, "kindly tell us what kind of news we may not publish."

"That we can not do," admits the censor, "for we do not know what news will come in for you to publish." And, indeed, even a censor will admit his ignorance sometimes, and not all can be expected to be prophets.

"Then," you pray, "will you please tell us what of that news we have already published is objectionable. Point out specifically why you have suppressed our issue?"

"That is also impossible," says the censor (or, to be exact, the police official who happens to have been detailed on that job), "because, if we did that, then you might make use of the point in an indirect way and thus expose our desire for secrecy."

"Then what shall I do?" says the editor, despairingly, or turns to his desk with an idea.

Everywhere in Japan there is the discord between the old and the new. It is too early to predict whether old Japan will be vanquished or whether the result will be an entirely different species *japonicus*:

The strangest thing withal is to what a slight extent Westernization has really affected Japan. Almost all the friends the foreigner makes are people who have spent from ten to fifteen years in the Occident—the early years of their lives. The wife of one was born in America and did not see Japan till she was nearly twenty. She is American in a repressed sort of way. Her voice is American, and some of her facial expressions are. Yet since her coming to the home of her ancestors she has been Japanese entirely. How resigned a reversion to type! Had her birth and rearing in America eradicated her inheritance, no Japanese custom would be able to hinder her. A Chinese woman with such acquired characteristics would in the same position influence at least a limited circle within her new sphere, as did Princess Der Ling after her coming to China from the first nineteen years of her life in Europe. She was a dynamic force in the very midst of one of the most crystallized forms of Orientalism. She even effected changes in the habits of the Empress Dowager.

But not so the Japanese woman. Nor the man, either, for that matter. Though the germ of Westernism takes hold somewhat, still he is through and through Japanese. It is impossible completely to Occidentalize him. True that the white man is as unyielding when it comes to being Orientalized and that in consequence little blame need attach itself to the Japanese. But it is considerably more reactive in the case of the Japanese. He takes on the protective coloring of his environment easily enough. He manifests certain traits peculiar to his new environment, but they disappear almost immediately after his return. I have met a number of Japanese who told me that they intend to carry on their business in American ways or quit Japan again. But soon enough that is forgotten.

Japanese self-control is the result of centuries of subjection to superiors, when the head was called upon to hide the heart. None the less, says the author, a little study will enable one to read the Japanese heart as readily as any other:

In all the "scare" talk about Japan's militarism—essentially true from the bureaucratic angle—one must not lose sight of the basic character of the people. Japanese chauvinists try to impress the world with the word *samurai* as symbolic of something latent in the Nipponese breast. But it has now come to the point where Japan can no longer withhold the truth that distaste of the army is as prevalent in Japan as elsewhere. The number of young men who have themselves "doctored," starved, and lied to be found ineligible for service is increasing everywhere. That is because *bushido*, or the way of the soldier, is not as component a part of Japanese nature as they would have us believe.

The relations of the foreigner to the Japanese are peculiar. It is the foreigner who takes the lead in any complaints to the authorities. The native is too timid to do this himself:

The foreigner is more dynamic, more bold, less timid in the presence of authority. This frequently results in discord. The truth of the matter is that the foreigner is not infrequently to blame. Take, for instance, one of the popular handbooks to colloquial Japanese. To read the hazy, hilly remarks this compiler places at the command of the tourist is a sad reflection on the nature and practice of Westerners. Considering that we regard ourselves as superiors it is a sad commentary on our gentility that any one should think we would use the suggested remarks this little volume contains. The editor frankly heads them as "Some disagreeable assertions." Here are a few: "He is a terrible liar." "You idiot." "You're a liar." Here are two not in the above category: "Really, the fleas in this house are remarkable." "This hutter smells horribly." And so on. I must say that there is ample occasion for such remarks, and confess that I have been more than once driven to using some, but in the ears of the erstwhile humble Japanese these must have sounded harsh beyond words, though I dare say he got as much and worse from his own superiors.

The Japanese, says the author, will have to overcome their national self-conceit. But this is a malady that afflicts all nations. But at least we have here an admirable picture of the form that it assumes in Japan.

JAPAN REAL AND IMAGINARY. By Sydney Greenbie. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$4.

About 2,700,000, or nearly 3 per cent. of the total population of the United States, make their living from the automobile business.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending August 21, 1920, were \$164,800,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$146,700,000; a gain of \$18,100,000.

Total resources of the banks included in the Twelfth Federal District increased \$1,335,000 during the last week, according to the report issued Saturday by the San Francisco Federal Reserve Bank. The biggest gain shown in the report was in earning assets, the increase there being \$2,881,000, while the gold supply on hand advanced \$1,831,000.

Gold reserves decreased \$1,259,000 in the period covered and hills on hand gained \$864,000 over last week.

For the first time in three years the treasury reports show that actual income exceeded ex-

penditure, and another comforting announcement is the fact that the gross public debt has been reduced by \$2,332,000,000, which is looked upon by the New York *Evening Post* as "a considerable achievement." In his statement Secretary Houston said that an analysis of treasury operations for the past fiscal year shows a net current deficit of only \$71,179,072.21, taking into account the special deposit of \$363,100,619 in June by the War Finance Corporation after redeeming Liberty bonds held by it. There appears as of June 30th an adjusted surplus of ordinary receipts over net ordinary disbursements of \$291,221,547 for the fiscal year. According to the Washington Bureau of the New York *Journal*

gregated \$6,694,565,388, while expenditures total \$6,403,343,841."

In his statement, as published to the press, Secretary Houston says:

"My letter of June 10, 1920, to banks and trust companies, in connection with the offering of treasury certificates of indebtedness dated June 15th, called attention to the fact that the treasury certificates to the amount of nearly one billion dollars would mature on or before July 15th, and stated, first, that the completed operations for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1920, should show little, if any, current deficit; and, secondly, that both gross debt and floating debt would be further greatly reduced by the operations incident to the handling of the treasury certificate maturities from June 15th to July 15th. The results show that the treasury's figures' expectation has been realized.

"On the basis of daily treasury statements, the total ordinary receipt for the fiscal year ended June 30th amounted to \$6,694,565,388.88, and current ordinary disbursements amounted to \$6,766,444,461.09, leaving a net current deficit of only \$71,179,072.21 for the fiscal year 1920, the first full fiscal year after hostilities ceased. After taking into account the special deposit of the War Finance Corporation, resulting from its redemption of United States securities, the net ordinary disbursements for the fiscal year 1920 were \$6,403,343,841.21, leaving an adjusted surplus of \$291,221,547.67 for the fiscal year.

"The operations incident to the handling of the maturities of treasury certificates from June 15th to July 15th have now been completed and have resulted in further reductions in both the gross debt and the floating debt of the United States. The gross debt on June 30th, on the basis of daily treasury statements, amounted to \$24,299,321,467.07, as against \$25,484,506,160.05 at the end of the previous fiscal year on June 30, 1919, and \$26,596,701,648.01 on August 31, 1919, when the gross debt was at its peak. In other words, the gross debt on June 30, 1920, has been reduced by \$2,297,380,180.94 from its peak on August 31, 1919, and by \$1,185,184,692.98 from the figure on June 30, 1919. On July 20, 1920, on the basis of daily treasury statements, the gross debt amounted to \$24,264,309,321.54, showing a further reduction of about \$35,000,000 after taking into account the \$201,061,500 face amount of treasury certificates issued under date of July 15th. The floating debt on June 30th amounted to \$2,485,552,500, against \$3,267,878,500 on June 30, 1919, and \$3,938,225,000 on August 31, 1919. On July 20, 1920, the loan and tax certificates outstanding amounted to \$2,453,946,500, showing a further reduction of about \$31,000,000 as the result of the redemption of loan certificates since the close of the fiscal year 1920 in the amount of some \$232,000,000 and the issue of loan and tax certificates dated July 15th in the amount of some \$201,000,000.

"Further issues of treasury certificates will be offered as necessary from time to time to provide for the current requirements of the government and to meet maturities of treasury certificates now outstanding. The amounts of these issues will depend in large measure upon the extent of the burden imposed by the Transportation Act of 1920, in connection with the return of the railroad to private control, including particularly the liability on the guaranty, which is as yet unascertainable.

"While, as the result of new issues of treasury certificates in the intervals between the large income and profits-tax installments, there may be temporary increases in both gross debt and floating debt, the treasury expects, though it is impossible to speak positively, that both gross debt and floating debt will, during the first two quarters of the current fiscal year, be reduced below the figures outstanding on June 30, 1920, and that unless additional burdens should be imposed by legislation there will be an important further reduction in the last quarters of the fiscal year."

Secretary Houston's statement that the fiscal year ending with June produced a surplus revenue for the government was no news so far as the simple fact of a surplus is concerned, remarks the New York *Evening Post*. "That was made plain from the treasury's daily report a month ago." The part of the Secretary's statement which does convey some information, this paper says, "is his figures on the public debt." We are told that—

"It was known already that this debt reached its maximum on August 31st last year, when nearly all the subscription to the Victory Loan of May had been paid in, and had not yet been offset by retirement of floating indebtedness. The gross public debt was then \$26,596,701,648; on the 20th of the present month it was \$24,264,309,321. A reduction of \$2,332,000,000 in eleven months is a considerable achievement, but it evidently was not accomplished through the applying of a surplus revenue to redeeming the public debt. Up to the close of last month \$1,850,000,000 of the war loans had been redeemed on a sinking-fund basis. This must have been affected largely through use of proceeds either of one

set of bonds to redeem another or of the proceeds of treasury short-term certificates.

"Yet the floating debt itself has been reduced: it stood at \$3,938,225,000 on August 31, 1919, and at \$2,453,946,000 on July 20th this year; which means both that a very large amount (about \$1,300,000,000) of such temporary indebtedness outstanding last August has been extinguished with the proceeds of the 1919 war loan, and that further reduction has been made by the closer adjustment to accruing taxes of anticipatory borrowings against such revenue. To what extent the floating debt which is still outstanding can be reduced in the present fiscal year must depend on results with the surplus revenue.

A block of the \$25,000,000 bond issue of the New York Central Railroad has been purchased by the Lumbermen's Trust Company and is being offered on the local market in \$500 and \$1000 denominations priced at 100 to yield 7 per cent. The issue runs ten years, being dated September 1, 1920, and due September 1, 1930.

The road's estimated earnings for 1921 are \$80,000,000, as compared with total fixed charges of \$48,000,000 for the same period, including the current bond issue. Additional security is furnished by a deposit with trustee of collateral with a market value of \$31,425,000.

The money secured from the issue will be used to retire notes and bank loans.

The opportune time to buy high-grade investment bonds is when commodity prices are high, says the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company in a circular letter to their clients. That is the condition today, but there are daily new evidences of a change in process. Market values of staples in many lines are shrinking. When crop values advance land values keep pace. When crop values fall land values depreciate. There is a natural relation. The 50 per cent. mortgage of today approximates a 100 per cent. valuation of a few years ago. Values of high-grade bonds run conversely. A falling market for commodities brings increased demand for high-grade bonds with advance in values.

Taxes for paying municipal bonds run ahead of any mortgage debt, and to effect a clear title when foreclosing a mortgage one must pay up all taxes, street improvement assessments, etc., to protect his loan. Taxes for payment of bond principal and interest attach directly to the land and can not be evaded.

The United States Supreme Court on June 1st rendered its decision establishing for all time that constitutionally the United States is powerless to tax either the principal or the income derived from municipal bonds. This sets at rest all private differences of opinion on this subject.

If the cost of living is raised more than 2 per cent. by the \$1,200,000,000 increase in freight charges it will be plain evidence that middlemen and retailers are taking an unfair advantage of the public. An increase of 2 per cent. in average prices would be the maximum cost of the rate advance if there were no change in other forces acting on the price level. But the general tendency of prices is now downward. We have passed the peak of war inflation. It is reasonable to believe, therefore, that prices will fall rather than rise after the new rates are in effect.

The fact is that in the production of most articles of common daily consumption the transport charge is so small that an increase in rates has no appreciable effect in the family budget. In bulky articles like coal, of course, where transportation is a very large part of the process of production and distribution, an increase in freight rates necessarily means higher prices. But even these comparatively large increases in particular commodities may be absorbed as a result of other forces working for lower prices.

The increase in passenger rates, while producing a very much smaller amount of additional revenue than the new freight rates, will strike more directly at the average man's pocketbook. But the new passenger rates will raise travel expenses less than \$3 per capita a year, or less than 1 cent a day. Suburban residents, who travel thousands of miles a year for the pleasure of living in the country while working in the city, will pay much more than this average.

The \$1,500,000,000 of additional freight and passenger revenue to be paid by the public for railroad service under the new rates will not go into the treasuries of the railroads nor into the pockets of the owners. Practically all of this additional revenue will go directly to the two million railroad workers whose wages have been established on a new level after the most careful consideration of all the facts by a government wage board.

The recent wage award in Chicago gave to the railroad employees an additional \$625,000,000 a year or an average of more than \$300 to each employee. During the two years of government operation of railroads, because

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of the increase in the cost of living, the Railroad Administration raised wages by more than \$1,000,000,000 a year. The total increase in wages, therefore, since May, 1918, when the Lane Wage Board made its first award, is more than \$1,600,000,000 a year, or considerably more than the new freight and passenger rates will produce.

The increases in rates made by the government in 1918, which produced about \$900,000,000 additional revenue, were practically all absorbed by the increased prices for fuel and materials consumed in railroad operation. As a very large part of the increased cost of coal and materials purchased by the

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railroads has been due to the more than 100 per cent. rise in wages paid workers in these other industries, it is plain that the great bulk of the \$2,400,000,000 increase in railroad rates in the past three years goes to the wage-earners.

Under the new scale of railroad wages the average annual earnings per employee will be \$1900, as compared with \$830 at the beginning of the war. This is an increase of 129 per cent. The railroad pay-roll today is on the basis of \$3,600,000,000 a year, or \$2,000,000,000 more than it would be if the employees were being paid at the pre-war rates.

These plain facts show that the railroad owners do not receive \$1,500,000,000 or any

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of Commerce, while the annual operations of the government showed a surplus of \$291,221,547, the more important change, treasury officials said, was the cutting of \$1,185,184,602 from the gross public debt during the year. It is explained that—

"The national debt aggregated \$24,299,321,467 on June 30th, and \$25,484,506,160 a year previously, but in the meantime the obligations of the nation had mounted to their highest point—\$26,596,701,608 on August 31st—due to the operations incident to the handling of maturities of treasury certificates of indebtedness. Thus, a reduction of \$2,297,380,180 from the peak is shown.

"Outside of the transaction involving the gross debt, treasury receipts for the year ag-

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appreciable part of it. For some time to come there is not likely to be any considerable increase in the returns paid to the owners of railroad securities. The effect of the award of the Commerce Commission is to enable the railroads to pay fair wages to their employees and to continue to make the modest return to their security owners that they did before the war. Larger returns to the owners will only be possible as a result of intensive work on the part of the managements to increase efficiency.

The workers have fared very much better than the owners, because their wages have been raised to make up for the decreased purchasing power of the dollar, while there has been no corresponding increase in the pay for capital.—*Frank H. Fayant, assistant to the chairman, Association of Railway Executives.*

The Guardian Savings and Trust Company of Cleveland Ohio, placed in its window an advertisement of "The California Ranching Company," which according to the announcement, was starting a cat ranch in California with 100,000 cats. Next door it was to start a rat ranch with 1,000,000 rats. The rats, as they multiplied, were to be fed to the cats; the cats were to be skinned and their carcasses fed to the rats.

"We feed the rats to the cats, and the cats to the rats, and get the skins for nothing. Shares are selling at 5 cents each, but the price will go up soon. Invest while opportunity knocks at your door."

Crowds gathered outside the window; many went in to ask for a prospectus or further information regarding the proposition; they wanted to know where they could buy the stock. The advertisement became a veritable nuisance to the bank. And this despite the fact that underneath it, in large letters, was the warning that it was a foolish fake, "although no more foolish than many 'wildcat' schemes being promoted today," and the admonition: "Investigate before investing. Don't hand your money over to any unknown glib-tongued salesman."

Many read little beyond the first line—"Glorious Opportunity to Get Rich Quick"—and were ready to bite and become "suckers."

Lists of the names of these "suckers" are traded and sold among the parasitical fraternity of get-rich-quick promoters. If for any reason you have gotten on one of these lists you will likely before long begin to receive tempting literature from others. But if you are a good paying "sucker" you will be placed on a special list of the promoter who discovered you, and he will not part with your name until he thinks he has gotten all the money he can out of you. Then he will sell your name as an "easy sucker" to one of his brother pirates, who is ready to pay more for the names of once-sold "suckers" than for new ones, for he knows that those in the habit of hitting will be easier to laud again with new bait.

When the notorious Burr Brothers were put out of the business by the postoffice authorities several years ago William M. Sheridan rushed on from Chicago and is believed to have stolen their valuable "sucker list." He ran on in their footsteps for many years, until recently he was arrested in Kentucky for using the mails to defraud.

No law can protect "suckers" from their own foolishness. The money of those who would not heed the warning attached to the announcement of this classical cat and rat ranch fake, as it appeared in the bank window, can not be safeguarded by law. Education is all that will save them; and usually it has to be education by experience. The law does not step in until the fake is proven. Then it is too late to save the "suckers'" money.

Investigation is the best safeguard. Yet more money is put into worthless promotions, solely upon the word of the promoter himself or his agents, and is lost, than goes into any other channel with as little investigation. The man who would not spend ten thousand dollars in the extension of his own business without long and careful investigation of the possibilities of earning a good return upon it and getting his money back will risk all his savings in an alluring stock promotion without even asking whether the proposition exists outside of the promoter's fertile brain,

and without any investigation of its chances of success.

That this is true is not only shown by the experience of the Cleveland bank, but also by the fact that there has grown up in recent years a school of promotion houses that sell stocks on what is known as the "one-call" system. The salesmen of these houses, after memorizing the prepared sales argument, call upon the prospective client. They first ascertain that he has some money which he could "invest" if he cared to. Then they make him promise that he will decide definitely at the close of that interview whether or not he will "invest" in their proposition. If he will not agree to this, the salesman will go no farther. In no event must he go back to call upon the man the second time. In other words, the prospective client is given no chance to investigate the proposition. Several of these houses have sprung up in the past few years and have had a remarkable mushroom growth.—*Century Magazine.*

E. H. Rollins & Sons and Cyrus Peirce & Co. are participating in an offer of \$3,500,000 Great Western Power Company of California general mortgage convertible 8 per cent. gold bonds in denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1000; price, 100 and interest, yielding from 10.31 to 8.33 per cent., according to date called by lot. Due August 1, 1930. These gold bonds are exempt from personal property tax in California and the company agrees to pay interest without deduction for any normal Federal income tax up to 4 per cent. which it may lawfully pay at the source. Under the present law the company will pay the 2 per cent. tax deductible at the source.

The company covenants that, beginning August 1, 1922, it will pay to the trustee annually, as and for a sinking fund, a sum of money to be used in retiring bonds by lot at 105 and accrued interest, which sum shall be sufficient, when paid annually during the remaining life of the bonds, including the year 1930, to retire the entire issue at a premium of 5 per cent. This sum will amount to \$408,333 plus accrued interest on August 1, 1922, if \$3,500,000 bonds are outstanding on that date.

These bonds are to be later secured by a pledge of an equal amount in par value of a new Series "B" thirty-year 7 per cent. bonds when issued under the company's existing first and refunding mortgage, dated March 1, 1919, which bonds will rank equally with the \$6,000,000 of 6 per cent. Series "A" bonds now outstanding. The outstanding bonds under this mortgage have been certified as a legal investment for California savings banks, and application will be made to certify the new 7 per cent. series as issued. Until such bonds have been issued and pledged as security for this issue no further first and refunding bonds may be issued.

When called as a whole, which may be done only after completion of the pledge of 7 per cent. bond collateral, or by lot, the holders of this issue will have the option of either being paid in cash at 105 and accrued interest, or accepting pledged 7 per cent. bonds at par, accrued interest and a cash premium of 5 per cent. When bonds of the new series of first and refunding 7 per cent. bonds equal in par value to the total amount of general mortgage convertible 8 per cent. bonds shall have been pledged with toe trustee, the holders of the latter may at any time convert their bonds at 102½ and accrued interest into pledged 7 per cent. bonds at par and accrued interest, the company paying the premium of 2½ per cent. in cash.

E. H. Rollins & Sons recommend these bonds as an exceptional short-term investment convertible on attractive terms into long-term 7 per cent. underlying bonds.

An advance in freight and passenger rates was inevitable, because of the \$600,000,000 increased wage award by the United States Railroad Labor Board and the sharp rise in the price of rails, cars, locomotives, and various supplies used by the railroads (says the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank in the *Business Outlook* for August). The substantial amount of increase granted, approximating \$1,500,000,000, has been a source of great satisfaction to business men generally, for it means that the roads are going to collect enough from the public to put them in a strong position able to meet the advances in wages and materials and so to render adequate service. It also emphasizes the changes that have taken place since the imperative demands of the world war showed the American people how important it was for them to have a railroad system of the highest efficiency. The provisions of the new transportation act make it necessary for the Interstate Commerce Commission to give the railroads earnings sufficient to enable them to earn 5½ or 6 per cent. on their property investment. In this way their future income is reasonably assured and they will be protected from many of the hardships which they suffered in the past.

The higher freight schedules will increase living costs somewhat, but the \$1,500,000,000 additional allowed on freight and passenger traffic taken together will average less than \$15 annually per capita of our population. This increase is small, indeed, compared with other factors in the price level, and especially with the forces now tending to reduce the cost of living. It has been estimated that \$1 or \$1.50 will be added to the price of pig-iron to cover the higher freight charge. On the other hand the increased rates will not add more than 5 cents to the price of a pair of shoes and only a few cents to the cost of a suit of clothes. It may take several months to ascertain just what the actual effect of the new schedules upon the country's industry will be, or to what extent, if any, the efficiency of the whole railroad system will be increased as a consequence of the higher wage awards and new machinery and equipment with which the railroads will now be able to supply themselves. Heavy orders for new cars, locomotives, and various supplies have been given out and efforts will be made to obtain deliveries as soon as possible. The roads are in an extremely poor physical condition and prompt measures must be taken to provide the increased facilities which the public demands. For many kinds of foodstuffs and essential merchandise the price has been made substantially higher through transportation congestion due to inferior shipping facilities. Improved railroad facilities will therefore contribute much to reduce credit strain.

Much has been written in these columns of late regarding the big Carhou hydro-electric development in Plumas County of the Great Western Power Company of California.

To the layman, to say that the first unit of this new plant will be finished at the beginning of next year and will develop 44,000 kilowatts, or 58,000 horsepower, does not mean much. To reduce the development of this big job to men, food, and equipment makes the size of the project understandable to every man, woman, and child; therefore the following figures, which have just been compiled by the Great Western Power Company, will be of interest to every one.

The men and materials which will be required before the Carhou development is completed reach the following tremendous proportions: A force of 1500 men daily; 3,000,000 meals; twenty-seven miles of private railway tracks; 4000 cars of material and equipment requiring thirty-four miles of trackage; 50,000 cubic yards of concrete; 60,000 barrels of cement, or a train of 340 cars of cement; 25,000 cubic yards of sand, or a train of 1150 cars of sand; 45,000 cubic yards of rock, or a train of 2250 cars of rock; a sawmill capable of 40,000 B. M. per day, which will turn out 13,000,000 B. M. before the close of job; 10,000,000 pounds of steel used in reinforcement, structural steel, penstocks, lines, etc.

The Cities Service Company continued to show material progress in earnings for July and the seven months ending July 31st. Gross earnings of the company for July were \$2,117,919.87, an increase of \$534,197.82 over July, 1919. After providing for all expenses and interest, net earnings for July were \$1,900,084.08, an increase of \$550,146.77, with a balance available for reserves, dividends on the common stock and surplus, for the month of \$1,510,269.13, a gain of \$513,510.82. For the seven months ending July 31, 1920, gross earnings were \$14,861,219.39, an increase of \$2,514,678.85 over the corresponding period of 1919. After providing for all expenses and interest charges, net earnings were \$13,325,665.26, a gain of \$2,514,195.06, with a balance available for reserves, dividends on the common stock, and surplus for the seven months of 1920 of \$10,630,611.41, compared with \$8,396,915.70, or an increase of \$2,233,695.71, showing that this balance for the seven months was at an annual rate of approximately \$45 a share on the common stock.

For the twelve months ending July 31, 1920, gross earnings were \$22,492,229.62, a gain of \$1,131,124.92 over the preceding twelve months, with net earnings of \$21,800,466.80, an increase of \$1,129,531.65, while the balance for the twelve months, available for reserves, dividends on the common stock, and surplus, was \$15,369,285.83, compared with \$15,201,856.79 for the twelve months ending July 31, 1919. For the twelve months ending July 31, 1920, \$40.94 a share was earned on the common stock outstanding in the hands of the public, while requirements for preferred dividends for the period were earned 4.42 times.

Announcement was made recently by the traffic department of the Southern Pacific Company that its Sunset Gulf Route, by which a great portion of California products move to New York via the ports of New Orleans and Galveston, is now open for business in both directions and no permits are any longer necessary.

This route has suffered from congestion due

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to industrial disturbances and only recently the embargo on westbound shipments was removed.

An infant in Guinea is usually hurried in sand up to its waist whenever the mother is hussy, and this is the only cradle it ever knows. The little Lapp, on the other hand, fares most luxuriously in its mother's shoe. These Lapp shoes are big affairs of skin stuffed with soft moss and can be hung on a peg or tree branch safely out of the way. The Chinese baby is tied to the back of an older child, who goes about its play quite ignoring its burden.

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Assets - - - - - \$66,840,376.95
Deposits - - - - - 63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up - - - 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds - - 2,488,107.78
Employees' Pension Fund - - - 330.00

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Sanity in Sex.

Mr. William J. Fielding has courageously handled a delicate subject, and moreover he has done it delicately, which is more than can be said of a good many writers. The problem is an old one, but it has been renovated, so to speak, by the war. Moral standards have either broken down or they are being so revised as to be unrecognizable. The need for the restraint of license and the results of license is more imperative than ever.

The situation is well shown by the military statistics with regard to a certain disease. The figures show Germany to be at the top of the tree with 19.8 per 1000 soldiers disabled in 1906, and the United States at the bottom of the tree with 196.99 per 1000 soldiers disabled in 1909. There has been an improvement since that time, the number per thousand thus disabled having been reduced in 1918 to 99.65. It may be noted with satisfaction and as much to the credit of the army that men in uniform contracting the disease were much less numerous than men in civilian life. Apparently one might do much worse from the moral point of view than "raise his boy to be a soldier."

Without entering on an extended review of a book that ought to be widely read it may be said that Mr. Fielding has presented us with the real facts in a form that is far from being distasteful and that never violates the boundaries of good taste.

SANITY IN SEX. By William J. Fielding. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

In Kut and Captivity.

This volume of nearly five hundred pages is devoted to the achievements of the Sixth Indian Division, which formed part of the British force intended for the capture of Bagdad. The author, Major E. W. C. Sandes, D. S. O., M. C., R. E., disclaims any intention to write a history of the war in Asia, and no doubt we shall have other and more detailed accounts. But this is the best story that has yet been given to us. It is divided into three parts, the first dealing with the successful advance from the Persian Gulf to Kut-el-

Amarah, the second with the siege of Kut, and the third with the period of captivity. These various epochs are described with almost the precision of a daily diary and in such a way that students of the campaign can follow its vicissitudes with ease, an end to which the many maps very largely conduce.

Some other accounts have represented the treatment of the British prisoners by the Turks as by no means intolerable. Perhaps this was true in some cases, but Major Sandes and his companions seem to have had substantial cause for complaint. They were subjected to innumerable brutalities and indignities during their imprisonment at Yozgad. They made several efforts to escape, but they were frustrated, and it was not until the collapse of Germany was obvious that the oppressive regulations of captivity were relaxed. The prisoners were allowed to go where they wished and the parcels of which they had been deprived were showered upon them. Numerous and useful appendices complete a record that is in every way satisfactory.

IN KUT AND CAPTIVITY WITH THE SIXTH INDIAN DIVISION. By Major E. W. C. Sandes, D. S. O., M. C., R. E. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$10.

European Literature.

This history of European literature begins at the beginning and takes us to the year 1637, the year of the foundation of the French Academy and of Richelieu's enrollment of Corneille. The author tells us that it is intended to be the first of three volumes telling the story of European literature from the twelfth century to the twentieth, but he does not tell us when we may expect the other volumes. But the present one is complete in itself.

It must suffice to state the topics dealt with by the author in his ten chapters. These are "Story-Matters and Story-Writers," "The Age of Dante," "The Fourteenth Century," "1374-1492," "The Transit Through 1492," "Europe at School," "Europe at Large," "The Maturity of Romance," "The Age of Milton," and "The Watershed of 1637." Condensation is necessary where so large a ground must be covered, but this has been done with much skill and with a just apportionment of emphasis.

A GENERAL SKETCH OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE IN THE CENTURIES OF ROMANCE. By Laurie Magnus. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$7.

Foreign Trade.

Whatever convictions we may hold as to the follies of internationalism in politics, it is certain that commercial internationalism will be extended by the war. America must necessarily become the greatest of the world's markets, but the extent to which we shall profit by that development depends upon our facility in learning the rules of the game.

It is to this object that the authors have directed their efforts. It is not enough to produce commodities. We must know also

how to sell them, and we must understand the laws that govern foreign exchange. There are, moreover, certain heresies that must militate largely against a true commercial success. It is not to the advantage of any country that its exports should exceed its imports. A country profits from what it receives rather than from what it gives. Foreign trade, say the authors, is only profitable when it adds to the comfort, the ease, the gratification of the people as a whole.

These are but some of the very many questions dealt with by the authors in their substantial volume. The problems of credit, advertising, raw materials, foodstuffs, freight, insurance, and government aid are handled, not only with conspicuous knowledge, but with a clarity that brings them within the reach of every one.

THE FOREIGN TRADE OF THE UNITED STATES. By L. C. Ford and Thomas F. Ford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.

Sunny Ducrow.

We all like to read of young and beautiful actresses who win their way from the lowliest origins to the heights of fame and fortune. Many novelists have tried their hand at this and the results are usually improbable but pleasing.

Mr. Henry St. John Cooper is the latest in the field with his "Sunny Ducrow." Sunny, when we make her acquaintance, is working in a pickle factory in the east of London. A celebrated actress notices her and discerns her possibilities, and from that moment the future of Sunny is assured. She has a passable voice and a genius for acting. Moreover, she is a thoroughly lovable little soul, quick with her sympathy and help and with the uncanny cleverness learned only in the slums. Sunny can take care of herself, and she does so with good result. Suitors crowd her path and Sunny eventually makes an unexpected choice which is one of the charms of the story.

But we are inclined to think that the author's enthusiasm has carried him into exaggerations. Sunny is sixteen when we first meet her. She is seventeen when we take leave of her. Now it is not impossible that so ambitious and clever a girl as Sunny should so improve her diction in the course of a year as to enable her to take leading parts and to wipe out all audible traces of her slum lingo. We are prepared to believe so much, but that she should also learn French and Italian within the same period, and to the accompaniment of her engrossing stage work, is wholly incredible. Lord Macaulay might conceivably have done it, but no one else. Nor can we understand how she acquired the business acumen which she displays in the creation of the new pickle factory in the country which is to take the place of the wretched hole in which she passes her early childhood. The author would have been well advised to tone down these extravagances and to leave Sunny's achievements within the domain of the credible. None the less Sunny is a charming girl and we are glad to know her.

SUNNY DUCROW. By Henry St. John Cooper. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.90.

Briefer Reviews.

"A More Christian Industrial Order," by the Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin (the Macmillan Company), is an attempt to apply the teachings of Jesus to the social conditions of today. It is written suavely and with moderation.

It is good to see that the Home University Library is still being extended. The latest addition is "Political Thought in England from Locke to Bentham," by Harold J. Laski. The Home University Library is published by Henry Holt & Co.

A recent addition to the National Social Science Series in course of issue by A. C. McClurg & Co. (75 cents) is "Housing and the Housing Problem," by Carol Aronovici, Ph. D. The book emphasizes not so much the sanitary aspect of housing as the development of a programme of housing reform.

"Claude's Second Book," edited by L. Kelsey-Bamber (Henry Holt & Co.), is a continuation of "Claude's Book," which contained a series of supposed post-mortem communications from a young aviator who was killed in the war. The reader must form his own conclusions as to their authenticity.

The Great Spirit's Fire.

Down in the Spavannah hills, near the little hamlet of Murphy, Oklahoma, there burns an Indian camp-fire that has not been quenched for fifty years. It is the watch fire of the Cherokees, a fire that is kept burning as a memento to the Great Spirit that the Indians remember his goodness to them and that their hearts are true.

No one knows when the fire was kindled, not even Chief Charlie Tee Hee, but B. F. Abernathy, a white man who lives in Murphy, says it was burning thirty-three years ago when he took up his residence there. It does not always show signs of life, but down in the

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cone of ashes that has accumulated in the long years it has been going until it is three feet high are embers that are kept alive by an insulation of a gum that is taken from a tree (says a writer in the *Daily Oklahoman*). Many of the Indians believe the fire can not die on account of it being a symbol of a covenant between God and man.

On special occasions, such as stomp dances, the fire is allowed to become a good-sized camp-fire and then the braves sit around it and smoke a peculiar pipe, an act that renews the individual covenant of each, but he it great or small the fire is kept alive by an attendant, the present one being George Potato, on whose land the ceremonies are held.

One of the first school essays written by Lincoln was "Cruelty to Animals."

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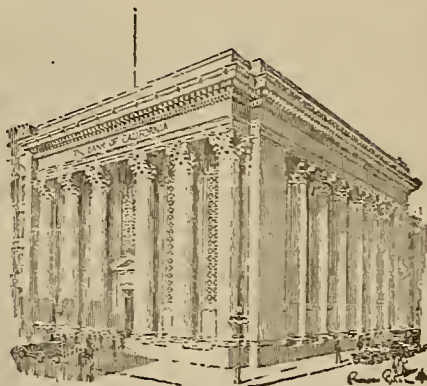
The following order, No. 113, effective as of August 19th, has been issued by the Power Administrator of the Railroad Commission of the State of California:

- (1) The use of electric energy for power purposes, except domestic use and use in connection with growing crops and handling of perishable foods, shall be reduced 20 per cent.
- (2) The use of electric energy for the irrigation of vacant lands and of lands from which crops have already been harvested shall not be permitted during the present shortage.
- (3) The attention of consumers of power for the irrigation of growing crops shall be called to the fact that unless a large reduction is voluntarily made drastic restrictions will become necessary.
- (4) The power companies shall direct the attention of the city officials in their territory to the fact that electric energy used in street, sign and display lighting is being lost for productive purposes, and shall urge them to restrict this use as far as may be consistent with public safety.
- (5) The above reductions in the use of electric energy shall be made, as far as possible, between the hours of 7 A. M. and 10 P. M.

We respectfully urge our consumers to realize the importance of this order, which applies to all power companies operating in North-Central California. It has been made necessary by the shortage of water power occasioned by the unusual drought and consequent extreme diminution of stream-flow in the power sources of the state, to say nothing of the constantly growing demand for power for agricultural, industrial and other purposes.

We ask our consumers to assist the Power Administrator and ourselves in prompt compliance with this order, so that the various industries relying upon electric power for their operation and maintenance may not be called upon to suffer a further reduction of supply before the close of the present dry season.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Dreams.

A few years ago it would have been hard to find an audience for a serious hook on dreams, or even to secure an admission that the subject was one worth of investigation. But we have changed all that. The psycho-analyst has given respectability to the interpretation of dreams, and there is something more than a suspicion that dreams may sometimes be an indication of higher rather than of lower states of consciousness.

Dr. Walsh's discussion of dreams is particularly commendable for the entire absence of the Brahminical spirit and also of the far too common disposition of popular scientific writers to advance a theory and then to ignore or deny all the facts that oppose it. Dr. Walsh faces all the facts. He does not deny the actuality of prophetic dreams, nor of telepathy, nor of the phenomena of mediumship or spiritualism. But he recommends extreme caution. He searches for physical rather than metaphysical explanations, and he prefers to keep his feet on the ground so long as it is possible to do so. That is exactly as it should be.

Dr. Walsh's main object as a physician is to relieve pain and he recognizes that dreams, premonitions, dreads, and compulsions may cause very real pain and may easily be provocative of disease. It is mainly from this point of view that he writes. Even the most unregenerate of psychic researchers will welcome the discovery that strong common sense is not necessarily unfriendly to discovery along the mystic path and that the physician may play an important rôle in the work of unprejudiced investigation.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DREAMS. By William S. Walsh, M. D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Why Do We Die?

The fact that the author, Dr. Edward Mercer, was formerly Bishop of Tasmania, would lead the reader to expect a more or less orthodox religious disquisition. But he will be agreeably disappointed. The author considers the problem of death first from the point of view of physical science and then from the super-physical or ethical standpoint. His breadth of view may be judged from the fact

that he refers to the doctrine of metempsychosis or reincarnation as "full of promise," surely a remarkable declaration from a bishop. The author devotes his third section to Monadology and a consideration of the life of the cell and of the monad. He concludes with a section on the higher aspects of the problem and with the assurance that we may be loyal to the teachings of science and at the same time indulge the hope for immortality. Dr. Mercer has written an entirely satisfying little book.

WHY DO WE DIE? By Edward Mercer, D. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

The Religious Consciousness.

It is perhaps well that one who writes about religion should define the meaning of the word. Professor Leuba has enumerated forty-eight definitions, to which he adds two of his own. But Professor Pratt is unwilling to select one of the fifty for his own use. He prefers to create a new one of his own, and so he tells us that religion is "the serious and social attitude of individuals or communities toward the power or powers which they conceive as having ultimate control over their interests and destinies." But might we not say with even greater accuracy that religion is the reverential attitude of individuals toward super-human intelligences?

But definitions are not very important, although expositions are. And here we have a very admirable exposition, and it is admirable mainly because it nowhere discloses the author's own preferences. Here it has the advantage over Miss Underhill, who never leaves us long in doubt as to her own affiliations.

Professor Pratt's object is to describe the religious consciousness, a large task, seeing that the varieties of the religious consciousness are as numerous as the human race. None the less there are certain convenient and popular categories that serve well enough for the purpose. Thus we find two good chapters on conversion, and no less than five on mysticism, by no means an overweight, considering the importance that mysticism is now assuming. And these chapters are particularly well done, displaying, not only a knowledge of mysticism, but a certain sympathy with its aims. Other important chapters are devoted to the subconscious as a factor in religion, the religion of children, crowd psychology and revivals, the belief in immortality and prayer. It is natural and proper that the author should lay emphasis on the religion of Christendom, but at the same time we have ample and liberal references to non-Christian faiths, and without those labored efforts to prove their inferiority which has often been considered indispensable by writers on comparative religion. Professor Pratt has written a hook that is probably the best of its kind and that is alike luminous and impartial. It should find a permanent place on the reference shelf of the library.

THE RELIGIOUS CONSCIOUSNESS. By James Bisset Pratt, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Pierre Benoit, author of "Atlantida," which won the French Academy prize as the best novel of the year, and which has just been published in this country, lived for most of his life in Northern Africa, where the story is placed. He is the son of an army officer who was stationed in Algiers, and he was brought up there and also did his military service there. He is a profound student of the country, its people, and its history.

Harry A. Franck, who has handed to his publishers the last of the copy for his forthcoming book, "Roaming Through the West Indies," leaves this week on a trip into Canada with E. A. Ross of the University of Michigan, author of "Principles of Sociology," "Russia in Upheaval," etc. Both authors go to Canada for rest and recreation, and not for work or copy.

Important among the fall biographies will be the "Memoirs of the Count de Rochecouart," which E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish in an authorized translation by Frances Jackson. The recollections cover the twenty-eight years from 1788 to 1816 and are filled with adventures of varied sorts in France and Russia, in the Napoleonic wars, and as commandant of Paris.

In spite of the general reaction against war books, the demand for "Home Fires in France," by Dorothy Canfield, author of "The Bent Twig," "Understood Betsy," etc., continues unabated. According to a recent announcement made by the publishers, Henry Holt & Co., "Home Fires in France" has just been reprinted for the seventh time. This book is a collection of true stories of wartime France.

New Books Received.

BY-PATHS IN SCOTLAND. By Eliza Putnam Heaton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50. A travel book.

CLAUDE'S SECONDO BOOK. By Mrs. Kelway-Bamber. New York: Henry Holt & Co. "Spirit communications."

THE VOICE OF THE NEGRO, 1919. By Robert T. Kerlin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50. An examination of the colored press.

THE UNITED STATES IN THE WORLD WAR. By John Bach McMaster. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$3. Second and concluding volume.

JESUS' PRINCIPLES OF LIVING. By Charles Foster Kent, Ph. D., Litt. D., and Jeremiah Whipple Jenks, Ph. D., LL. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.25.

The Bible's message to modern life.

POLITICAL THOUGHT IN ENGLAND FROM LOCKE TO BENTHAM. By Harold J. Laski. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Issued in the Home University Library.

TANKS IN THE GREAT WAR. By Brevet Colonel J. F. C. Fuller, D. S. O. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$9. Based on official records.

HENRY ELIZABETH. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: John Lane Company. A novel.

THE UNCENSORED LETTERS OF A CANTEN GIRL. Anonymous. New York: Henry Holt & Co. A war diary.

PROMETHEUS, THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF LIMON, SUNSHINE. By Ramon Pérez de Ayala. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

Poetic novels of Spanish life. Translated by Alice P. Hubbard and Grace Hazard Conkling.

COAL IRON AND WAR. By Edwin C. Eckel. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A study of the industrial development of the leading nations.

TRUE LOVE. By Allan Monkhouse. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A novel.

CAPE CUREY. By René Jute. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A novel.

THE COLLEGE AND NEW AMERICA. By Jay William Hudson, Ph. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

A review of college ideals.

Mr. Aldrich's Custom.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich used to be one of the most regular customers of a certain Boston bookstore. Mr. Aldrich had made a good deal of money by writing and had married a good deal more. He lived in a fine house and had a big library, and spent a not inconsiderable part of his time in this bookstore, sitting on the counter and talking to the proprietor about new books that were published. Some of the new books Mr. Aldrich read as he sat on the counter, while the proprietor of the store sold a box of paper and envelopes to a cash customer. Two or three times every month Mr. Aldrich was likely to find among the new books one that he wanted to have on the shelves of his library. A man like Mr. Aldrich was always receiving suitably inscribed copies of books from authors and publishers, and when he found in the bookstore a hook he wanted he would go home and get one of his complimentary copies and bring

it down and trade it in for the book he wanted.

Mr. Aldrich came down to the bookstore one year at the Christmas season. Lots of people were in buying paper and envelopes. The proprietor was very busy showing scented stationery. Mr. Aldrich interrupted him to give an order for a subscription to *St. Nicholas*. There was 10 cents profit for the bookstore in handling the subscription. It was Mr. Aldrich's first real money transaction in the store in thirty years. He went out. Half an hour later he was back again.

"Mr. Blank, Mr. Blank," he called to the proprietor in a high, thin voice, "you can cancel that subscription to *St. Nicholas*."

Those who remember the *Alger Series* of their boyhood days may find in some present-day situations duplicates of the heroes of volumes bearing titles such as "From Call Boy to President." On the Canadian Grand Trunk Railway, for instance, a real call boy, who calls crews for rail trains, recently drew \$218 as a month's pay, which is more than the chief clerk, under whom he works, receives. The boy works a regular eight-hour day in the morning and another in the afternoon, drawing time-and-a-half wage for the latter. The recent demand for an eight-hour day doesn't seem to bother him. And he is probably one of many exceptions.

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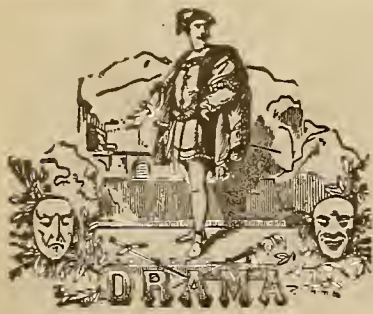
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THE ORPHEUM.

Although Singer's Midgets are holdovers this week they naturally remain the big attraction. I saw their act all over again, and watched the perky little performers with renewed interest. I tried hard to place them in regard to age, but I give up. Some of them, I think, are at the child age, a number are adults. When we pause to realize how completely adult players can fool the public sometimes while assuming child rôles, it is not surprising that it is difficult to pass on the age of these little creatures, whose beads, faces, and features are so rounded as to give them a childish physiognomy. The womanly contours of the girls' figures enlighten us as to their status, but as for the males, some of the tiniest are among the seniors of the group. The little Sandow is evidently a youth, perhaps not yet twenty-one. The elephant trainer is rather mature. The Chinese magician is not exactly youthful; and so on. There are brothers and sisters among them, noticeable from the family resemblances. I suppose, with such a large assemblage of young people, romances must flourish. Some of them must be married couples, and perhaps even sustain the relation to each other of parents and children. That old joke about the grandma chorus girl permits the supposition.

A curious feature about these competent and unerring little performers is the impersonal way in which they do their stunts. No one seems to have any vanity, and not one lingers a moment to taste the sweet savor of applause. To see them the first time is to almost forget, in the automatic perfection of their

performance, that they are not puppets. To see them a second time is to be very curious about their essential humanness.

"The Bee Hive" is the nearest approach to a playlet this week, although it is merely patter—more particularly well done by Clarence Oliver—with a play setting. Rent eviction is the motive, Georgie Olp figuring as a baby-voiced and baby-witted wife.

A really beautiful number on the programme is the Horlick and Sarampa Sisters dance number. Costumed appropriately, they give a couple of Hungarian dances. They are all three highly trained and exquisitely graceful, and Nidjy Sarampa looked like a lovely young Cupid in her solo dance.

And then—oh, what a fall!—in an effort to please the American public they gave the Tango Habanera, which ought to have been labeled the Tango Americano. Sborn of their glory, costumed in rather shabby dresses of the present period, all three lost in looks, grace, and charm. The dances they gave were violent muscular exhibitions; nothing beautiful, graceful, aesthetically and poetically appealing, as were the others.

Dave Harris is a syncopator, and he is certainly full to the brim of rhythm, but he ought to soften his rather harsh voice.

Lovett's Concentration is the usual mind-reading act, with considerable splurge to it, caused by the severe correctness of Mr. Lovett's accent and get-up, and the near-elegance of his female assistant, who, nevertheless, says "the party will receive a large legacy next week." Also five blindfolded musicians are on the stage and loudly discourse sweet music in response to telepathic requests. I thought that so much style and performance clouded the issue, but I'm willing to admit that I may be wrong.

Jimmy Duffy and Mr. Sweeney as "Russian entertainers" burlesque the average two-men vaudeville stunt, causing much satisfactory merriment thereby, Jimmy giving a particularly successful take-off of the bastard polish of the main performer. Both are accomplished tumblers, and the act went well.

The Arco Brothers have so much spangular tinsel on their curtain that it failed to make a sufficiently simple background for their acrobatic stunts. One of them gave a wonderful exhibition of segregated muscular movements. Why are these muscular displays so ugly, almost revolting, I wonder? Perhaps because the muscles are cultivated beyond the normal. Anyway, he is a wonder in his line.

Over the pig-grunting, hen-squawking "barnyard episode" of the Orren-Dreupair we will draw a veil. It is sufficient to say that there were plenty in the audience who derived a keen relish from Mr. Orren's life-like vocal imitations of various extremely unpleasant noises and phases in nature; a relish that it was difficult, nay impossible, to share. If the performer only had a sense of humor; but—

MODERN POETRY.

This is the age of organization, social or economic. I have just discovered, by reading Percy Mackaye's introduction to Howard Willard Cook's "Our Poets of Today," that there is a Poetry Society that meets once a year,

and, to requote a phrase of Yeats quoted by Mr. Mackaye, makes it, no doubt, the principal object of the meeting "to articulate sweet sounds together."

It is a goodly thought, for poetry, like music—true poetry is music, indeed—should be heard, in order that we may fully appreciate its verbal felicity. Why else do we murmur its best-loved measures to ourselves, and fairly revel in the rare joy of hearing poetry read poetically?

I remember once hearing David Bispham recite Poe's "The Raven," and although we can not but acknowledge that that elegiac lay has few inspiring thoughts and is not the great poem it was once thought to be, still it remains a wonderful if outworn example of verbal music. It is a poem that almost lulls thought by its musically insistent refrains, but the sense of hearing is entranced by such melancholy music as this:

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

To evoke the memory of Poe, the scorned, the discredited—in his time at least—is to realize by contrast how appreciative is the world today to the numerous young singers who have lifted and relighted the trailing torch of poetry. We thought it was an age of prose, and lo! suddenly we found that not only are there many poets, but many, also, who know and love their works. Scarcely any of the only fairly intelligent readers of today but has heard of Alan Seeger, of Joyce Kilmer, of Edwin Markham, and of a dozen others. The war, of course, furnished a thrilling motive to inspire their young eloquence, but before the war the wave of poetry had begun to beat upon the shores of the world's materialism. It was so, at least, in England, in France, and in America.

These poets do not, perhaps, rise to the loftiest heights. There are few giants among them. But they give musical utterance to thoughts the world likes to share with them, often enshrining, perhaps, a comparatively slight idea in a lovely setting.

And they are not convention-bound. Listen to Hilaire Belloc:

Oh! that I had £300,000
Invested in some strong security;

Then would I chuck for good my stinking trade
Of writing tosh at 1s. 6d. a quire!
And spring, like burning Theseus undismayed
Right for the heavenly peaks of my desire. . . .
But that's all over. Here's the world again
Bring me the blotter. Fill my fountain-pen.

But the terrible scorn in Alfred Noyes' "A Victory Dance"—who can match it? It is the bottomless contempt felt by soldiers who returned from the best earth-hell we've ever raised, and saw the relieved, reckless world—that part of it that hadn't been badly hurt—celebrating the victory with mad gayety:

Fat wet bodies
Go waddling by,
Girdled with satin.
Tho' God knows why.

And as "the shadows of dead men watching 'em there" look on at the show and talk it over:

"Christ!" laughed the fleshless
Jaws of his friend;
I thought they'd be praying
For worlds to mend;
Making earth better,
Or something silly.
Like whitewashing hell,
Or Picca—dam—dilly."

One reproach only the poet makes in the midst of his savage disdain:

"We mustn't reproach 'em.
They're young, you see."
"Ah," said the dead men,
"So were we!"

Few who see this terrific indictment of Alfred Noyes but will read it through, and remember it and appreciate it; yes, even the revelers he scorns; here is another mood, written by Beryl Carter, that poetry-lovers will equally appreciate:

England—a meadow loud with bees,
Shadowed by honeyed linden-trees,
The color of a sunset sky—
For this men live—for this—they die.

Howard Willard Cook, who has compiled the book referred to some paragraphs back, gives us some interesting information as to present-day poets, which is rather pleasant reading when we recall that the poets of the past, unless they were well-beeled with an income, were obliged to register semi-starvation in a garret before they attained success. "Today," he says, "the poet has come into his own. He receives a fair price for his lines, and has forced the publisher out of his traditional rut with gasps of amazement that a book of verse could be listed as a best-seller."

So the modern poet, when he takes up writing poetry as an occupation, can be sure, if he is the real thing, that his verses will be

read and loved. But still we cherish the works of the giants of past days. Recently the *Argonaut* reprinted in its "Old Favorites" column Bryant's "Thanatopsis." In the course of a couple of weeks I ran across half a dozen people who spoke with affection of this reunion with an old and well-loved friend, and one of them had turned to it for consolation when a valued, precious friend had died.

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Hand-Sprinkling

Water bills paid by a householder in the Mission appear thus on our books:

May 7	400 cubic feet	\$1.44
June 7	600 "	2.09
July 8	1600 "	4.49

As usual when consumption jumps suddenly, our Service Department advised an inspection of fixtures.

The householder asked us to make the examination. The report was as follows:

"There is no plumbing waste on your premises.

"But an unnecessarily large quantity of water is used on the garden.

"We desire to call your attention to the wastefulness of standing irrigators which give a continuous delivery of water.

"Watering should be done under light head. Surface wetting is all that is needed.

"When the ground is drenched, water either evaporates without doing much good, or filters away, taking with it the nutritive element of the soil."

Acting on this suggestion, the householder is using the hose instead of the standing irrigator.

These meter readings show the result:

July 22	14 days	643 cubic feet
Aug. 7	16 "	257 "

The August bill was \$2.81 for 900 cubic feet, as against \$4.49 for 1600 cubic feet the month before.

If hand-sprinkling continues, the September bill should be still lower.

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THE STANDARD SINCE 1852

that if we dissected our shoe-soles we'd find paper between the leather layers. No doubt artificial silk is more than occasionally passed off on us for the real thing. All medicines or toilet creams composed of drugs in solution have grown very, very thin and solution. Cotton can occasionally be found in fabrics purporting to be pure wool, and silk can not be found in textures whose mercerized gloss favors the delusion glibly assumed by the seller that they have a blend of silk.

Well, we stand these things with American calm. Shrewd though we are reputed to be, we Americans are amazingly serene and equable when we are cheated. We seem to take it as part of the game of life. The newspapers howl, and tear their hair, and rend their garments as they shriek about tax-eaters, in the vain hope that we will arouse ourselves out of our Olympian calm, rear up on our hind legs, and violently expel said tax-eaters, for well do they know that there would be no difficulty whatever in installing a fresh lot of their own private, particular, pet tax-eaters. We are perfectly aware that the municipally-employed mechanics, street menders, etc., loaf on the job. We have been told so a thousand times, and have seen them do it. But what can we? It isn't our concern. And hitherto we go upon our way, aware that there is self-seeking, axe-grinding, cheating, corruption, all about us, for which we are paying. If every time these things were drawn to our attention and we were obliged to dig down in our own individual jeans to pay for them we'd hoil over and do something. But the treasury pays the bills, and we comfortably forget that we fill the treasury.

But I did realize a miserably petty form of profiteering lately, and now I am on the hoil. And I propose to hubble over to the extent of putting the poor, plucked, gullible purchaser on his guard.

Ladies, gentlemen! Have you noticed that there's been a mysterious shortage of your stocking feet lately? Of course all women have noticed that the manufacturers are economizing on them in respect to the leg-length

of their stockings. As to the men's the termination of their socks is too much on the map, as it were. They've got to reach a certain height in order to reach the garter-harnessing. But with women's stockings there has often been a superfluity of the top material. Nowadays they are just long enough.

But the feet are not, because they are cheating us in respect to size. The price of stockings, of course, has soared to a fearful figure. But when we pay that figure we assume we are getting the article paid for. And we are not. They're running the sizes short in the factories to save on the material, and incidentally take it out of our feet, as well as out of our purses. Foot doctors say that it is just as important that the stocking should give toe-room as that the shoe should. And the toe-room has been mysteriously absent. In other words the size stamped on the stocking is an awful whopper, for the stocking is a full size and a half shorter than it purports to be.

If that isn't petty profiteering I'd like to know what is. And why don't they try it with gloves? Because we try them on in the shops and would find them out, while we never are vouchsafed the spectacle of charming ladies trying on their stockings in public.

What we can do, however, since we may not depend on the size numbers marked on the stockings, is to take our own measurements with us, and piously trust that in the factories—for I do not suppose the retail merchants have anything to do with this niggardly method of cheating the public—they will, in time, find a lot of unsold goods left on their hands, and will be obliged to restore the balance of things by marking sizes correctly.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Scotti Grand Opera.

On Monday morning, August 30th, the sale of single tickets for the engagement of the Scotti Grand Opera Company at the Exposition Auditorium, the week beginning October 4th, will open at the box-office of Sherman, Clay & Co. It is many years since Californians have welcomed Antonio Scotti, one of the brightest stars that ever illumined the grand opera stage, and they are overjoyed at the prospect of hearing him once again. The company selected from the ranks of the Metropolitan Opera House will number one hundred and fifty people, and will include Metropolitan stars of world-wide eminence, a large chorus and ballet, thoroughly efficient, and an orchestra under the direction of Gennaro Papi, leading conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, and Carlo Peroni, leading conductor of the Scotti Grand Opera Company on its past three tours.

As revised for this engagement, with special stage and orchestra pit, the seating capacity of the Auditorium is reduced practically one-half, and, as was proved at the Democratic National Convention, every word can now be heard in the most remote corners of the building.

Mr. Frank W. Healy, under whose local direction the engagement will be played, announces that the sale of single seats will open at the box-office of Sherman, Clay & Co. on Monday, August 30th.

A 400-year-old fraud upon American zoölogists has just been reported at the London Zoölogical Gardens as disclosed by a contributor in the London Daily Mail. This four-century-old hoax has to do with the identity of the badger. For more than 400 years scientific Americans imagined that there were badgers on this continent and now along comes R. I. Pocock, curator of mammals to the London Zoölogical Society, and disrates the animal. An American badger was sent to the London Zoo and in order to make an instructive comparison it was put in a cage adjoining some British badgers. No one ever saw the animals in both cages simultaneously. The British badgers slept all day and the American sample all night. Mr. Pocock investigated, with the result that he placed the American beast in a totally new trihe.

The silk shirt craze has ended. In most stores silk shirts may be seen in the windows marked much cheaper than a few months ago. The farmers, although sharing in prosperity, never indulged in luxuries as many city workers did.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Curran Theatre.

"The Satires of 1920," Fanchon and Marco's super-revue, which is enjoying a phenomenal run at the Curran Theatre, starts on its third and last week tomorrow evening.

The show satirizes the motion-picture industry, the "shooting" of a dozen scenes in the attempt of a Texas oil king to produce a feature film giving chance at many spectacular revue numbers. In one of these Fanchon and Marco, America's premier dancers, add to their laurels. Vieing with this and other beautiful numbers is the up-to-the-moment comedy. Here Lloyd and Wells shine in a "shine" act, while Arthur West, John Sheehan, and Al Wohlman put themselves across with ease.

Eva Clark, billed as the prima donna, is one of the "leads," and the girls have an unusual combination of beauty and symmetry.

The hook is from the capable hand of Jean Havez, known to the nation through his work for Ziegfeld's Follies.

The Columbia Theatre.

Somebody said last week that the Western Union could well afford to declare dividends when J. J. Gottlob, manager of the Columbia Theatre, finally concluded telegraphic negotiations with Oliver Morosco in New York whereby the stay of the popular little authoress-star, Maude Fulton, has been extended one more week, so insistent has been the demand for seats ever since the opening two weeks ago. When it is known that the date of "The Humming Bird" première at Morosco's Little Theatre in New York had to be set back several weeks in order to make this possible it will be seen that extreme pressure had to be brought to bear on the booking powers in the East in order to accomplish the desired result, which is a happy one for everybody concerned, as the business done during the past two weeks has doubled that of any previous engagement of the magnetic Miss Fulton.

As is by this time generally known, Miss Fulton is seen as Toinette, a child-criminal of the Parisian capital. Nothing of this phase of life is pictured in the play, as Toinette has graduated to a modiste's establishment in New York. A touch of the Apache atmosphere, however, is imported for the thrilling climax of the second act, when Toinette and the picturesque Apache mute (Paisley Noon) are brought together. Here the mute, bent on compelling the girl to return to him, is seen in a typical Apache dance.

Miss Fulton has the able support of Henry B. Walthall, William Morse, Marie Walcam, Harland Tucker, Lea Penman, Paisley Noon, Grace Travers, Florence Oberle, Ernest Anderson, Mildred Cates, and Frank Whitson.

The Orpheum.

"The Love Shop," a thumbnail musical comedy, comes to headline the Orpheum hill next week, commencing Sunday matinée. "The Love Shop" possesses all the requirements of what vaudeville patrons demand. Eddie Vogt, with Harry and Grace Ellsworth, head the cast. Fred de Graesac wrote the book, Walter L. Rosemont the music, and Darl MacBoyle the lyrics.

"The Champion," a piece written in a vein of mingled humor and pathos, will include Mann Holiner in its cast. Sentiment and fun will go hand in hand throughout this piece, which is another Orpheum offering next week. "The Champion" tells the story of a boy's estrangement from his mother. After many years, she finds him as one of the contestants in a bout at a fight club. The sequel is declared tense with interest.

Lovett's "Concentration" is the one act which holds over.

Pretty Marie Gaspar, with a natural gift for delivery of melodies, will prove herself welcome. Charm only can result from her appearance.

Si Jenks and Victoria Allen will impersonate "small town wise crackers"; George Wilson and Ben Larson will mingle song, dance, talk, comedy, and acrobatics; Santucci, master accordionist, is another attraction in store; the Four American Aces will reveal their power as expert casters. Topics of the day and Orpheum Concert Orchestra will open the show.

The Alcazar Theatre.

"Peg o' My Heart," given this week with even greater success than before, will be followed next Sunday matinée by the first local staging of "Daddies." Of all the Belasco successes none has surpassed that of John L. Hobbie's wonderful comedy of childhood, middle age, and universal humanity. Its career in New York exceeded 500 performances; it exerted equal appeal in London and Australia. "Daddies" is about a number of American hachelors who at an annual reunion vote to adopt a group of foreign war waifs. When the children arrive the troubles—and first real joys—of their foster-fathers begin. A remarkable cast is assembled, with Inez Ragan



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as the lovely Ruth; Dudley Ayres as the hachelor novelist; Brady Kline, Rafael Brunetto, Ben Erway, and Frederic Green as his high-hearted club mates; Helen MacKerriher, the gentle matron; Emily Pinter, her vivacious daughter; All Cunningham, the harassed hatcher, and Mlle. Valentina Zimina, a foreign actress, who fought and was wounded on the battlefield and did noble work in the hospitals. The contingent of juvenile players is headed by little Sylvia Yaffe, whose amazing performance recently in "A Prince There Was" created a real sensation.

The oldest written code of laws yet discovered has been deciphered recently by a scholar in Paris from clay Nippur tablets. They date back 3000 years before Christ, 900 years before the Hammurahi code, and show a high state of civilization. We know much in our age. Advancement in science, government, arts, and invention has been prodigious in the last 200 years, but the fundamentals of human nature reach back as far as known records go, and invariably show that a knowledge of justice and right and wrong existed. What we have hoped to hear of for years from some ancient record is the story of the beginning of the use of cooked foods. It makes us miserable sometimes to think of the millions of people who had to live their lives away without ever knowing the delights of hot biscuits, fried chicken, and cherry pie.

Most birds' families do not keep together, but scatter upon leaving the nest. But the bluejay, bluebird, the kingbird, and a few others less generally known live together the greater part of the year, says John Burroughs.

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VANITY FAIR.

How difficult it is to predict the course of human events or to foresee the ultimate effect of the forces that we so heedlessly unleash. These profound remarks are induced by a joyous proclamation from the clubs of New York to the effect that they have not been ruined by prohibition, and that the dreary forecasts of their demise have been unsustained. To this the cynic may reply that prohibition has not ruined the clubs because there has been no prohibition, but the clubs with one voice repudiate the allegation. They have obeyed the law in spirit and in letter, and now they find to their amazement that virtue has been its own reward. They never believed this before. Nor did any one else. But it is true. At least it has been true of the New York clubs. There were moments of doubt and dismay, of inner questionings as to why men went to clubs at all if not to drink, and whether they would continue to go when nothing but the effervescent blandishments of ginger ale could be obtained. But the questionings have been set at rest. The New York clubs are flourishing even more than before. There has been a slight change in what may be called the general atmosphere. Members who used to be habitués are not now so much in evidence as before, but on the other hand those who once came only at long intervals are now more regular in attendance. They come more often and they stay longer. But the gain, on the whole, has been to the club. Its safety is assured.

An astute observer gives us a reason for the sustained popularity of the club. He tells us there was once a feud between the wife and

the club, but to a large extent it has now been healed as a result of prohibition. The wife had learned to associate the club with that kind of conviviality of which she had good cause to disapprove. It was connected in her mind with alcoholic refreshments and with the consumption of time and money. She believed that the club was often no more than an excuse for drinking and therefore she was "agin" it. But now she has withdrawn her opposition, at least to a large extent. There was a time when men prevaricated, to put it mildly, when they concealed the fact that their destination was the club. Now they proclaim it unaided, even when it is not true. The club has become a sort of sanctuary and the wife smiles upon it. And the club prospers on its enforced virtues.

Speaking of clubs, there has been some surprise expressed in the East at the fact that a well-known baseball manager was a member of a literary and artistic club. He was never supposed to have any literary or artistic proclivities, and as a matter of fact he had none. Why, then, did he select such apparently uncongenial surroundings?

Presumably for that very reason, that they were uncongenial. For why should we ask of the club that it continue for us the associations of the day? It is contrast that we should seek in our relaxations, and not similarities. If the doctor knew what was good for him, which of course he does not, he would join a club of, say, clergymen. And the clergyman would join an athletic club, and so on. In this way they would free themselves from the routine of the work-a-day world and would find themselves in an atmosphere of refreshing novelty where they would have no single point in common with their associates. Bret Harte once explained why he became a member of the Royal Thames Yacht Club. He said: "I never use a club until I am tired of my work and want relief from it. If I go to a literary club I am asked all sorts of questions as to what I am doing and my views on somebody's last book, and to these I am expected to reply at length. Now my good friends in Albemarle Street talk of their yachts, don't want my advice about them, are good enough to let me listen, and I come away refreshed."

In a similar way, says the *New York Times*, after relating the above incident, the baseball manager desired merely to loaf and invite his soul in an environment as different as possible from the one that his character and pursuits would seem to make native to him. At all events, it is well to recognize the exist-

ence of many men who are in clubs but not of them. Instead of seeking good company, they may be avoiding it when they go to their club. They would be acting on Montaigne's principle that there is no solitude like that of "populous cities." The higher the spirits in a club and the sprightlier the chatter, the more secure the isolation of the member who chooses to maintain it. There is the old story of the man who was once addressed by a neighbor, whom he did not know, at dinner in the Athenæum Club in London. "It has been rather a warm day." "It has; and I have been a member of this club for twenty-six years, yet you are the first person that ever spoke to me here." And the puzzling thing was that no one could tell whether he wanted to be spoken to, and did not resent this final impolite interruption of his thoughts and his digestion.

We don't seem able wholly to get away from the subject of prohibition, and so we note with interest a statement by the commissioner of public charities that there has been a large increase in the consumption of alcoholic drinks and that the number of persons treated in the alcoholic wards of Bellevue Hospital and Kings County Hospital is nearly as great as it was before the coming of prohibition.

But some new kind of nectar has come into vogue and the doctors do not know what it is. But it is peculiarly deadly. The commissioner says: "They are getting something that puts them out of business in a few minutes, from the reports made to our institutions. It is something like the so-called knock-out drops. The victim goes down in a hurry without warning, but recovers quickly—if at all. We have had a number of such cases recently."

Curiously enough, there are now no women patients, although before prohibition they were nearly as numerous as the men. One hesitates to believe that women are more law-abiding than men. Indeed we know that they are not, so we must suppose either that they are more cunning than men in concealing their derelictions, or that they can not get the stuff. Probably both. But there is something to be said for the new liquid. It does not produce delirium tremens. One of the physicians at Bellevue says: "The stuff acts quickly both ways. In nearly every case it is found that the person has had only one or two drinks, after which his mind becomes blank. He knows nothing until he awakens in the institution the next morning."

That leisurely and immortal corps of lexicographers, the French Academy, has just ushered into the official French dictionary the word "gentleman" (says the *Times*). It is to have the "metaphorical and moral sense" of the French word "gentilhomme"; that is the sense of "well-bred, with fine manners," as the "Nouveau Larousse" defines "gentleman." Larousse also includes "gentleman-rider," defined as an "elegant man, who likes to ride horseback," and as a "sportsman who rides horses, and so on."

"Gentilhomme" meant originally a man of noble origin, just as "gentleman" meant a man of gentle birth. "Gentilhomme" applied originally only to such a person, not to one who became noble by holding certain offices or who was ennobled by "letters of the prince." One curious use of the word was the phrase, "Gentilhomme verriers," gentleman glassmakers. Nobles could engage in the manufacture of glass without loss of caste, without contaminating their nobility. It used to be a popular delusion in France that a glassmaker was ennobled by his business. An ennobled plebeian was called "a parchment gentleman." A country gentleman of middling fortune was curiously styled in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries "a hare-gentleman," gentilhomme à lièvre.

Vice-President Fletcher of the Fort Dearborn Bank of Chicago reveals our national strength, and in so doing gives us a true forecast of our future, in these statistics of America's possessions: "Twenty-four per cent. of the world's agricultural production achieved by 5 per cent. of the world's population; 40 per cent. of the world's mineral production; manufacturing 35 per cent. of all the world's goods; a foreign trade balance of \$5,000,000,000; half of all the world's gold is in the United States; our bank deposits are billions in excess of all banks in all the world. Americans own today a billion of American securities owned abroad before the war; our allies, as nations, owe us \$10,000,000,000, and almost as much more in other ways." So one could go on calling the endless roll of America's resources, America's sound reason for optimism, America's vision of a future in which peril is a bad second to pluck, in which Mr. Timidity is the only person likely to find the door of opportunity and achievement closed.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A tourist reports seeing the following police regulation posted up in Ireland: "Until further notice every vehicle must carry a light when darkness begins. Darkness begins when the lights are lit."

The attorney for the gas company orated at length concerning the virtues of his corporation client. "I say, as the poet said," he stormed in closing, "Honor the Light Brigade." And out of the courtroom crowd came a voice: "Oh, what a charge they made!"

The conductor and a brakeman on a Montana railroad differ as to the proper pronunciation of the name Eureka. Passengers are often startled upon arrival at this station to hear the conductor yell: "You're a liar! You're a liar!" Then from the brakeman at the other end comes the cry: "You really are! You really are!"

To the rear door of the house of a lonely spinster in a Pennsylvania town there recently came a seedy-looking person, who, after being given some food, made so hold as to proffer this additional request: "Missus, ask your husband if he aint got an old pair of trousers to give me?" Whereupon the spinster, anxious not to expose her solitude, replied: "I am sorry, my good man, but he—er—never wears such things."

A New Englander tells of a merchant in a Vermont town whose goods did not very strongly substantiate his advertising claims. So he put out a new sign. He was pleased to observe that a great many people stopped to read it. But soon he was puzzled and angered to notice that they all went on, laughing. There was nothing humorous about the sign, for it merely read: "If You Buy Here

Once You Will Come Again." The merchant went out in a casual sort of way and glanced at his sign to see what was the matter. Some one, no doubt a former customer, had added another line, and it now read: "If You Buy Here Once You Will Come Again to Bring It Back."

A freight crew on the Toledo division of the B. & O. Railroad was up on the carpet because of a trifling accident. The road foreman was questioning a brakeman. "Where were you when the accident happened?" "In the cahoose talking with the hoys." "What were you talking about?" "Oh, just railroad talk." "What do you mean by railroad talk?" "Why, whisky, women, and hack pay, of course."

After a few hours with the rod and line on the river, Childley was enjoying a quiet smoke and drink at the Cross Keys, when in popped Badger, an old acquaintance. "What sport have you had today, Childley?" asked Badger. "Only one—a trout!" replied the man with the rod. "Good one?" ventured Badger. "Well," said Childley, "I've not weighed him yet, but I'll tell you this—when I pulled him out the water went down three-quarters of an inch."

William E. Anderson, the Anti-Saloon League's clever head, said at a tea in New York: "Some of these rich New Yorkers are hopeless. A rich New Yorker's wife said to him the other evening at dinner: 'Stuyvesant, the chauffeur came home drunk this afternoon. You must discharge him at once.' 'Discharge him?' yelled Stuyvesant. 'Are you crazy? I'll raise his wages and go out with him myself tomorrow afternoon. Maybe he'll take me where he got it.'"

"A cat sits on my fence every night and makes the night hideous with his infernal row. Now I don't want to have any hother with my neighbor, but this nuisance has gone far enough, and I want you to advise me what to do." The young lawyer looked as solemn as an owl and answered not a word. "I have a right to shoot that cat, haven't I?" "I would hardly say that," replied the young lawyer. "The cat does not belong to you, as I understand." "No, but the fence does." "Ah!" exclaimed the light of the law, "then I think you have a perfect right to tear down the fence."

Johnnie Cooke, character actor now engaged with Edith Roberts in the feature, "Alias Miss Dodd," was in a hurry to get home recently and hoarded a car without removing the white make-up from his hands, face, and hair. The car was crowded and he sat next to a colored laborer. "Whar you wukkin'?" asked the darky. "At Universal City," answered Cooke, good-naturedly. "Whut they payin'?" was the next question. "Hundred and fifty," replied Johnnie. "That aint much," observed the colored man, "that's only five a day." "A hundred and fifty a week," corrected Cooke. The other looked at him incredulously. "Go long, man; they haint no plasterer gittin' sich money as that."

Judge Elbert H. Gary said at a dinner in New York. "If a man wants to succeed, if he works hard to succeed, he will succeed. Show me a failure, and I'll show you Jeff Langhorne, or at least Jeff Langhorne's counterpart. Jeff lounged in front of the general store one fine morning, whittling a stick, chewing tobacco, and growling about the hard



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times. 'Haint no money in farmin' no more,' he said. 'Guess I'll hev ter sell out and go live on my son-in-law.' 'No money in farm-in'!' shouted the storekeeper indignantly. 'No money in farmin', with wheat the price it is and the whole world clamorin' for bread?' 'Nothin' doin', said Jeff Langhorne. 'Nothin' doin' in my case so fur as wheat goes.' 'Why not? Aint you got the land?' 'Oh, yes, I got the land, all right.' 'Aint ye got the seed?' 'Yes, I got the seed, but—' 'But what, consarn ye?' yelled the storekeeper. Jeff Langhorne shook his head mournfully. 'My old woman,' he said, 'is too dumb lazy to do the plowin' and sowin'.'

Miss Caroline, daughter of a Southern household, had just returned from college, and was not altogether familiar with the domestic arrangements in her home. Guests came in suddenly at supper-time, and as her mother was absent it fell to her lot to look after them. After asking them to stay for supper, she went to the kitchen, presided over by a "black mammy," of the sort that has almost disappeared, to make the necessary arrangements for the meal. Eliza, the mammy, was busy stirring some concoction when Miss Caroline entered the kitchen, and said: "Mammy, we have company for supper, and I want you to have some hot waffles for them." "Can't make no waffles, Miss Car'line," was the reply, as the stirring continued vigorously. "Mis' Mary, she always make de waffles." Miss Mary was the mother. "Well, we'll have hot biscuits, then," the girl said. "Can't make no biscuits. Mis' Mary, she always make de biscuits." "Stir up a quick cake, mammy," was the next order. "Can't make no cake, Miss Car'line. Mis' Mary she always make de cake," and the stirring continued. Out of patience, the girl said sharply: "Mammy, we have company and you must make something extra for them. You must!" Looking up quickly, when she detected the change in tone, Eliza put her hands on her broad hips, while a smile spread over her expansive countenance, followed by a hearty chuckle. "Law, Mis' Car'line, I can make all dem things. You and me is jes' alike, aint we honey—we don't do nothing us kin get out of doing, does us?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

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When any advocate of strife
His views on strategy expounds,
I gleefully review with him
The battles of the Polo Grounds.

I love the crash of bat and ball,
The raucous cheering and the din;
The dust of conflict at the plate,
When the last winning run slides in.

I cheer the lusty "hit and run,"
Nor are my eyes to tactics closed;
Yet—call me any name you choose!—
To ruthless baseball I'm opposed!

—James Owen Tryon in New York Herald.

A Ballade of Vacations.

Some are all for quiet, some are all for noise,
Some for jazz and "shimmy," some for pastures green;

Anyway, we're off and out, working girls and boys,
Leaving for the country by the Five Fifteen!
Human beings once again—not parts of a machine,
No one now to boss you, and no one else to please,—

Every little salsadly once again a queen—
Free at last to kiss your girl underneath the trees.
Time-clocks forgotten, and all such base annoyances—
Keep it up till morning! the going's good and keen!

Three weeks out of fifty-two, we'll take our fill of joys;
Time was made for slaves, girls—speed the limousine!

When a fellow's twenty, and she's but seventeen,
O it's good to be alive, and take her on your knees,
Then we know what pleasure is, and all that life can mean—

Free at last to kiss your girl underneath the trees.
O but I am sorry for those poor city guys,
Rushing for the subway, while here my head I lean

Peaceful on your shoulder, dear, in bliss that never cloy,
It sure must make God happy only to have seen
Two that were as happy as you and I have been!
Ah! little sweetheart, too fast the good time flees,
But a few short days are left now for us to glean—

Free at last to kiss your girl underneath the trees.


ENVOI.

Darling, will you promise that none shall come between
Your heart and my heart, no kiss be sweet as these
We have kissed together, with none to intervene?—
Free at last to kiss my girl underneath the trees.

—Richard Le Gallienne in Judge.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. George Shreve has announced the engagement of her daughter, Mrs. Rebecca Shreve Stockton, and Captain Leslie Shaw of the British army. Their marriage will take place in San Mateo next month.

Mrs. M. I. Bon of Piedmont has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Claire Bon, and Mr. Frank Edoff. The wedding of Miss Bon and Mr. Edoff will be held in September.

The marriage of Miss Cornelia Kemper, daughter of Mr. H. L. Kemper of San Luis Obispo, and Mr. Harvey Bell of New York was solemnized Saturday evening at the St. Francis, Dr. Frederick Clappett officiating. Miss Katherine Stevenson of New York was the bride's only attendant. Mr. Warren Kemper was the best man. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Bell will reside in New York.

The marriage of Miss Beatrice Clifton and Mr. Drury Tallant was solemnized last Thursday in Oakland with only the relatives of the bridal couple in attendance. Mr. Tallant is the son of Mrs. Frederick Tallant. Upon their return from their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Tallant will make their home in San Francisco.

Miss Lorna Williamson entertained at luncheon Monday at the Fairmont, complimenting Miss Juanita Gbirardelli, whose engagement to Mr. Harry Magee was recently announced. Among the guests were Mrs. Alfred Gbirardelli, Mrs. Ward Dawson, Mrs. Jack Okell, Mrs. George Baker, Mrs. Byington Ford, Mrs. Guy Gilebrist, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Ann Wetherbee of New York, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Elva Gbirardelli, Miss Helen Rodolph, Miss Mary Adams, Miss Katherine Armstrong, Miss Elizabeth Magee, and Miss Jessie Knowles.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott gave a dinner and

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bridge Saturday evening at their summer place in Pacific Grove. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse, Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel, Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Neville, Mr. and Mrs. William La Boyteaux, Mrs. Arthur Goodfellow, Mrs. A. L. Cheney of Los Angeles, Mr. Byington Ford, and Mr. W. W. Crocker.

Miss Josephine Moore gave a house party over the week-end at Santa Cruz, her guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Miss Dorothy Crawford, and Mr. Vincent Butler.

Mrs. Frank Havens gave a dinner Thursday evening in Piedmont in honor of Mme. Emittio Ruano of San Salvador and her son, Mr. Edmund Ruano. Among the guests were Miss Constance Hart, Miss Lorna Williamson, Miss Anne Wetherbee of New York, Marquis Alexandre Deermigal, Count Varlos de Pinal, and Mr. Fernando Maldonado, Jr.

Mrs. Webster Fox of Philadelphia was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Friday by Mrs. Lawrence Fox at the Fairmont. Among the guests were Mrs. Hoyt Perry, Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Mrs. Winthrop Austin, Mrs. George Pinckard, and Miss Mary Julia Crocker.

A garden fête was held yesterday at the residence of Mrs. Henry Bothin in Ross for the benefit of the Protestant Episcopal Old Ladies' Home of San Francisco.

Miss Ellita Adams was a luncheon hostess a few days ago at the Woman's Athletic Club, when she had as her guests Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Elizabeth Watt, Miss Katherine Bentley, and Miss Mary Emma Flood.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Green gave a dinner last week at the St. Francis, complimenting Mrs. Henry Bernard of New York. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Ehrman, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heller, Mr. and

Mrs. Leopold Michaels, and Mr. and Mrs. I. Fleischer.

Mrs. Hancock Banning of Los Angeles was the honored guest at a luncheon given Thursday by Mrs. James Bull at the Fairmont. Those asked to meet Mrs. Banning included Mrs. Irving Wright, Mrs. John Kleugel, Mrs. F. P. Pfingst, Mrs. Edward Holmes, Mrs. Frederick Henshaw, and Mrs. Wallace Bertolf.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne gave a barbecue last Saturday evening in Menlo Park.

Colonel and Mrs. Charles Gordon entertained at dinner Friday evening, their guests having included Commander and Mrs. James Doyle, Colonel and Mrs. W. K. Jones, Major and Mrs. Royal Reynolds, Miss Geneva Febiger, and Colonel John Page.

Mrs. George Cameron was a luncheon hostess in Burlingame last Thursday, complimenting Mrs. Butler Breeden. Among those who attended the affair were Mrs. Evan Williams, Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Andrew Welch, and Mrs. Charles McCormick.

Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott entertained at dinner last Wednesday evening, when their guests included Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Mary Martin, Mr. George Pope, Jr., Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Edward Dean, Jr., and Mr. Scott Smith.

Miss Cornelia Kemper gave a luncheon last Thursday at the Palace Hotel in compliment to Miss Katherine Stevenson of New York. Among those asked to meet the visitor were Mrs. Alvah Kaime, Mrs. James Guilfoyle, Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Janet Knox, Miss Julia Van Fleet, and Miss Cornelia Clappett.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch gave a dinner last Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. Butler Breeden, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery.

The Misses Deborah and Edith Pentz entertained at luncheon last Wednesday in San Rafael in honor of Miss Betsy Dibblee. Among the other guests were Miss Caroline Madison, Miss Florence Martin, Miss Margaret Bentley, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Katherine Bradley, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Merrill Jones, and Miss Barbara Beardsley.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton gave a theatre and supper party Friday evening, their guests including Miss Katherine Stevenson of New York, Miss Cornelia Kemper, Miss Janet Knox, Mr. Harvey Bell of New York, Mr. Van Dyke Johns, Mr. Polk-Dodson, and Mr. Lawrence Gray.

General R. M. Blatchford gave a dinner Thursday evening at the St. Francis.

Mrs. George Martin and Miss Florence Martin gave a tea Wednesday afternoon in Ross. Those in the receiving party included Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee, Mrs. Frank Winchester, Mrs. Coppée Thurston, Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Mauricia Mintzer, Miss Edna Hamilton, Miss Betsy Dibblee, Miss Louisiana Foster, and Miss Adeline Kent.

Mr. and Mrs. William Roth are being congratulated upon the birth of twin daughters.

What is the real explanation of the fact that so many of our birds nest so near our dwellings and yet show such unfriendliness when we come near them? Their apparent confidence on the one hand contradicts their suspicion on the other. Is it because we have here the workings of a new instinct which has not yet adjusted itself to the workings of the older instinct of solicitude for the safety of the nest and young? My own interpretation is that birds are not drawn near us by any sense of greater security in our vicinity. It is evident from the start that there is an initial fear of us to be overcome. How, then, could the sense of greater safety in our presence arise? Fear and trust do not spring from the same root. Hunted animals pursued by wolves or hounds will at times take refuge in the haunts of men, not because they expect human protection, but because they are desperate and oblivious to everything save some means of escape. If the hunted deer or fox rushes into an open shed or a barn door, it is because it is desperately hard-pressed, and sees and knows nothing but some object or situation that it may place between itself and its deadly enemy. The great fear obliterates all minor fears.—John Burroughs in *Harper's Magazine*.

When the eggs on the ostrich farms in California are on the point of hatching, a curious tapping of the shells may be heard. The sound is caused by the chicks inside the eggs endeavoring to break out. Those which can not easily emerge are assisted by the mother bird, which will sometimes break an egg from which the telephoning is heard by pressing it carefully, and will then aid the chick to get out. At the Pasadena farm the sight of a boy riding an ostrich as he would a pony may sometimes be seen.

Approximately 40 per cent. of the population of Oregon does not have access to free public libraries, representing almost 300,000 persons not provided with free library service, according to the estimate of the United States Bureau of Education just made public.

Women have been made eligible for the Victoria Cross, the most highly valued British military honor.

CURRENT VERSE.

My Troubles.

I took my troubles up the road
All on a summer morning;
The sun from out its blue abode
The meadows was adorning.
My troubles were a sorry pack;
They clung like care upon my back.

And there was Doubt, a dubious thing,
And there was foolish Fretting;
And there was Sorrow, with its sting,
And hollow-eyed Regretting,
A grievous brood to bear along
When all the air was filled with song.

Then came I to the wide free crest
With naught but sky above me;
A soothing wind my cheek caressed;
Met thought it seemed to love me;
And there breathed upward from the earth
The fragrant messages of mirth.

And seeing far below me roll
The lands so green and spacious,
My troubles lifted from my soul,
And life again grew gracious.
And so I trod the downward road
Without a trouble for a load!

—Clinton Scollard in *New York Sun*.

Lure.

From Trinidad to Mexico is sixteen miles.
I have ridden it by daylight—I have ridden it by stars.

I have made the trip as easy as a careless woman smiles,
Out across the trackless desert, just to earn my shoulder-bars.

But that was many years ago. My soldiering is done.

I've no doubt the outfit's scattered clear from Saturn to the sun;
Building rainbows in the skies,
Where high heaven's mystery lies.
From Trinidad to Mexico is sixteen miles.

Oh, I have no poignant hopes remaining—long ago they died.

I have got a Bird of Paradise to keep in musk and gold—

I've a canker in my mem'ry and a brier in my side:

I am like a stranded vessel with no cargo in the hold.

There's a solemn sort of glory in the desert after night:

It makes the pulse beat thicker just to see the sand so white.

And the desert in the dawn
Is a thing to look upon.

From Trinidad to Mexico is sixteen miles.

I have seen the boys go marching out in steady, weary files:

Go marching out at morning and come marching in at night—

I was just a foolish fellow whom a silly word beguiles:

And I caught a Bird of Paradise that passed me in its flight.

But I wish that I were back again along the desert waste—

With alkali to burn my eyes and cauterize my taste.

For there's magic when the sun
Turns the desert back to dun.

From Trinidad to Mexico is sixteen miles.

—Joseph Andrew Galahad in *Life*.

"Piazas" I have written throughout (says Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer in *Scribner's Magazine*), and I insist upon the name as I insist upon the thing. It is not very clear from what suggestions our forefathers, in post-Colonial days, developed the thing, and it is not clear at all how they came to adopt for it an Italian name, changing the significance as well as the sound. In the South they have always said "gallery," and here at the north "porch" now appears to be displacing "piazza." But these are rightly the names of other things, and while there can, of course, be no objection to the orthodox English "veranda," it seems a pity to abandon a distinctively American name for a distinctively American kind of veranda.

Sparrows have lived to be forty years old. A horse does not live much more than twenty-seven years. Cats get to be about thirteen years old. The tortoise is supposed to live to be between 300 and 400 years old. Some persons say toads can live forever, but, of course, that has not been proved, though certainly they live to an exceedingly great age. Both an eagle and crow have been known to live to be 100, but the wren lives only about three years. An elephant's lifetime is about 100 years, but he isn't regarded as grown up until he is about twenty-five years old.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Moseley Taylor arrived last week from Boston and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Pope in Burlingame. They will remain in California for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hudnut of New York arrived Monday from New York and are at the Fairmont, where they will reside until their new residence is completed.

Miss Katherine Stevenson of New York has gone to San Luis Obispo to visit Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Kemper. Before returning to her Eastern home Miss Stevenson will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Denman McNear in Petaluma.

Mrs. Walton Thorne has returned from a trip through Southern California.

Miss Frances Lent has left for Coronado to visit Mrs. Francis Grace and Miss Geraldine Grace.

Mr. Stephen Parrott has returned to San Mateo from Santa Barbara.

Mr. James Parnore has returned to San Francisco, after a month's sojourn in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Milton Burns has returned from visiting Mrs. Long in Coronado.

Mrs. Louis Brewer, Jr., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Jones in Ross.

Mrs. W. D. Nielson has returned from a visit of several weeks in Southern California.

Mrs. Thomas Williams has returned from a sojourn in the McCloud River country.

Captain Joseph Cheatham, who has been stationed at Mare Island for several years, has been ordered to Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cook have reopened their home in San Mateo, after a month's visit in Los Angeles and Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Rawlings, who are visiting here from Peru, have returned from Santa Barbara and are with Mrs. Alexander Warner for several days.

Mrs. Harry Dodge and her house guests, the Misses Natalie and Elysse Robert of New York, left yesterday for the Atlantic coast. Mr. Dodge will join them later in the East.

Mr. Léon Brooks Walker left Wednesday for the East to reënter Yale.

Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Brownell and the Misses

Sophia and Harriet Brownell have returned from a visit to Inverness.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., will return to town the first of September from Palo Alto, where they have had a house for the summer.

Mrs. Henry Bernard of New York is the guest of her sister, Mrs. M. Brandenstein, in San Francisco.

Mr. Robert McKee will arrive next week from New York, and after a brief visit in San Francisco will join Mr. and Mrs. Warner Leeds in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. John Henry Russell is visiting Mrs. Isaac Requa in Santa Barbara. Next month Mrs. Russell will leave for New York to spend the autumn with Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa.

Mrs. Vernon Reed arrived last week from Salt Lake City to visit Judge and Mrs. Curtis Lindley.

Mr. André Lord arrived several days ago from Paris, and is at the Clift Hotel with his mother, Mrs. Arthur Lord.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., of New York will visit San Francisco during the early part of September.

Mr. Lawrence Gray has returned from Santa Barbara, where he has been visiting Mr. Otis Chaffield-Taylor.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and Mr. Richard Schwerin returned last week to San Mateo from the Atlantic coast, where they have been spending several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and Mrs. Hays Smith returned last week from Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Murphy, who sailed last month for Europe, are spending several weeks at the Hotel Majestic in Paris.

Mrs. Jane Hayne has returned to Del Monte, after a brief visit in San Mateo.

Mrs. Frederick Hussey has joined Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart and Miss Ysabel Chase at the Dean ranch in Nevada.

Mrs. Joseph Crockett is spending a few days at the Webber Lake Country Club.

Mrs. Downey Harvey returned Monday from Hollywood, where she has been visiting Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, having come north to meet Mrs. William Younger upon her arrival from France.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Pritchett are entertaining Mrs. John Johns at their home in Santa Barbara. Mrs. Johns will return next week to San Mateo.

Mr. Horace Chase, Jr., has left Spain for a motor trip through southern France.

Mr. Gordon Armshy and Mr. Raymond Armshy have returned to Burlingame from the Bohemian Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Verdier will leave next month for Paris to be gone for several weeks.

Mrs. Oscar Long has returned to Piedmont from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne will leave Wednesday for a visit to Del Monte. Later in September they will reopen their town house for the winter months.

Mr. Van Dyke Johns is spending a few days in town from Los Angeles.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and Miss Anne Peters have returned from a visit at Capitola with Commander and Mrs. Leroy Nielson.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pool will leave next month for their winter home in Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott will return next week from Pacific Grove, where they have been spending the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby Conrad have purchased the Howard Holmes residence on Buchanan Street and will take possession of it the first of September.

Major and Mrs. Charles Norris and their sons have returned to Saratoga, after a week's sojourn in San Francisco.

Mrs. Eugene de Sahla and Mrs. Clement Tohin have returned to San Mateo from a trip to Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren will arrive within a few weeks from Los Angeles to make their permanent home in San Francisco.

Registered at the Hotel Oakland recently were Mr. W. A. Pearce, Seattle; Mr. John Willy, Chicago.

Hotel Whitcomb arrivals: Dr. and Mrs. Henry Frank, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Wheeler, Muskogee, Oklahoma; Mr. and Mrs. Fay S. Horton, Hanford; Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wilson, McKinney, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. B. K. Davis, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Church, Denver; Mr. J. T. Edwards, Atascadero; Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Carmichael, Sacramento; Mr. Irvine Myers, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Sargent, Redlands; Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Harris, Los Angeles.

Among those recently registered at the St. Francis were Mr. P. G. Timmerman, Fort Bragg; Mr. Robert Waldrop, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Superior Judge Charles Blenman, Tucson, Arizona; Mr. Arthur H. Tuohy, Chicago; Mr. R. E. Thornton, Phoenix, Arizona; Mr. and Mrs. George D. Oli, New York; Mrs. Katherine Fredericks, Los Angeles; Mr. Robert Sherman, Spokane; Dr. George W. Tape, Paso Robles Springs; Mr. Patrick Welch, Spokane; Mr. Don M. Campbell, Detroit; Mr. Wallace Reed, Los Angeles; Mr. T. F. Ryan, Seattle; Mr. S. J. Straus, New York; Dr. Sigmund Stark, Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Vose, Chicago.

Recent arrivals at the Palace Hotel are Mr. R. J. Glendenning, Salt Lake City; Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Doheny, Jr., Los Angeles; Mr. R. D. Hunter, Mr. N. J. Johnston, New York City; Mr. H. C. Campbell, Seattle; Mr. F. E. Andrews, Portland, Oregon; Mr. H. C. Fryman, Los Angeles; Mr. R. L. Ware, New York; Mr. A. N. Sweet, Riverside, Los Angeles; Mr. T. O. Duggan, Seattle; Mr. George McCum, Grove City, Pennsylvania; Mr. Al Jennings, Mr. Henry C. Freyman, Los Angeles; Mr. W. H. Malthe, Boston; Mr. David R. Fairies, Los Angeles.

Recent arrivals at Shasta Springs: Mr. Fred J. Taylor, Mr. Richard J. José, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Baruff, Mr. A. J. Byrnes, Mr. R. J. Perkins, Mr. J. F. Adams, Mr. D. G. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Brinkman, Mr. J. Diavila, Mr. L. L. Kornfield, Mr. and Mrs. John Brooke, Miss Cecile Brooke, Mr. John Brooke, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. C.

Cardwell, Mr. and Mrs. A. Courtney, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Brunner, Mr. R. Harris, Mr. A. A. Klein, Mr. Frank F. Kisso, Mr. G. A. Zimmermann, Mr. Allan J. Hays, Mr. C. W. Stockwell, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Owen, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Maples, San Francisco; Misses Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Schlueter, Mrs. Robert Yates, Miss Edna L. Yates, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Small, Mrs. F. C. Watson, Mr. Donald Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Harvey, Mrs. A. E. H. Cramer, Miss K. Lentz, Oakland; Mr. J. Reitz, Willows; Miss Lili M. Stone, Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Lissberger, New York; Mr. Frank Kapple, Chicago; Miss Dorothy H. Flinn, Miss Elizabeth Sanderson, Berkeley; Dr. D. H. Trowbridge and family, Fresno; Mr. F. E. Eastman, Mr. J. O. Ferber, Mr. C. F. Garrard, Mr. Irving D. Gibson, Dr. and Mrs. McD. Cameron, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Root, Mr. Kean Paterson, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. E. J. Price, Miss Addie E. Doran, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Wigmore, Miss Marion Wigmore, Miss Katherine Wigmore, Mr. George T. Wigmore, Mr. N. B. Blackstone, Mr. H. W. Blackstone, Los Angeles; Mr. M. M. Blum, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Nottage, Mrs. T. H. Williams, Mr. Parish Williams, Mr. F. E. Grigsby and family, Miss Nellie G. Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Sharp, Miss Ruth Gibson, Mr. C. C. Evans, Portland; Miss Julia H. Bohan, Seattle; Mr. O. Hubbard, Chicago; Mr. C. E. Schoff, Mr. N. A. Phillips, Mr. Frank Clegg, St. Louis.

OLD-STYLE SMUGGLER.

Will the faltering demise of John Barleycorn result in the rejuvenation of the old style type of smuggler and cause him to appear once again in the flesh as he is now pictured in the romantic pages of fiction? This is a question that is causing great concern among the Federal authorities to whom is entrusted the task of seeing that the Eighteenth Amendment is carried out to the full letter of the law and the statutory prohibition made a realistic fact.

Millions of dollars yearly must be expended by the Federal government to prevent the hardy and adventurous mariner of romance from stepping out of the printed pages and seeking new and ingenious means of evading the ever-watchful revenue cutters. It will be a difficult task, for many of this type have already succeeded in running the gauntlet of the revenue cutters and have brought their lugger of liquor to anchor in some hidden cove where the priceless cargo could be shipped inland and sprung in some quiet locality as an oasis for the parched mourners of the great American desert.

Customs inspectors along the Mexican border have been greatly handicapped in their efforts to stamp out illegal smuggling. In a letter from the United States marshal for the western district of Texas which was read to the House by Mr. Ashworth some of these difficulties are pointed out. The letter said in part:

"The customs officials of El Paso are doing splendid work with their limited number of men, but the number is entirely inadequate, as is shown by the increasing number of smugglers operating in this vicinity."

The same situation is being faced by the customs officials in many other parts of the country and in order to curb the attempts of the bootleggers and smugglers, the personnel of the customs officials will have to be greatly increased. Every vessel arriving from foreign ports will have to be searched and a close surveillance over the crews while the vessels are in port will have to be maintained. With such safeguards as patrolling the thousands of miles of border on foot, horse, automobile, and motorcycle, the inspection of the thousands of automobile and foot passengers crossing the international

boundary lines that require inspection, along with the surveillance to be maintained along the coasts, it can readily be seen the added expense which will be entailed by the government.

The wet province of Quebec looms up as a very promising base for the illicit smuggling of "booze" into the northeastern section of the country. St. Pierre and Miquelon are also ideal bases, especially for foreign wines and liquors. The coast line of Maine is very tortuous and Breton fishermen would find it not difficult to bring their spirituous cargo out as ballast from France.

All this means a wider field of activity for the coast guard, the strong arm of the customs service. Preparations are being made to fight the new hands of smugglers which might spring up as a result of prohibition. Commodore E. P. Bertholf, the head of the organization, was only too glad to tell how the service will go about fighting a possible recrudescence of romantic smuggling.

"Smuggling in bulk," he said, "has always been found a difficult operation because of the strict and systematic watch kept on the movements of all vessels; each individual craft being required to be duly registered, to carry certain papers always ready for inspection and to otherwise account for her movements. The chances of smuggling on a large scale being successful are about one in ten, and for this reason few intelligent skippers will take the chance of being detected, with the consequent seizure of the ship."

"The guard kept by the revenue cutters at sea is supplemented by the beach patrol. By night and day the shore line is divided into 'beats' and kept under surveillance. The main object in this watch is to keep a lookout for wrecks and vessels in distress. But it works also as a force against smugglers."

"Because of this watch there is only a slight chance of smugglers landing and concealing goods in the old-time fashion. Small sailing ships might turn the trick now and then. In fact we are preparing a gauntlet for any schooners from Cuba that may now try to land cargoes of rum at one point or another on the Florida or gulf coasts. We realize that big risks no doubt will be taken because of the price that 'booze' will now fetch."

"Because of this fact we will have to take greater precautionary measures. A fast patrol fleet will no doubt prove an effective method of breaking up the profitable practice of smuggling booze. There is no money in smuggling on a small scale, except with such articles as opium and diamonds. Booze will no doubt cause many new attempts to evade the revenue cutters."—Oregonian.

Carborundum, the artificial substitute for emery, which is said to rival the diamond in hardness, is used, because of its extraordinary resistance to heat, as coating for the interior of furnaces. Finely powdered and made into a paste, it is applied with a brush, like paint, to the brick lining. It is said that a layer only two millimeters thick will protect the bricks from the effects of the highest temperature that is ever produced in ordinary furnace combustion. Carborundum is itself a product of the electric furnace, being composed of silica and carbon fused in the presence of salt and sawdust.

American gold coins are being destroyed and melted into jewelry by Spanish goldsmiths, who are procuring all the American gold pieces possible. The American gold piece contains purer gold than those of European countries.

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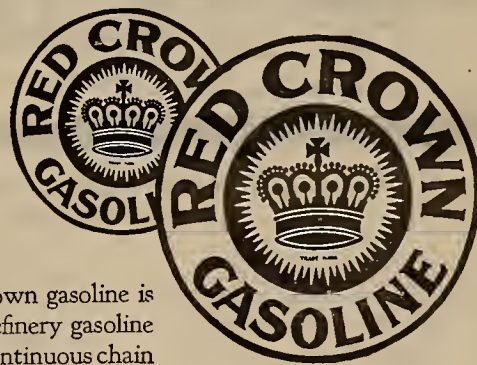
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The Artist—Fond of pictures? *The Patron*—My oath! 'Ardly ever miss a night.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

"Now, wife, let's rough it. Go out in the wilds." "All right. Provided the place has a picture show."—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

"What's the rumpus out on the lot?" "Bit windy today." "Well?" "And the director is kicking because one of the pyramids blew over."—*Judge*.

Wife—The police won't let that blind peddler stand on the corner any more. *Hubby*—Poor man! That's the second time he's lost his site.—*London Tit-Bits*.

According to an Ohio professor the word "booze" was born as far back as A. D. 1300. Now it merely remains with us as a figure of speech.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Why do dentists call their offices 'dental parlors'?" "I suppose they think it would make their patients feel too bad if they called them drawing-rooms."—*Baltimore American*.

"The more a man has the more he wants," said the Fat Man. "You wait until you have triplets in the house and you'd change your mind," replied the Thin Man.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"There goes a man whose wife doesn't attend a movie show once a month." "Umph!" said Mr. Grumpson. "What do the doctors say is the matter with her?"—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

The Visitor—Does your new baby brother cry much, Ethel? *Little Ethel*—He cries when you stick pins in him or make faces at him or bounce him up and down. But what can you expect? He's too little to swear.—*Houston Post*.

"Where can I find the lawn hose?" asked the Mere Man who was lost in the big department store. "What kind of lawn hose do you want?" asked the Witty Floor Walker. "What kind have you?" demanded the Mere Man. "We have two kinds," replied the Witty Floor Walker. "The rubber kind and the kind that makes you rubber."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"How much do you charge a feller to take a wash?" asked a grimy-looking individual of the cashier at a public bath house. "Fifty cents a bath or twelve for \$5," replied the cashier. "It would pay you to buy a five-dollar ticket." "Nothin' doin'!" answered the grimy

individual, decisively. "How do I know I'm goin' to live twelve years?"—*Toledo Blade*.

He (at the end of quarrel)—Oh, of course, I am always in the wrong, in your view. *She*—Certainly not! When you admit you're in the wrong you're right.—*Toledo Blade*.

"Did you have any trouble seeing that captain of industry whose time is reputed to be worth almost a million a minute?" "None at all." "How did you contrive to get into his private office?" "I stood just outside the door and engaged his secretary in a loud conversation about golf, in which I displayed a superior knowledge of the game."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

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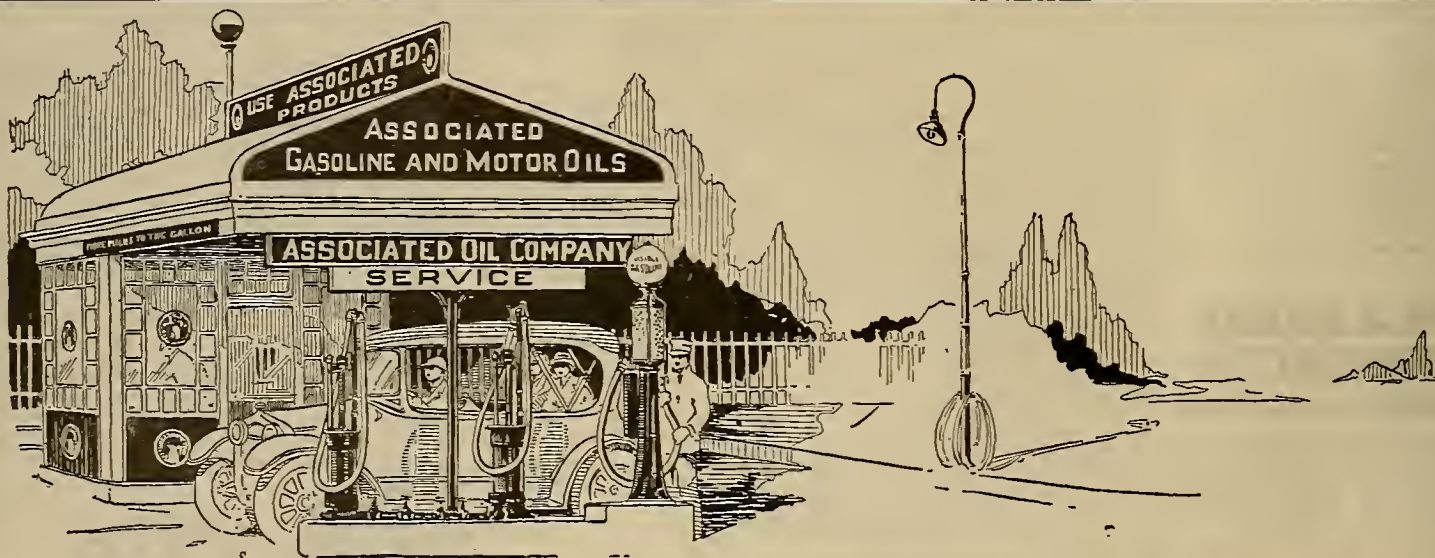
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3rd and Brannan
Columbus Ave. and Grover Place
Post and Mason
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Mission and Spear
Post & Market
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14th and Harrison
620 Lakeshore Avenue
25th and Broadway
12th and Webster
East 19th St. and Park Boulevard
30th and San Pablo
East 14th St. and 24th Avenue
College Avenue and Broadway

ALAMEDA

Encinal and Central Avenue
BERKELEY
Shattuck and Haste

SAN RAFAEL

40th St. and Petaluma Avenue

BURLINGAME

Park Road and Petaluma Avenue
(State Highway)

SAN MATEO

3d Ave. and State Highway

HAYWARD

A and Boulevard

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2267. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 4, 1920. Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains. Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. W. M. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

Forty-Fourth Year.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Tuesday's Election.

In the senatorial primary campaign ended in Tuesday's election Mr. Wallace, a political nondescript posing as a Republican, a shyster champion of many "isms," a Chatauqua-type spieler, ran tail-ender. Mr. Kent, an eccentric radical impudently pretending to be a Republican but in truth a Wilsonian, a man of full—and wide open—purse, ran a bad second. Mr. Shortridge, a straight Republican without reservations or apologies, pledging only loyalty to party principles and a virulent anti-Wilsonism, came in at the head of the poll a smashing winner. In this outcome there is a significance as relating to the political status of California both instructive and edifying. Plainly our people have come to the point of recognizing the values, political and social, that abide in stability in policies inspired by common sense under the standards of a sound nationalism. This result tends to lift California from the discredited list of crank states.

Regarded as a political incident, this outcome of the California primary is hardly less notable in its national significance. With some reason California has of late come to be regarded as a species of political barometer. Its population, drawn from many sources, domestic and foreign, is pretty fairly representative of the country at large. An election therefore which indicates a wholesome return to established standards in political

sentiment and action is worth attention as indicating the mood and spirit of the country, broadly regarded.

The nomination of Mr. Phelan by the Democrats was a foregone conclusion, he having no competitor in his own party. Now begins a second campaign—a straight contest between Shortridge, Republican, and Phelan, Democrat. In the registration the Republicans have an overwhelming majority, and if those who have voted as Republicans for Kent and Wallace stand faithfully to the engagement implied in their participation in the primary there will be no question about the result. Whatever doubts may be felt on this score are based upon the suggestion that various elements that gave support to Kent and Wallace in Tuesday's primary have been only masquerading as Republicans and that in the final show-down they may not be counted upon. None the less all the omens point to Republican success in November, with the election to the Senate of the party nominee.

The issue is of grave importance. The country very obviously is weary of Wilsonism. Mr. Harding will almost certainly be the next President. He ought to have the support that a Republican senator from California could give him. And by the same token California ought to have such measure of influence in the making and carrying out of national policies as the presence at Washington of a Republican senator in the place of Mr. Phelan can give her.

Campaign Buncombe.

The Democratic party won the presidential election in 1912 on a platform that declaimed against the high cost of living, that charged the Republican party with being responsible through the operation of its "robber tariff" for multitudinous mischiefs and that promised to cut down general prices and to reduce the number of useless officials. It is true that a breach in the Republican party was the essential fact as related to the outcome; none the less the Democratic campaign was based upon the pledges above outlined—pledges that greatly impressed the country and brought multitudes of voters to support of the Democratic candidates. What happened? The Democratic party came into authority in March, 1913, and between that date and the breaking out of the great war the cost of living advanced 12 per cent. Between the time the Democratic party took possession of the government and the entrance of the United States into the war the number of Federal officials and employees increased in round numbers forty-five thousand. Of course since our entrance into the war there have been enormous increases both in the cost of living and the number of persons in the Federal service; we do not emphasize these increases because there have been special reasons, although there is none to claim that these reasons justify the extravagances that have ruthlessly advanced the cost of living and stuffed the national official roster. The significant fact is that the Democratic party has made no effort toward carrying out the pledges under which it came into control of the government.

In 1916 the Democratic party triumphed on the assertion that its administration of the government had "kept us out of war." The phrase has become a symbol of shame. It is now confessed by no less an authority than President Wilson himself that at the very time the campaign cry "kept us out of war" was winning the election it was plain to those on the inside of things that we were bound to get into the war. The cry "kept us out of war" was mere campaign buncombe and is admitted to have been such.

Unless we mistake the public mind, these examples of campaign practice have yielded a natural reaction of disgust and resentment. In the language of the street they "have put bunk on the blink." It no longer has credit with anybody having sense enough to

come in out of the rain. And this is why Governor Cox's absurd charge in the matter of the Republican campaign fund falls flat. It is nothing more nor less than "bunk," intended to divert attention from the real issues of the campaign. If for the moment it has a measure of public attention it is of small significance, since the truth when it shall be brought out will surely discredit both the statement and its author. Likewise the absurd counter-charge made by some small busy-body in the Republican organization to the effect that the British government through its ambassador at Washington is financing the Cox campaign will fall to the ground. The one charge, like the other, is unworthy, contemptible, fraudulent. Governor Cox should be ashamed in the first instance; and in the second the Republican campaign administration should disavow responsibility, cast out from its official organization the chump whose cheap temerity has promulgated a patent absurdity.

The Kenyon committee of the Senate is doing a real service by calling the chairmen of both campaign committees before it and getting from them all the facts as to the sources of the means with which their operations are being conducted. If rich men and corporations are putting up the "fifteen millions" charged by Governor Cox, or anything like this sum, the truth ought to be known. Chairman Hays has declared that only moderate sums have been asked for or received, and if he has lied about it then let the fact be brought out and let Mr. Hays retire from his position in contempt and disgrace. Likewise in the matter of the Democratic campaign fund. If European countries or speculators are providing money for the Democratic campaign—the Argonaut does not for one moment believe they are—let us know it and let a stop be put to it. Further if it be true that public officials and employees are being assessed, as has been charged, by the Democratic committee let that fact be brought out.

There is no question about the attitude of the public mind with respect to this matter of campaign expenditure. The country will not consent that any party shall "buy the presidency" either by expenditure of money or by force of official patronage. The Republicans at Chicago rejected and rebuked candidates for its favor smirched by elaborate and costly pre-convention tactics. In the same spirit the Democrats at San Francisco rejected a candidate sought to be imposed upon the party through exercise of official authority and employment of official patronage. The public attitude is thus made clear. Give to the public the facts—no matter who is hit by them.

Prohibition as It Works Out.

Alaska, from Dixon's Entrance up to the high line where whisky freezes, refuses to go dry. The Philippine Islands, far down on the other side of the world, persistently remain wet. At home, stored private stocks of barreled and bottled cheer exhibit a strange persistence with an unexplainable recuperative power. Under official permit there is carried on for family consumption a considerable industry in Dago red. A new ruling has lifted the limit of prescriptions of wine by physicians. Sacramental privilege holds a generous mandate. "Moonshine" continues to brighten a theoretically arid world even in the dark of the moon. The cider mill, with some help from the raisin crop, tends to alleviate a stricken world. Even the farmer's silo serves the turn of certain elements with whom the "kick" is the real thing.

Incidentally we have it upon official authority that in many parts of the country bountifully supplied bars are openly maintained. In any of the larger cities there is no difficulty in quenching an urgent thirst, and widely through the country, either above board or below stairs, there are convenient and ready means by which

parched throats may be made moist. For all the Eighteenth Amendment, notwithstanding the Volstead Act, in the face of state regulations, there is a plenty to drink for those who know how to find it. Even in New York City, where the police department works under an appropriation in the tidy sum of twenty-five million dollars, any soul athirst may find out "where to get it" by asking a policeman—and concurrently tendering him a cigar.

Now comes Prohibition Commissioner Kramer with the plaint that "hundreds of prohibition agents in New York and other cities are guilty of taking bribes from local saloon-keepers for protection." There is a pathetic candor in this admission. None the less Mr. Kramer might have gone further to confess that few among his precious crew of Nymbs, Pistols, and Bardolphins have been known to decline bribes. "The only solution," declares Mr. Kramer, "is an appropriation big enough for the job." The four and a half millions provided by Congress, it appears, merely serves to maintain a gang of scoundrels in a position where they may profit by betraying their trust. It is a sad business—truly a sad business! Mr. Kramer is not ready to admit the hopelessness of a "solution." He will ask for a bigger appropriation. But will Congress dig deeper into the public treasury to provide means for enforcement of a law odious to more than half the people of the country, a law incapable of enforcement by usual or even extraordinary methods of detection and prosecution? Verily it will not! No party will dare ask a further appropriation to enlist an augmented army of spies and busy-bodies. We should like to wager something handsome that when Congress comes to vote another time on this particular issue the sum to be devoted to enforcement of the Volstead Act will be cut down rather than increased.

In the meantime we have become a nation of law-breakers. Nobody whose habits or inclinations suggest evasion of the Volstead Act has the slightest compunction of conscience in doing it. Every second automobile that speeds anywhere into open country on a Sunday picnicking stunt contains somewhere in its innards liquid means of cheer; every second suitcase on any train holds a modicum of flaked joy; while the hip-pocket and boot-leg continue as of old their ministry to the gayety of the people.

In brief, extreme prohibition is a failure. Its restrictive effects are felt only by those who have not the means of evading the law—mostly poorer folk who have neither cellars nor attics nor the wherewithal of providing them. Thus the law puts no restraint where restraint is most needed, while bearing heavily upon non-privileged classes. True, the saloon has measurably been banished, but it was in the way of banishing itself when prohibition came into effect. And it may be added truly that if a tithe of the energy that has been immorally expended in ineffectual attempts to enforce universal prohibition had been exercised in legitimate warfare upon the saloon as a public nuisance, that worthy trick might have been turned completely and easily. In the effort to do too much—to go beyond the line of common acceptance—prohibition, like many another vaulting folly, has "o'erleaped its" and fallen on the other side."

Politics and "Ideals."

Nobody of observation or judgment or honesty will claim for American politics, or the politics of any country, that it is free from the faults inherent in human nature. The human vices of selfishness and of "management" in its various forms and phases inevitably work out in politics as they do in other things. But while in politics there is much to deplore, none the less we are dependent upon political action to sustain the machinery of the common interest and of civilization itself. No perfect means of government has yet been devised; and of the many forms that have been tried, government founded in the public will and carried out by means of parties comes most nearly to maintaining the ideals of social order and general equity. It would seem that persons of intelligence ought to know this, and, knowing, do their part to maintain the integrity of parties.

Yet there are many who decry parties and partisanship and who would if they could have their way substitute chaos for organization. Mr. Curtis, publisher of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, of the *Saturday Evening Post*, of the *Country Gentleman*, of the

Ladies' Home Journal, and God knows what other advertising carry-alls, is very sure that parties are a blot on American civilization and that in them lies the weakness of our political system. Mr. Curtis and those who hold with him are not clear as to what system if any may be substituted for political parties to the end of permitting the people to express their views and to maintain results in government. Their outgivings would indicate that in their opinion good government is to be achieved only through scrapping the party system and putting political authority in the hands of an editorial oligarchy. In this theory they would seem to be in entire accord with that eminent patriot Mr. William Randolph Hearst, although he would be the last to find acceptance at their hands. The people, in the opinion of the Curtises, never vote their own minds nor for their own good. They—the Curtises—are in much better position to guide the people than the people themselves, a judgment characteristic of self-select groups in any period of which we have historical record. Parties and party politicians, in the view of the Curtises, always stand between them and the people and so obstruct good government.

Not very long ago large numbers styling themselves progressives held very much the same views. Their only use for parties was to smash them—a theory which recalls the philosophy of the late Lish Applegate of Oregon, who had "no use for towns excepting to raise hell in." Prominently associated with this school of thought only a little while back was one Arthur Capper of Kansas, whose enthusiasm in the cause of party annihilation led him first and with a fine consistency to form a party of his own and later to get himself made a "Progressive" senator, a position which he still holds and in which his views have been considerably broadened by working experience. In addition to his duties as a senator Mr. Capper still carries on a Kansas newspaper styled *Capper's Weekly*, and in the issue of that journal of August 21st he presents some reflections indicative of a reformed mind. In part he says:

A reader of *Capper's Weekly* is disappointed because with other Progressive Republicans I am standing by the G. O. P. He intimates all party government is a failure. Says the Democratic party now in power has proved its absolute lack of ability for rulership. Then winds up saying he will probably vote for a Democratic President. And he is quite serious about it, too, as every voter should be.

All governments fail more or less. The world still is seeking the most perfect form of government. It is a quest that must go on for ages.

Also it is true that the best form of government the world has found to date is the democratic form, government by the people through parties. The most progressive as well as the most intelligent peoples and nations of this day and age have this form of government.

"Only by uninterrupted agitation can a people be kept sufficiently awake not to let liberty be smothered in material prosperity," or mere wealth-getting, Wendell Phillips said long before the civil war.

This is just what party contests do. They keep the people awake politically, and that is one of their greatest benefits. The ideal situation for a country to be in is to have two big parties so closely contending for popular favor that both are compelled constantly to compete in good works and efficient government.

Capper's Weekly is personally conducted with a desire to promote the public good. It is not owned nor controlled by any "interest." Yet I am not presuming its views political and otherwise will suit everybody, nor am I assuming they always are right. That is impossible. I only ask you to believe I believe they are right and in the best interest of the greatest number. I make no claim to infallibility. I know I make mistakes just as other men do; it is human to err. But every man must choose. To be neutral gets us nowhere.

An American citizen must line up with one party or with another; so must the American people. Particularly is this true this year, when a change at Washington has, in my judgment, become imperative. Nor can I see any hope for the country in a third party movement this year. With so many vital problems needing to be grappled with by leaders in touch with the situation, it is a bad time, it seems to me, to experiment or to take on men, however large in "vision," but small in practical accomplishment and experience. Nor can I be for a presidential candidate who fought war-time prohibition and who was confessedly nominated by the "wet" element of his party.

I believe a man serves his party best who serves his country best. I am for party as a means of government, not for government for the benefit of the party. When a candidate is elected to office his duty then is to the whole people regardless of their party faith, or faiths. This is my political creed.

Here we have the revised conclusions of a man of intelligence and moral earnestness who a few years back thought he saw the way of political salvation for the

country in smashing the parties—at least all parties other than his own, after the manner of a famous enemy of trusts, "except those I am in mit." Observation and experience at the seat of governmental activity and from the vantage point of a senator have shown him the error of his former views and taught him that wisdom lies, not in chasing rainbows, but in making the best of conditions as they are.

This leads the *Argonaut* to a recital that may interest its readers: Shortly prior to the Chicago convention the editor fell in with an enthusiastic Hoover man. The editor, while an admirer of Mr. Hoover and wishing his success in the then pending campaign in California, questioned the wisdom of diverting the prestige and the energy of a great citizen from unofficial to authoritative activities. Mr. Hoover, the editor argued, as a man then not definitely attached to any party, might fail in the presidency in respect of the fact that nobody lacking the support of a strong political organization may be successful in that office. In rebuttal Mr. Hoover's enthusiastic friend held to the idea that in detachment from party ties lay Mr. Hoover's greatest strength. Now—within the week—the editor again fell into contact with the enthusiast above referred to. Still clinging, but with diminished ardor, to his idol, he declared with tears in his voice that he could not understand Mr. Hoover's present attitude, illustrated in his acceptance of the Chicago platform and support of Mr. Harding, since "neither the one nor the other squares with the ideals illustrated in Mr. Hoover's known convictions and public utterances."

It is precisely at this point that your impractical and your practical man part company. Mr. Hoover, strong in knowledge, strong in moral purpose, strong in political conviction, is none the less a practical man. If called upon to define a scheme of government he would undoubtedly do it ideally. But as a man living and working in the world and with conditions as he finds them, Mr. Hoover wastes no time or vitality in idle longings for the unattainable, still less in railing at what can not be changed. Mr. Hoover knows, as does Senator Capper, that all governments fail more or less. He realizes that the best form of government the world has found up to date is government by the people through parties. So, not forgetful of ideals, not ignoring facts, looking the situation in the face, Mr. Hoover makes practical choice of that which to him seems best in the immediate situation. Instead of hiding the light of his character and his influence under the traditional bushel of protest against anything short of perfection, he strives to get the best attainable out of the conditions as they stand.

The *Argonaut* holds no brief for Mr. Hoover. It can not pretend to authoritative statement of his views—it can only give to his conduct its own interpretation. To the *Argonaut* his course accredits him as a practical man as distinct from a dreamer. He does not compromise any principle or yield to any theory he deems false. He seeks to make the best of situations and conditions as they present themselves. And in so doing he sets an example that it would be well for many who hold him in "ideal" admiration and for all others to follow. There is usually—we may even say always—a difference between the ideal line and the practical line. Short cuts to perfection there are none. The practical man—the man who most nearly combines achievement with idealism—is the man who makes the best of things. Such a man is Mr. Hoover, and those who may conceive that on his part there is compromise of principle or of standards in moving forward by the only available road exhibit the shallowness of their intelligence and the defects of their judgment.

Editorial Notes.

The particular brand of independence accorded by British policy to Egypt has more to its credit in the name than in the substance. Egypt is to be "independent"—it shall be so written in the bond—but the government of Egypt will not be privileged to negotiate treaties with other countries without British "O. K." Upon the theory that the Suez Canal must have protection a British military force is to be maintained in Egypt. And so on down the line of understandings and agreements, the independence of Egypt is to be limited and in a very definite sense made subject to British supervision. All of which will be of practical good to Egypt in that it will continue to yield that which in recent years has so tended to the material and moral

betterment of the country. In truth it is difficult to see how Egypt could stand alone. She must in the nature of things have a senior partner—not to say an overlord—and Britain is obviously the best qualified among the nations for that particular mandate.

There is in the arrangement about to be promulgated between Egypt and Britain much that is remindful of Cuba's relationship with the United States. Cuba is nominally and in many respects actually an independent country. None the less Cuba stands in relationship to the United States definitely subordinate. Her government may do nothing of importance outside its own territory without American approval; and even within its own territory it must maintain order, sustain modern methods of sanitation, and otherwise sustain the country after the manner of a civilized and socially ordered state. This arrangement has now been in force practically a quarter of a century and it has worked well all round. It gives to Cuba a stability and a protection not practicable under absolute independence. It saves her the drain of heavy taxation. It gives her in connection with her industrial and financial organization a credit not otherwise available. Now and again we hear murmurs from Cuba, but in them there is never an echo suggestive of discontent on the part of the classes qualified by intelligence and property to sustain the interests of the country.

What England is about to give Egypt and what we long ago gave to Cuba points the way to the inevitable future relationship between the United States and Mexico. At the moment there appears to be a species of truce between the *de facto*—or theoretical—government of Mexico and her multifarious banditti. It is an arrangement without legal or moral basis and, regarded as a permanent status, impracticable. There are just two ways of maintaining order and of promoting progress in Mexico, (1) force under some strong hand like that of the late Porfirio Diaz, (2) oversight at the hands of some strong outside government. The day when force might have been developed from within is obviously past. To establish a reign of force would involve another and probably a protracted period of civil warfare, with the accompaniment of unspeakable horrors and wastes. The logic of the situation calls for a species of guardianship at the hands of the United States. In respect of the Monroe Doctrine no other country can be permitted to exercise such guardianship, and no other is in fact qualified to exercise it. We stand in the general recognition of the world both authorized and responsible in relation to Mexico. And first or last—the sooner the better for Mexico and for ourselves—we have got to get at the job.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Reserved Powers of the States.

BERKELEY, CAL., September 2, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The power which the lawless national government has drawn to itself to determine its own rights and authority has so perverted the relations of the states to the nation that debauched public opinion has ceased to think soundly upon this subject, and states no longer offer vigorous resistance to usurpation of their most essential rights.

Upon the declaration of independence from England, the original states became independent nations and possessed all of the powers of England, except the limited powers which were conferred upon our national government. The crown lands passed to the states by right of their sovereignty. This included lands subject to flow of tide waters, submerged lands where there was no tide, and the high-lying lands. Furthermore the proprietary lands of the Penns passed to Pennsylvania and the Lord Baltimore lands to Maryland. These original nation-states also had paramount control of their waters, both navigable and unnavigable, to the same extent that any sovereign nation possesses these powers; except that our Federal government might claim subordinate interest in navigable waters, deduced from control of extra-state commerce.

As sovereignty roots in the soil and in control of the waters, so our original federated nations exercised over their entire legal areas the essential powers of sovereignty, of jurisdiction, of eminent domain, of taxing power, and of municipal authority. And precisely to the extent that the soil and waters remain under another sovereignty does such a state cease to be a sovereign nation.

Every newer state was declared to be admitted to the Union on an equal footing with the original states in every respect whatever; and precisely to the extent that the soil of each newer state remains under control of the nation does such newer state fail to attain and to exercise that equality.

When the California legislature adopted and declared lawful the rules and customs of the early gold miners, regarding appropriation of water and its use, our state was exercising its power as a nation and it placed those rules and customs under the sanction of the law of nations.

If our states, new and old, and their citizens would remember that all of the reserved state powers are national powers and are to be judged by the standards of the law of nations and to be compared with the functions of any foreign nation, and that control of soil and water are to be adjudged by such national standards, the dignity, the strength, the influence of our states would be enhanced immensely; their citizenship would be prized; and the sophistries by which the

Federal courts seek to control our soil and waters and to usurp state municipal powers would fail, merely by being brought into the clear light of truth and by being exposed to the withering scorn of the aroused intelligent public opinion of a free people.

GEORGE EDWARDS.

Campaign Funds.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 27, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: A signal instance of the impression now largely prevalent that the so-called "issues" of a political campaign are over 90 per cent. "bunk" and adopted merely to get votes is shown by the ludicrous prominence now attached to the question of campaign expenditures. They are called "slush funds," and, of course, are roundly denounced by both sides, as if they really had become an important issue and not a means to an end.

The following seems to be now recognized as the necessary course of procedure: First, after much newspaper discussion, a supposed Napoleon of politics is chosen as campaign manager. His duties generally are somewhat vague, but they all centre around the problem of how much money he may raise in order to stir up some political enthusiasm. This campaign manager then appoints innumerable colonels and captains and officers of all other ranks and instructs them to get out and collect the "dough" as rapidly as possible. The so-called "limit" for each contribution is merely camouflage, and I suppose one may readily defy any campaign manager that ever lived to cite a single instance where he had refused to accept a donation which was larger than the limited amount. Having more or less perfected the above plan of procedure, the second step on the part of the campaign manager is to turn his mud-engines against his opponent by charging that said opponent has collected vast sums of money.

Thus the issue is made from the mere fact that there is a campaign at all. I suggest that any campaign is a detriment and not a help to a candidate. The more of a campaign he makes the worse off he is. Obviously, therefore, he will be most successful who retires into the greatest obscurity, and the army of campaign managers, workers, etc., should be regarded as impedimenta and a more or less necessary evil.

It is difficult to picture any sincerity in these charges which are hurled at long distance by these astute generals of politics, because the most of them make their living from liberal salaries paid out of these self-same funds; and if there are no funds, then there are no salaries. Does any one suppose that the gentlemen who are now conducting the campaigns in behalf of the presidential candidates really want less money and are having difficulty in restraining the enthusiasm of contributors? But since this issue has been presented, it is suggested that it would be a good plan, in order to test the sincerity of these outcries against contributions, that nobody contribute anything to the present political campaign. Thus at least one issue of debate would be removed. As the matter now stands, one can not but feel that, every time he contributes ten dollars to a campaign fund, he is lessening the chances of his favorite and acting against his best interests. By all means, therefore, if he have the interests of his candidate at heart, let him decline to contribute and thus show his loyalty.

No doubt there has been enough money spent on elections to pay off the present huge national debt. I suggest that some one start a subscription list which shall provide that all the money sought by the various campaign managers be paid into the national treasury for some productive purpose. Then we may have a campaign without a money taint, and at least one issue will be thrown into the discard.

CRITIC.

SECRETARY COLBY AND POLAND.

It is difficult to join in the chorus of commendation that has rewarded Secretary Colby for his note on the Polish situation. One would suppose that by this time we should be a little tired of polite letter-writing, but apparently our appetite for it is as great as ever. We are still in the position of Mr. Micawber, who gave his note of hand in settlement of a bill with the comment, "Thank God, that's paid."

Mr. Colby, speaking for the government of the United States, reiterates the conviction of that government that Poland must be free and independent, that the Bolsheviks must not be recognized, and that there must be no partition of Russian territory. With this magnificent gesture we may imagine Mr. Colby as sitting back in his armchair and thanking God that at last the storm in eastern Europe has been stilled, and by a stroke of the pen. Doubtless the Poles, fighting fiercely for their freedom and independence, which have already been sold to Russia over their heads, will heave a sigh of relief as they read Mr. Colby's declaration. Doubtless Russia will see the handwriting on the wall when she learns that her government has been denied the recognition that was already accorded to it when the President sent Mr. Bullitt and Mr. Steffens cap in hand to Petrograd to plead for peace with Lenine. Doubtless her dismay will be tempered by the assurance that she will not be subjected to the dismemberment that is already an accomplished fact, and that is directly due to the great principle of self-determination that threw the blazing torch of anarchy into every powder magazine throughout the world. She has lost Finland, Poland, the Ukraine, Georgia, and Azerbaijan. What else she may lose remains to be seen, but she has now been gravely assured that her territories will remain intact. When a solemn excommunication with bell, book, and candle was launched against the Jackdaw of Rheims for the theft of the cardinal's ring it was noticed with surprise that "no one seemed a penny the worse." In our turn we may note, but without surprise, that no one is a penny the worse, or the better, for the stately document bearing Mr. Colby's name. In the language of diplomacy the world is left *in statu quo ante*.

During the last week we have heard very little news from Poland. The magnitude of the Polish victory is unchallenged, but at the same time we may observe that

the hopes of a still greater triumph in the capture of Russian armies have not been fulfilled. Indeed there are reports of Russian successes in the capture of some few cities at the southern end of the line, and we are told from Petrograd—an unreliable source—that the summons to army service has met with a speedy and satisfactory response. Single victories do not win wars, and if we suppose that Poland has now secured her aims we may find a sharp disillusionment ahead of us. The Bolshevik government must either advance or go back. It can not stand still. And it is not likely to accept defeat at the hands of a little people like the Poles, who have been elaborately betrayed by their own friends, tacitly urged to fight and then deserted in the hour of their need. The plea that Poland brought her troubles upon herself, that she went to war against the advice of Europe, is the plea of a coward. She was re-created for the very purpose that she is now carrying out, to provide a bulwark against Bolshevism on one side and against Germanism on the other. It is true that she was advised not to make war upon the Russians for the recovery of the territory of which she had been deprived by the conference, but the advice was given hypocritically and with the hope that she would disregard it. The powers, in other words, were carrying water upon both shoulders. They hoped that Poland would make war upon the Bolsheviks and they hoped she would succeed. At the same time they had a wary eye on the possible need to conciliate Russia. For them it was heads I win, tails you lose. If the Poles were successful against the Bolsheviks it would be vastly to the advantage of Europe, which would thus see a lessening of the Bolshevik threat. If the Russians were successful the powers could then point to their efforts to restrain the aggressiveness of Poland. If they had actually wished to restrain Poland they could have done so easily by a definite statement that no aid or encouragement would be forthcoming. They did not do this. On the contrary they sent munitions and generals. They hoped for Polish success and they said so. It was only when Poland began to get the worst of it that they reminded her of their warnings and washed their hands of her fate.

Consider the iniquity of the whole proceeding. There is no need to remind ourselves of the place that Poland occupied in those golden days of idealism when we supposed that we had no more to do than to ordain light and there would be light. The independence of Poland was one of the Fourteen Points, the *sine qua non* of negotiations. We all know what happened, how an indefensible frontier was drawn in the face of Polish protests, how Poland was deprived of West Prussia, how she was tricked with plebiscites and all the collegiate box of toys, how she was denied the possession of Danzig and of a water-front. The coquetting with Bolshevik Russia had begun, and perhaps with interests still more sinister. The statesmen were asking themselves on which side of their bread they could find the more butter, the Polish side or the Bolshevik side. Then came the Polish war, an apparent Polish defeat, and the submission of the Russian terms. Those terms were accepted by Lloyd George in conference with Italy. They constituted the ruin of Poland. They meant that Poland must become a vassal to Russia. Her army was to be limited to 50,000 men, she was to seek no material aid in the west, her railways were to be under Russian control and Russia was to have the use of them for her own war purposes whenever it should so please her. It is true that there was one clause of the treaty against which Lloyd George and the Italian premier protested, a clause that had been concealed from them in the preliminary and verbal negotiations and by which Poland was to raise an army of workmen of much larger size than the military establishment, an army that was of course intended to establish Bolshevism. But the remainder of the treaty seems to have been acceptable to the premiers, although it was promptly rejected by the Polish delegates. The history books of the future will not talk so much of the various partitions of Poland as the greatest crime in history. That evil preeminence will be given to the treatment of Poland by the peace conference and subsequently by statesmen who were thinking more of trade facilities and tariffs than of the national honor or of that "righteousness that exalteth a nation."

What is Poland to do now? What can she do? Secretary Colby's note can hardly be regarded as a weapon of war, although we are fatuously told that it must have an effect upon the Russian people—who will never see it. Poland has been given a frontier that she can not defend. She has been asked to sign a treaty that places her completely under the control of Russia. She has been told that she need expect no help from the west. And she has incurred the unmeasured rage of the Bolsheviks by the defeat of their armies. Her lot is now a hundred times worse than before the great war. Her solitary asset is a note from Secretary Colby expressing various pious opinions that he can not enforce. It is a spectacle as shameful and humiliating as any to be found in the pages of history, and in no way redeemed by the fact that Poland is a member of the league of nations while Russia is not. So far from being served by the league of nations it will be remembered that the league representative at Danzig fought

the use of that port by vessels carrying munitions for the Poles. It is likely enough that he could not help himself, that he had no force available for resistance to the rioting workmen. But the fact remains. The league was as indifferent to the fate of Poland as to a collision in interstellar space. It had been tried in the balances and it had been found wanting.

But, it may be said, the statesmen could do nothing for Poland in view of the attitude of their own working classes. That is true enough, but it is an aspect of the situation with which we need not now concern ourselves, intent for the moment only upon facts and their significance. Perhaps there might have been some unforeseen benediction upon any government that dared to do right and to fear not. If the diplomacies of the world had been undeviatingly honest the present imbroglio might have been avoided. But they were not honest. There is not a single statesman involved who has not persistently thought more of his own electoral fortunes, who is not now thinking more of them, than of the pledged honor of his nation. But for the ambition of one of those statesmen to go down to history as an Avatar of a world henceforth to be "lapped in universal law" there would have been a peace treaty signed, sealed, and delivered within one week of the armistice and irresistibly enforced by armies on the spot and flushed with victory. But for other statesmen who are even now keeping their ears close to the ground, attentive to nothing but the droppings of ballot papers, there would be a consistent and concerted policy toward Poland that would have been pursued undeviatingly and that would have given no opportunity to the forces of disorder to assume their present dictatorial powers. If the governments of the world had been willing to stand or fall by a policy of honor toward Poland, of responsibility for Poland, we should not now be threatened with the crushing of Poland and the breaking out of the flames of war upon a new and unprecedented scale. They who know their own mind never lack followers.

Lloyd George is obviously perturbed, nay controlled, by the labor situation in England. It is all very well to point to the incendiary attitude of large masses of British workmen and complacently to assure ourselves that this is not Bolshevism. It is Bolshevism. When a labor convention threatens a universal strike in case of any hostile movement against Russia there is no other name but Bolshevism to give it. That the convention was orderly—a fact much stressed by one writer—has nothing to do with the case. The fact remains that in a country possessing all but universal suffrage it was possible for the representatives of a single class to assert that they, and not Parliament, would dictate the policies of the nation. Any man or men making such a claim, such a threat, as that ought at once to be subject to the criminal law. But there was much worse than that. Mr. Smillie, perhaps the most powerful man in England, made public speeches to workmen for the purpose "of urging them to utterly refuse to recognize the coalition government and at once to form the Soviet workers' government, as the time is now arriving for the workers to control their destiny." Shall we be told that this is not Bolshevism? At Glasgow we find an organization "to inculcate Bolshevik principles and eradicate Christianity." A year ago the coal miners were told that there was "a splendid opportunity of putting the employers on the run" and that they would be able "to take control of the country and of the means of production," and so "win the masses over to socialism." Lenin in his Third Internationale mentions all these agencies of revolution. Most of them are affiliated with the I. W. W. A writer in the London *Morning Post* says: "It is to be noted that all these societies and movements are international in character, and none even professes to be concerned in any British labor dispute, except in so far as it contributes toward disaffection and unrest." Lloyd George does not dare to adopt any policy of his own toward Poland, that is to say he does not dare to imperil his own position or to embroil himself with labor organizations who are deaf to every call of honor, humanity, and responsibility so long as their weekly pay-rolls are satisfactorily fat. That France takes another attitude toward Poland and that to a large extent she is thus at variance with Great Britain is in no way due to a keener sense of her international obligations, but to the fact that her financial self-interest happens to lie in the overthrow of the Russian government. And how about America? Does she stand in any more favorable light? Have we forgotten that President Wilson pledged himself to the independence and integrity of Poland and that Poland and Europe in general accepted that as an American pledge? Apparently we have. But we have now reached a point where no candidate for any public position whatsoever would dare even to hint that such a pledge be kept. The President was in no way called upon at any time to make a declaration in the name of America with regard to Poland. But he did so. He included it in his Fourteen Points and to a very large extent we applauded him for doing so. Indeed there was no other government that did anything quite so definite, quite so formal as this. No other government made any declaration that was comparable with the Fourteen Points or in any way pledged itself so

solemnly with regard to Poland. But today we act and speak as though we had no obligations whatsoever toward Poland, as though our highest moral duty was to cut ourselves adrift from European affairs, to declare that we are not our brother's keeper, and that we never were. Was there ever a greater fall or from a greater height?

And so Poland is to be forced to fight her battles alone, while the nations of the world pass by unheeding upon the other side of the road. The powers of world government have passed from the hands of their wise men into the hands of the ignorant, the selfish, and the corrupt. The moral tone of the world, and particularly of the political world, is lower, far lower, than it was before the war. What will happen if Poland should be overrun? Mr. Frank H. Simonds answers accurately enough when he says in a recent writing: "Yet the truth is that our brother's danger is ours. Hence the Polish collapse must presently disclose itself as one of the gravest of all contemporary events, a defeat for the West in a new struggle with the East, the loss of our first line of defenses against Red terror and Bolshevik tyranny."

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 1, 1920.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Bessie McCoy Davis will soon return to the stage. She strained a ligament in her knee while dancing in Philadelphia in the spring and went to Atlantic City with her little daughter. Hope, and has spent three months there in retirement. Recently she moved to a quiet apartment house, where she hoped to be unrecognized, but was disillusioned the first time she left her apartment.

Stephen Leacock, the "Mark Twain of Canada," is described as a short-necked, heavy-set, informal man, with a rumple of hair that hangs over his forehead. His ruddy face, with a genial wrinkle or two and a stubby mustache somewhere in the neighborhood of his mouth and splendid crows' feet at the eyes, is an amiable, neighborly face. He delights, he says, "to appeal to the simplest minds—though I have never met one of those—giving no moral precepts or instruction."

Saving souls with the aid of soup is not new, but as practiced by the Rev. Mr. Ben Cox, pastor of the Central Baptist Church, Memphis, Tennessee, it presents some novel features. On January 14, 1914, eight men, assembled in the pastor's study, formed themselves to be in prayer wherever they might be at the noon hour every day. More than 2500 persons from thirty states of the Union have become members of this strange league, which recently celebrated its sixth anniversary.

Mr. William Archer is a born Scotsman, who has been in London so long that he acts like an Englishman and must be regarded as one. He has done so much, albeit he won't talk at length of these achievements. Others have done that for him, and the more important products of his own work are set down permanently in good type and are to be found in permanent form over in the public library. Archer is sixty-four years old, although he appears to be ten years younger. He is a solemn sort of a person, without being too solemn. His smile is soft, but so uncutaneous that it is worth more than the uproarious laugh produced by men of lesser genius. He is tall and apparently muscular and stands like a heavyweight.

A plan unique in many respects and one that starts an endless chain of educational opportunity for boys who in the ordinary course of events would live "to fortune and to fame unknown" has been put into concrete form by John Borg of New York in his recent endowment of the Dr. Isaac W. Gowen scholarship of Union Hill High School, Union Hill, New Jersey. Mr. Borg was graduated from Union Hill High School in the class of 1897. He had a great desire to go further in formal education, but was unable to do so. He took a job in a Broad Street office as a \$4-a-week boy, and from that position has fought his way up until he is now one of the successful men in the financial district, with a fortune in seven figures. His desire to give to other boys a better opportunity than he himself enjoyed has long existed and been practically applied, as he has already helped twelve boys to a college education.

Money is probably the most remote and least important of objects that underlie the life philosophy of Frederick G. Cottrell, who recently was appointed by President Wilson director of the United States Bureau of Mines. But he doesn't pursue science for the sake of science alone; he ever tries to link science with the practical needs of the times and has succeeded in several notable directions. He is a young man, only slightly above forty. He was born in Oakland, California, and was graduated from the University of California in 1896, after completing a four years' course in three years. He earned the Le Conte fellowship, which enabled him to take a postgraduate course, after which he taught chemistry for a period of three years in the high school of his native city. Then he went to Germany, where he earned from the University of Leipzig the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy. Returning to America, he joined the faculty of the University of California, where he remained until entering government service in 1911.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Plaidie.

Upon ane stormy Sunday,
Coming adoon the lane,
Were a score of bonnie lasses—
And the sweetest I maintain
Was Caddie,
That I took unneath my plaidie,
To shield her from the rain.

She said that the daisies blushed
For the kiss that I had ta'en;
I wad na hae thought the lassie
Wad sae of a kiss complain:
"Now, laddie!
I winna stay under your plaidie,
I'll gang awa hame in the rain!"

But, on an after Sunday,
When cloud there was not ane,
This self-same winsome lassie
(We chanced to meet in the lane)
Said, "Laddie,
Why dinna ye wear your plaidie?
Wha kens but it may rain?"
—Charles Sibley.

Cardinal Wolsey's Farewell to Power.

Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: Today he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, tomorrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye.
I feel my heart new opened: O, how wretched
Is that poor man who hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.
—Shakespeare.

How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he:
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gatebolts undrew,
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace—
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas a moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mechlen church-steeple we heard the half-chime—
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last
With resolute shoulders, each buttng away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky:
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Delham a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone:
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer—
Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise, had or good,
Till at length into Aix, Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought the good news from
Ghent.
—Robert Browning.

Some eighty years ago Joseph Gillett was a working jeweler in Birmingham, England. One day he accidentally split one of his fine steel tools, and being suddenly required to sign a receipt, and not finding a pen handy, he used the split tool as a substitute. This happy accident is said to have led to the idea of making pens of metal.

THIS SIMIAN WORLD.

Clarence Day, Jr., Accounts for Our Peculiarities on the Ground That We Are Actually Monkeys.

The characteristics of the human race, says Clarence Day, Jr., in his "This Simian World," may easily be explained. If we had been descended from eagles, for example, instead of monkeys, if we had been made directly from clay the way it says in the Bible, and had therefore inherited no intermediate characteristics, we might have been molded into much more splendid forms. A crowd in the street would not then have seemed so aimless, staring, and vacant-minded. But being descended from monkeys—not a very long descent either—we are what we are, richly endowed with monkey traits, doing most things according to the rules of the monkey world. We fight, for instance, not singly like lions and leopards, but in bands:

As a matter of fact, few of us delight in really serious fighting. We love to bicker; and we box and knock each other around, to exhibit our strength; but few normal simians are keen about bloodshed and killing; we do it in war only because of patriotism, revenge, duty, glory. A feline civilization would have cared nothing for duty or glory, but they would have taken a far higher pleasure in gore. If a planet of super-cat-men could look down upon ours, they would not know which to think was the most amazing: the way we tamely live, five million or so in a city, with only a few police to keep us quiet, while we commit only one or two murders a day, and hardly have a respectable number of brawls; or the way great armies of us are trained to fight—not liking it much, and yet doing more killing in war-time and shedding more blood than even the fiercest lion on his cruelest days. Which would perplex a gentlemanly super-cat spectator the more, our habits of wholesale slaughter in the field, or our spiritless making a fetish of "order" at home?

Inventions come easily to simians. Their homes are filled with tricky appliances, bell-ringing appliances, locks, clocks, and so forth. Some of their inventions are beautiful, but the simian-ness of the people will cheat them of half their dues because they do not know real values:

To consider examples: A discovery that helps them to talk, just to talk, more and more, will be hailed by these beings as one of the highest of triumphs. Talking to each other over wires will come in this class. The lightning when harnessed and tamed will be made to trot round, conveying the most trivial cacklings all day and night.

Huge seas of talk of every sort and kind, in print, speech and writing, will roll unceasingly over their civilized realms, involving an unbelievable waste in labor and time, and sapping the intelligence talk is supposed to upbuild. In a simian civilization, great halls will be erected for lectures, and great throngs will actually pay to go inside at night to hear some self-satisfied talk-maker chatter for hours. Almost any subject will do for a lecture, or talk; yet very few subjects will be counted important enough for the average man to do any *thinking* on them, off by himself.

But they dream hopefully of a state even worse than the present. This they will achieve by a system called mental telepathy, so that all their minds will be awash with messages every moment. Now a cat civilization instead of a monkey civilization would have invented more barriers instead of more channels:

Discoveries in surgery and medicine will also be overpraised. The reason will be that the race will so need these discoveries. Unlike the great cats, simians tend to undervalue the body. Having less self-respect, less proper regard for their egos, they care less than the cats do for the casing of the ego,—the body. The more civilized they grow the more they will let their bodies deteriorate. They will let their shoulders stoop, their lungs shrink, and their stomachs grow fat. No other species will be quite so deformed and distorted. Athletics they will watch, yes, but on the whole sparingly practice. Their snuffy old scholars will even be proud to decay them. Where once the simians swung high through forests, or scampered like deer, their descendants will plod around farms, or mince along streets, moving constrictedly, slowly, their liteness half gone.

They will think of Nature as "something to go out and look at." They will try to live wholly apart from her and forget they're her sons. Forget? They will even deny it, and declare themselves sons of God. In spite of her wonders they will regard Nature as something too humble to be the true parent of such prominent people as simians. They will lose all respect for the dignity of fair Mother Earth, and whisper to each other she is an evil and indecent old person. They will snatch at her gifts, pry irreverently into her mysteries, and ignore half the warnings they get from her about how to live.

Ailments of every kind will abound among such folk, inevitably, and they will resort to extraordinary expedients in their search for relief. Although squeamish as a race about inflicting much pain in cold blood, they will systematically infect other animals with their own rank diseases, or cut out other animals' organs, or kill and dissect them, hoping thus to learn how to offset their neglect of themselves. Conditions among them will be such that this will really be necessary. Few besides impractical sentimentalists will therefore oppose it. But the idea will be to gain health by legerdemain, by a trick, instead of by taking the trouble to live healthy lives.

Strange barrack-like buildings called hospitals will stand in their cities, where their trick-men, the surgeons, will slice them right open when ill; and thousands of zealous young pharmacists will mix little drugs, which thousands of wiselooking simians will firmly prescribe. Each generation will change its mind as to these drugs, and laugh at all former opinions; but each will use some of them, and each will feel assured that in this respect they know the last word.

And, in obstinate blindness, this people will wag their poor heads, and attribute their diseases, not to simian-ness, but to civilization.

The cleverness of a simian civilization will prove to be its undoing. It compels all the lower animals to work for it and to do the things that it ought to do for itself. Then the body deteriorates and the end is worse than the beginning:

They will talk about improving the race—they will talk about everything—but they won't use their chances to do it. Whenever a new discovery makes life less hard, for example,

these heedless beings will seldom preserve this advantage, or use their new wealth to take more time thereafter for thought, or to gain health and strength or do anything else to make the race better. Instead, they will use the new ease just to increase in numbers; and they will keep on at this until misery once more has checked them. Life will then be as bad as ever, naturally, and the chance will be gone.

Observe, says the author, the Bandarlog at play in the forest. How boastful they are and how terrified. Naturally they invent things called gods. With no self-reliance, they can not face life alone. And what strange things their gods are. They create the universes and disapprove of dancing. They incite "holy" wars and are grieved by divorce:

All gods that any groups of simians ever conceive of, from the woodenest little idol in the forest to the mightiest Spirit, no matter how much they may differ, will have one trait in common: a readiness to drop any cosmic affair at short notice, focus their minds on the far-away pellet called Earth, and become immediately wholly concerned, aye, engrossed, with any individual worshipper's woes or desires,—a readiness to notice a fellow when he is going to bed. This will bring indescribable comfort to simian hearts; and a god that neglects this duty won't last very long, no matter how competent he may be in other respects.

But one must reciprocate. The gods invented by the simians demand deference and attention, prayers and hymns. None the less if a simian humanity should ever be swept aside as a failure what an interesting failure it will be. Mr. Day has certainly written an interesting little book, and with much grim sense beneath its humor.

THIS SIMIAN WORLD. By Clarence Day, Jr. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THE TEST.

A Volume of Sketches by Maurice Level Introduces Us to a French Writer on the Weird and the Horrible.

(M. Maurice Level is a Frenchman and a physician, and is now about forty years of age. His first story was written in a hospital. He took it to the editor of *Le Journal* and it was accepted, and his stories have been accepted by that newspaper ever since. Now we have a translation of twenty-six of these sketches published by Robert M. McBride & Co. under the title of "Tales of Mystery and Horror." The translation, excellent in quality, is the work of Alys Eyre Macklin. The story here reprinted is a fair example of M. Level's work.)

Not a muscle quivered as the man stood with his gaze fixed on the dead woman.

Through half-closed eyes he looked at the white form on the marble slab; milky-white it was, with a red gash between the breasts where the cruel knife had entered. In spite of its rigidity, the body had kept its rounded beauty and seemed alive. Only the hands, with their too transparent skin and violet finger-nails, and the face with its glazed, wide-open eyes and blackened mouth, a mouth that was set in a horrible grin, told of the eternal sleep.

An oppressive silence weighed on the dreary, stone-paved hall. Lying on the ground beside the dead woman was the sheet that had covered her: there were blood-stains on it. The magistrates were closely watching the accused man as he stood unmoved between the two warders, his head well up, a supercilious expression on his face, his hands crossed behind his back.

The examining magistrate opened the proceedings: "Well, Gautet, do you recognize your victim?"

The man moved his head, looking first at the magistrate, then with reflective attention at the dead woman as if he were searching in the depths of his memory.

"I do not know this woman," he said at length in a low voice. "I have never seen her before."

"Yet there are witnesses who will state on oath that you were her lover. . . ."

"The witnesses are mistaken. I never knew this woman."

"Think well before you answer," said the magistrate after a moment's silence. "What is the use of trying to mislead us? This confrontation is the merest formality, not at all necessary in your case. You are intelligent, and if you wish for any clemency from the jury, I advise you in your own interest to confess."

"Being innocent, I have nothing to confess."

"Once again, remember that these denials have no weight at all. I myself am prepared to believe that you gave way to a fit of passion, one of these sudden mad-nesses when a man sees red. . . . Look again at your victim. . . . Can you see her lying there like that and feel no emotion, no repentance? . . ."

"Repentance, you say? How can I repent of what I have not done? . . . As for emotion, if mine was not entirely deadened, it was at least considerably lessened by the simple fact that I knew what I was going to see when I came here. I feel no more emotion than you do yourself. Why should I? I might just as well accuse you of the crime because you stand there unmoved."

He spoke in an even voice, without gestures, as a man would who had complete control of himself. The overwhelming charge left him apparently undisturbed and he confined his defense to calm, obstinate denials.

One of the minor officials said in an undertone: "They will get nothing out of him. . . . He will deny it even on the scaffold."

Without a trace of anger, Gautet replied: "That is so, even on the scaffold."

The sultry atmosphere of an impending thunderstorm added to the feeling of exasperation caused by this

struggle between accusers and accused, this obstinate "no" to every question in the face of all evidence.

Through the dirty window-pane the setting threw a vivid golden glare on the corpse.

"So be it," said the magistrate: "You do not know the victim. But what about this?"

He held out an ivory-handled knife, a large knife with clotted blood on its strong blade.

The man took the weapon into his hands, looked at it for a few seconds, then handed it to one of the warders and wiped his fingers.

"That? . . . I have never seen it before either."

"Systematic denial . . . that is your plan, is it?" sneered the magistrate. "This knife is yours. It used to hang in your study. Twenty people have seen it there."

The prisoner bowed. "That proves nothing but that twenty people have made a mistake."

"Enough of this," said the magistrate. "Though there is not a shadow of doubt about your guilt, we will make one last decisive test. There are marks of strangulation on the neck of the victim. You can clearly see the traces of five fingers, particularly long fingers, the medical expert tells us. Show these gentlemen your hands. You see?"

The magistrate raised the chin of the dead woman. There were violet marks on the white skin of the neck: at the end of every bruise the flesh was deeply pitted, as if nails had been dug in. It looked like the skeleton of a giant leaf.

"There is your handiwork. Whilst with your left hand you were trying to strangle this poor woman, with your free right hand you drove this knife into her heart. Come here and repeat the action of the night of the murder. Place your fingers on the bruises of the neck. . . . Come along. . . ."

Gautet hesitated for a second, then shrugged his shoulders and said in a sullen voice:

"You wish to see if my fingers correspond? . . . and suppose they do? . . . What will that prove? . . ."

He moved towards the slab: he was noticeably paler, his teeth were clenched, his eyes dilated. For a moment he stood very still, his gaze fixed on the rigid body, then with an automaton-like gesture, he stretched out his hand and laid it on the flesh.

The involuntary shudder that ran through him at the cold, clammy contact caused a sudden, sharp movement of his fingers which contracted as if to strangle.

Under this pressure the set muscles of the dead woman seemed to come to life. You could see them stretch obliquely from the collar-bone to the angle of the jaw: the mouth lost its horrible grin and opened as if in an atrocious yawn, the dry lips drew back to disclose teeth encrusted with thick, brown slime.

Every one started with horror.

There was something enigmatic and terrifying about this gaping mouth in this impassive face, this mouth open as if for a death-rattle from beyond the portals of the grave, the sound only held back by the swollen tongue that was doubled back in the throat.

Then, all at once, there came from that black hole a low, undefined noise, a sort of humming that suggested a hive, and an enormous blue-bottle with shining wings, one of these charnel-house flies that live on death, an unspeakable filthy beast, flew out, hissing as it circled round the cavern as if to guard the approach. Suddenly it paused . . . then made a straight course for the blue lips of Gautet.

With a motion of horror, he tried to drive it away: but the monstrous thing came back, clinging to his lips with all the strength of its poisonous claws.

With one bound the man leaped backwards, his eyes wild, his hair on end, his hands stretched out, his whole body quivering as he shrieked like a madman:

"I confess! . . . I did it! . . . Take me away! . . . Take me away! . . ."

A monograph in the London *Financial Times* on the history of the old Citizens' Bank of Louisiana, at New Orleans, reveal the origin of the name "Dixie Land"—the term applied now to all the Southern states and preserved in the famous Southern war song, "Dixie." Prior to the civil war the Citizens' Bank, having the power to issue paper notes, issued several millions of bills in denominations of \$10 and \$20, but mostly \$10. The ten-dollar bills were engraved in French with the French word *Dix* featured on their backs. The bills became known as "Dixies," and this money becoming popular, Louisiana was referred to as the "Land of Dixies," or "Dixie Land." Eventually the term was so broadened as to apply to all the Southern states. This seems a very acceptable explanation of the origin of the term, which has been the subject of so much discussion.

England today has no law school in existence. Harvard's Law School is not only the oldest existing law school in the United States, but it is the oldest existing academic law school in the English-speaking world. They have a professor of law at Cambridge and a professor of law at Oxford, in England, but they do not teach law in the manner of a professional school. They simply lecture upon law, or endeavor to give a scientific preparation for the profession of law, but do not give scientific, professional training.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending August 28, 1920, were \$150,100,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$127,000,000; a gain of \$23,100,000.

A decrease of \$3,897,000 in gold reserves for the business week ended August 27th was shown in the weekly comparative statement of condition made public Saturday by the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco. Total gold reserves this week are reported at \$158,440,000, as against a total of \$162,337,000 for the previous week. The total of gold held by banks within the district, however, is reported

unsettling effects of liquidation and price readjustments upon general industry have become more apparent than at any time since the reaction in trade set in (says John Grant Dater in *Harper's Magazine*). There is a disposition on the part of many experienced observers to attribute the expanding application of contraction—that is, its extension to and inclusive of numerous industries which had escaped its influences heretofore—to the delays and difficulties of transportation, and that may be the case. Car shortage and freight congestion have been fruitful sources of disturbances for the better part of a year, and the situation has not improved materially in recent weeks. But to the contrary, in some respects and in certain locations conditions have gone from bad to worse.

This is particularly true of the iron and steel industry in the Pittsburgh and Chicago districts. An alarming shortage of fuel throughout the country, the result of a combination of circumstances, such as a reduction of reserve supplies, increased consumption, and diminished production—the last growing out of strikes and labor disturbances—induced the Interstate Commerce Commission to grant priority rights on coal shipments. There can be no doubt that this action was necessary, for countless plants throughout the country in the early summer were forced to shut down for lack of fuel, and the closure of numerous others, particularly in New England, was threatened, through the inability of the public utility corporations, which supply them with light and heat and power, to obtain their usual supplies of coal. But the diversion of a large number of open-top freight cars to provide for the transshipment of fuel reacted harmfully upon many other industries which were deprived of their customary facilities for transportation.

Among the larger activities of the country, the iron and steel industry has been the chief sufferer from the shortage of fuel and the steps taken to correct the situation. Coke has advanced enormously and has been quoted recently as high as \$20 a ton, which contrasts with an average price of \$7.50 a ton earlier in the year. This, of course, has added greatly to production costs, and it is to be noted, in contradistinction to the tendencies displayed elsewhere, that the prices of iron and steel have advanced. On the other hand, however, the inadequacy of transportation facilities has resulted in a vast accumulation of finished steel, as much as 2,000,000 tons being piled up at Pittsburgh alone, and the difficulties recently have reflected in a banking of furnaces and a marked curtailment of production. It is difficult to say what the situation would have been in iron and steel, or, for that matter, in any other of the larger industries under normal transportation conditions.

There can be no question, of course, that the setback in general trade has been intensified by the delays and difficulties in obtaining raw material and supplies, particularly fuel, and in shipping finished products; but it may be doubted if a free and unimpeded movement of merchandise would have prevented or even deferred the recession for any great length of time. The necessity of contraction was emphasized by the Federal Reserve Board as far back as November last, and attention was directed to the dangers of inflation and the over-expansion of bank loans long before that date by individual bankers and financial experts. The cautionings and the warnings were in no way associated with car shortage or freight congestion, which did not develop until a much later period. The reaction originated in the credit strain and the efforts of the Federal Reserve banks to force deflation.

That the readjustment has been accelerated

by such developments as the financial crises in Japan and the Far East, the bitter antagonism of the public to the further extortion by retail merchants which led to the extensive price-cutting campaign, and the transportation situation is not to be denied; but an overburdening of credit is at the bottom of all the trouble, and it is difficult to see how there can be any long-sustained or extensive improvement in conditions until the source of the disturbance has been removed. This centres in the insufficiency of the reserves to support the vast volume of banking liabilities which have been reared upon them, and the true solution rests, not in the clearing up of railway tracks and terminals, but in a further contraction of loans or liquidation. That a reestablishment of normal transportation conditions would help in this matter is not to be denied, for freight congestion has "frozen" a large volume of credits, and their liquefaction would afford relief.

There are some persons, many persons, in fact—who speak of industrial reactions with bated breath, not realizing, apparently, that they are the remedy, and not the disease. True it is, no doubt, that the curative processes may be very unpleasant for some persons—for corporations and manufacturers with large and inflated inventories; for merchants and dealers with heavy stocks of high-priced goods on hand; and for speculators and operators committed, perhaps, irrevocably through syndicate agreements or other undertakings, to the long side of the securities or commodities markets. These may suffer extensive losses in the decline in prices and it would be regrettable if such should be the outcome, but such things fall within the contingencies of business. One man's loss is ever another man's gain, and who can doubt but that the community as a whole would be very much benefited if the prices of all commodities and necessities should fall 50 per cent., or even to the pre-war level.

Careful observers do not, of course, look for any such extensive decline as that, except, possibly, in one or two rare instances, where prices have been advanced to an inordinate level as a result of unbridled speculation. Of this raw silk, the collapse in the price of which led the reaction and first directed the attention of the textile industry and the entire business community to the instability of inflated commodity values, affords the most striking illustration. At the beginning of August the variety and grade of raw silk known as Sinushiu No. 1, which sold in January last at \$17.85 a pound, was quoted at \$5.22½ a pound, a decline of 70 per cent. from the highest price of the year. Even at this low level there was no activity in the silk market, for, as the *Journal of Commerce* of New York said in commenting upon the situation, "The mills which are either closed entirely or running on part time appear to have all the raw material they need."

What has developed in the silk market—that is, a large accumulation of raw material when only a scant supply was believed to exist and a violent decline in prices, when the speculative buying craze had spent its force, was well in line with all economic experience. The situation arises from the fact that relatively few men have the courage to buy in falling markets, and not alone that, but those who purchase speculatively in anticipation of a further advance, and those who purchase legitimately to provide for actual requirements, are both disposed in times of reaction to sell. They are anxious to limit their losses, if possible, but these may be accentuated by the unexpectedly large volume of goods and wares which are brought into sight and pressed for sale. This has developed recently not only in silks and the manufactures thereof, but in wool and woolen goods, and to some extent also in staple cotton and cotton fabrics.

While the tendencies which have developed in the textile industry go a long way in refuting the arguments of those observers who asserted there could be no serious reaction, because all the elements of high production costs were present in the situation, they are not wholly conclusive on that point. Textiles and wearing apparel, for example, have been more directly affected by the price-cutting campaign of the retail merchants than any other lines. The consumers have fallen into a way of believing that dry-goods prices must come down, and they have impressed the department store buyers with that idea. The latter, as a result, have refrained from placing their customary orders, for the manufacturers have been unwilling, as a class, to make substantial concessions upon the score that these were not justified by the prevailing high cost of raw material and labor.

In some instances where reductions have been made they have failed to stimulate buying; the dry-goods jobbing trade has been almost at a standstill and there has been a marked curtailment of production in woolen goods. This has reacted sharply upon raw wool, which has become well-nigh unsalable, and the wool-growers have had to appeal to the Federal Reserve Board for assistance in financing and handling the clip. One of the difficulties which has beset the woolen goods

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industry is an extensive cancellation of orders, which is a dishonest and dishonorable practice—buying under false pretenses—which has resulted in a blacklisting of some dealers and a withdrawal of credit from others who have resorted to it. But the chief difficulty of late appears to be an inability to determine values. To obviate this and stimulate the movement of goods, some merchants have resorted to the doubtful old-time policy of "stock protection and guarantee," thereby obligating themselves to charge up all merchandise sold, or such as remains unmarketed by the jobber up to a certain date at the lowest price established during the interval.

What is true of the textile industry regard-

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ing price uncertainties is true also of practically all industries, and this has been the dominating influence in the markets of the recent past. Price readjustments are working out everywhere along the line of least resistance, and the progressive decline in values has created a widespread depression of sentiment. There was a marked decline in the volume of bank clearings throughout the country during the month of July, for instance, and commercial failures in June, according to the figures compiled by R. J. Dun & Co., involving liabilities of \$32,990,963, were the largest for that month since 1916. Aside from the defaults which were openly an-

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nounced, the affairs of a number of firms, particularly in the silk industry, including one of some importance, were taken over by banking and merchandise creditors for a private settlement out of court. An increasing unemployment of labor as indicated by the closing down of the mills of the American Woolen Company, and the laying off of 12,000

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employees by the Pennsylvania Railroad, has been another recent consequence of reaction. It is not surprising, under the circumstances, that after a long interval of inactivity liquidation should have reappeared in the stock market. The selling movement was preceded, however, by an outburst of professional activity which for a time resulted in a higher level of prices.

The \$480,000 issue of one to ten-year 6½

per cent. improvement bonds of the City of Idaho Falls has been purchased entire by the Lumhermens Trust Company and is announced in \$100, \$500, and \$1000 denominations to yield 7 per cent. net, income tax exempt.

In the opinion of John Dwight Neale, vice-president of the company, the offering is particularly fortunate from the investor's standpoint because of the important strategic location of the city as the geographical trading and shipping centre of the irrigated lands of the fertile Snake River Valley.

From these million and a quarter acres Idaho Falls annually ships 7500 carloads of agricultural products alone, and the total freight shipments of the city are greater than those of any other city on the entire Union Pacific Railroad system.

Against an actual estimated value of twelve million dollars, the total net bonded debt, including this issue, is but \$638,000. And it is stated that income from the city's ownership and operation of the waterfalls is sufficient alone to meet bond interest and sinking fund and pay a net profit to the general expense fund.

The Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company report earnings for the Steel and Tuhe Company of America for the seven months ending July 31, 1920, as follows: Gross earnings after Federal taxes, \$7,272,755; interest, \$980,213; net earnings, \$6,292,542; preferred dividends, \$714,584; surplus, \$5,577,958. Surplus earnings, after allowing for preferred dividends, are equivalent to \$5.74 a share on the \$1,941,884 (par value \$2 per share) common stock.

After a month's vacation, G. Brashears, general sales manager for Stephens & Co., is in San Francisco on a tour of all the company's offices. While away he took occasion to notice the general prosperity of the California farmers and to note the strides being made by some of the large ranches. He says: "When one sees the businesslike efficiency of the large ranch and the use of machinery on a large scale it is not surprising that these enterprises should be so generally successful. This probably accounts for the steady demand we find for high-grade first-mortgage farm land bonds. This demand in face of the showing made by the recent Eastern issues is a real tribute to this type of security, and one which is well deserved."

An offering of \$80,000 Cordua Irrigation District, Yuba County, California, gold 6 per cent. bonds, yielding 6½ per cent., tax exempt, is being made by the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company in denominations of \$1000. These bonds constitute a tax lien ranking ahead of all first mortgages, including Federal farm loans on 6122 acres of productive farm lands about five miles northeast of Marysville. The principal crops are alfalfa, fruit, grain, and rice. Earnings from crops in 1919 were at the rate of over \$34 per acre—about 12.7 times bond requirements—greater than the total amount of bonds. The 1920 earnings are estimated to exceed thirty-eight times

bond requirements or three and one-fourth times the total bonds. A rich red loam is almost uniform throughout the district and is underlaid by a heavier sub-soil of impervious clay. This makes an almost ideal condition for irrigation, as the soil holds water readily, while the slope of the lands insures sufficient drainage. The district is traversed by the Southern Pacific Railroad from Oroville to Marysville and the main line of the Western Pacific Railroad. The Ukiah-Tahoe Unit of the state highway will run through the district.

The gradual improvement of transportation which has been effected during recent weeks has permitted a somewhat more rapid movement of grain than had been anticipated. Consequently the holdover from the preceding year has in good measure been cared for and the new crop-moving season has begun on schedule and under more favorable conditions than seemed possible a month ago (says the National Bank of Commerce of New York regarding current conditions). It is reported from some sections of the Middle West that bank loans to finance the actual harvesting of the new crops are being reduced at an earlier date than is usually the case. While the credit requirements of the new movement will not reach maximum volume for some time to come, and while easier credit can not be expected until the peak of the movement has passed, the situation has improved sufficiently to make reasonably clear that the autumn agricultural demands for credit will not be in excess of the ability of the banks to supply.

There are indications also that many commercial borrowers, in response to expectations of a credit stringency during the fall which have prevailed for many months, have at least to some extent anticipated their autumn requirements for credit. This factor, coupled with the continued tendency toward reduced volume of business and lower prices for many commodities, may be expected to relieve the pressure of commercial and industrial credit requirements. It must be recognized, however, that some little time will be necessary for this relief to make itself manifest, because of the interval which must elapse before a new policy in business brings results.

Rates in the New York money market have ruled steady throughout the period of July 16th-August 15th. Commercial borrowings in the open market have continued at a firm level of 8 per cent. Call money rates, which ruled at 9 per cent. at the beginning of the period, gradually declined to about 6 per cent. at its close. This decline has reflected, not a surplus of funds available for stock exchange employment, but the reduced volume of requirements resulting from continued stock liquidation.

The bond market has experienced a real measure of improvement during the period under review. The absorption by investors of corporate and particularly of railroad securities has been good and has extended to bonds of the second and third grade. The general trend of prices, moreover, has been moderately upward.

This improvement in tone is a reflection of the more definite and improved position of the railroads which will result from the settlement of the railroad wage question and the allowance of substantially increased freight and passenger rates by the Interstate Commerce Commission. It reflects, also, a feeling that the readjustment of business and prices to a more normal level is proceeding satisfactorily and that this process will ultimately release to the investment market a more adequate supply of credit. While these factors have occasioned a moderate upward trend of bond prices, the tremendous volume of new financing which awaits a favorable market constitutes a retarding element which may occasion repeated fluctuations in the trend. It must be expected that at each new level of prices outstanding bond issues will meet with the competition of new flotations.

Although superficially not much change is evident in the general business situation from that of July 15th, nevertheless underlying intrinsic conditions are slowly and steadily making for a sounder situation. An important element is the determination of business interests to carry into effect a new policy of conducting their affairs on sane and conservative lines, looking toward stability and continuance in business rather than to the policy which until recently prevailed of doing as much business as possible at high prices on a basis of excited public buying with resulting abnormal profits.

The necessity for an advance in railroad rates had long been beyond argument, but even among those who regarded this advance as necessary there had been a considerable doubt as to the effect upon prices of products which move on a tonnage basis. Temporarily the effect of these rate advances will be reflected in prices of bulky articles, although there should be little or no reflection in prices of articles the value of which is relatively high in relation to weight. Certain offsetting circumstances are not to be ignored, however. As long as the railroads were unable adequately

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to expand their facilities to handle the freight offered to them, business in all lines suffered under a most serious handicap because of hampered transportation. In some cases this has been reflected violently in prices. If the rate advances enable the railroads to build up their plant and equipment sufficiently to handle freight, expansion of production in all lines will become possible, and the friction involved in the present process of distribution will be eliminated. It will take a considerable time to reach this result, but when it is attained the final effect of increased rates will be to lower prices.

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Russia and America.

Mr. Spargo need hardly have written so large a book to prove that Russia is an American problem, although he would have to write a much larger one to prove that we ought to supply Russia on credit with whatever she happens to need. It may be said further that if we are inclined to doubt the value of such books as this except in so far as they are historical it is in no way intended as a disparagement of Mr. Spargo's ability or information. He falls under the double error of supposing that the governments of the world are actuated in their foreign relations by a sentiment of good will toward Russia and in their domestic relations by rectitude and intelligence. Whereas they are thinking of nothing but of parties and of votes.

The present condition of Russia is the necessary and inevitable result of the treatment that has been accorded to her during the last four hundred years. Russia has been practically excluded from the comity of European nations and her every effort toward national development has been spitefully and causelessly thwarted. And now when her internal diseases are found to be contagious we hold up our hands in horror at what we call the aftermath of war and bestow the blame impartially upon every one but ourselves. When Russia underwent her revolution we proclaimed her and proscribed her as an enemy and thereby placed the Bolsheviks in the position of Russian protagonists. The situation might even then have been tolerable if we had been consistent even in our enmity. But we were not. We fawned upon the Bolsheviks on Tuesdays and Fridays and hulled them on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Professing to create a Poland that should be a rampart against Bolshevism, we saw to it that Poland should be so weak as to be helpless, and by way of driving the last nail in her coffin we deprived her of Danzig and of all

her ocean territory. Professing to dread an alliance between Russia and Germany, we did all we could to make it inevitable and we are now doing what else we can to drive Japan into the same combination. It seems a little late in the day to be discussing Russia's economic needs, and still later in the day to deplore her influence in Asia after spending some four centuries in coercively persuading her to join the Asiatic rather than the European household. At the present time the world is reaping exactly what it has sown; no more, no less. If it now fears Bolshevism the remedy is, not to fight Bolsheviks, which is impossible, seeing that men will not fight any more, but rather to prepare a soil of justice and good government in which the Bolshevik seed will not grow. But what we need is men, and not measures. That is why the outlook seems so black.

None the less Mr. Spargo gives us a mass of valuable information attractively set forth. That it is somewhat irrelevant to the situation does not matter very much. We shall keep it carefully. It may become relevant to some other situation, and who shall say what the day may bring forth?

RUSSIA AS AN AMERICAN PROBLEM. By John Spargo. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.25.

George Santayana.

The voice of Mr. Santayana is that of one crying in the wilderness, not that we may look toward a more glorious future, but toward a more beautiful and stately past. For Mr. Santayana had nothing in common with the thought of the world in which he lived. His attitude toward it was that of a gentle and melancholy contempt. He believed neither in its ideals nor its reforms. To him it was a world of barbarians, of well-intentioned savages, without either tradition or reverence or beauty. Mr. Santayana, although born a Spaniard, lived most of his life in America, but he remained wholly untouched, uninfluenced by his environment. He was always in exile, dreaming the dreams of the Latin world.

A volume of extracts from notable writings is never quite satisfactory, even when done with the skill of Logan Pearsall Smith, who worked with the collaboration of Mr. Santayana himself. But it is better than nothing, much better. For the majority of us it is all that we are likely to read, and we should certainly not lose the opportunity thereby presented.

LITTLE ESSAYS DRAWN FROM THE WRITINGS OF GEORGE SANTAYANA. By Logan Pearsall Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Constantine of Greece.

Whether the public desires the truth about the war and its causes is an open question. There are those who suspect that it prefers the lie so long as the lie is interestingly told. Not that we would charge Mr. Paxton Hibben with a deliberate falsification of the facts with regard to Constantine and the Greek war. His fault seems to be that of a partisanship so strong as to blind his vision and destroy his sense of evidential values. Doubtless he be-

lieves every word he says, but that is no reason why we should.

To give an example of Mr. Hibben's methods we may quote his statement that "not even Venizelos himself pretended that the vote in question had been a vote by Greece in favor of going to war." This refers to the general election which expelled Gounaris from power and gave his vote to Venizelos. It was an election that hinged upon war, and upon nothing else. It was in answer to the direct question of war or no war with Bulgaria. The issue was as clear as the sun at noonday, and no one ever questioned it until Mr. Hibben loomed on the horizon.

Ex uno disce omnes. We need go no farther. There are other misstatements equally glaring, and they are hard to explain except on the theory of a partisanship that paralyzes the judgment. Perhaps it is well that Constantine should have an apologist, a special pleader. It is the custom. But if the popular jury is competent to its task his plea will be heard with some impatience.

CONSTANTINE I AND THE GREEK PEOPLE. By Paxton Hibben. New York: The Century Company.

The Spacious Times.

Francis Coutts has already taken his place as a poet and a maker of finely chiseled phrases, technically faultless and expressive of striking thoughts. In this volume we have him at his best. Most of his poems are devoted to the incidents of the war, but there are also many on softer themes, and some of them peculiarly graceful.

THE SPACIOUS TIMES AND OTHERS. By Francis Coutts. New York: John Lane Company.

Briefer Reviews.

With certain sad reminiscences we receive from Robert M. McBride & Co. a volume entitled "A Tankard of Ale," otherwise and sufficiently described as "an anthology of drinking songs," edited and compiled by Thomas Maynard. Whether this volume is a sort of *memento mori* we do not know, but we do know that we are now forbidden to drink ale, although the best legal authorities are of opinion that we may still sing.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has published "Uncle Squeaky's Country Store," by Nellie M. Leonard, with illustrations by Carle Michel Boog. We are inclined to wonder if children are benefited by animal stories that bear no resemblance to animal life so far as we know it.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The Comtesse Madeleine de Bryas in "A Frenchwoman's Impressions of America," just published by the Century Company, comments as follows on the American habit of using the bathing suit: "One of our great surprises in the United States was finding how much the young generation of the country loves to get a dipping in water. Americans are an amphibious race. Swimming, diving, and plunging come to them instinctively. Never in my whole life had I met so many people in bathing costumes. It is almost a summer uniform—and truly a very becoming one. . . . In France we rarely swim except at the seaside, whereas here you almost fall into a crowded swimming pool at every step you take, in public parks, at country clubs, and very often in hotels and private houses."

Sir E. A. Wallis Budge's account in two large and handsome volumes of his travels and adventures in excavating and studying the ruins in Egypt and Mesopotamia bears the title, "By Nile and Tigris." The work has just been published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co.

The debate which took place last May at Carnegie Hall, New York, between Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, and Henry J. Allen, governor of Kansas, will be published in book form shortly by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Sir Gilbert Parker has not written a full-length novel for several years, but is appearing with "No Defense" from the Lippincott press. Working out the theme of a man's horror, which the world thinks he has lost, there are many scenes of war, mutiny, and love, and the stirring contests of wills and wits. It is said to be Parker at his best.

Before his death R. E. Vernede, author of "War Poems and Other Verses," published by the George H. Doran Company, was a well-known writer in England. Some of his most representative short stories have been collected in a volume called "Port Allington Stories and Others," which is published simultaneously with the poems.

Use of Homing Pigeons.

An entirely practical use of homing pigeons is reported from England. The inventor of the system is a butcher's son, who employs his birds regularly to carry orders from outlying districts—presumably where there are no telephones—to his father's shop. The plans work excellently. When the boy goes to collect orders he takes six of his

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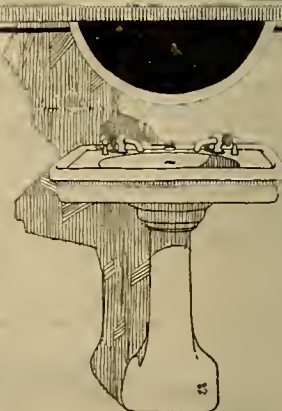
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fastest birds in a trap with him. After he has gone a mile or two and collected a dozen orders he liberates a pigeon with the slips enclosed in a little metal case attached to the bird's foot. Before five minutes have elapsed these orders are in the shop. At the various stages of his round, which usually takes three hours, the other birds with more orders are set free, and by the time the shop is reached all the orders received by this pigeon post have been dispatched.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Youth in Harley.

This is a story of New England people in a New England town of the present day, that is to say, to be more precise, of the time when Cleveland won the presidential election over Benjamin Harrison. The picture is not wholly an ingratiating one, although the intention of the author to be photographically accurate is evident enough.

Viewed as a novel, it is of the simplest kind. Stephen Quaid, fresh from collegiate honors, accepts the position of principal of the Harley Academy and finds himself at once plunged into the intimacies of small town life. Stephen, it must be confessed, is a good deal of a prig and inclined to look upon the world as created for his exploitation, a common enough failing among college graduates. When at last he reluctantly and rather condescendingly falls in love with Cynthia he finds himself in contact with ideals that are not his and with a will as strong as his own. Cynthia is uncritically religious and views Stephen's intellectual doubtings with horror. Moreover Cynthia proposes to save the world by becoming a medical missionary, a career hardly consonant with marriage. Stephen also intends to save the world, but in some way more nourishing to his self-conceit. He frets because he can give only one vote to Harrison, whereas he might control many votes as a political leader. If college graduates were one-half as clever as they think they are we should not now be in the slough of despond. Stephen and Cynthia come to terms before the end of the book and in the good old fashion by giving way to each other.

But the interest of the story is in its picture of village life. We are allowed to see it in most of its phases. There is the town meeting, the sleigh party, the G. A. R. assem-

bly, the country fair, and the church. We are introduced to the clergyman—rather a weak brother—to the blacksmith, the artisan, and the farmer. They are all types and admirably drawn. We hope they have survived the war and its changes, with their shrewdness, their occasional unostentatious scholarship, and the strong sense of duty which was always the saving grace of a Puritanism otherwise apt to be distasteful. The author has done a worthy piece of work and in a finished way. Few other writers could have made Harley so attractive.

YOUTH IN HARLEY. By Gordon Hall Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Insect Life.

The French naturalist, Fabre, was responsible for much of the interest now being shown in the life of the insect world. Never was there an investigator so patient, so competent, or, it may be said, so human.

The present author, J. H. Crabtree, F. R. P. S., shows many of the same qualifications for his task. In the course of his two hundred pages he makes us familiar with the great insect families and with their chief representatives. His eight chapters are apportioned among the Coleoptera, Orthoptera, Hemiptera, Diptera, Neuroptera, Myrmenoptera, Lepidoptera, and Aptera. Avoiding the obscurities of scientific terminology, he shows us how the insects live and their principal characteristics, and he does it in such a way as to convey some of his sympathies to his readers.

WONDERS OF INSECT LIFE. By J. H. Crabtree. F. R. P. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

Literature.

Mr. MacGregor Jenkins is publisher of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and thus he knows something about writers and their readers, the humbug and the pretense of the "literary world." One would suppose that some bitterness might result from such experience, but there is no bitterness in Mr. Jenkins' kindly raillery. He can afford to laugh at the credulities and superstitions and enthusiasms about nothing in which most of us spend our time, and perhaps the secret of it all is that he can see the human heart lurking behind what is facetiously called the human mind, and he finds it usually wholesome. Certainly he has here written a delightful little book.

LITERATURE WITH A LARGE L. By MacGregor Jenkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.

New Books Received.

A MATING IN THE WILDS. By Ottwell Binns. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
A novel.

THE LOUDWATER MYSTERY. By Edgar Jepson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
A detective story.

GAS WARFARE. By Edward S. Farrow. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.
Covering the whole subject of toxic gases.

REALISM. By Arthur McDowall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4.

A study in art and thought.

POLITICAL SUMMARY OF THE UNITED STATES.

1789-1920. By Ernest Fletcher Clymer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.

Early Government and the Electoral System, Concise Biographies of the Presidents, Political Parties and Their Origin, Political Parties in Order of Their Appearance, Presidential Elections.

THE SALONICA SIDE-SHOW. By V. J. Seligman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4.

Dealing with the every-day life of the British Salonica forces.

THE COUNSEL OF THE UNGOODLY. By Charles Brackett. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
A novel.

TALES OF MYSTERY AND HORROR. By Maurice Level. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; \$2.
Short stories.

A STUDY OF POETRY. By Bliss Perry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.
A general discussion of poetry and aesthetics.

THE UNITED STATES IN OUR OWN TIME, 1865-1920. By Paul L. Haworth, Ph. D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
A history.

YOUTH IN HARLEY. By Gordon Hall Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
A novel.

THE NURSERY OF HEAVEN. Edited by Rev. G. Vale Owen and H. A. Dallas. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

Essays by various writers on the future life of children, with experiences of their manifestations after death.

DIVISIONAL AND OTHER SIGNS. Collected and illustrated by V. Wheeler-Holohan, Captain, Twelfth London Regiment. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

An illustrated account of the history and origin of the signs or badges worn on their shoulders by soldiers in uniform.

REPUTATIONS. By Douglas Goldring. New York: Thomas Selzer.

Essays in criticism.

EMERSON'S ESSAYS. Selected and edited with an introduction by Arthur Hobson Quinn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
Issued in the Modern Students' Library.

SELF-HEALTH AS A HABIT. By Eustace Miles. M. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.
Advice about health.

"THE GREATEST FAILURE IN ALL HISTORY." By John Spargo. New York: Harper & Brothers.
How Soviet ideals fell before economic necessity.

UNCLE SQUEAKY'S COUNTRY STORE. By Nellie M. Leonard. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.
For little children.

STRATEGIC CAMOUFLAGE. By Solomon J. Solomon, R. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$9.
With numerous illustrations.

OCTOBER AND OTHER POEMS. By Robert Bridges. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
A volume of verse.

A TANKARD OF ALE. Compiled and edited by Theodore Maynard. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

An anthology of drinking songs.

THE FLYING LEGION. By George Allan England. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

A tale of the great Arabian desert.

WONDERS OF INSECT LIFE. By J. H. Crabtree, F. R. P. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.
Details of the habits and structure of insects, illustrated by the camera and the microscope.

NOT THAT IT MATTERS. By A. A. Milne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.
Light essays.

NAVAL GUNS IN FLANDERS, 1914-1915. By L. F. R. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.
A war record.

THE BROKEN LAUGH. By Meg Villars. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

A novel.

THE UNSEEN DOCTOR. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
Issued in the Psychic Series.

SOUTH OF SUEZ. By William Ashley Anderson. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; \$3.
Adventures in Africa.

SELECTED POEMS. By Lady Margaret Sackville. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.
A volume of verse.

THE COBSAIR IN THE WAR ZONE. By Ralph D. Paine. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A war record.

A TOUR THROUGH INDIANA IN 1840. Edited by Kate Milner Rabb. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

The diary of John Parsons of Petersburg, Virginia.

ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE. By Leo Shestov. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.
Russian essays.

LESBIA AND OTHER POEMS. By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.
A volume of verse.

In the old mining town of Shasta, California, once the largest town in Shasta County, Western Star Lodge No. 2, Free and Accepted Masons, still has ninety-five members, though there is only one member living there. He is Grant Schroter, who is always elected secretary. The other members are scattered in all parts of the globe. Several are in South Africa. But dues are kept paid up, and every one of the ninety-five may be said to be an active member.

Forerunner of "Pussyfoot" Johnson.

Benjamin Franklin was the first "pussyfoot" to be exported from America to England (observes the *Manchester Guardian*). As a young man he lived for some time in London and worked as a compositor in a printing office in Little Wild Street. There he set himself to prove to his fellow-pressmen that an allowance of five pints of strong porter a day was not at all necessary to support health and strength. Franklin himself drank water only (the other compositors nicknamed him "the American Aquatic"), and yet demonstrated that he was able to carry far heavier forms and galleys of type than the beer-drinkers.

To the cry that porter was necessary as foodstuff, Franklin replied that the bodily strength furnished by the beer could only be in proportion to the solid part of the barley dissolved in the water of which the beer was composed; that there was a larger portion of flour in a penny loaf and that, consequently, if he ate this loaf and drank a pint of water he would derive more strength from it than from a pint of beer.

Franklin's breakfast, taken at his work, was "a good basin of warm gruel in which was a small slice of butter, with toasted bread and nutmeg." He managed to persuade some of his fellow-workmen to abandon a breakfast of cheese and beer in favor of the gruel of "the American Aquatic"—a conversion probably accomplished more by admiration for Franklin's natural physical strength than by any serious regard for his decidedly novel principles.

When the fox resorts to certain tricks to outwit and delay the hound (if he ever consciously does so), says John Burroughs, he exercises a kind of intelligence—the lower form which we call cunning, and he is prompted to this by an instinct of self-preservation.

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"MADAME SAND."

This is the title of a wise, kind, half satirizing, half sympathizing, immensely comprehending, and wholly brilliant play by Philip Moeller. This author's name is more particularly connected with the Washington Square Players, of whose theatrical organization he was one of the founders. His abilities found sympathetic expression for some time in one-act plays for the Washington Square Players. His work commanded immediate attention, and now he has developed into a writer of full-length plays. "Madame Sand" was written for Mrs. Fiske, who describes it in a foreword to the printed copy of the piece as an "incurably brilliant and funny play." She laughed and laughed as she read it, and with what additional delight she must have laughed to recognize points, places, situations, sayings in the play to which her peculiar and individual talent could do full justice. The play had its first representation in Baltimore in October, 1917, and the great success that was inevitable was then begun.

And we saw Mrs. Fiske during her recent visit here in "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans!" A shallow, twaddly affair, built only for an ephemeral success. True, it gave a certain theatrical opportunity to Mrs. Fiske, and true again, she took advantage of it with such grace and charm and vivacity as almost to persuade us that the play had merit. But it didn't really, except of the most superficial and artificial kind. To read "Madame Sand" is to groan and groan again over our lost opportunity. No matter how much we may appreciate the printed play, a play was written to be acted. Mrs. Fiske is preëminently the actress on the American stage to breathe the breath of life into this strictly natural enjoyer of life, this sedulous follower of irresistible impulses, George Sand. Perhaps a quotation from Mrs. Fiske, very delightfully expressed, will help to freshen up the colors of that image of George Sand that we have built up from the comments of her amazed

contemporaries, from the shrewd, perceptive, and analytic criticisms of later writers, such as Henry James, and from her own five or more scores of books. "This creature of a thousand colors," she says, "grande dame and Bohemian, gamine and daughter of kings, soubrette and philosopher, pagan and religious, hausfrau and mad lover, everyday hard worker and impassioned dreamer, tragedy queen and imp of mischief, sibyl and 'big child,' everything that lives and burns and flames in man or woman, George Sand, the generous, the kind, the simple."

It is plain that Mrs. Fiske attained to a heavenly state of enthusiasm when she plunged into George Sandiana after reading Mr. Moeller's play, and that it was in that mood that she started out to interpret to her public this woman of a dozen amours that set all Europe agog; this many-sided creator of the pure, the lofty-minded, the spiritually radiant Consuelo.

For Mr. Moeller attacked his task of putting George Sand into a play with an emancipation of spirit, a full comprehension of the immense and enjoyable contradictions in Mme. Sand's nature, and a determination to reveal them in a play entirely devoid of historic conventionality and tedious salaams toward genius which has resulted in giving it humanness, originality, and fine yet abounding humor.

It is quite a remarkable play, for an American; a typical New Yorker, one supposes, for the author was born (in 1880), reared, and educated in the City of New York. His play, however, is worthy of a brilliant European. It does not read like European impressions filtered through an American mind, but is essentially European throughout in atmosphere and expression; except, perhaps, that his American up-bringing assisted him in approaching the subject of "ridiculous, priceless George" with a fuller perception of the humorous possibilities inherent in her character and in the events of her life than if he had been reared in conventional England, in France that will persist in being sentimental and respectful toward the passing amour, or in Italy, which, in spite of its glowing skies, its purple mountains, and its Finimistic D'Annunzio, has a hard pan of practicality underneath its romantic exterior.

Mr. Moeller depicts George Sand in that hectic flush of her career when she is kidnapping Alfred de Musset and bearing him off to Italy. She loves him madly—and the copy he yields her. Emotion is her god, but in the midst of her most fervent apostrophes George, who dares to be natural even when she is posing, pauses to commend a phrase and jot it down for literary use, or to relish the cream of onion soup and comment approvingly on its flavor; for George is a gourmet and a culinary as well as a literary genius.

Heine and Buloz—the latter the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and George Sand's literary godfather and approving profligate on her literary genius—form a sort of Greek chorus, and their amused, semi-sympathetic, semi-satiric comments on George and her love affairs are rich and rare reading. "I've signed with her for five years," says the well-satisfied Buloz, who is well aware that each fresh liaison means a new novel; "my subscriptions have been falling off. I needed just her sort of copy to hoost them. Nothing sells like love."

Heine—Except a liaison.
Buloz—Exactly.

In the midst of their artistic jargon and glittering epigrams are interspersed the literal and common-sensical remarks of Rosalie, the cook, who says practically to Buloz when she hears Mme. Sand's cah in the courtyard: "Don't let her start writing again till dinner is served. . . ."

Heine—But if Calliope descends—
Rosalie—Another of those actor people? Put her out and remember the omelet.

This gem of an act is followed by another, perhaps an equally good one, in which the lovers, now considerably cooled off and disillusioned concerning the other's desirability as a companion, are in Venice, and George is veering rapidly toward her famous affair with De Musset's Italian physician, Dr. Pagello. Pagello is rather literal, but innocent, and as beautiful as the marble faun. De Musset is prosaically and unromantically ill. George Sand nurses him, and while he slumbers George the incorrigible makes ardent love to the beautiful but prosaic Pagello, an expert on gall-stones, who says: "Even my most serious case—a fat Turk dying of typhus—didn't interest me. Whilst I bled him, I thought of you."

The delightful fecundity of the author, his warm, eager, and ready imagination, the spirituality yet human earthiness of his humor are shown by the creation of another character, Lucrezia Violente, the jealous mistress of Pagello, who comes to snatch her beloved from the invading marauder. She interrupts a transcendental scene in which George beautifully bids good-by to Alfred de Musset and beautifully takes a semi-loverlike, semi-maternal possession of the ox-eyed young Pagello

by hursting in upon them, a simple, fiery, elemental creature who, with a stiletto twitching in her fingers, cries furiously to the imperishable George, smoking a long black cigar and dressed in coat and trousers: "Who are you? What are you? You crazy woman! You woman in breeches dressed like that!"

George—What a fascinating personality. (And she goes over to her desk and brings over some manuscript paper and a pen.)

Lucrezia—I spit at you. . . I dig my nails in your heart.

And when Lucrezia the forsaken, stammering with rage, says to Pietro, her faithless lover, "I love you. I hate you. I love you. I speak your name when I sleep; when I go to the well the water says Pietro, and I drink, and drink, and drink."

George (writing as quickly as she can)—Charming, charming. Do you mind repeating that? How many times did you say drink?

Here, however, the author introduces a false note, for George, although she showed a conspicuous lack of humor, would, I believe, in her deep sympathy for love, even though it were the love of a rival, have been incapable of that unwomanly lack of sympathy. But at times the comedy, delightful though it always is, betrays too great a suggestion of artificiality and arrangement.

The last act shows George tired of Pagello. His literalness hores her. She but repeats the mood of Alfred in the second act, who confides to his brother, when he sees with a gay and relieved spirit that George is ready to desert him, "I can't hear her about me. She's like a noisy old clock that can't stop ticking. . . . She writes as a cow gives milk. All she has to do is to jerk at her mind. She has the soul of a bourgeoise."

This, indeed, is what Mr. Moeller shows throughout the play. George is a very earthy, onion-eating, cigar-smoking, man-appropriating, masculine-featured, endlessly-talking person who probably in life smelled steadily of garlic. This conception of her we may gather from the play. Also that her "itching pen" perpetually turned heart experiences to account by reeling off copy. George invokes God and the Bible as often as William Hohenzollern used to do. She has an insatiable desire for fresh experiences, and when one love fades away and another is born, she says with a noble and commanding tone which hypnotizes the mother of Alfred, the mistress of Pagello, and her own friends, even the cynical Heine, "Love has spoken," or "Life has spoken," or "What must be, must be," or "It is over, over. Our poor romance is ended. Time has written finite." But she voices her real belief, the belief of the George Sand who staggered all Europe by her profound indifference to conventions, "There is no such thing as fate. . . . Fate is the death-cry of the coward. I at least am mistress of my destiny."

And yet in "Consuelo" and "The Countess of Rudolstadt" this being who seemed so complex, but who was really as natural as the imperfectly civilized always are, wrote a novel—for the two are really one—in which the pure and perfect constancy of a noble and elevated nature was sounded as the inspiring key-note of the romance.

"Always," says Wanda in the concluding pages of "The Countess of Rudolstadt," in blessing the reunited lovers, "is the most impassioned word of lovers! . . . Eternity is the ideal of love, as it is the ideal of faith."

In "Madame Sand," when the mother of De Musset says, "I have learned to respect tradition," George replies, quite in harmony with the circumstances of her life, "Need is the only tradition I acknowledge."

George Sand, who took her pen name from the first syllable of her first illicit lover's (Jules Sandeau) name, had a large strain of masculinity in her make-up. Many a man is no greater rebel against conventionalities than she; only he hides his lapses and the world makes no fuss. Without beauty, or daintiness, or delicacy, or real refinement, without spirituality, one might think, were it not for many passages in her many books, this woman blazed a triumphant path through the hearts of famous men who had but to put out their hands to pick and choose.

But her capacious heart was full of love for humanity. She belonged to the ranks of those who in the trouble mid-years of the nineteenth century, when a wave of democracy swept over Europe and madly sought to submerge beneath its crest the cruel and mighty oppressors in palaces and on thrones, gave her heart, her time, her influence, her eloquence to help the cause of the oppressed.

That side of George Sand we are not made acquainted with in Mr. Moeller's play. But instead of presenting her to us as a literary lay figure he has given her a warm and persuasive vitality. He makes such of us as have an open mind forgive her sins against the conventions as did many of her contemporaries because her heart was so big and warm that her pen was ready in the cause of the millions who had been crushed and broken by the power of feudalism, he will help us to realize because, after seeing or reading the play, we will feel an irresistible

surge to become reacquainted with his heroine through the medium of her books.

Some of them are wild, impossible romanticism. Some seem to be absent from the libraries. I have never succeeded in getting hold of "Elle et Lui," in which George Sand gave her version of the row in which her famous affair with Chopin—whose beginning is just indicated in the play—terminated with a clamor that reached the ears of all Europe. But one can generally find "Consuelo" and the sequel to it, "De Mauprat," "The Sandman," and perhaps one or two of the exceedingly antiquated and diffuse stories of peasant life.

"Consuelo" is, of course, her most brilliant

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ork, its continuance into the pages of "The Countess of Rudolstadt" showing the same facility in presenting vari-colored and romantically interesting and well-informed views of the courts of Europe. Emotionalist though he was, George Sand was also an intellectualist, and it was this union in her character, as well as her intense love of romance, which lent such a strong and, in the best of them, a still abiding charm to her romances.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Henry Watterson was present at the death of John Quincy Adams in the United States Capitol. In his autobiography he tells of it: "It was fond of going to the Capitol and of paying amateur page in the House, of which my father had been a member and where he had many friends, though I was never officially a page. There was in particular a little old bald-headed gentleman who was good to me and would put his arm about me and roll with me across the rotunda to the library of Congress and get me books to read. I was not so young as not to know that he was an ex-President of the United States and to realize the meaning of it. He had been the oldest member of the House when my father was the youngest. He was John Quincy Adams. By chance I was on the floor of the House when he fell in his place and followed him excited and tearful throng when they bore him into the Speaker's room, kneeling by the side of the sofa with an improvised fan and crying as if my heart would break."

The mint of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, located at Kromnice, which was partly destroyed by the Hungarians, is being reconstructed, remodeled, and reequipped. New printing machines are expected soon, and after being installed the first Czecho-Slovak coins will be minted. A recent product of the mint is a plaque with a portrait of President Masaryk in honor his seventieth birthday anniversary.

"Stingy, isn't he?" "I'll say so. Even when the crowd is giving some one a vote of thanks he won't share in it."—Detroit Free Press.

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The Curran Theatre.

No comedy that has been produced on the New York stage the past season has won greater critical praise or achieved more popularity than Rachel Barton Butler's Harvard prize comedy, "Mamma's Affair," which Oliver Morosco will offer at the Curran Theatre for a two weeks' engagement starting Sunday night. Of equal importance is the fact that it will be played by Oliver Morosco's original and now famous all-star cast, including Effie Shannon, Robert Edeson, Amelia Bingham, Katherine Kaelred, Ida St. Leon, George LeGuere, and Little Billy.

"Mamma's Affair" has to do with the strenuous efforts of a hypochondriac mother to be constantly ill and under the attention of a physician; a condition which requires the entire attention of her young daughter and which finally results in the latter nearly becoming a real patient. The mother never travels without a list of doctors in each town she visits. She finally calls in the wrong physician—or rather a real physician and the right one—who, quickly realizing the situation, starts out to cure the mother and save the daughter's health by a most amusing treatment of pure mental browbeating. He succeeds in a most laughable and satisfactory fashion and incidentally develops and wins a bride in a most fascinating and most exciting romance.

Individually the members of this all-star cast have never been seen to greater advantage during their long and successful stage careers, and they realize all of the limitless advantages offered them. This combination of players in this prize comedy affords one of the really important attractions of the current season. Matinees are announced for Labor Day and Admission Day in addition to the usual Saturday matinee.

The Orpheum.

Emma Haig comes to headline the Orpheum bill Sunday. This is her second tour of the Orpheum route. In this instance she brings an entirely new routine of steps, all welded into a dance series entitled "Playtime." Richard W. Keene and Mildred Brown are her associates in the act, which is said to be an expensively staged and lavishly costumed one.

Gifted with undisputed ability, magnetism, and grace, Emma Haig has kept herself in constant favor by continually creating new dances. It is claimed her routine this year is the most fetching she yet has accomplished.

Bob Nelson and Frank Cronin, comedians, will sing and converse in a skit entitled "Smiles." Their bit is so named for its effect on audiences.

Jack Trainor will be seen in Jack Lait's new skit, "Help," based on the ludicrous points in the present labor shortage. The sketch is not intended to solve problems nor teach morals. Its purpose is to promote fun.

Charles Kenna, who recognized the street fakir as excellent comedy material, will deliver his now famous gasoline torch monologue.

Edward Marshall will bring into play his faculty as a cartoonist, portrait painter, and sketch artist. Marshall originally hailed from San Francisco.

Toots Davis and Bert Chadwick, genuine blackface comedy men, called the "jail house boys," and Challen Keke, wireists, also are booked. Eddie Vogt in "The Love Shop," with Harry and Grace Ellsworth, the musical extravaganza of the current bill, hold over.

The Columbia Theatre.

Maude Fulton's latest play, "Enter Mary Brown," will have its San Francisco premiere at the Columbia Theatre this Monday night, September 6th. It is peppered with laughs of the famous Fulton brand, the story of the play being as crowded with twists as the O. Henry type of tale. The new play describes the doings of the newly-rich Boggs family and the appearance in their home of Mary Jones, a maid. This particular Mary is a trim and pretty miss, and the way in which she revolutionizes the affairs of the Boggs family keeps the action a-going with great speed. The production will be under the personal direction of the author-actress and the cast is to include Elwyn Harvey, a dis-

tinguished English actress; Lucille Webster, last seen here in "A Prince There Was"; Frank K. Wallace, Jerome Sheldon, Ivy Darien, Charles Gregg, John Fee, Hugh Knox, Anne McNaughton, and Erma Melville. Matinees are announced for Wednesday, Admission Day (Thursday), and Saturday.

The Alcazar Theatre.

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," opening at the Alcazar next Sunday matinee, is a whirl of pleasant absurdities in harmony with the holiday spirit. There will be holiday matinees on Monday (Labor Day) and Thursday (Admission Day). The original spoken comedy is by C. W. Bell and Mark Swan. Its zone of laughter, since A. H. Woods gave it a solid year's run in New York, has grown to embrace all America, although it has never been acted at the Alcazar. Inez Ragan as the pajamaed bride and Dudley Ayres as the festive man about town have played these parts with abundant success in the East. A very interesting personality is that of the brilliant comedienne Isabelle Fletcher, specially engaged to appear in the rôle of the eccentric woman society reporter, that made Florence Moore famous. Miss Fletcher was the idol of Oakland a few seasons ago, when she was leading woman of Ye Liberty stock company; she has never appeared in this city. Other participants in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" include Emily Pinter, Gladys Emmons, Dorothy Bartley, Brady Kline, Ben Erway, Rafael Brunetto, Al Cunningham, Billy Lewis, and Frederic Green.

Rachel Crothers' recent New York comedy success, "39 East," will have its first Coast presentation September 12th. It is a delightful romance covering a single day in a New York boarding-house of "the better class," with a picturesque episode in Central Park. Its vogue at the New York Adelphi led to a later transfer to the Booth Theatre, where it ran for months.

Scotti Opera Company.

Lovers of music are interested in the fact that of all the luxuries of life grand opera alone is to be heard in San Francisco at the Exposition Auditorium for 28½ per cent. less than it cost fourteen years ago. The last time a Metropolitan organization was heard here was when Conried brought a company in April, 1906. Both Caruso and Antonio Scotti were members of that company and the best seats were sold for \$7, with the lower-priced seats in proportion. On October 4th the Scotti Grand Opera Company will open a season of grand opera for one week with the highest-priced tickets selling at \$5 and the lower-priced tickets ranging down to \$1.50. With Scotti, who, by the way, is the only survivor of the famous Conried organization, aside from Caruso, now singing at the Metropolitan, will be one hundred and fifty principals, musicians, chorus, and ballet from New York's famous opera house.

Impresario Frank W. Healy, under whose local management the season is to be given, found it possible to fix these prices by adopting the quantity production idea of big industrial enterprises. By using the Exposition Auditorium Healy is able to have a larger number of persons hear opera than is possible in any other indoor theatre, and this notwithstanding that the seating capacity of the Auditorium will be greatly reduced by reason of building a special and spacious stage and providing an orchestra pit for sixty-five members of the orchestra. The musicians will respond to the batons of Gennaro Papi, leading conductor at the Metropolitan, Carlo Peroni, and Wilfred Pelletier.

It was the desire of Healy to have the season extend over two weeks, but Scotti declared this impossible for the reason that the members of the company must be in New York on November 1st to prepare for the opening of the Metropolitan season. The tour opened in St. Paul and is to close at Montreal.

The repertory is as follows: Monday evening, October 4th, "La Bohème" (Puccini); Tuesday evening, "L'Oracolo" (Leoni) and "Pagliacci" (Leoncavallo); Wednesday evening, "Faust" (Gounod); Thursday evening, "La Tosca" (Puccini); Friday evening, "Il Trovatore" (Verdi); Saturday afternoon, "Madame Butterfly" (Puccini); Saturday evening, "L'Oracolo" (Leoni) and "Cavalleria Rusticana" (Mascagni), and Sunday afternoon, "La Bohème" (Puccini).

The stars of the company are: Sopranos—Florence Easton, prima donna assoluta; Marie Sundelius, lyric soprano; Francesca Peralta, dramatic soprano, and Anna Roselle and Ruth Miller; tenors—Orville Harrold, Morgan Kingston, Mario Chamlee, and Giordano Paltrinieri; mezzo sopranos—Jeanne Gordon, Mary Kent, and Dorio Fernanda; baritones—Antonio Scotti, Millo Picco, Mario Laurenti, Greek Evans, and Louis D'Angelo; basses—Léon Rother, Giovanni Martino, and Palo Ananian; conductors—Gennaro Papi, Carlo Peroni, and Wilfred Pelletier; stage director—Armando Agnini; and the business affairs are in the hands of Carl F. Strohmenger, for



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many years the commercial genius of the Metropolitan.

The sale of season tickets, which closed last Saturday, was much heavier than had been expected, and during the week the sale of single seats has drawn an almost continuous stream of people to the box-office at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kearny and Sutter Streets. Frank W. Healy is filling mail orders at his office in the Kohler & Chase Building.

One of the big New York newspapers desired quite a few years ago to get hold of some short fiction stories for its Sunday issue. It is related that Don Seitz, manager of the paper, took upon himself the task of selecting this fiction. He sent to a literary agent and asked him for a lot of stories by writers who were not so well known that their prices would be too high. In a little while Seitz found himself facing a stack of a great many score of soiled manuscripts which had been rejected by various magazines, and all by authors who were practically unknown. Seitz began to go through them, so the story is related in New York, paying no attention to names, but making a separate pile of those which excited his interest. After several hours of this kind of work he had a large pile of goats on one side of him and a smaller pile of the sheep on the other. Then he went through the sheep a second time to see if among these more meritorious manuscripts he could find the name of any celebrated author. He found that, by chance, all the stories he had picked out there were the work of just two authors—both at that time unknown to fame—Rex Beach and O. Henry.

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VANITY FAIR.

It was only to be supposed that our newspapers should give large space to the opinions upon marriage recently proclaimed by the young people forming the sociology class at the Ohio State University. For what subject could be better adapted to the vacuous minds of the great co-educated public? Empires might pass away and cause hardly a ripple of interest. But the convictions of thirty-one "sociologists" on the topic of marriage might not be passed over so easily.

It seems there are certain essentials to a happy marriage. We were somewhat of the same opinion ourselves, although after much deliberation and even experimentation we have been quite unable to say what they are. We have seen a good many "ideal" marriages in our time, marriages based on the soundest of rules and upon the most approved formulas, eugenist marriages, prophylactic marriages, and all the other varieties based on study, calculation, and intelligence, and so far as we can remember they have all ended in the divorce court. The only actually happy marriages seem to be those perpetrated in defiance of all the rules of discretion, the apparently hopeless union of inconsistencies and even antagonisms, in other words the marriage of unreasoning impulse. Whenever we hear of a marriage as being "so suitable" we foresee calamity in the offing. And whenever we hear of the marriage of calculation, eugenist, financial, or other, we know that the calamity is close at hand.

These young sociologists arranged the quali-

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fications for marriage under the headings of essential, highly valued, moderately valued, and slightly valued. Among essential physical qualifications were identity of race, sound family stock, good health, and physical attractiveness. Similarity of age was not essential, but it was considered of high value. Among the essential mental traits were affection, intelligence, and a desire for and love of children. Both sexes thought that a love of music was more important than a love of literature or art. High value was placed on a similarity of education, which should consist of at least a high-school training. Sincerity, honesty, fair-mindedness, truthfulness, and wholesomeness in thought and actions were generally considered as essentials, whereas religious ideals found only a secondary place among the high values. Curiously enough, most of the women students demanded a "good provider," and most of the men students gave a similar priority to a capacity for self-support on the part of the wife. It would be interesting to know how many of these students are married. Presumably none of them, which of course would free their judgment from all taint of bias or prejudice.

Perhaps the best way to study the essentials of happy matrimony is to consider the cases of our friends who are happily married if we have any, which is extremely doubtful. Not that we shall thereby arrive at any conclusion except the conclusion that there is no conclusion. Searching for rules we shall find none, and we may even wonder why incompatibility should so often be urged as a reason for divorce, whereas it seems on the contrary to be among the best of all reasons for marriage. Marriage seems to be one of those things of which not even the youngest among us knows anything. No one ever yet elaborated a theory of happiness in marriage that is not demonstrably falsified by the facts. None the less we shall doubtless go on trying. Our sociology classes must busy themselves about something.

It seems a pity, because the whole world is now and always has been persuaded that we ought to get married. The very absence of reliable guidance seems to favor the theory that we ought to marry impulsively and improvidently. The French government has just put a special tax on bachelors. America and England grant income-tax exemptions to the married, although not even the smallest of wives could be maintained for many weeks on the exemption. Bachelors in ancient Greece were placed under legal disabilities, and in Athens no man was allowed to command an army unless he was married and had children. No wonder Athens fell. The Spartan bachelors were not allowed to mingle with young women in the athletic games, and sometimes they were even compelled to parade bearing some special mark of infamy.

A writer in the New York Tribune says that

the ancient insistence upon marriage was the cause of the prevalence of love charms and philtres, a practice that has somewhat gone out of use, but that we may have to revive. Why not? Doctors are telling us that falling in love is due to a microbe which presumably can be cultivated. In that case we should have a love philtre, although it would not be called by that name. Personally we prefer the ancient ones, although we are not actually in need of anything of the sort. Both Lucullus and Lucretius were killed by love potions, which may therefore be considered as eminently successful. Caius Caligula received a love potion from his wife and became violently insane.

Some of these love potions were of an interesting composition which ought to be made known. There was a juice extracted from stewed lizards that had high repute. Calves' brains also were used, and this seems to be sound common sense. A somewhat difficult prescription contained the bones of the left side of a toad that had been eaten by ants. The bones from the right side have a very different effect, so that it is well to be careful. These hints are merely thrown out in passing. In conjunction with an increased income-tax exemption they might have their value.

Up in the Bronx (says the New York Times) is a barber whose claim to uniqueness in his profession is credited by his patrons.

A newcomer in that part of the city walked into this barber's shop the other day at the noon hour and found only two "tonsorial artists" on duty. One was shaving a customer. The other was well along in years, but proved as spry as any youngster in preparing the chair toward which he motioned the new patron.

"I want my hair cut," said the man, "and I want it cut the way I like it—close in the back and enough left to part easily in front."

Without a word, not even a "Yes, sir," the old barber removed the headrest, spread over the customer the usual striped covering, "wadded" his neck with the usual cotton batting and began cutting the hair with the usual miniature "mowing machine."

About the time the new customer expected to see the barber drop the clippers and start using a pair of shears the man who was being shaved addressed a remark to the barber. It did not really call for a reply, but the stranger was rather surprised that the barber made no reply.

By the time he had decided that the old man was either actually dumb or, even rarer, a non-talkative barber, he suddenly realized that his hair was being cut in front and that the barber was still using the clippers, though holding up the hair with a comb as customary when using scissors. It was evident that his hair was not being shorn down to the scalp and so the patron said nothing. But he watched and waited for the scissors.

Finally the barber laid down the clippers, but instead of picking up the scissors he held up a handglass, and, still without a word, indicated that he was ready for the verdict on his work.

"It looks all right," said the customer, "and now I want a shave and my mustache trimmed."

Silently the old barber put back the headrest, prepared the lathe, and finished the shaving job.

"Now for the scissors!" the patron said to himself as the barber began smoothing out the mustache. The barber trimmed that mustache to a nicety with the clippers, and when, still without speaking, he handed the check to the customer he had not once touched a pair of scissors.

"Well," exclaimed the customer, "you're a wonder. In all my long life I never before saw a barber cut hair and trim a mustache without scissors, to say nothing of not once opening his mouth."

Then the customer got another surprise. "Yes," said the barber supposed to be dumb, "and I'm the only man in the United States that can do it."

A Louisiana lady writes George Weston, author of "Mary Minds Her Business," inquiring whether he was a man or a woman. In reply the author wrote: "I sing bass, smoke a pipe, swear when excited, wear homespun trousers, shave every morning, and find it hard to keep my neck from turning when Beauty passes by. I vote for Presidents, like to gossip, buy No. 9 shoes, walk with long strides, wear a mustache, whistle, whittle, sit in the sun, talk politics, and once even tried to chew tobacco, although (I hasten to add) without the least success. I can also walk on my hands for as long as seven steps." This should have been conclusive.

When one reads of Duse living in poverty and Sarah Bernhardt writing a serial of her life to hold off the wolf, one wonders about those \$1000-a-night salary stories.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mr. Higginson had been away from home for a week and on his return found that burglars had visited the house during his absence and, although one had been wounded, they had succeeded in getting away. "And so you shot a hurglar while alone and unprotected?" he said to his wife. "You are a brave little woman! What became of him?" "The other man carried him off," she replied. "The other man?" he asked. "Yes," she said, "the one I aimed at."

Father's present to little Johnny on his eighth birthday was a beautiful book. "And if you find any new words in it," said he rashly, "don't forget to ask me, sonny." The cross-examination soon began. "Father, what is an optimist?" burst out Johnny, before he had read to the foot of the page. "Er-an optimist!" replied father, thinking hard. "Oh, an optimist, my son, is an Englishman who buys goods from a Jew, hoping to sell them at a profit to a Scotchman."

Mr. Bryan doesn't believe the Republicans will save the country. "Whichever side wins, I'm afraid will act as did the new maid. The new maid was entirely makeshift, and the mistress bore with her patiently at first. But on the third day she placed a very unclean dinner-plate on the table and patience broke down. 'Really, Mary, you might at least see that the plates are clean.' 'Well, mum,' Mary rejoined. 'I owns to them thumb marks, but that dried mustard was there afore I came.'"

"Poor Nipsley! It was a terrible blow to him." "Nipsley? I haven't heard about it." "What's the matter?" "It was very sudden. He's all broken up. I saw him yesterday, and he told me he didn't know how he could get along without her. To tell you the truth, I wouldn't have believed before it happened

that he'd have taken it so hard. He hasn't been able to attend to business or to—" "Say, for heaven's sake! Why don't you tell a fellow about it? What's the old boy's trouble?" "His wife's dead." "Oh, Lord! I thought from the way you spoke that somebody must have come along and hired his typewriter girl away from him."

The story is told of a dowager whose wealth and education were of exceedingly recent acquisition. According to her accounts the trip around the world that she had completed had been socially most successful. Some of her friends were questioning her about the places of interest that she had visited. "Did you see the Dardanelles?" asked one. "And the Himalayas?" inquired another. "Why, certainly," replied the dowager; "I dined with them both in Paris."

A clever team driver boasted of the sureness of his aim with his whip lash, declaring he would reach with his whip any object named. "See the top of the left ear of that horse? I'll reach it." And he did, exactly. Next there was a dry leaf in a hedge surrounded by green leaves. "I'll touch that," he said, and again he was successful. Then came the stranger's turn. "Can you reach the hornet's nest?" he asked. "No, sir," answered the team driver. "I can not—that hornet's nest is not an object; it's an organization."

The third hitch man and the no-striper had been sent out on patrol duty in No Man's Land with strict instructions to get the sniper who had been worrying the company all day. Finally the offending Jerry was located among the branches of a tree. With the utmost coolness the old-timer took careful aim, fired, and—missed. The recruit, with teeth chattering, wobbled his rifle to his shoulder, pulled the trigger, and the sniper fell to the ground dead. Disgustedly the veteran of three enlistments watched the performance. "No wonder you got him," he growled. "You aimed all over the tree."

He was very affable and free with his opinions, was this young Englishman, but that was about all he was free with. To the man who had carried his bag to the countryside station he had given one whole penny. Notwithstanding the forlorn look on the man's face, he still continued to chat in an easy manner. "I shall never forget," he continued, "the splendor of the scenery when I was in Switzerland. It was an education to see the sun rise, tipping the little blue hills with gold—" "Ah!" interrupted the men who had toiled with his bag. "Them 'ills was luckier than me, weren't they?"

Johnny paid his first visit to a farm the other day. All his life he had lived in the heart of a great city, and when he suddenly came in sight of a haystack he stopped and gazed earnestly at what appeared to him as a new brand of architecture. "Say, Mr. Smith," he remarked to the farmer, pointing to the haystack, "why don't they have doors and windows in it?" "Doors and windows!" smiled the farmer. "That aint a house, Johnny; that's hay." "Don't try to josh me, Mr. Smith!" was the scornful rejoinder. "Don't you suppose I know that hay don't grow in humps like that?"

Young Brown had caught the craze for muscular development, through which, like teething, mumps, and measles, most young men must go. Moreover, he caught it badly. He

was always prating to his friends about some new method, or apparatus, or system, or something. At last the worm turned. One youthful companion, after listening patiently to a lengthy discourse on how exercises made people more healthy, increased their strength, and lengthened their lives, turned on Brown. "Look here, old man," he said, "how about our ancestors? They didn't use muscle-developers, did they?" Brown looked thoughtful for a moment and then his face brightened. "Well," he retorted, "and where are they now? All dead!"

Governor Parker of Louisiana was advocating woman suffrage at a New Orleans luncheon. "Certain shell-back reactionaries," he said, "claim that votes for women means race suicide. That is nonsense. It is the men, not the women, who are responsible for race suicide as a rule. Man's attitude towards babies is brought out by the lament of little Willie, who hung around school after hours one day in an unaccountable manner. So the teacher said to him: 'Go home, Willie. Willie, why don't you go home?' 'I don't want to go home,' said Willie sullenly. 'You don't? Why not?' 'Because there's another new baby at our house.' 'Another new baby! And is that anything to sulk about? For shame, Willie! You ought to be glad that—' 'Well, I aint glad!' roared Willie. 'Pop'll blame me. I know it. He blames me for everything.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Come Into the Garden.

Come into the garden, Maud,
The morning breeze is blowing;
Come into the garden, Maud,
The early spuds need hoeing;
And where should be the useful pea
The mullen stalks are growing.
Come into the garden, Maud,
And prune the luscious sasses;
Anoint the bean with paris green
And pull the greedy grasses;
Besmear the 'smug potato bug
With sulphur and molasses.

Come into the garden, Maud,
Reduce your figure weeding;
Come into the garden, Maud,
The whole wide world needs feeding;
Change faldralers for overalls,
Forget your bestest beau,
And come into the garden, Maud,
To juggle with the hoe.
—Blanche F. Gile in Judge.

The Home Seekers.

Said he: "We'll take Apartment Ten,
Although it's small and in the rear;
I rather think we'll like it when
We've lived there for about a year."
But—just to show how hard it is
To please some folks that come in here—
I saw her put her hand in his
And speak so low it reached no ear:
"I want to buy some twilight and a leafy little
lane
To run to greet him in each night when he comes
home again."

In normal tones she said, "I trust
No one will build across the way.
You see we feel we simply must
Have lots of light throughout the day."
And though her husband smiled and signed
The lease, and wrote a check to pay
The first month's rent; if I'm not blind
I'll swear I heard that fellow say:

"I want to buy some firelight for a lovely lady's
hair.
And oh, what is the price of little castles in the
air?"
—Life.

Distinguishing "Mister" from "Esquire."

"Mister" or "Esquire"? For that matter, one might ask, "Why either?" The answer is that either is a courtesy title, whether in this country or in England; and courtesy is a good thing, easy to bestow, churlish to withhold. There is a fancy that the address, "Thomas Smith, Esq.," carries a little more honor than "Mr. Thomas Smith," but in America "esquire" means no more than "mister," if either really means anything.

Matthew Arnold explained the difference in the English custom by an assertion which signified that a gentleman, or any one who is engaged in a "gentlemanly" occupation, is denominated "esquire," but that the tradesman is entitled to nothing better than "mister." Nevertheless the Englishman is not always sure of himself in making the distinction. One of the London papers amused itself with the experience of a correspondent who found that the railway companies vouchsafe to those passengers only who care sufficiently about their social standing to be holders of first-class season tickets the honor of "esquire."

On one day when the correspondent held a first-class ticket he received a letter from the company addressed "esquire." But on the next day, when he transferred his patronage to second class, he was humiliated to find himself relegated to the common crowd known as "Mr."

This gentleman gives a burlesque etymology of the word. When the Conqueror came over

in 1066, those of his retinue who could afford cushions to sit on at an audience were known as "esquires," or "esquatters," and those who had to sit on hard wooden seats were called "misters."

The real derivation of the word is, as every one will remember, from "escuyer," old French for "shield-bearer," and so came to be applied to the chief retainers of knights. When the feudal days passed the word remained.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sewell of Bath, Maine, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Lani Sewell, and Mr. John Winslow Williams of Baltimore, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. Winslow Williams. Their marriage will be solemnized during the winter season. Miss Sewell passed the spring in California with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith.

Mrs. Carolyn Rising of Reno, Nevada, announces the engagement of her daughter, Ysabel Sheila, to Lieutenant-Commander Edgar, U. S. N.

The marriage of Miss Florence Leighton of Vancouver, B. C., and Commander William Glassford, U. S. N., took place last Tuesday at St. Paul's Church in the northern city. Rev. Harold King officiating. Mrs. E. G. Blackwell, Mrs. Monroe Miller of Spokane, and Mrs. T. A. Havemeyer were the matrons of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Mary Malins, Miss Daphne Brougham,

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Miss Ruth McLean, and Miss Poppy MacDonald. General Pelham Glassford, U. S. A., was his brother's best man. The ushers included Mr. Raymond Welch of Spokane, Lieutenant Ralph Phelps of Berkeley, Mr. John Doran and Mr. Clyde Graves of Spokane, Captain John Fell, and Lieutenant John McKenzie of the British army. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Commander Glassford and his bride will reside at the Fairmont Hotel.

The marriage of Mrs. Rebecca Shreve Stockton, daughter of Mrs. George Shreve, and Captain Leslie Shaw of the British army, was solemnized Tuesday at St. Matthew's Episcopal Church in San Mateo. Miss Agnes Shreve attended her sister as maid of honor. Mr. Thomas Driscoll was the best man. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Captain and Mrs. Shaw will go to Arizona to reside.

The marriage of Mrs. Annabelle Flower Earl and Mr. Wellington Gregg took place Sunday in Sacramento. Mrs. Gregg is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William D. Flower of San Francisco.

Advices from the City of Mexico tell of the marriage there of Mr. Otis McAllister, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister of San Francisco, and

Señorita Encarnacion Becerril of one of the oldest Spanish families. Mr. Otis McAllister went to the City of Mexico in January, 1919, as professor of languages in the "Colegio Ingles," or English College, and has about decided to make the Mexican capital his home for the future.

Mrs. Willis Walker entertained at luncheon Monday, complimenting Mrs. Edward Harkness of New York.

Mrs. Marshall Madison was a luncheon hostess last Friday, entertaining as her guests Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mrs. Russell Slade, and Mrs. George Wolf.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear will give a dance at their home in Ross September 11th, complimenting the Misses Elizabeth and Elita Adams.

Mr. Joseph Redding gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Bohemian Club in honor of Mr. Ellis Wainwright of New York. Among the guests were Mr. Daniel Volkmann, Mr. Isaac Upbam, Mr. Vail Bakewell, Mr. Dean Witter, Mr. Alard d'Hear, Mr. Frederick Snyder, Mr. Brendon Brady, Mr. Charles Holbrook, Jr., Mr. Frank Mitchell, Mr. Frederick Hall, Mr. William Leib, and Mr. George Leib.

Mrs. Curtis O'Sullivan gave a tea Friday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Chouteau Johnson.

Mr. Frederick Kohl gave a house party over the weekend at Tahoe.

Mrs. Joseph Jayne gave a luncheon Friday at Yerba Buena in compliment to Mrs. Nathan Twining.

Lieutenant Frank Hanasee, U. S. N., gave a dance last Monday on board the U. S. S. *Nexa Mexico*. Among his guests were Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Cora McCormick, Miss Ernestine Adams, Miss Schatze Adams, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Elita Adams, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Rose Morelle, Miss Laura Miller, Mrs. Philip Bowles, Lieutenant Donald Clark, U. S. N., Lieutenant John Jayne, U. S. N., Lieutenant Alan Smith, U. S. N., Lieutenant William Cox, U. S. N., Lieutenant William Ludloe, U. S. N., and Lieutenant John McRae, U. S. N.

Miss Jean Howard entertained a number of the younger girls at luncheon Thursday at the Woman's Athletic Club, having among her guests Miss Rosemunde Lee, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Frances Deering, Miss Lilian Hopkins, Miss Sue Alston McDonald, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Mary Martin, and Miss Adrienne Sharp.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner last Thursday evening in compliment to Admiral Hugh Rodman, U. S. N. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey, Senator and Mrs. Key Pittman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Colonel and Mrs. W. K. Wright, Mrs. Sue Merriam, Captain and Mrs. Frank Helm, Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Mme. Emittio Ruano, Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Miss Mollie Merrick, Mr. Philip Paschel, Senator James D. Phelan, Commander McRae, U. S. N., and Mr. Edmund Ruano.

Miss Charlotte Zell was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Thursday by Miss Amanda McNear in Ross. Some of the guests were Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Adeline Pentz, Miss Florence Martin, Miss Anne Diblee, Miss Doris Schmiedell, and Miss Betty Schmiedell.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon entertained at dinner Wednesday evening at the Palace.

Mrs. Emory Elliott gave a dinner Thursday evening in Alameda, having among her guests Miss Grace Cuyler of New York, Miss Beatrice Lund, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Anne Allen, Miss Margaret Weil, Miss Kathleen Bradley, Miss Claire Knight, and a number of navy officers from the U. S. S. *Nexa Mexico*.

Miss Jean Howard entertained at luncheon Wednesday, her guests having included Miss Florence Russell, Miss Eleanor Welty, Miss Isabelle Bishop, Miss Ynez Macondray, Miss Eleanor Morgan, Miss Beatrice Lund, Miss Barbara Kimble, and Miss Frances Pringle.

Miss Anne Weatherbee of New York was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Wednesday at the Fairmont by Miss Lorna Williamson. The guests included Mrs. Maynard Dickson, Mrs. Robert Waybur, Mrs. Swift Train, Mrs. Philip Bowles, Jr., Mrs. Thomas Grier, Jr., Miss Elita Adams, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Louise Braden, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Schatze Adams, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Ernestine Adams, Miss Juanita Gbirardelli, Miss Elva Gbirardelli, Miss Geraldine Lumley, Miss Florence Veach, Miss May Colburn, and Miss Elizabeth Magee.

Admiral Hugh Rodman, U. S. N., gave a luncheon last Wednesday on board the U. S. S. *Nexa Mexico*.

Miss Virginia Loop gave a dinner last Friday evening at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer gave a dinner-dance last week at the Santa Barbara Country Club in honor of their daughter, Miss Lawton Filer, Miss Geraldine Grabam, and her fiancé, Mr. Whitney Warren, Jr.

Mrs. Howard Allen gave a tea a few days ago in Ross, complimenting Mrs. Uda Waldrop and Mrs. Ralph Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent gave a dinner Saturday evening at Del Monte, entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth, Mrs. Samuel Hopkins, Miss Katherine Ramsay, and Mr. Byington Ford.

Miss Beatrice Lund gave a dinner Monday evening at the Palace, her guests having included Miss Caroline Madison, Miss Grace Cuyler of New York, Miss Kathleen Bradley, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Eleanor Morgan, Miss Anne Allen, Miss Elizabeth Brown, Ensign Atherton Macondray, Ensign Benjamin Ward, Ensign Lawrence Curtin, Mr. William Jackson, Ensign Ajax Gray, Ensign Maurice Browder, Ensign Edward Enwright, and Mr. U. S. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry East Miller gave a hall Thursday evening at the Claremont Country Club in honor of their debutante daughter, Miss Laura Miller. Those in the receiving party included Mrs. Henry Bothin, Mrs. Edward Brayton, Mrs. Wil-

liam White, Mrs. Charles Wingate, Mrs. Frank Stringham, Mrs. Joseph Waterbury, Mrs. C. B. Stevens, Mrs. E. C. Prather, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Henry Nichols, Mrs. G. H. Mendell, Jr., Mrs. Frank Proctor, Mrs. Thomas Olney, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. John Mboon, Mrs. O. F. Long, Miss Annie Miller, Mrs. Harrison Clay, Mrs. Robert Fitzgerald, Mrs. Harry Fair, Mrs. Frederick Magee, Mrs. Robert Knight, Mrs. George Jensen, Mrs. Alla Chickering, Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mrs. C. M. Goodall, Mrs. William Magee, Mrs. Charles Keeney, Mrs. Philip Bowles, Mrs. Francis Langton and Mrs. W. B. de Fremery.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood gave a house party over the weekend in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Kaime entertained at dinner Saturday evening at Del Monte, their guests including Mrs. J. J. Poppard of St. Louis, Mrs. Selby Hayne, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Robert Bowles, Mr. Harry Hunt, and Mr. Eric Pedley.

Miss Gertrude Clark gave a dinner Saturday evening at her home in Menlo Park.

Dr. Grant Selfridge gave a dinner Tuesday evening in honor of Dr. N. M. Butler of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry East Miller presented their debutante daughter, Miss Laura Lindsay Miller, at a ball at the Claremont Country Club on Thursday evening, September 2d.

Mrs. John Bell Mhoon entertained at dinner at the Hotel Oakland, complimenting her niece, Miss Laura Lindsay Miller, before her debut on Thursday evening, September 2d. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Heasley Fair, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Blair Brooks, Miss T. Williams, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Virginia Smith, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Elizabeth Watt, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Dorothy Cawston, Miss Hatheley Brittain, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Dorothy Grissem, Miss Geraldine King, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Juanita Gbirardelli, Miss Susan Chenery, Mr. Robert Miller, Mr. Covington Janin, Mr. Monroe Greenwood, Mr. Clarence Williams, Mr. William der Val, Mr. Jack Boyden, Mr. Lyman King, Mr. George McNear, Mr. Ralph Cefee, Mr. Edward Fennon, Mr. William Rbeem, Mr. Gerald Grey, Mr. Arthur Devlin, Mr. William Magee, Mr. Elliott McAllister, Mr. Earl Breck, and Mr. Harry Magee.

Baron and Baroness J. C. Van Eck are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Boyle are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Felix Smith are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

Marvels of a Real Soundproof Room.

It is said that the Physiological Institute of the University of Utrecht possesses what is probably the most remarkable room in the world, a chamber about seven and a half feet square, which is claimed to be absolutely noiseless, as far as the entrance of sounds from outside is concerned.

It is on the top story of a laboratory building and is an inside room, but is so arranged that it can be ventilated and inundated with sunshine. The walls, floor, and ceiling each consist of half a dozen layers of different substances, with air spaces and interstices filled with sound-deadening materials.

Some persons when in the room experience a peculiar sensation in the ears. While every effort has been made to exclude sounds that are not wanted, of course the object of constructing this singular room was to experiment with phenomena connected with sound. Some of the sounds employed are made in the room itself; others are introduced from outside by means of a copper tube, which is plugged with lead when not in use.

Diogenes, lighted lantern in hand, tramping through the streets of Athens looking for an honest man, had his trouble for his pains, and this, according to current report, is about as far as dress manufacturers are progressing nowadays in their quest for the "perfect thirty-six." This very essential adjunct to every complete dressmaking establishment is said to be rapidly becoming extinct as far as dress models go. Authorities on the subject incline to the view that the dearth of perfect thirty-sixes is only another of the ill effects of the war and the kaleidoscopic changes in economic conditions since the signing of the armistice. Whatever may be the cause, the fact remains that the national organization of dress manufacturers has sent out a hurry call for models as near the "perfect thirty-six" standard as possible.

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Many hearts are touched in the death of Lansing Mizner. Mr. Mizner was a product of an earlier phase of the life of California—a true scion of that golden era whose twilight is passing. Perhaps none among us touched so intimately so many and such varied aspects of the life of San Francisco; and with it all he held an unshakable poise, to curiously fixed foundations of independent judgment. His mind accepted nothing at second-hand and nothing came from him that had not upon it the stamp of a vital individuality. There was in the man a quality of nature—a compound of penetration and sympathy, a blend of assurance and naiveté—that made him ever a charming companion and endeared him to all who knew him well. May he rest in peace!

A. H.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Charles Minor Cooper and Mrs. Edwin Goodall will leave next week for Italy, where they will remain throughout the winter.

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Clomzn are spending several days at the Webber Lake Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Miller of Wilmington, Delaware, have taken a house on Pacific Avenue for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Edward White are spending a month at Sandyland, near Santa Barbara.

Dr. and Mrs. N. M. Butler and Miss Sarah Butler of New York left Wednesday for their Eastern home, after having spent the summer in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone have returned from a trip to the Webber Lake Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker have reopened their house in town. They returned during the week from a trip to Portland.

Mrs. Samuel Trufant, Jr., of New Orleans, has arrived to spend the month of September with Mr. and Mrs. von Phul. Mr. Trufant will visit here towards the close of the month.

Mrs. Edward Harriman of New York has returned to San Francisco from Goleta, where she has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Roland Harriman.

Mrs. S. S. Loop and Miss Virginia Loop have left for France, where the latter will attend school.

Miss Elvira Mejia, Miss Ynez Mejia, and Mr. Arthur Mejia left Thursday for New York en route to Paris, where they will remain for more than a year.

Mrs. William Henshaw and Mrs. Alla Chickering will leave in October for Paris, where they have engaged apartments at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel for the winter season. They will be joined in France by Judge Henshaw and Mr. Frederick Henshaw, who left here several weeks ago on a tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell and their daughters have returned to Ross from Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin Hayne have returned to San Mateo from Santa Barbara.

Mr. Jerome Politzer has returned from a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Baker and Mrs. Leonard Abbott are traveling through Northern California. They will be away two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Verdier have postponed their trip abroad for another month, and will remain at the Marye place in Burlingame until the end of October.

Mrs. Frank Deering and Miss Francesca Deering have gone to Inverness for a fortnight.

Mrs. George Harding of Philadelphia left Tuesday for the Atlantic coast, after having spent the

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summer in California with Mrs. Keeney and Mrs. Talbot Walker. Mrs. Keeney will leave in November for the East to visit Dr. and Mrs. George Lee.

Mr. Frederick Tillmann has returned to San Francisco from England.

Mrs. Donald Armstrong arrived last week from Los Angeles and is with Mrs. George Page in San Rafael.

Mrs. William Miller Graham and Miss Geraldine Graham will leave for Paris next month to be gone until after the first of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton are spending several days at the Webber Lake Country Club.

Mrs. Mabel Cluff Miles has taken an apartment on Washington Street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Leavitt have left for Los Angeles, where they will reside permanently.

Mrs. Angus McDonald has arrived from New York and is visiting in Oakland. Mr. McDonald will come west this month with Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt.

Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins have returned to Monterey, after having passed the summer in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Harkness of New York have been spending a week at the Fairmont.

Sir Frank and Lady Popbam-Young will leave next week for Santa Barbara to visit Mrs. W. G. Henshaw.

Mrs. Percival Williams and Miss Frances Sprague have returned to town from Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Clifton have returned to town from Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Selby Hayne will remain at Del Monte for the month of September.

Mrs. E. E. Brownell and the Misses Sophia and Harriet Brownell returned Tuesday from Inverness.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Field will reopen their town house for the fall and winter months next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne left Thursday for a fortnight's visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. Chauncey Penoyer has returned to Burlingame from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. John Mhoon and Miss Annie Miller returned Monday to Piedmont from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Williamson, Miss Anne Weatherbee of New York, and Miss Lorna Williamson spent the weekend at the Mount Diablo Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Fries have left the Hotel St. Francis, having taken one of the apartments in the Hilliard, Washington and Laurel Streets.

Mrs. Edward Vere Saunders and Master Drury Saunders, who have been in Santa Barbara since June 1st, will return to their homes about September 1st.

Recent arrivals at the Palace Hotel include Mr. and Mrs. Brittingham, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. P. O'Reilly, Portland, Oregon; Judge W. J. Hunsaker, Los Angeles; Mr. Charles B. French, New York; Mr. F. J. Huenken, Mr. William Walker, Los Angeles; Mr. G. M. McMillan, Shanghai, China; Mr. Claire Overholzer, Mr. M. H. Sherman, Miss Lucy Sherman, Los Angeles; Mr. K. K. Laidlow, Yokohama; Mr. W. C. Schafer, Grand Rapids, Michigan; Mr. Leslie M. Shaw, Washington, D. C.; Mr. George B. McKinnon, Philadelphia; Mr. E. J. Miley, Los Angeles; Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler, New York.

Hotel St. Francis arrivals include Mr. Andrew Jergens, Jr., Cincinnati; Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Jonas, St. Louis; Mr. Carl McCullough, New York; Mr. and Mrs. William H. Murphy, Detroit; Mr. Otis Skinner, New York; Mr. Arthur V. Callaghan, Soquel, California; Mr. George L. Cochran, Mr. W. H. Davis, Los Angeles; Mr. D. Marcus Futeca, Seattle; Mr. E. D. Doerfler, Sioux City, Iowa; Dr. and Mrs. Robert Offenback, New York; Captain and Mrs. G. A. Murray, U. S. A., San Antonio, Texas; Mr. F. J. Carr, Santa Barbara; Mr. Thomas F. Tarbell, Hartford, Connecticut; Mr. C. E. Thomas, Victoria, B. C.

Among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb were Dr. R. E. Ramsey, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Wentworth, Russell, Kansas; Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Ellsworth, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Howell, Red Bluff; Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Farrell, Los Gatos; Mr. J. W. Mott, Los Angeles; Mr. J. F. Wise, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Vetch, Louisville, Kentucky; Mr. and Mrs. Caryl L. Smith, Atascadero; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Keyes, Minneapolis; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. France, Chester, Pennsylvania; Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Cooper, Maricopa, Colorado; Captain A. F. Melenour, The Hague, Holland; Mr. and Mrs. George Blajevitch, Harbin, Manchuria; Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Messenger, Flint, Michigan; Mr. E. B. Shoemaker, New York; Mr. J. E. Atkinson, Montgomery, Alabama; Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Cory, Los Angeles.

One of the first musical instruments made by an American was a mouth harmonica, made by Benjamin Franklin at the time when he was minister at the court of Louis in France, where he played it with considerable skill before Marie Antoinette and her court ladies. The queen was so delighted and interested that Franklin presented the little instrument to her. After Marie Antoinette was beheaded in the great French revolution this mouth harmonica had many sensational experiences till finally it came into the possession of a wealthy musical amateur and collector in this country, who has it to this day.

Bald Patron—What have you that will grow hair? Now don't mention anything unless you know it is sure fire. Barber—Very well, sir—there's my two-weeks-old baby; he's sure to grow a fine crop in the course of time.—Boston Transcript.

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THE CANADIAN EXCHANGES.

Striking illustration of the advantage the present exchange situation is to United States investors in Canada is furnished by the case of an Ohio farmer. He sells his farm in Ohio for \$300 an acre, the equivalent, with exchange at 15 per cent, of \$345 an acre in Canadian money. He moves to western Canada and buys a farm as big as his old one at \$45 an acre. He still has \$300 an acre in Canadian money for the farm he sold and has a new farm as big as his old one—and it cost him nothing. Query: Who paid for the farm?

There is still a disposition widely held among Canadians that in some way the United States is responsible for the discount on Canadian money. There is in consequence a widespread feeling of resentment, which, no matter how ill-founded it may be, must be taken into account by Americans doing business in the Dominion. This resentment was illustrated by D. D. McKenzie, a Liberal leader in the House of Commons, declaring the other day that he would refuse to do a nickel's worth of business with any country that refused to accept Canada's money at 100 cents on the dollar. McKenzie was looking south when he said this, and no doubt was speaking as a politician rather than as an economist.

This resentment is not held by hankers and well-informed business men, though those among them who desire to see smaller imports from the United States may do nothing to allay it.

One hanker writes to the press, pointing out how helpless the United States is in the matter, particularly as has been suggested in the way of arbitrarily putting the money of Canada on a par with gold. He points out that all the gold in the world aggregates \$7,900,000,000, of which \$3,200,000,000 is already held in the United States, leaving only \$4,700,000,000 for all the rest of the world, or only little more than sufficient to settle the year 1919's adverse balance of trade in favor of the United States.

The one outstanding thing the United States can do to help rectify the Canadian dollar is to purchase more goods from Canada. Well-informed Canadians recognize, however, that to equalize exports with imports, while it will help greatly, will only afford a partial solution. One authority places the remedies in this order:

- (a) Deflation of currency.
- (b) Increased production and greater exports.
- (c) Increased immigration.

It is in the matter of helping to increase Canada's exports that the United States can help the exchange situation. And there are two potent reasons why this should be done: First, that the United States is undoubtedly losing business by the present situation; and second, if it is not done it will greatly

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"What's your idea of eternal retribution?"
"A profiteer worrying over his income tax."—*Washington Star*.

"Esther told me I was the first boy that ever kissed her." "Too bad she had such a poor start."—*Penn State Froth*.

"Who's the boss in your house now, old man?" "No one, sorry to say. The wife and I are still advertising for a cook."—*Judge*.

Knicker—What is the real population of New York? *Bocker*—All the people who want to live in it.—*Sun and New York Herald*.

Co-ed (showing her new diamond)—Do you think Jack's love for me is true? *Sorority Sister*—Well, there's a good ring to it, anyway.—*Kansas Sour Owl*.

"It's just an idle rumor." "Well, my wife's bridge club is in session. If those ladies get hold of that idle rumor, they'll soon put it to work."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Miss Oldgirl (who writes)—I am thinking of writing a love story founded on my own experience. *Miss Young*—You'd better give it a happier ending, dear.—*Boston Transcript*.

Director—We will buy your play, but quite a bit will have to be cut out and new scenes written before we can use it. *Scribbler*—What parts can you use? *Director*—The title.—*Film Fun*.

"This salesman won't do. There is something radically wrong with him." "Why do you say that?" "Did you see the pretty girl who reported him for inattention?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Mashie—I hear that Niblick and his wife are going to separate. *Putter*—Yes, I know; she can't stand it. He's always beating her. *Moshie*—Beating her? Terrible! *Putter*—No! Just golf!—*Passing Show*.

"So Alice caught her husband kissing the maid. What is he going to do about it?" "She can't seem to make up her mind, poor dear. Sometimes she thinks it would be easier for her to get a new husband than to find a new maid."—*Washington Post*.

"I'm going on a railroad journey. Suggest something to read." "What route are you going to take?" "One of the branch lines where the train stops at a station about every twenty minutes." "Then why not read the names painted on the little red and yellow

depots? You'll find it a liberal education in sacred and profane history, as well as Indian lore."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Courtroom doors ought to be constructed on a liberal scale." "For what purpose?" "Because they are intended to be open to conviction."—*Baltimore American*.

"Didn't you use to belong to a Don't Worry Club years ago?" "Yes," replied the patient yet firm woman. "I had to resign. Nobody worried about who was going to fix up the sandwiches and salad and freeze the ice-cream, but me. So I decided I was just a born worrier and was out of my class."—*Washington Star*.

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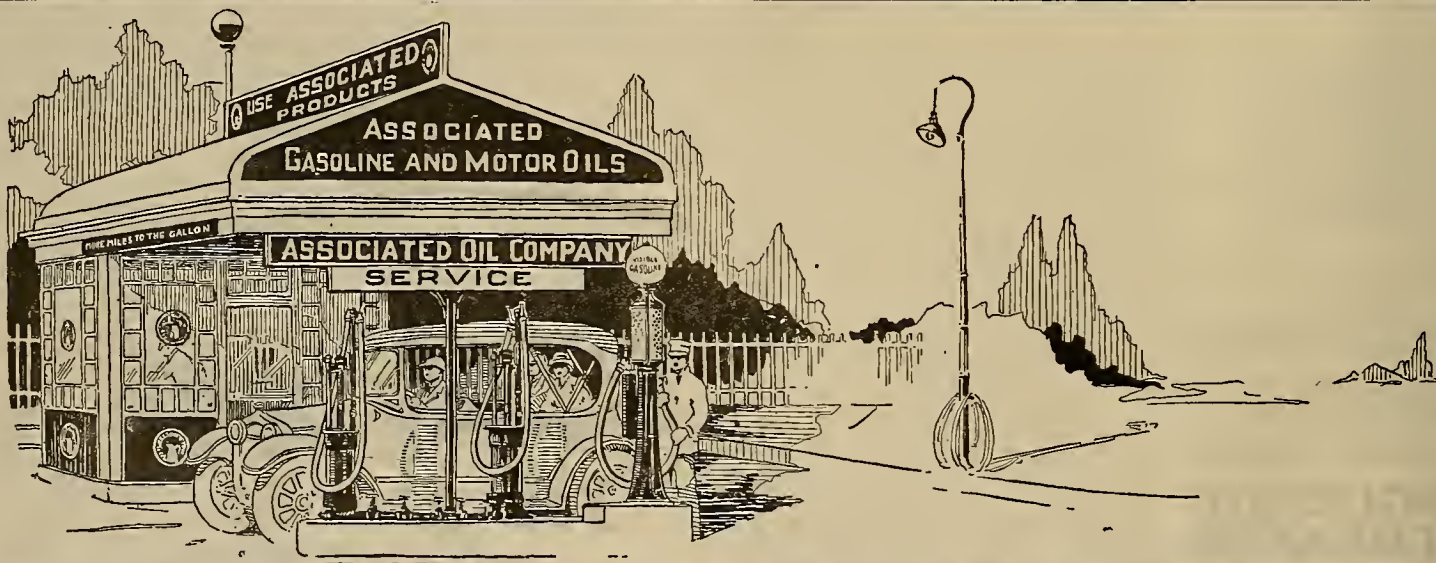
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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2268.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 11, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New-York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street.
WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Maine Election.

There is an old saying that as Maine goes so goes the Union. And while this dictum may not be logically sound, it still has an interest founded in tradition. A general election comes each year in Maine about two months prior to the national election—this year on the 13th instant, next Monday. Maine is essentially a Republican state and is expected this year, as usual, to elect a Republican ticket. Interest will centre upon the figures—upon the size of the Republican majority.

In 1916 Maine gave Hughes (Republican) 69,506 votes, Wilson (Democrat) 64,118 votes. In the state election of 1918—two years ago—Maine gave the Republican nominee for governor 64,069 votes, the Democratic candidate 58,918 votes.

Broadly speaking, the Republicans have in Maine a nominal majority of approximately 10,000. If on Monday next the Republican majority shall be 10,000 or over it will be accounted nationally as a striking Republican victory. If, on the other hand, the Republican majority shall fall much below 10,000, the hurrah will be the other way around, and it will give the Democrats nationally a large measure of comfort as indicating the attitude of the country at large.

It is because of the importance of the Maine election, psychologically considered, that both Republicans and Democrats have been putting in their besticks during

the past twenty days. Officials representing both Republican and Democratic national organizations have been on the ground, and campaigners of approved vote-getting powers have literally been combing the state from Androscoggin to York. The usual professions of hopefulness are declared by both parties, but nobody will really know anything about it until next Monday evening.

The League Under Revision.

Proceedings of the conference at The Hague in which Mr. Elihu Root is engaged as a dominant figure are not reported. Yet from many circumstances—and a few leakages—we get the impression that the whole scheme of the league of nations is in the way of being rewritten. We get the further impression that the basic idea of the reconstructed league is a permanent court of international justice, as distinguished from a political combination of powers—in short, a species of super-court, as distinct from a super-government.

The project is not a new one. It is merely a swing-back to suggestions that preceded Mr. Wilson's insistence upon a political league. The Naval Appropriation bill, approved August 29, 1916, declared it to be "*the policy of the United States to adjust and settle its international disputes through mediation and arbitration, to the end that war may be honorably avoided*," and authorized and requested the President "*to invite at an appropriate time, not later than the close of the war in Europe, all the great governments of the world to send representatives to a conference, which shall be charged with the duty of formulating a plan for a court of arbitration, or rather tribunal, to which the disputed questions between nations shall be referred for adjudication and peaceful settlement.*"

Here we have ready-sketches, long before a political league of nations was under discussion, a permanent court of international justice. Instead of following the suggestion of Congress, President Wilson, in conjunction with General Smuts, Lord Robert Cecil, and other British statesmen, entered into a project for a political league; and out of it all has come the famous Covenant, which has served, not to make peace, but rather to disturb and perplex the world, and in a very special sense to confuse our American politics. If the original plan, as above defined, had been made the basis of Mr. Wilson's European diplomacy, we should long before now have had in working operation and arrangement an organization commanding the respect of the world and that, in all likelihood, would have prevented the wars which are now desolating Central Europe.

When the Wilson Covenant was first reported to America it was criticized by Mr. Root as fundamentally defective in that it lacked the first essential, namely, a court of high moral authority to which contentions between nations might be referred for adjudication. It was this judgment, in connection with his established high international reputation, that led the leading nations to invite Mr. Root last April to come to Europe and enter into conference with representatives of European nations with the view to introducing into the scheme of the league, or to establishing in connection with it, an international court. Mr. Root made no public statement of purpose prior to his departure, nor has he since spoken, but the impression prevails that he had in mind the creation of a court not so definitely involved with the league as established by the Covenant as to fall with the league if it should be found in practice to be unworkable.

While it is not yet openly admitted that the political league is a failure, it is none the less apparent. Some twenty-eight or twenty-nine nations have formally entered into it and it may be defined as in a way a going concern. But its acceptance has been merely formal, and it has, at least up to the present time, made no real and effective impression in the sphere of world affairs.

The nations of the world are as contentious as ever. That the league has failed to maintain peace is attested by the eighteen wars, big and little, now raging in one region or another. Further, it is unofficially known that foremost men in the greater countries of Europe have lost whatever faith they may ever have had in the efficiency of the league as a promoter of peace. The Argonaut has positive sources of information to the effect that Lord Robert Cecil of England and Prime Minister Millerand of France—not to mention others—in private conversation refer to the league as a practical failure.

It may easily be believed that Mr. Root, who is dealing with the situation on the ground and whose personal prestige at this moment is probably higher than that of any other world statesman, has conceived the idea of putting into effect the plan that Mr. Wilson in his vanity and arrogance rejected. As matters stand, it would be easy, with the consent and coöperation of Europe, to so alter the scheme as to create an association of nations as an adjunct to an international court, instead of establishing a court as an adjunct to the league of nations. The league so altered should surely find favor with the American Congress, and there is no question that it would be satisfactory to the chancelleries of Europe, who have already intimated that readjustment satisfactory to the United States will be acceptable.

When upon the heels of the armistice it became necessary to send an American commission to Versailles all the proprieties called for the placing at its head of Mr. Root, our most distinguished international statesman. His appointment was expected by the country and would have been received alike by Democrats and Republicans as suitable. But Mr. Wilson, having determined to go himself, overlooked Mr. Root and named as associates a group of dummies of dependable subserviency. What followed needs not to be told. The world is in a mess of difficulties, and has been now for nearly two years, with no hopeful sign of immediate improvement. The league of nations is both a demonstrated and a confessed failure. The making of it postponed peace with the central powers for an unconscionable time. Even yet America and Germany are nominally at war. Although the league has been in operation now for a year it has not maintained peace, and it has no means of determining either in an authoritative or moral sense the rights and wrongs of European contentions. It is, we repeat, a demonstrated and confessed failure.

In the dilemma which they found themselves last spring the leading European nations, through the league, invited Mr. Root to conference, and now they are very obviously willing, and even eager, to make any readjustment that he, in conference with the leading statesmen, may define. The outcome is plainly indicated. It requires no prophet to see that the final determination will be, not upon Mr. Wilson's Covenant, but upon a plan that Mr. Root may define. In the end the adjustments of peace will be those, not of Mr. Wilson, but of the man whom Mr. Wilson in his vanity and jealousy overlooked.

Hoist by His Own Petard.

Governor Cox's charge that a fund of \$15,000,000 is being raised by the Republican organization to "buy the presidency" for Senator Harding was clear and emphatic. Likewise clear and emphatic was his statement that he "had the facts" and was prepared to prove the charge. When it came to the point of proof he exhibited a paper bearing no evidence of authenticity purporting to be a schedule of "quotas" apportioned among the various states and cities of the country. The aggregate of these quotas was approximately \$8,000,000, or a little above half the amount originally charged. Governor Cox made up the difference between \$8,000,000

and \$15,000,000 by the presumption that the actual returns would "about double the demand." It was by this extraordinary statement—by these amazing presumptions—that Governor Cox attempted to sustain his charge.

Now as to the facts, attested under oath before the Kenyon committee by Chairman Hays of the Republican national organization: The committee has not promulgated any schedule of quotas. In its efforts to get means to carry on the campaign it has named amounts that it would like to receive from several different centres, always, as Mr. Hays declares, "in excess of expectancy." The committee has got in something over a million dollars in money, and it has assurances that will run the total up to approximately \$3,000,000. Local contributions to local campaigns it is expected will add another million. Thus the total already raised—and hoped for—is approximately \$4,000,000, which political experts, including Chairman White of the Democratic National Committee, have declared to be "about right." This sum, in the opinion of both Republican and Democratic managers, is not more than enough to pay the legitimate costs of the campaign.

Governor Cox's charge falls to the ground of its own weight. Unless Chairman Hays lies—and nobody believes that he has lied—there has been no authoritative quota. And if there were, a quota is very far from being cash in hand. Further, if there were a quota, and if it were all that Governor Cox assumed it to be, then it could only yield a total of \$8,000,000, as against Governor Cox's charge of \$15,000,000. Governor Cox declared that he had facts and that he could support his statement by documentary evidence. Now, having completely failed to sustain his charge, he seeks to evade responsibility for it by shunting the whole business off upon the Kenyon committee. His latest outgiving is a frantic statement that "there is a quota" and that it is the duty of the Kenyon committee to prove it.

What must be thought of a man who first makes a gross charge, next reduces his accusation by one-half, next attempts to prove the remainder by a bogus document which in itself proves nothing? And what is to be thought of a man who definitely and passionately declares himself possessed of proofs, and who, upon being challenged to produce them, has to confess that he has no proofs? What is to be thought of a presumption so amazing in its mendacity and stupidity?

Very evidently Governor Cox's training in small politics has schooled him in cheap trickeries. Finding himself embarrassed by the real issues of the campaign, especially by his subserviency to Wilsonism, he sought to divert public attention to something else, and the handiest expedient was to create a scandal. Apparently he thought this might be done by mere assertion. Bitter indeed must be his chagrin to discover himself hoist by his own petard.

Governor Cox gets little comfort even from those friendly to his candidacy. For example, the New York Times, most devoted of his supporters (omitting reference, however, to Governor Cox's statement that he could prove his charge), says:

No one versed in such matters expected for a moment that he could "prove" the existence of a \$15,000,000 Republican campaign fund. That was a round figure, convenient for use on the stump. But in the nature of the case there could be no proof, whether mathematical or logical, that such a sum had been or could be raised. "Quotas" are not collections. Campaign solicitors go out to their work very much in the spirit of General Grant, when a boy, selling a horse for his father. The asking price was much higher than what he was ready to take. We have also to be fair enough to take knowledge of the fact that the amounts gathered by the Republican National Committee are to be apportioned among state and local organizations. This puts a somewhat different color on the large total. Even accepting the figures produced by Governor Cox, the Republican campaign fund is still several millions short of what had been confidently charged.

Governor Cox in Close View.

While the attempt of Governor Cox to make scandal of the Republican campaign fund has failed of its purpose so far as the governor's own interest is concerned, it has served a good purpose. It has given to the country a close view of Governor Cox's mental habits and of his moral characteristics. It has cast a revealing light upon the character of a man who appeals for votes for the highest post in the government.

Everybody knew that he was the choice of that precious coterie of practical politicians, Boss Taggart of Indiana, Boss Thompson of Illinois, and Boss Murphy of Tammany Hall. Everybody knew that he

was the choice of that faction of "wets" identified with the whisky interest, as against the milder "wets" favorable to lighter beverages. Everybody knew that he had been in a general sense an anti-Wilson Democrat and that his nomination was opposed by the agents and friends of the Administration.

Something of the man's intellectual and moral measure was betrayed in the surrender, following his nomination, to Mr. Wilson. When he abandoned his original faith and allegiance and made the Wilson policy his own it shook the faith of many who had hoped to find in him a man of independent character. Now, in this later incident, he reveals other weaknesses, completing a picture of a man lacking at many, if not at most, points the qualities which ought to be found in a President of the United States. A man capable of cooking up a slander in shape "convenient for platform use" upon mere presumption, a man who declares that he has proofs when he has none and when none are possible—a man who loses his temper and adds anger to mendacity when called upon to sustain his own assertions—surely such a man is not suited for the serious responsibilities that fall to a President of the United States.

In demonstrating the infirmities of his temper and character, in betraying the triviality of his political devices, Governor Cox has lost the respect of thoughtful men, of men of conscience, of men of responsibility. And in the opinion of the *Argonaut* he has signed and sealed his own political doom. Americans are capable, be it said in humiliation, of many forms of blundering. But we will not elect to the presidency a man obviously wanting in the fundamental quality of honesty.

Mr. Shortridge and the Senate.

Mr. Shortridge's victory in the primary of last week gives to the Republicans of California a senatorial candidate of dependable character. There is no question about Shortridge's Republicanism. The essential principles of the party have been the faith and doctrine of his life. Both in times prosperous and in times ill he has been a steadfast party man. In the Senate he may be depended upon to stand for Republican principles and to sustain the general policies of a Republican President.

And this is a matter of vital importance, for it is an open secret that even the small margin by which the party has controlled the Senate during the past two years is in danger of being lost. When the American people get into the mood of smashing things—and they now clearly intend to smash Wilsonism—they are apt to strike both right and left; and it would be no great surprise if the wave that is about to engulf the executive administration should engulf the Republican margin in the Senate. Only by diligence and loyalty can the integrity of the Republican party in the Senate be maintained.

California is one of the states where Republicans have the right to expect to gain a senator. The record of registration stands: Republicans, 779,854; Democrats, 288,449; Socialists, 19,071; Prohibitionists, 19,117; scattering, 2500; number declining to state party affiliation, 143,077. Unless there has been gross dishonesty in the declaration of party affiliation and sympathy, Republicans have a tremendous majority as against a combination of all other partisans and neutrals. With any approach to party loyalty, Mr. Shortridge should be elected hands down.

But there are both open and secret forces to be reckoned with. Mr. Phelan has the advantage which accrues to incumbency. He has large wealth, with wealthy—and liberal—relatives. He is a Native Son, still a force—though illogical and illegitimate—in politics, and he has such support as the Administration at Washington may give through the California "Federal Brigade." He is undoubtedly a hard man to beat, especially by one who must come, as Mr. Shortridge does, without other resources than those which lie in his character and his powers of reaching the public mind through personal appeal.

There are many reasons why Mr. Shortridge ought to be elected, but the main reason is his dependability as a Republican and in the probability that his vote will be needed to maintain in the Senate support of a Republican President. Furthermore, it is not right that a state whose political sentiment is overwhelmingly Republican should be represented by a Democrat.

California's legitimate interests, so far as they relate

to politics, are bound up in the policies of the Republican party. We need protection for many of our productive industries, already handicapped by advanced rates of freight to Eastern markets. We need recognition and help from the government under policies to which the Democratic party is traditionally opposed and to which the Republican party is traditionally committed. Thus material interest combines with political calculation, and with the political sentiment of the state in behalf of Mr. Shortridge as against Mr. Phelan.

It is now less than two months to the day of election. It will be physically impossible for Mr. Shortridge to reach all, or even a tithe, of the voters of California in the way of personal appeal. He will do all that one man may possibly do to present the case to the public. But his surest dependence must be upon a common-sense appreciation of the conditions and upon assurance of his qualifications. Upon every score he is entitled to the votes of the Republicans of California. He is entitled to the votes of the Republicans of California in their own interests—in behalf of the maintenance of policies to which they are sentimentally attached, and with which their interests are practically allied.

Editorial Notes.

Dr. Belisario, president of the Republic of Panama, on arrival at New York last week, told a reporter that his country was free from the blight of H. C. L. General prices, he said, are not above normal, production is at high tide, business is good, the people are prosperous and happy. The republic has no debts and there is a surplus of \$2,500,000 in the national treasury. A truly gratifying state of affairs! Yet we fear the condition is only temporary, at least at the point of the national surplus. President Belisario and family, a typical Central American group as to numbers, are booked at a New York hotel "for several weeks." When the president gets his bill the treasury surplus will be in the way of turning into a deficit.

Villa, according to reports from Mexico, has turned farmer, and under his "treaty" with the *de facto* government he has been given sixteen hundred mules, six hundred plows, two tractors, two threshing machines, two automobile trucks, and enough corrugated iron to build four spacious warehouses. These supplies have been shipped to Villa's ranch at Canutillo. Theoretically there is to be division of all this loot among Villa's followers, but we would like to bet something handsome that when the award shall be made there will be "barely enough for the officers."

It ill becomes the editor of the Fresno *Republican* to talk about "petty demagoguery." Yet we should bear in mind that the demagoguery which in its devotion to factional interest leads a man—and an editor—to abandon his known principles and support that which he has again and again condemned on moral grounds is not "petty." Nor is the demagoguery "petty" that leads a man—and an editor—to oppose a candidate for presidential nomination—a candidate who commands his "entire moral approval"—on grounds of personal consistency. There was, in the long ago, a time when the editor of the Fresno *Republican* looked to his conscience and judgment for guidance. Now he suffers under the moral deterioration which comes when a man is controlled, not by his conscience and judgment, but by his personal affiliations and his partisan commitments.

The success, by an emphatic vote, of Senator Moses in the New Hampshire primary is significant of New England sentiment *in re* the league of nations and Wilsonism in general. Senator Moses has been an outspoken opponent of the President and his policies, and it was with some aid from Washington that a bitter fight against him has been waged. The case has been one of very serious doubt and the result has unmistakable meaning.

Is it worth while, when money is needed for legitimate objects, to answer the appeal to save from sale the cottage in which Thomas Parr lived? His claim to fame is that he lived to be 152 and that he did penance for immorality at 100. Careful inquiry last century discredited the tradition as to the number of his years. His age was attested only by village gossip and by quacks, who sold what they falsely called "Parr's Life Pills." Brought to court in what was alleged to be his 153d year, Parr died in the course of a few months, killed by excessive diet.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Lest We Forget!

ROCKLIN, CAL., September 3, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The killing of two missionaries in the Province of Shantung in China in 1897 afforded the German minister to Peking ample and convenient excuse to demand from China, among other things, "a place on the Chinese coast for the repair and equipment of German ships and for the storage of material and provisions for the same."

China tried to evade these monstrous demands by an offer of apology and compensation, but on November 10th Admiral von Diederich sailed in the Bay of Kiao Chau with his fleet and seized the bay and the territory at its mouth in the name of the German Emperor. China, unable to resist the diplomatic pressure of Von Diederich's guns, leased for a term of ninety-nine years a zone of one hundred Chinese miles of territory, with the right to erect fortifications therein and to construct lines of railroad in the Province of Shantung. This is the short and simple history of the now famous German concession of Shantung and the way in which kultur was first carried to the grateful inhabitants of Kiao Chau.

More was to flow from the incident than the original wrong to China, for it at once and directly led to the English concession of Weihaiwei, to the Boxer rebellion, and to the American policy of the "open door" to China. Henry Adams in his "Education" says of the latter: "The drama acted in Peking in the summer of 1900 * * * brought suddenly the inevitable struggle for the control of China. * * * John Hay alone championed China's administrative entity" * * * and "suddenly ignored European leadership, took the lead himself, and saved China."

With the manner in which the German concession in Shantung was acquired America had nothing to do; with the disposal of that concession, however, we had much to do, but with but little of either credit or honor in the doing.

When the world war broke out China promptly entered into negotiations with Germany for the return of Shantung. Japan met the move by presenting Germany with an ultimatum "to deliver on a date not later than September 15th to the imperial Japanese authorities * * * the entire leased territory of Kiao Chau." This ultimatum expired by limitation on August 23, 1914, and at the same time the negotiations between China and Germany ended with a bang. Japan then started in to reduce Kiao Chau. China offered troops to assist in the operation, which Japan refused. By November 7, 1914, Japan with some slight and fragmentary assistance from Great Britain overcame the German resistance at Kiao Chau.

In the meantime China tried to declare war on Germany, but Japan blocked the way. In 1915 China tried again, with the same effect resulting from the same cause. The Germans had been "had medicine" for China, but what the Japs might prove to be made Sherman's description of war seem a wholly inadequate comparison. China personally knew the consequences of Japan's benevolent course towards Korea, which began with the murder of its queen and ended with the total loss of political freedom in that wretched country. Knowing of this and of other equally disagreeable happenings in Manchuria and Mongolia, China demanded of Japan the return of the Port of Lungkow, which in flagrant violation of China's neutrality Japan had seized in the Kiao Chau operations and had neglected to return to China.

Japan's reply was characteristic. She presented to China her justly celebrated twenty-one demands. There were really twenty-two, the twenty-second being that if China so much as peeped about the other twenty-one, painful and sudden things would happen to her. As China felt that the worst had happened, she not only peeped, she literally yelled herself black in the face. Japan at once said that China was having a pipe dream and that she had made no demands. Then she reconsidered and acknowledged to eleven demands which she published. Then she added two more army corps to the two crack ones already in China's quivering midst and on May 7, 1915, presented China with an ultimatum and gave her fifty-one hours to act upon it.

China was helpless. Her only hope lay in aid extended from the outside, and on that particular date every one in Europe was exceedingly busy keeping in the war and every one in America equally busy keeping out of it, so China had to accede to Japan's demands. This is the treaty that our technical expert in Far Eastern affairs at the Paris conference described to President Wilson as "obtained by force and duress." This is certainly not an overdescription.

A rumor of this extraordinary diplomatic move having been wafted across the Pacific, on May 16, 1915, America sent notes to China and Japan "that it can not recognize any agreement or undertaking which has been entered into between the governments of China and Japan impairing the treaty rights of the United States and its citizens in China."

As an integral part of our foreign policy was then and still is John Hay's "open door" to China, in the light shed by these notes what follows becomes even more humiliating to America. In November, 1915, Viscount Ishii made flat objection to China's second attempt to enter the war both because of Japan's "paramount interest" in China and because "Japan could not view without uneasiness the moral awakening of 400,000,000 Chinese." This statement is commended to the careful study of all pro-Japanese and apologists for the rape of Shantung. These various moves and counter-moves bring us to the fateful year 1917.

On February 3, 1917, the President severed diplomatic relations with Germany. The next day, February 4th, he invited all the then neutral countries to pursue a similar course. China was inclined to accept the President's invitation, but again Japan interfered, warning China that the United States would probably get in the war too late and that the Entente allies as a consequence would lose. In which event it would be safer for China to act in harmony with Japan than to abandon her neutrality at America's suggestion. China naturally hesitated and approached the American minister at Peking. Our minister in reply to specific questions on China's part said that while he had no official instructions, as the cables were not working, he accepted responsibility, and gave as his judgment that assistance would be given China by the United States to recover Shantung at the peace conference. Relying on this assurance of the American minister, China severed diplomatic relations with Germany.

This assurance to China by the official representative of the government of the United States (who subsequently resigned) has never been repudiated by the government at Washington, unless President Wilson's reply to a question by Senator Hiram Johnson on August 19, 1919, can be construed as such. President Wilson then stated "we [the United States] made no promises" that we would protect her (China's) interests at the peace conference.

On February 16, 1917 (the significance of this date is paramount), Japan obtained from the British representative a note containing the following: "His Britannic majesty's government accedes with pleasure to the request of the Japanese government for an assurance that they will support Japan's claims in regard to the disposal of Germany's rights in Shantung." At the same time Japan obtained similar assurances from France, Italy, and Russia. These are the secret treaties

that are said to have caused President Wilson to abandon China at the peace conference.

On August 14, 1917, China entered the war. As always curiously coincident, Japan's representative, Viscount Ishii, arrived in the United States on August 13th to negotiate what has since become known as the Lansing-Ishii agreement. On September 28th in a speech in New York Viscount Ishii proposed a Monroe Doctrine for the Far East. On November 2d the State Department at Washington gave out the Lansing-Ishii agreement, which contained, among other things, the following: "The governments of the United States and Japan recognize that territorial propinquity creates special interests between countries." On November 12th China sent the United States a note commenting on this agreement, which declared: "The Chinese government will not allow herself to be bound by any agreement entered into by other nations." China saw only too plainly the handwriting on the wall.

Japan, as soon as the Lansing-Ishii agreement was given out, promptly coalesced "territorial propinquity," "special interests," and Ishii's Far Eastern Monroe Doctrine into a working whole, and on the strength of it started a propaganda to the effect that the United States had consented that Japan should do as she pleased in China. When Japan added the misdescription "regional understanding" that the league of nations applies to the Monroe Doctrine the smoke screen became of such visibility as to, helatelly it is true, draw Mr. Lansing, who testified that: "Ishii said that he thought that Japan's special interest in China should be recognized in any agreement we might make. I said that of course the United States recognized that because of geographical location Japan had a peculiar interest in China, but that the danger of putting it in any agreement was that it might be misconstrued and that therefore I objected to it. I further told him that if he understood 'special interest' meant 'paramount interest' I could not discuss it further. Ishii suggested a Monroe Doctrine for the Far East. I told him that the Monroe Doctrine did not give the United States a paramount interest over any nation on this hemisphere and I thought the same principle should be given any other nation with regard to China. Ishii maintained silence."

China offered the Allies 100,000 trained men for use in Europe, but Japan blocked their acceptance. The Allies, however, did accept and make use of 250,000 Chinese coolies heading the lines in Belgium and France, to their and our added shame.

This brings the tale to the complete abandonment of China at the peace conference. An abandonment that was not only directly in contravention of international law, but also in the face of the promise implied but no less binding that China's interests at the peace table would be an associated power her protected by her co-belligerents. The only explanation ever given by the President, other than his denial to Senator Johnson that the United States had induced China by promises to enter the war, President Wilson made in a speech in St. Louis on September 5, 1919, at a Chamber of Commerce luncheon. "Great Britain and others, as everybody knows," said the President, "in order to make it more certain that Japan would come into the war and so assist to clear the Pacific of German fleets, had promised that any rights that Germany had in China should in case of victory of the Allies pass to Japan. There was no qualification in that promise. She was to get exactly what Germany had, * * * and so the only thing that was possible was to induce Japan to promise * * * that she would retain in Shantung none of the sovereign rights which Germany had enjoyed there, but would return the sovereignty without qualification to China and retain in Shantung Province only what other nationalities had elsewhere—economic rights." * * *

As soon as report of this speech reached Washington Senator Norris wired the President, calling his attention to the fact that whereas Japan entered the war on August 23, 1914, the secret agreements giving her Shantung were not made until March, 1917. The President telegraphed Senator Norris from Garrison, Montana, on September 12th thanking him for pointing out an "unintentional inaccuracy."

Notwithstanding this acknowledgment by the President on September 12th of an "unintentional inaccuracy," he repeated the statement made in the St. Louis speech of September 5th in speeches at Los Angeles on September 20th; at Reno, Nevada, on the 22d; at Salt Lake City, Utah, on the 23d, and at Cheyenne, Wyoming, on September 24th. As far as known, it is the only explanation that has ever been given, and it contains another "unintentional inaccuracy" besides the one pointed out by Senator Norris. China never gave and Germany never possessed and never exercised any sovereign rights in Shantung. Exactly how, therefore, Japan can return to China sovereign rights obtained by Japan from Germany that never were in Germany's possession is not exactly clear as crystal.

It is a sad tale, my masters, and a sadder ending, the reason for which seems to have been the threat of withdrawal by Japan at the psychological moment that was so inimical and threatening to the President's plans as to both upset his balance and to impair his sense of right and justice and to utterly destroy his perspective. But whatever the explanation, it must be a pathetic one both for America and China. China, feeling that she had been betrayed, would not, indeed could not, sign the treaty. The American Senate, for a not dissimilar reason, would not ratify the treaty, and the voters of the United States will in November record their opinion at the polls on this question.

Up to now it may be argued that whatever happened in Paris, Peking, Tokyo, or Washington the nominee of the Democratic party can not be held responsible for. The law, however, holds an accessory, even when after the fact, of almost equal guilt with the perpetrator of the crime. The Democratic platform expressly states and the Democratic nominee has explicitly and word by word endorsed the statement that "we advocate the immediate ratification of the treaty without reservations which would impair its essential integrity, but do not oppose acceptance of any reservation making clearer or more specific the obligation of the United States to the league associates."

JAMES G. BLAINE.

A stray paragraph on "Wars of the United States" enumerates nineteen wars. Ten of these were conflicts with Indian tribes, of which the most important were probably the Black Hawk war and the Seminole war. If these are called wars, an eleventh might be added—the Modoc war of 1873. The important wars on the list are the war of the revolution, the war of 1812, the Mexican war, the civil war, the Spanish war, the war with Germany. The minor conflicts included in the list are: the war with France, 1798; the war with Tripoli, 1803; the Philippine war, 1899.

Walt Whitman's modest little home in Camden, New Jersey, purchased with hard-earned dollars in his declining years, is to be converted into a Whitman museum.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

A very cursory acquaintance with the history of the world, which so few possess, would save us from one of those political vulgarities that have found a place in the currency of the day. I mean the popular assertion that we have now no interest in the affairs of Europe and that a true American policy implies isolation and detachment. That such folly should receive toleration in a commercial nation largely dependent upon the Old World for its trade is but another evidence of the power of the "slogan" to blight the intelligence and to obscure the facts.

It is due, of course, to our wretched methods of studying history and to the resulting conviction that the story of one nation can be disentangled from the story of the others. It can not be done. An event that seems to have been frozen into ancient history for five hundred years is suddenly found to have been alive all the time, and to have been stretching out its stealthy octopus tentacles to embrace nations then unborn. There can be no folly nor crime of statecraft committed anywhere or at any time that fails of its Nemesis, and its circles of inclusion grow wider as that Nemesis is postponed. Many centuries ago the Turks invaded Europe. They overran the Balkan States, and if the cries of their victims reached heaven, as they certainly seem to have done in view of recent events, it is equally certain that they did not reach the ears of their fellowmen. It was only when the Turks attacked Vienna that they were opposed and overthrown by the Poles under Sobieski, but they were infamously permitted to retain their hold upon the Balkans, while Poland was rewarded for her heroism by conquest and partition. It was in compensation for that crime that a hundred thousand Americans now lie dead in France. Every link in that terrible chain of cause and effect is now visible to the retrospective eye. We see now that only that happened that must have happened, that all of it was inevitable. There would have been no great war but for the presence of the Turks in Europe. There would have been no Crimean war, no Russo-Turkish war, no Balkan wars, no Russo-Japanese war. And America is now called upon to participate in the reconstruction of Poland, at least by her words, and to help to compensate for the crimes committed almost before she was born. Treitschke said once that human history is the record of the unfolding of the will of God in human affairs, and that to every event, however obscure, must be assigned a place in the fabric that is under construction. The true statesman is the man who can foresee the chain of cause and effect, but there seems to be none such now alive. We can not trace even the sequences that have past.

That history repeats itself is a truism. It repeats itself so faithfully as almost to suggest to the imaginative mind—and there can be no discovery of truth without imagination—that some superhuman intelligence confronts us with our unlearned lessons, forcing us to con the page once more, to repeat the old experience, to do it rightly. A thousand years ago Genseric, Attila, and Alaric—we may call them the Prussian, the Austrian, and the Bulgarian—made war upon Europe, and they were overthrown by the French at that first battle of the Marne, exactly on the field of the greater struggle of five years ago. But it was a mighty fight, that first one. The veracious chroniclers say that the light was obscured by the ghosts of the dead men struggling in the sky. Centuries later we have the invasion of Europe by the Turks and the resulting charter to the Mohammedans to occupy Europe. It was the tricklet on the mountainside that was to become the devastating torrent in the valley. Europe had the chance to remedy that wrong over and over again, and she would not. The ever enlarging cup of blood was pressed to her lips century after century, in wars and revolutions, and now comes the torrent of blood that has nearly destroyed her civilization. Poland had saved middle Europe from the Turk, but in the hour of her tribulation there was no one to save Poland. She was partitioned three times. Napoleon, it is true, gave her something like a reconstitution. When we get the mists out of our eyes we may see that here was a man called of God who shook down the tyrannies of the world like rotten fruit. But Europe was impenitent. Even before the smoke of her burning had passed away she had summoned the Vienna Congress to reenslave the slave, to reestablish the kings, to reenthron the tyrannies. She had remembered nothing, forgotten nothing, learned nothing. And now in the ever-widening cycles of time we must again face the Turkish question, awfully enlarged by the adhesion of the whole Mohammedan world. And here is Poland again asking us what we are going to do with her, just as she asked us centuries ago, but now with the incalculable powers of Germanism and Bolshevism on either side. Time took all these problems into her hidden places, brooded over them, vitalized them, magnified them, and now presents them to us once more. She asks us to

the price that we have already paid. That price was not even the interest on the debt.

Poland is now where she was during the early partition period so far as the great principle of her independence is concerned. Her attitude toward the war was a matter of extraordinary importance. Russia, Germany, and Austria were all apprehensive of her action. All had guilty consciences. All had some portions of the swag concealed about their persons. The Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia issued a proclamation promising autonomy to the Russian Poles. Germany and Austria, less adroit and more brutal, tried to do by force what Russia tried to do by conciliation. Then came President Wilson with his Fourteen Points. He, too, promised liberty to the Poles, but he did not attempt any definition of Poland. Probably he did not know that the Polish frontiers were insusceptible of definition, that they had been moved so often and so far that they could no longer be identified. Such ignorance is by no means incredible. Lloyd George had never heard of Teschen. He did not know where Transylvania was or why the Roumanians wanted to possess it. Another great statesman, directing the foreign affairs of a great power, thought that Danzig was on the Mediterranean. That is the kind of intelligence that set itself the task of rebuilding the world. Now when Poland asked that the pledges made to her be redeemed she discovered at once that she was to be once more betrayed. Whatever importance she may have had during the war had quickly evaporated on the declaration of peace. She had not demanded the restoration of the whole of ancient Poland. That was obviously out of the question. Ancient Poland included the Ukraine, for example. But she did demand some substantial fulfillment of the pledges made to her. She asked that her autonomy be a real one and not a sham, and that her eastern frontier be so drawn as to be capable of defense. She demanded also that she be allowed access to the water through her own port of Danzig. It is to be remembered that here is no question of the restoration of an old frontier. There are many old frontiers, and some of them are so old as to be negligible. It was necessary to draw a new frontier, and Poland demanded that it be so drawn as to conform substantially with the pledges of the autonomy that had been made to her.

The conference broke those pledges. The violation was due partly to Lloyd George, who had some as yet undivulged reason for wanting to internationalize Danzig, and partly to President Wilson, who had had a revelation from on high regarding the self-determination of peoples. Thieves having broken into the house and murdered most of the inmates, the thieves now demanded a counting of heads in order to determine whether there were more thieves or inmates. As a result Poland found herself without a defensible eastern frontier, without the restoration of East Prussia, and without the possession of Danzig. Moving her new frontier eastward she came into collision with the Russians, who drove her back to the walls of Warsaw. Then there came the Polish rally and the Russian defeat. Incidentally we may observe that the League of Nations closed the port of Danzig to the munition ships that were bringing relief to the Poles and, so did what little it could to destroy a nation that was actually one of its members and to give aid to a people that was not one of its members. But all of this is relatively ancient history, and it is not necessary to do more than recapitulate its main features.

But what is to be done now? The wound is just as wide open and just as sore as ever it was. The Poles have been victorious, but can they sustain their victory without foreign aid? It may be that the Polish victory will hasten the downfall of the Bolshevik government, but on the other hand it may do nothing of the sort. It may do precisely the opposite. The revolutionary government of France during the Terror was greatly strengthened by defeats of the French armies on the frontier. These misfortunes rallied the people and caused them to demand military reform and the more energetic prosecution of the war. The Russian defeat may have the same result. Certainly we have heard nothing from Russia to justify optimism. Now are we to make a sort of ring around Russia and Poland as we would around a dog fight? Are we to say that this business is no affairs of ours and disinterestedly ill-will all the combatants from a platform of lofty superiority? Or are we to remember that we gave our pledge to Poland, that we became participants in the war because of that and other pledges, and that we were a member of the court of appeal to which Poland submitted her case and which gave a judgment based upon injustice? If we are now to witness unmoved the destruction of Poland, then we shall speedily find that our isolation is a chimera and that we have exposed ourselves to the contagion that must come from a Bolshevized Europe.

In the course of a few weeks we are likely to see great developments. At least we shall have some indication of what Russia intends to do. If she gives unmistakable evidence that she will not renew the war against the Poles, that she will accept the frontier that they demand, then we may believe that the sky has

brightened and that a great crisis has been passed. We may even believe that Bolshevism is on the down grade and that the end is in sight. But if Russia does not accept her defeat, if she renews the war against the Poles, then it would be well for us to bestir ourselves and to ask what we intend to do about it. The Poles are a small people, but the Russians are a great one. We can not assume that the Poles can continue to hold their own. And if Poland goes down then we may reasonably believe that the whole of Europe will go with them. To say that America has no interest in such a matter, to pretend that the fate of Poland is nothing to her, is to display an incapacity for political thought, indeed for any kind of thought, that we may hope to be spared.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 8, 1920.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Annie S. Peck, the famous mountain climber, is now preparing for her second ascent of Mt. Huascarar, 21,812 feet high.

Candido Aguilar, minister of foreign affairs of Mexico, was a cane-cutter working for 37 cents a day fifteen years ago.

A Japanese woman is credited with being the richest woman in the world. She is Mrs. Yone Susuki, owner of steamboat lines, shipbuilding yards, and factories whose profits during the war, it is said, were 10,000,000 pounds sterling. Mrs. Susuki is on her way to Paris for a visit.

Mlle. Landry, daughter of the French minister of marine, has been given a position in the secretariat of the ministry. It has created a stir in Paris because it is unique for a woman to hold public office there. She has taken degrees in philosophy and law and is considered exceptionally capable.

Irene Richards, a former Gaiety Theatre girl, is now Marchioness of Queensberry, and as such not only entitled to move in the highest English society, but is the holder of one of the most famous titles in the British Empire. On her stationery she can have the "double tressure," and she can, if she choose, refer to Black Douglas as an ancestor of the family. Lord Sholto Douglas, her husband's uncle, also married an actress, although, the right of succession acting as a check, she never rose to the heights of a marchioness.

W. Averill Harriman, who used to spend his summer vacations in southern Oregon when his father, E. H. Harriman, had a summer home on Pelican Bay, Upper Klamath Lake, seems to be emulating the ways of his distinguished ancestor in financial affairs. He is head of the American Ship and Commerce Corporation, which has just announced a merger with the Hamburg-American Line, recorded as one of the largest deals in American shipping history. It is also announced that a working agreement has about been concluded with the North German Lloyd Steamship Line, the strongest competitor. The American Ship and Commerce Corporation is a holding company for several big combinations of maritime capital and its lines encircle the globe.

In the workmen's quarter, living in three small rooms, is an artist who, an eminent British critic believes, will create a furor when his work is put on exhibition in western Europe and America. C. W. Nevinson, the English painter, claims the credit of discovering him while on a visit to Prague. Whether the British critic and Nevinson are correct in their estimate, the story of the life of Jaroslav Hnerkovsky is as fascinating as any one could find in fiction. Born in a little country village near Prague thirty-five years ago, this Czech determined to become an engineer. He studied in the local school, and later obtained employment in the Austrian civil service as an engineer. Hnerkovsky reads Jack London's stories as a boy revels in the adventures of "Dashing Diamond Dick"—he paints as Jack London wrote.

The various child poets and novelists who have had recognition since the publication of "The Young Visitors" must take a retired position in the matter of tender years when they come to be compared to little Phyllis Joyce of Webster Avenue, New Rochelle, New York. This young poet and composer is only two months over three years old, according to her mother. Yet for more than a year she has not only been composing verse, but also setting her words to original tunes. Phyllis' mother does not know where she got the notion of word and musical composition and says frankly that neither of her parents has these talents, nor have the child's brothers and sisters exhibited such proclivities. The only music also that Phyllis has heard in the home is that furnished by a talking machine. "But Phyllis has been precocious in all ways," says Mrs. Joyce. "She walked at eight months, talked plain English at twelve months, and could count to twenty before she was a year old. She can not read, and all her compositions are dictated by her to me or one of the older children. The tunes the child composes she keeps in her head until some musical friend sets down the notes for her. All her little poems are childish and her melodies fit them. That is why we never think of her as a prodigy."

OLD FAVORITES.

Ivry.

Nor glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre.
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance
Through thy corn-fields green and sunny vines, O pleasant
land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the
waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls'
annoy.
Hurrah! burrah! a single field batb turned the chance of
war!
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! bow our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the league drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears;
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our
land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his
hand;
And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled
flood,
And good Coligny's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of
war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, all in his armor drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and
high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to
wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout: God save our lord the
king!
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks
of war,
And be your oriflammc today the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din,
Of life, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain.
With all the hirling chivalry of Guelthers and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!

A thousand spears are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white
crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed while, like a guiding
star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the days is ours: Mayenne hath turned
his rein;
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter: the Flemish count is slain:
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
gale;
The field is beaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven
mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
Remember Saint Bartholomew! was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry—"No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down, with every foreigner; but let your brethren
go!"

Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France
today;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white—
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hatb ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lor-
raine.
Up with it high: unfurl it wide—that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His
church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point
of war,
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna: ho! matrons of Lucerne—
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall
return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistols,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-
men's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the league, look that your arms be
bright;
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward tonight:
For our God hatb crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the
slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the
brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are:
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!
—Lord Macaulay.

The first coin ever struck off by Rome had a figure of
an ox on it, and the cow has been in most patriarchal
epochs of society the symbol of fortune. "This family
is mine and these are my cows," says the Arab sheik,
a dweller in tents, and this has been the cause of the
use of the root of languages which stands for cow
being used in many terms that mean money. For in-
stance, the Latin root *pecus* forms many such words.
Pecuniary reward first meant a payment in cows; pec-
uniarity originally referred to the number of cows a
man had. The old Teutonic root for the word cow
furnished the words "scot" and "scot-free"; a man who
paid his bill or "scot" did so in a certain percentage of
the value of a cow, and if he got into trouble but es-
caped without being mulcted in money he was said to
have managed it without losing one of his cows.

An automobile company saves \$150,000 yearly by
establishing laundry for rags used to wipe oil and
grease from machinery, the result of high cost of rags.

THE LIFE OF DISRAELI.

Mr. George Earl Buckle Finishes the Great Biography Begun by the Late W. F. Monypenny.

The appearance of Volumes V and VI of "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield," brings to its conclusion a monumental work that has seen many vicissitudes. On the death of W. F. Monypenny, the original biographer, the task was entrusted to George Earl Buckle, who explains in his preface that the last phase of Disraeli's life should have been completed in one volume, but that recent events in Russia had permitted a fuller presentation of Disraeli's Eastern policies. During more than half of the period covered by these two volumes—1868 to 1881—Disraeli was prime minister, and therefore the principal documents are his correspondence with Queen Victoria. This gives to the volumes a certain attractiveness lacking in their predecessors in the light that they throw upon the character and disposition of the sovereign. In many cases they show the queen as exhibiting a partisanship and an influence not usually associated with her functions. Lady Augusta Stanley told Clarendon that "Dizzy writes daily letters to the queen in his best novel style, telling her every scrap of political news dressed up to serve his own purpose, and every scrap of social gossip cooked to amuse her. She declares that she never had such letters in her life, which is probably true, and that she never before knew *everything*." In May of 1867 we find the following extracts from letters addressed by the queen to Disraeli:

May 14—The Queen was glad to hear how very warmly Mr. Disraeli was received yesterday. It is very significant. The Queen trusts that the debate tonight will be satisfactory, tho' Mr. Disraeli told her he had anticipated the worst.

WINDSOR CASTLE, May 16, 1868.—The Queen is most thankful to Mr. Disraeli for his kind and feeling letter. She feels most deeply when others do sympathize as he does with her; Mr. Disraeli has at all times shown the greatest consideration for her feelings.

The Queen sends by this evening's messenger a few more flowers for Mr. Disraeli.

BALMORAL, May 21—The Queen was very sorry to hear from Mr. Disraeli what an unsatisfactory night they had on Monday. She feels very anxious to hear what course they intend to pursue, but trusts that this as well as other difficulties will be got over, and this annoying Session soon be brought to an end.

May 23.—... Really there never was such conduct as that of the Opposition.

May 25.—The Queen thanks Mr. Disraeli for several kind letters.

The Queen is really shocked at the way in which the House of Commons go on; they really bring discredit on Constitutional Government. The Queen hopes and trusts, however, that today's division will be satisfactory and then there will be quiet.

Disraeli was not always the sycophant in his dealings with the queen. In the spring of 1868 she passed through Paris on her way to Switzerland, traveling incognito as the Countess of Kent. She received a visit from the empress, but declined to return it, and this brought on herself something like a reproof from the prime minister:

10, DOWNING STREET [August, 1868].—... There is no doubt that your Majesty acted quite rightly in declining to return the visit of the Empress at Paris. Such an act on your Majesty's part would have been quite inconsistent with the incognito assumed by your Majesty, for a return visit to a Sovereign is an act of high etiquette: which incognito is invented to guard against.

Nevertheless there is, Mr. Disraeli would ask permission to observe, perhaps no doubt that your Majesty was scarcely well advised in receiving the visit, as such a reception was equally inconsistent with incognito.

Disraeli lost his wife after thirty-three years of married life. The world had laughed at her queernesses and gaucheries, at her odd looks and sayings, at the clothes she wore and the stories she told. But there was compensation in her kindness and her absolute discretion, and there can be no doubt that her husband held her in the highest esteem. In May, 1872, he writes to Montagu Cory:

Miladi is suffering less. She went to Lady Waldegrave's last night, but was obliged to come home almost immediately. But, as she boastfully says, her illness was not found out. She delighted Fortescue by telling him that she had heard him very much praised. He pressed her very much when and where. She replied, "It was in bed."

Sir William gives a good account of her today, and seems to think he has remedied the pain, which is all we can hope for, and has sanctioned, and even advised, her to go to Court; but I don't think he allows enough for her extreme weakness. However, I shall be with her today; last night she was alone, which I think fearful.

H. of C. May 9, '72.—The visit to Court was not successful. She was suffering as she went, and was taken so unwell there that we had to retreat precipitately; but without much observation. Knowing the haunts of the palace a little, I got hold of some female attendants who were very serviceable.

CARLTON CLUB, May 14, '72.—I have been, and am, so harassed, that I have been quite unable to write a line—and this will be sad stuff.

Nothing encouraging at home. To see her every day weaker and weaker is heartrending. I have had, like all of us, some sorrows of this kind; but in every case, the fatal illness has been apparently sudden, and comparatively short. The shock is great under such circumstances no doubt, but there is a rebound in the nature of things. But to witness this gradual death of one, who has shared so long, and so completely, my life, entirely unmans me.

Among Lady Beaconsfield's papers was found a touching letter of farewell to her husband, written many years before, in view of the high probability that she,

who was the elder by twelve years, would be the first to die:

June 6, 1856.

MY OWN DEAR HUSBAND.—If I should depart this life before you, leave orders that we may be buried in the same grave at whatever distance you may die from England. And now, God bless you, my kindest, dearest! You have been a perfect husband to me. Be put by my side in the same grave. And now, farewell, my dear Dizzy. Do not live alone, dearest. Some one I earnestly hope you may find as attached to you as your own devoted MARY ANNE.

It is a curious fact that Disraeli wished to marry a second time at the age of sixty-eight. In 1874 he wrote, "I feel fortunate in serving a female sovereign. I owe everything to woman; and if, in the sunset of life, I have still a young heart, it is due to that influence." For a time his choice hovered between the two sisters, Lady Chesterfield and Lady Bradford:

So necessary to Disraeli's life was the intimacy thus established—"the delightful society," as he told Lady Chesterfield in March, 1874, "of the two persons I love most in the world"—that he endeavored to make it permanent by asking Lady Chesterfield to marry him, so that he might grapple one lady to his heart as his wife, and the other as his sister. She not unnaturally refused. Even had she been willing, when she had passed her seventieth birthday, to marry once more, she must have speedily realized that she did not occupy the first place in Disraeli's affections. For though it was to Lady Chesterfield, as the only sister who was free, that he proposed marriage, it was to Lady Bradford that he was most tenderly attached. He wrote to her more than twice as many letters as he did to her sister, sometimes, when in office, sending her two, or even three, in one day, by special messengers from Downing Street or from the Treasury bench. Such messengers, he wrote, "may wait at your house the whole day, and are the slaves of your will. A messenger from a Prime Minister to a Mistress of the Horse can not say his soul is his own." Romantic devotion breathes in Disraeli's language to both sisters; but the Oriental extravagance of his sentiments is beyond a doubt more marked when he is addressing Lady Bradford. The correspondence with Lady Chesterfield, in spite of the offer and refusal, preserves on the whole an even tone of deeply affectionate friendship. But Lady Bradford was often taken aback by Disraeli's septuagenarian ardour, and embarrassed by his incessant calls at her house in Belgrave Square and his unending demands on her time; though she, as well as her sister, could not but be flattered by the assiduous attentions of one who was for the greater part of the last eight years of his life the most famous and admired man in the country.

Disraeli again became prime minister in 1874, under peculiarly auspicious circumstances. He was surrounded by capable and loyal colleagues, and regarded with peculiar favor by the queen:

It was a triumph of romance, but it was also a tragedy. The hero had all that he had played for; but fruition had been delayed till he was in his seventieth year and had lost the partner of his life and of his ambition. Even on his first attainment of the Premiership in 1868, he had said to W. F. Haydon in reply to congratulations, "For me it is twenty years too late. Give me your age and your health." How much more fervently did he echo that cry of "Too late" to those who congratulated him six years afterwards! "Power!" he was heard once to mutter in his triumphal year of 1878; "it has come to me too late. There were days when, on waking, I felt I could move dynasties and governments; but that has passed away." That youth was the period for action; that to be granted adequate scope for your genius when young was the supreme gift of Heaven, had always been his creed. Now, however much he might call in art to assist nature, he was indubitably becoming old; though he might still be fresh in spirit, he was not physically comparable to Palmerston when he reached the Premiership at a similar age in 1855, or to Gladstone when he took up the burden a second time at the age of seventy in 1880. Tough as Disraeli's fibre had proved through the struggles of nearly fifty years, he had never been really robust, and indeed in early manhood he had undergone a prolonged period of grave debility. His intimate notes to his wife from the House of Commons form a constant record of indisposition, and of requests for pills and other remedies or prophylactics. Then in 1867 he had had a serious attack of gout, and he had suffered intermittently since, notably from bronchial trouble in 1870.

In 1874 we find Disraeli strongly opposing the Home Rule bill. He writes to Lady Bradford after his speech that he is "not displeased with himself," but he is much annoyed because the *Times* turns "morbid sentiment" into a "mere bit of sentiment," which he says is "a feeble vulgarism":

Disraeli's speech on the Home Rule debate was one of his very happiest performances. Its keynote was a bantering protest against the absurd insistence of the Irish in proclaiming to the world that they were a subjugated people, a conquered race. The House seized the point with immediate sympathy and punctuated the sentences in which he elaborated it with frequent cheers. "I have always been surprised," he said, "that a people gifted with so much genius, so much sentiment, such winning qualities, should he—I am sure they will pardon my saying it; my remark is an abstract and not a personal one—so deficient in self-respect." He denied that the Irish were conquered; "they are proud of it; I deny that they have any ground for that pride." England had been subjugated quite as much, but never boasted of it. Both the Normans and Cromwell had conquered England, before they conquered Ireland. He was opposed to Home Rule in the interests of the Irish themselves. "I am opposed to it because I wish to see at this important crisis of the world—that perhaps is nearer arriving than some of us suppose—a united people welded in one great nationality; and because I feel that, if we sanction this policy, if we do not cleanse the Parliamentary homom of this perilous stuff, we shall bring about the disintegration of the Kingdom and the destruction of the Empire."

The queen was very angry at the publication of the Greville Memoirs with its exposure of the vices and foibles of her royal uncles. She writes strongly to Disraeli on the subject:

BALMORAL, Nov. 12, '74.—The Queen thanks Mr. Disraeli for his letters received today. She hopes that he is quite well and taking care of himself. But she would strongly advise him not to accustom himself to very hot rooms, for nothing gives people more cold than sitting over a large fire and then going out.

The Queen omitted in her last letter saying how horrified and indignant she is at this dreadful and really scandalous

book of Mr. C. Greville's, who seems to have put down all the gossip which he collected and which, as we well know from the experience of the present day, is totally unreliable. His indiscretion, indelicacy, ingratitude towards friends, betrayal of confidence and shameful disloyalty towards his Sovereign make it very important that the book should be severely censured and discredited. The tone in which he speaks of royalty, is unlike anything which one sees in history even, of people hundreds of years ago, and is most reprehensible.

Mr. Reeve however is almost as much to blame considering that he is a servant of the Crown and ought never to have consented to publish such an abominable book.

The proposed visit to India of the Prince of Wales gave rise to considerable difficulties, although it was considered wise that the journey should be undertaken for its political effect, as well as for the education of the prince:

While the question of the external security of India on its northwest frontier hung fire, Disraeli was deeply engaged in promoting its internal consolidation and contentment by arranging for a personal visit of the heir to the Throne. The original idea appears not to have been his, but to have come from the Prince of Wales himself, who had already visited the principal Colonies and rightly thought it his duty now to proceed to India. The Queen gave her assent; but, on reconsideration of the many personal and political difficulties involved, would gladly have recalled it. Her Prime Minister and Indian Secretary, however, recognized the immense political importance of establishing those personal relations between the British Throne and the princes and peoples of India, on which Disraeli had insisted at the time of the Mutiny. Disraeli, at the Queen's request, undertook the management of the affair, with Salisbury's assistance; and a thorny and anxious business he found it. There was the critical question of expense. "A Prince of Wales must not move in India in a *mesquin* manner. Everything must be done on an Imperial scale," as the Queen and her Minister agreed. "The simplicity of arrangements which might suit a visit to our own fellow-subjects in the Colonies," Disraeli said in the House of Commons, would not equally apply in the case of India. There was that remarkable and deeply rooted characteristic of Oriental manners—the exchange of presents between visitors and their hosts. Presents of ceremonial could rightly be discouraged; but the Prince would visit immense populations and be the guest, or make the acquaintance, of many chiefs and rulers, and he "must be placed in a position to exercise those spontaneous feelings, characteristic of his nature, of generosity and splendour, which his own character, and the character of the country likewise, requires to be gratified." Disraeli accordingly proposed a vote, in addition to the charge for the cost of the journey, of £60,000 for the Prince's personal expenses during the visit.

Disraeli was very anxious that the queen should assume the title of Empress of India, but whether his main object was to appeal to the sentiment of India or to please the queen must remain a matter of some conjecture. Of course there were difficulties with Parliament and also, curiously enough, with the Prince of Wales, who complained that he had not been informed of the proposed measure:

Over the Royal Titles Bill Ministers were much more successful than over the Slave Circular, though they were met at every stage by the devices of faction. A curious omission on Disraeli's part contributed to inflame his opponents. In matters affecting the dignity of the Crown, it had been the practice for the responsible Minister, in order to minimize controversy, to enter into communication with the leaders of Opposition. But Disraeli, in spite of the easy social relations which he enjoyed with both the official Liberal leaders, Granville and Hartington, neglected this customary and courteous precaution until the measure was already laboring heavily amid storms of parliamentary criticism. The Queen took the blame on herself. She wrote to Disraeli on February 10: "She is provoked at the conduct of the Opposition about the Indian title, but thinks perhaps she ought (as was done in the case of the Prince's title of Prince Consort) to have herself informed Lord Granville of it, and thus have prevented the disagreeable remarks. She could still do this, and state how much she had urged this herself, if Mr. Disraeli is of the same opinion." Her Majesty also accepted the responsibility for a further omission, which led the Prince of Wales to write to Disraeli from Seville on April 22: "As the Queen's eldest son I think I have some right to feel annoyed that . . . the announcement of the addition to the Queen's title should have been read by me in the newspapers, instead of having received some intimation on the subject from the Prime Minister." Ponsonby wrote on the Queen's behalf to Disraeli on May 3: "She blames herself for not having written to [the Prince] about the Titles Bill, adding, however, that she certainly thought she had done so."

Disraeli did not at once take Parliament into his confidence as to the nature of the new title, but he made frequent use in his speech of the words "empire" and "imperial":

It was not until the debate on the second reading that Disraeli revealed what the new title was to be; and, in an adroit speech, he skillfully led up to the announcement by pointing out the remarkable circumstance that, to those desirous of objecting to the policy, one title alone has occurred: "which *prima facie* is rather in favor of its being an apposite title." It was not difficult to dispose of objections which can hardly be read with patience now. As for the "bad associations" of the title of Emperor, Gibbon had laid it down in an immortal passage that the happiness of mankind was never so completely assured or so long maintained as in the age of the Antonines—who were Emperors. Nor could the assumption of the title locally at all impair the title of King or Queen of Great Britain. Our Kings had always asserted an equity with Emperors, and the claim had been allowed. Nor was the title un-English; it was used of Queen Elizabeth in Spenser's dedication to her of the "Faery Queen." The style of Empress of India so completely corresponded with notorious fact that, as Disraeli showed, to the amusement of the House, in a subsequent speech, it had been already attributed to Queen Victoria in a popular school geography of the day.

Lady Ely, writing to Disraeli, said that the queen was much annoyed by the parliamentary opposition. "She fears you have been much annoyed, but her displeasure is very great with those who have opposed it."

THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEAconsfield. By George Earl Buckle in succession to W. F. Monypenny. Volumes V and VI. New York: The Macmillan Company.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending September 4, 1920, were \$149,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$131,000,000; a gain of \$18,000,000 for the year.

The total gold reserves of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco for the week ending September 3, 1920, increased \$45,000, and total reserves showed an increase of \$400.

The amount of gold reserve of the United States available against notes in actual circulation on July 1, 1920, was more than three times that of any of the nations of western Europe, according to information published by the National Bank of Commerce in New York in the September number of its magazine, *Commerce Monthly*. This country had \$2,234,000,000 in gold as against \$4,512,000,000 in notes, giving it a reserve of 49.5 per cent. of

Consequently the holdover from the preceding year has in good measure been cared for and the new crop-moving season has begun on schedule and under more favorable conditions than seemed possible a month ago. It is reported from some sections of the Middle West that bank loans to finance the actual harvesting of the new crops are being reduced at an earlier date than is usually the case. While the credit requirements of the new movement will not reach maximum volume for some time to come, and while easier credit can not be expected until the peak of the movement has passed, the situation has improved sufficiently to make reasonably clear that the autumn agricultural demands for credit will not be in excess of the ability of the banks to supply.

There are indications also that many commercial borrowers, in response to expectations of a credit stringency during the fall which have prevailed for many months, have at least to some extent anticipated their autumn requirements for credit. This factor, coupled with the continued tendency toward reduced volume of business and lower prices for many commodities, may be expected to relieve the pressure of commercial and industrial credit requirements. It must be recognized, however, that some little time will be necessary for this relief to make itself manifest, because of the interval which must elapse before a new policy in business brings results.

E. H. Rollins & Sons and the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company are participating in an offer of \$100,000,000 Government of the French Republic twenty-five-year external gold loan 8 per cent. sinking fund bonds in denominations of \$1000, \$500, and \$100, registerable as to principal and interchangeable as to denomination. These bonds are free from French taxes, payable at 110 per cent. of the principal sum on or before September 15, 1945.

Beginning December 15, 1920, the French government must pay to J. P. Morgan & Co. as sinking fund trustee not less than \$4,400,000 annually. Such payments during the first five years are to be applied to the purchase of bonds in the open market at, up to, and including 110 and interest. Subsequent payments are to be applied to the call of the bonds by lot at 110 and interest. If no bonds can be bought at 110 and interest or less on the market during the first five-year period, the sinking fund will be cumulative during the first five years.

The sinking fund payments will be sufficient to redeem the entire issue at or before maturity at 110 and interest.

There has been a marking up of the price of pig-iron recently, reflecting merely a temporary scarcity, but from the present outlook there can be no permanency in such movements. In fact, the only definite undercurrent in steel and iron and in most products is downward, despite the very large underlying demand that there is in the trade. The only salvation in our general business world is to produce more efficiently, and there is enough steel and iron-making capacity in the country to suggest a production large enough to meet all demands for an indefinite period.

In the copper trade producers seem to be holding things rather steady in anticipation of long-delayed buying orders from the more important consuming interests. There has been a decided change for the better in the market for silver metal, though until matters in the Orient are definitely improved it is not likely that we will see a recurrence of the high silver market of last year.

There has been a wholesale unloading of sugar, coffee, rubber, hides, and other commodities that had been held for speculative purposes by so-called profiteers. The demand of the banks that loans must be liquidated has caused serious losses to many speculators in different commodities. This has happened in chemicals, nuts, spices, and practically the general run of imports. Losses have run all the way from 25 to more than 50 per cent. in different lines, and our world of commerce reflects appalling and wide-reaching pecuniary losses. There are some lines, such as coal and paper, that have been holding up against the tide, and it is a question when they, too, must fall despite the apparent scarcity of supply.

A doctor in the West writes of his investment experience as follows: "Have had the usual luck in helping to put local enterprises on their feet (at my expense). Have unloaded my gold mine stock and am now only keeping up taxes on unimproved real estate—which ought to sell, but doesn't. I bought my share of Liberty bonds for patriotism, and some recently for investment. . . . I now want some information in regard to long-term investments."

He is one of our new investors, on whom the financing of American business and foreign loans now largely depends (says *World's Work*). Many of our old investors—our four hundred thousand who were formerly our only bond buyers—are now paying a good share

of their income to the government in taxes, and the rest they are putting into securities that are exempt from the income tax, such as municipal bonds. They are not buying many corporation and foreign government bonds.

But every new security offering that is brought out by the large investment houses is bringing in applications for the bonds from people that they never knew before. They are very careful in the investment banking houses these days to treat courteously every one that comes in. The stranger entering might be a new millionaire, created by the war, or he might, like this doctor, be a new investor in securities, who received his first lesson from the Liberty loans. It is the growing total of these latter that is temporarily taking the place of our richest bond buyers of the past. And many of those who buy bonds at present low prices will become our rich investors of the future.

This California doctor has had the usual experience of many Americans, although he seems to have been more fortunate than most, for he says he has unloaded his gold mine stock. He has, however, lost his share in local enterprises. Sometimes these losses can not be avoided; local business and professional men sometimes have to support such propositions for purely business reasons. But there is always the objection to such enterprises, from the investment standpoint, that they are new and untried and are only entitled to consideration as purely business ventures and therefore are highly speculative. And they do not have on them the check of an experienced investment house, which is one of the best safeguards for the investor, provided the house has a high reputation which it wishes to uphold.

And local investments outside of business ventures sometimes have their drawbacks. A widow who had all her funds invested in local mortgages in a Connecticut mill town, where she lived, was worse off than many of the mill workers themselves when a business depression hit the town and closed all the mills. If she had foreclosed on the mortgages, she most certainly would have had to move from the town where she had lived all her life, because of the enemies such action would create. The only thing she could do was to scrimp along on little or no income until the depression passed and the mills reopened. Here again she would have been better off if she had bought real estate mortgage through a house of experience in that field which would have stood between her and the borrowers of the money.

Some elaborate get-rich-quick promotion propositions are put over by appealing to local pride. That was the basis of the Pan Motor promotion of that would-be Napoleon of finance, S. C. Pandolfo, although his stock-selling operations were not confined to St. Cloud, Minnesota, but were nation-wide. He used the people of St. Cloud to further his wider operations. More recently, in Des Moines, under the name of the Associated Packing Company, another gigantic get-rich-quick promotion scheme was floated by appealing to local pride, and about three million dollars were taken from the people of Iowa.

It has been the Liberty Loan bonds that have carried the investment vision of this California doctor, of many others who are now writing to this and other magazines and newspapers in regard to investments, of those who are coming or writing to the investment houses in response to their offerings—it has been these bonds that have carried their vision beyond these local "investments," which frequently prove unsatisfactory, into the broader field of what might be called national investments. The Liberty bonds are the best securities in this field, but the purchasers of them have now discovered that there are other good securities in the field, and they are now beginning to find out that these securities are meant for them as well as for the men who have more money than they have. There is a broadening of the investment market going on that is to the advantage of the nation and to these new individual investors as well.

Let us draw a picture from the mind of what this growth in the number of investors in "national" securities will mean. It is the huddling up of new sprinkles of capital throughout the country which will feed the creeks that in turn will be led by the conservative investment banker into the great rivers of investment capital that furnish the power to our railroads, our public utilities, and to the industries of the country, and some of which flows across the ocean to aid in the reconstruction of our fellow-nations. It is the water of such springs that fertilizes the valleys of progress; without it business must wither and prosperity dry up.

Let us also see what it means to the individual.

Government statistics indicate that 98 per cent. of the American people are living from day to day on their wages, and that a loss of employment would mean pauperism for all but 2 per cent. of us. At the age of sixty-five years, ninety-seven out of every hundred people in America are partly or wholly dependent upon relatives, friends, or the public

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for their daily bread, their clothing, and for a roof over their heads. But it is not because these people do not have money during the earlier years of their life. The income-tax returns show that 87 per cent. of the people received 64 per cent. of the income. After 18 per cent. has gone to 1½ per cent. of the people, largely because they or their fathers have not spent all they received in years past, but have set some of it to work for them in investments, the remaining 82 per cent. of the total income is pretty well divided among the rest. But these are the 98 per cent. who have lived up to the limit of their income or have lost it in foolish speculation. When their income ceases, they become dependent upon others. What a need there is for the spreading of the principles of thrift and sound investing in the field! How encouraging it is to know that the Liberty Loans have started the education of these people along these lines.

How the dollar invested works for the individual himself has been best illustrated by that first great American teacher of thrift, Benjamin Franklin. In 1791 he bequeathed £1000 to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and to the City of Boston, as a mark of his appreciation for having appointed him as agent in England at the "handsome" salary of £2000. And in order to make his bequest really valuable, with his great foresight, Franklin provided in his will that this £1000 should be put out at 5 per cent. interest for 100 years; that at the end of that time 31/131 of the fund accumulated should again be put out at interest for another hundred years and then the fund should be divided, one-fourth to Boston and three-fourths to the state.

Let us see how well that £1000 of Franklin's has worked. At the end of the first hundred years it had grown to \$431,383.62. It was then divided in accordance with the will; \$329,300.48 was set aside for "Public Work" and \$102,083.15 was started on its course of earning interest for another hundred years. That was in 1891. On January 1, 1918, this sum had grown to \$267,805.15 and Lee, Higginson & Co., who have recalled this remarkable bequest to public attention in "A Little Book of Great Import," point out that at this rate of increase the fund should amount to at least six million dollars when the second period is completed, and may be considerably more.

This example exaggerates what invested money may do for an individual during an average lifetime, but it is a graphic demonstration of the results that may be obtained by applying the principles of Franklin, and it shows the wisdom of belonging to the investing class.

Security holders of the San Joaquin Light and Power Corporation will be gratified to know that the net surplus from operations of the corporation for the month of July, 1920,

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the paper circulation, a ratio which also far exceeded that of any European country.

The nation most nearly approaching this country's percentage of reserve was Great Britain, whose gold holdings amounted to 31.5 per cent. of her note circulation, while France on the same date had only 9.6 per cent. Germany and Austria had reserves of only 1.6 per cent. and 0.4 per cent. respectively. Italy, on September 30, 1919, the latest date for which data are available, possessed a gold reserve of only 7.8 per cent. of her paper currency, says the bank's magazine.

Wide differences are shown by the bank also to exist between the total amount of notes outstanding in the various countries.

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The \$4,512,000,000 of paper money in the United States compares with \$16,104,000,000 in Germany and \$12,559,000,000 in Austria-Hungary. Great Britain's note circulation on June 30, 1920, was only \$2,258,000,000 and the French total of notes outstanding at about the same date was equal to \$7,288,000,000. Italy on September 30, 1919, had \$3,157,000,000 of paper outstanding. In giving these amounts the bank has converted the units of foreign currencies into dollars at their respective par of exchange.

The gradual improvement of transportation which has been effected during recent weeks has permitted a somewhat more rapid movement of grain than had been anticipated.

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after the charges for operation, taxes, interest, and depreciation, were \$160,475.59 more than the net showing for the same month last year. These facts are contained in a statement just given to Cyrus Peirce & Co. by the corporation.

The remarkable improvement is due to a combination of favorable factors, according to the vice-president of the power company. The gross earnings increased \$86,363.62. Of this amount about \$51,000 is the result of recently connected load, and the balance is the result of rate increase granted this year.

On July 15th the company placed in operation the 12,500 K.W. addition to its Bakersfield plant, and on August 15th the new 40,000 K.W. Kerckhoff hydro plant on the San Joaquin River began operating. With this additional power for sale, the earning situation should show a constant improvement during the balance of the year.

This year natural gas instead of oil was used under the boilers at the Bakersfield plant, and although the output of the steam plant for the last fifteen days was approximately 40 per cent. more than the whole month of the preceding year, the fuel cost decreased \$7317.67.

Last year in July the purchase of power from other companies amounted to \$83,046.69; this July the purchased power amounted to but \$4961.93. This reduction was possible by reason of the increased output of the Bakersfield steam plant, and because the approaching completion of the company's new Kerckhoff hydro plant permitted the use of Crane Valley Reservoir storage water through the San Joaquin River North Fork power houses.

A return to the pre-war service of the Sunset Limited, the Southern Pacific's crack train operating between San Francisco and New Orleans, is announced by the management for October 1st.

The new schedule will cut the running time between the two cities by eleven hours on the eastbound trip and by two hours coming west. The train will have an all-Pullman complement.

The Sunset Limited, since its inauguration many years ago, has always been popular with the traveler, for it is not alone the line of lowest altitude between the Crescent City and the Golden Gate, but it has the distinction of connecting two cities famous the world over for cuisine excellence.

There are no signs of a general slackening in external or internal Canadian trade, although political developments in Europe do not preclude an early resumption of normal trading between Canada and that continent (says the Canadian Bank of Commerce in its August monthly commercial letter). A further decline in the price of wheat, wool, and a few other commodities has naturally made buyers more cautious, but in the domestic situation there is no lack of confidence. Manufacturers in many centres report improved efficiency on the part of labor, indicating a trend in the direction of more normal conditions. By relinquishing its control of the wheat market, the Dominion government has shown its belief that the usual method will be found adequate for the handling of this season's crop of cereals, which promises to be above the average. Between now and the end of the year the carrying of the crop will impose an unusual strain on land and water transport; and to this will be added an increase in general traffic roughly proportionate to the volume of grain marketed. Although there will be difficulties to be overcome in this connection, the business public maintains a confident attitude, for which added justification may be found in the satisfactory way in which obligations of all kinds are being met, and in the comparatively low percentage of business failures.

The Fireman's Fund Insurance Company announced the allowance of an extra month's salary to all employees in the service of the company since July 1, 1919, and a pro rata bonus to those who joined the company subsequent to that date. This is the fourth bonus allowed the employees of the Fireman's Fund throughout the country since December, 1918.

Mr. John S. Staats of Pasadena has arrived

in San Francisco to become assistant manager of the William R. Staats Company. Mr. Staats, who is a brother of William R. Staats, is also a director and secretary of the company. For the past eleven years he has been with the Pasadena office. Mr. J. W. Edmiston, a director and vice-president of the company, will continue in charge of the local office.

The American prune evidently gained the permanent friendship of the Europeans during its war experiences. The quantity exported from the United States in the first fiscal year after the war, the year ending June 30, 1920, was double the average of the war period and the value in 1920 two and one-half times as much as in 1919 and five times as much as in 1918.

Most of this big increase in the exportation of prunes, says a statement by the National City Bank of New York, occurs in the movement to Europe, from which we adopted the prune a half-century ago and have acclimated it and developed its production until the United States now produces not only more than Europe, but, in fact, more than all the world outside of our own country. France, Italy, and the Danubian area were the world's chief producers of prunes until the adaptability of the Pacific Coast soil and climate to its production and curing became apparent, and the production of prunes in California, Oregon, and Washington reached 100,000,000 pounds in 1900, 210,000,000 in 1912, and approximately 350,000,000 in 1919, valued at \$40,000,000 at the place of production.

This growth in the exportation of prunes, says the bank's statement, illustrates the development of new industries in the United States. Raisins exported in 1920 showed a total value of nearly \$13,000,000 against \$8,000,000 one year earlier and \$5,000,000 two years earlier. Oranges exported in 1920 amounted to \$7,500,000 against \$4,500,000 in 1918; lemons, \$1,250,000 against \$500,000 two years earlier, and the total value of all fruits and nuts exported in the fiscal year 1920 was \$118,000,000 against \$71,000,000 in 1919 and \$34,000,000 in 1918.

The bond market has experienced a real measure of improvement recently. The absorption by investors of corporate and particularly of railroad securities has been good and has extended to bonds of the second and third grade. The general trend of prices, moreover, has been moderately upward (according to information published by the National Bank of Commerce in New York in the September number of its magazine, *Commerce Monthly*).

This improvement in tone is a reflection of the more definite and improved position of the railroads which will result from the settlement of the railroad wage question and allowance of substantially increased freight and passenger rates by the Interstate Commerce Commission. It reflects, also, a feeling that the readjustment of business and prices to a more normal level is proceeding satisfactorily and that this process will ultimately release to the investment market a more adequate supply of credit. While these factors have occasioned a moderate upward trend of bond prices, the tremendous volume of new financing which awaits a favorable market constitutes a retarding element which may occasion repeated fluctuations in the trend. It must be expected that at each new level of prices, outstanding bond issues will meet with competition of new flotations.

Politics in general are likely to play a rather important part in the stock market considerations for the next few months. The larger politics in Europe, as reflected in wars and uprisings, naturally have a tendency to disturb sentiment and the world may have to wait considerably longer than it had been hoping before peaceful intercourse among all nations will have been resumed.

The suffragist victory in Tennessee will bring a new influence into the balloting in November, which is already reflected by a sharp slump in the odds that have been offered on the election of Mr. Harding. Whether this forecasts an "election scare" or not is a question. Certain it is, however, that the larger financial interests are practically of one mind in hoping that Mr. Harding's candidacy will succeed. It is believed that he would prove strong-minded enough to bring about that sort of retrenchment in government expenses as is definitely required to place the business affairs of the nation again on a sane basis. Whether political exigencies might prevent this to an extent is neither here nor there so far as stock market sentiment is concerned. The big point is that an election scare would find stocks tumbling all around and without regard to real values just as they have tumbled from time to time this year.

It is too early to assert that the money stringency is over, which is a real and special reason for going slow in loading up with stocks on borrowed money. Maturing time loans bring a certain amount of liquidation, whether in securities or commodities, for

banks generally demand that a considerable portion of most loans be paid. In consequence we may look for a decided increase in the number of commercial failures during the next few months.

When there is anything doing bullishly in the market, though, the rails seem to respond with gratifying celerity. It seems to be the definite conviction in the highest financial circles that the full effect of the rate increases has not been discounted in the market. Our standard issues, measured by any criterion of former periods, are selling at ridiculously low prices. Around 70 for stocks like Chicago and Northwestern, Great Northern, and Northern Pacific is a quotation level that will not persist forever by any means. Stocks that have shown such earning power and whose territories have shown such development as Atchison and Southern Pacific will not remain under the par mark very long.

Canadian Pacific and Union Pacific, which in former times have sold far above the 200 mark, are now returning better than 8 per cent. on their selling prices. Union Pacific, as the holder of enormous blocks of other railroad securities which naturally will enhance in value in the new scheme of things, and Canadian Pacific, with its almost limitless holdings of rich agricultural lands and vast steamship interests among others, are stocks that will prove splendidly profitable to the patient holder.

When we come to a consideration of low-priced rails we find issues like New Haven, Baltimore and Ohio, St. Paul and Rock Island, which in former days were among the very best esteemed of the so-called standard list of rails, and there is no reason why in the new order of things these issues will not be very susceptible from time to time to bullish market operations. The tremendous petroleum wealth of the country is reflected in discoveries of vastly important new oil districts, and recent developments in Montana seem to place that state more definitely on the oil map. Wyoming is coming to the front, Texas wonders continue, and there are few states west of the Mississippi that have not developed oil resources of greater or less importance.

What all this means for the railroads tapping these rich territories is discovered by a survey of the growth of gross earnings during the past few years as reported by such roads as Texas and Pacific, St. Louis and San Francisco, and St. Louis Southwestern. It would seem, indeed, that securities of the roads that are operating through the Texas and Louisiana oil fields particularly will be vastly enhanced by the business that comes from the rush for oil, and a number of low-priced stocks which had long been considered without dividend possibilities have real prospects for returning something to their owners in the future.

Generally speaking, we should be watching the market rather closely during the next few weeks for opportunities to buy at bargain levels should there come about a pinch in money or any big down swing from current prices. It will then be found that the very industrials that may have been under the severest pressure will be the ones that will enjoy the most important recoveries.

Japanese competition in our domestic markets does not menace American industry, the National Bank of Commerce in New York declares in the September issue of its magazine, *Commerce Monthly*. On the other hand an examination of the trade of Japan with the United States since 1914 emphasizes the important economic relationship between the two countries and, according to the bank, indicates the desirability of maintaining satisfactory mutual trade relations between them.

"The possibility of such competition on a considerable scale," says *Commerce Monthly*, "is to be determined partly by general conditions and partly by specific conditions in those industries where Japanese competition seems most likely."

"The first factor is distance. Yokohama is 4536 nautical miles from San Francisco, 9699 miles from New York via the Panama Canal, and 8414 statute miles by water and rail route via San Francisco. Freight charges are not a large item in the case of articles the value of which is high in relation to weight, but it is obvious that the distance makes Japanese competition a negligible factor in the heavier classes of commodities which the United States is fitted to produce either by reason of natural resources or the character of the labor supply. It is true that Japanese competition is a much more important factor on the Pacific Coast than on the Atlantic seaboard, but it is likewise true that about 90 per cent. of the population of the United States, and hence approximately the same percentage of purchasing power, is east of Denver, so that the relatively more advantageous position of Japan on the Pacific Coast is not to be regarded as constituting a serious threat to American industry."

"The second factor by which the competitive ability of the Japanese is to be measured is the relative labor cost. Ten years ago the labor cost entering into Japanese manufactured products may have been notably lower

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than the labor cost in the United States. Whether or not this was the case can not be said to have been proved, as wages in terms of money are not a criterion.

"In recent years, however, great changes have taken place in the labor situation in Japan. Prices have risen even more rapidly than in the United States. Wages of necessity have advanced to meet the increased cost of living. Moreover, Japanese labor is slowly growing out of its passive Orientalism and the standard of living is rising. Although it is probable that the efficiency of Japanese labor is improving as a result of changing conditions, the gain has not yet been great enough to offset the increased money cost which has taken place."

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Novels by Ayala.

Students of Spanish literature will welcome this volume containing three short novels by an author well known to fame in his own land. Ayala published a collection of poems in 1903, and another thirteen years later. He produced four novels between 1908 and 1913, and three years later he gave to the world these three novels—"Prometheus," "The Fall of the House of Limon," and "Sunday Sunlight." "Prometheus" is a modern version of the wanderings of Ulysses, which end in disillusionment and failure. The other two stories are political and economic, intended to expose the evils of *caciquismo*, the Spanish form of "bossism." Mr. Hayward Keniston, who contributes an introduction, says: "In style these novels of Ayala mark one of the great achievements in modern prose. Their richness of vocabulary, their suppleness of phrase, and their brilliancy of color are portentous. If in the earlier works the author carries his concern for form occasionally to the point of preciousness, in the last two novels he has attained a sincerity of expression which is reminiscent of the masters of the past."

PROMETHEUS, THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF LIMON, SUNDAY SUNLIGHT. By Ramon Pérez de Ayala. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

Tanks.

Brevet-Colonel J. F. C. Fuller, D. S. O., of the British army tells us that he first saw a tank at the end of August, 1916. He became chief general staff officer of the Tank Corps about four months later, and his enthusiasm for the tank has never waned. He tells us that he is a believer in war mechanics, that is in a mechanical army which requires few men and powerful machines.

Here we have the story of the tank from its beginning, if indeed it can be said to have had a beginning, seeing that armored cars of

some sort have been in use for hundreds of years. In January, 1915, Mr. Winston Churchill wrote a letter to Mr. Asquith embodying various expert suggestions that had been made to him and describing a steam tractor with armored shelters and using the caterpillar system. He believed that such a car would be able to do all that the tank eventually accomplished. The scheme was adopted and the first tanks were made. Improvements and adaptations followed each other rapidly, and although the Germans affected derision of the innovation they gave to it the flattery of imitation and speedily placed some tanks of their own in the field, besides modifying their system of defense to meet the new weapon.

Colonel Fuller devotes very little of his space to the individual exploits of tank crews, except where necessary to illustrate the capacity of the tank. But he shows us the actual part played by the tank in the great battles of the war west and east. In order to do this more effectually he gives us admirable maps of the battle lines with the changing positions of the combatants clearly shown. He tells us not only what the tanks accomplished, but of the efforts made by the Germans to find a means of resistance, efforts that in nearly all cases were unavailing. Colonel Fuller seems to have told the whole story up to date, and it is certainly a fascinating one.

TANKS IN THE GREAT WAR. By Brevet-Colonel J. F. C. Fuller, D. S. O. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$9.

The Advancing Hour.

The appearance of Mr. Norman Hapgood's name on a title-page is sufficient warning of a defense of Germanism and Bolshevism. One wonders why it is that radicalism and a noisy defense of "freedom" should always imply a championship of Germany. But so it is. It throws a valuable light upon the sincerity of the reforming extremist.

Of course there is always a plausible excuse. Mr. Hapgood believed that German domination must be stopped, but the best way to stop it was to allow Germany to win the war, or at least not to lose it. He held that Prussianism could not be cured by an overwhelming Entente victory. He agreed with Lord Lansdowne about the "knockout blow." He wanted a plebiscite for Alsace-Lorraine. He applauded the "peace without victory" speech. He sneered at the stories of German atrocities, and is so indescribably silly as to compare them with the jocular assertion of the captain of a British destroyer that he had thrown a captured submarine crew into the furnace. Whatever tends to discredit Germany is a fable. That all this is irrelevant to the subject of his book does not matter at all. It is strictly according to the formula that all books of radical reform must be prefaced by a defense of Germany.

Mr. Hapgood's attitude to Bolshevism is similar. He is not a Bolshevik. Of course not. Indeed he believes that Bolshevism is as

bad as capitalism. None the less he defends the Bolsheviks. He does not believe that outrages have been committed by the Bolshevik government, nor that woman have been ill-treated. We should have met Bolshevism with sympathy and coöperation. We should have killed it with kindness. We should recognize Lenin as the head of a *de facto* government. Any country that allows itself to be the cat's paw of France—wicked France—"will pay a heavy penalty."

We need not follow Mr. Hapgood in his diatribes against what he calls capitalism nor into his advocacies of state control. We have heard them all before. We have also experienced some of the state control. Mr. Hapgood says that "the most reactionary great force in the country is the lawyer. The most rapid single practicable step forward would be to appoint to the Supreme Court three men who understand the nature of liberty and the facts of modern life." Doubtless Mr. Hapgood could name the men.

THE ADVANCING HOUR. By Norman Hapgood. New York: Boni & Liveright.

The Open Vision.

The author, Horatio W. Dresser, describes his book as a study of psychic phenomena, and he warns us that it is neither orthodox nor scientific, but "simply human." It is a general survey of the field without any of the usual tiresome "phenomena" and with suggested interpretations that represent the author's individual opinion. There may be those to whom these vague and saccharine philosophies are satisfying, but the more practical mind will go in search of facts and will be willing to wait for the theories until facts in sufficient volume have been secured.

THE OPEN VISION. By Horatio W. Dresser, Ph. D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Briefer Reviews

Ralph Henry Barbour is already well and favorably known as a writer of stories for boys, but in his latest volume he has the collaboration of H. P. Holt. "The Mystery of the Sea-Lark" is, as its name implies, a story of the sea, and it is so vividly written as to insure the enthusiastic appreciation of its readers. It is published by the Century Company.

The Century Company has published "Curly and the Aztec Gold," by Joseph B. Ames, comprising the further adventures of the young cowboy whose acquaintance we made in previous ranch stories. Curly and his friends discover the whereabouts of a hidden store of Aztec gold, but they meet with many adventures before they get their hands upon it. Boys should on no account overlook one of the best stories of the day.

Books on health are probably far too numerous. Moreover, each new arrival contradicts its predecessors and makes confusion worse confounded. This must not be regarded as a stricture on "Self-Habit as a Habit," by Eustace Miles, M. A., just published by E. P. Dutton & Co. and containing much apparently sensible advice on hygiene, diet, water drinking, breathing, cooking, and the use of the subconscious, whatever that may be. The price is \$2.50.

Dr. Griffiths has already introduced us to the fairy stories of Holland and Belgium, and he now does the same kindly office in regard to Switzerland. The twenty-five stories that comprise the present volume, "Swiss Fairy Tales," make us familiar with the elves, sprites, and gnomes of the Alps, and while they are much like their companions in other parts of the world they have a local flavor that suggests a quite new acquaintanceship. The book is published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

One is inclined flatly to deny the assertive title of Bruce Barton's new book, "It's a Good Old World," just published by the Century Company. It is by no means a good old world. The imagination of a Dante could hardly conceive of a worse one, but then optimism has become a sort of profession and it still has its votaries. None the less Mr. Barton's eulogies of things as they are contain much shrewd insight. We don't believe a word of it and we are more pessimistic than before we opened its pages—optimism always does that to us—but we like to read it.

A Giant Camera.

A camera that is thought to be three times as large as any other in the world is that owned by a scientist in Chicago. With it several noted pictures have been taken, including bird's-eye views of factories and towns. It is also used for enlarging purposes.

The body of this giant camera is 9 feet 4 inches wide, 6 feet high, and 20 feet long when fully extended, and in its construction over thirty gallons of glue were used. The lens is 12 inches in diameter and cost \$1500. All moving parts, including the curtain slide, run on roller bearings. The focusing is accomplished by two panels of glass, which can

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be moved to all parts of the field. The plate-holder weighs nearly 500 pounds when loaded and is put into the camera by means of a derrick. Great care is used in loading, as a broken plate would result in a loss of \$150. The plates are made of plate glass 8 feet long by 4 feet 8 inches wide, and weigh over 200 pounds.

In order to dust the plates a man enters the camera through an opening in the front. A piece of ruby glass is then placed over the lens and the slide in the plate-holder is withdrawn. After the plate has been dusted the slide is replaced and the man steps out.

In making enlargements the focusing is done from the inside and the operator remains in the camera during the exposure. In this process the entire apparatus is supported by springs, which absorb any possible vibration.

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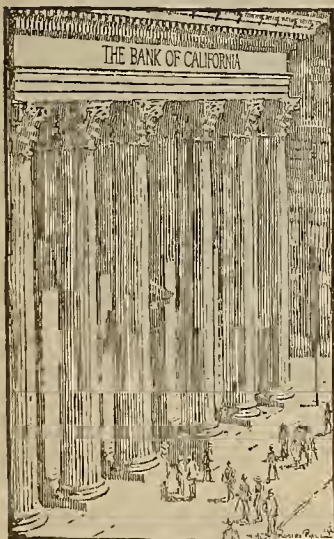
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The New Frontier.

The war has brought a new order of thinking into the world. So long as we were comfortable we were also acquiescent, but with discomfort we have become rebellious. Since it was evident that all things must be created anew why not create them upon different lines? In this way radicalism arose in America, and with it came some rather stupid efforts to suppress it by force.

Mr. Guy Emerson has a remedy for radicalism. He tells us that there is no general understanding of the American system of society and government, which took its original and essential stamp from frontier life. It is neither the radical nor the conservative stamp, but the stamp of liberalism. It must be renewed and more widely inculcated. It must be applied by the business man, the workman, the politician, and the publicist.

We may hope that Mr. Emerson's voice is not that of one crying in the wilderness, but we suspect that it is. The old frontier days belong to ancient history, and the advent of many millions of immigrants lies between the present and the past. It is comparatively easy to formulate a new Ten Commandments, to say that this, that, and the other must be done. But how are they to be done? How are ideals to be revived without great national spokesmen to revive them? How, for example, shall we combat the fatal tendency now prevalent all over the world to abandon the powers of government to vociferous and selfish organizations of small minorities? Such evils would, of course, disappear if there were to be an acceptance of Mr. Emerson's precepts. But it is a large "if," and time presses.

THE NEW FRONTIER. By Guy Emerson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

All Things Are Possible.

Leo Shestov has written many books on philosophy and literature, but the present volume, translated from the Russian by S. S. Kotliansky, is the first to come under the general attention of the Western public. It consists mainly of general reflections upon life, and perhaps it is as typical of the current Russian spirit as anything that we have.

Russia for many centuries was excluded from the domain of the world's thought. Then to a certain extent she passed under its control. Now, having experienced it, she rejects it and fashions a thought of her own, or at least tries to. We, whose minds have been in a mold for ages, marvel at the anarchy of it all, for whatever is unmoored, whatever is spontaneous, we regard as chaotic. The Russian is opening his traditionless mind upon the world. He is like the man who was born blind and now sees. Accepted opinions mean nothing to him. For him there is nothing sacred in axioms or truisms. They are neither axioms nor truisms to him. He asks the meaning of good and evil, pleasure and pain. Are they any more than the preferences of human nature, its likes and dislikes? What is vice and what is virtue? Naturally

we resent such questions. Did we not settle them long ago? We have our automatic replies ready for delivery, but such writers as Shestov make us hesitate for a moment. Do we actually know as much as we think we do? He is as disconcerting as a child. He sends us back to first principles and we feel a little abashed.

ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE. By Leo Shestov. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

The Flying Legion.

This is a somewhat fanciful story of an airship journey into Africa and Asia. A company of war aviators, weary of their dull and inactive lives, gain possession of a gigantic aeroplane with all sorts of hitherto undreamed-of appliances and set forth upon their great adventure. Every member of the crew is an ace and decorated, and when we learn that a beautiful woman has introduced herself into the company in disguise we anticipate all sorts of more or less pleasant happenings. Although the story is somewhat extravagant, it is excellently told, and with creditable attention to the conditions of Mohammedan life in the East.

THE FLYING LEGION. By George Allen England. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Motion Study.

This book was inspired by the war and by the necessity to find occupation for disabled men. To what extent could they be trained to use machines, and to what extent could the machines be modified to meet the disabilities of the operator? Obviously the training of the man was the more important factor. The curtailment of his powers of motion demanded a fuller utilization of his remaining capacities, and the way in which this might be brought about is the subject of this lucid and well-illustrated volume.

MOTION STUDY FOR THE HANDICAPPED. By Frank B. Gilbreth and Lillian Mohler Gilbreth, Ph. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Julius Magnussen, author of "God's Smile," D. Appleton & Co.'s volume dealing with problems of spiritualism, was until very recently noted throughout Scandinavia as a confirmed materialist and actively averse to anything associated with the supernatural or mystical.

Mrs. Elloe Lowndes has become famous as a weaver of mysterious plots. She is the author of "Good Old Anna," "Lilla," "Love and Hatred," and now "The Lonely House" from her pen comes from the George H. Doran Company.

Readers interested in the general subject of India will find worth-while reading in Sir Verney Lovett's admirable book, "A History of the Indian Nationalist Movement" (Frederick A. Stokes Company). The author has been closely allied with diplomatic affairs in the Indian service for thirty-five years and India's efforts for Home Rule, which culminated in the bill in 1919 providing an Indian

constitution, are lucidly and interestingly traced from the beginning of British rule in Asia.

E. V. Lucas is an associate editor of *Punch*. He is well known as a traveler, novelist, and essayist. Among his best-known books are: *Travel*—"A Wanderer in London," "A Wanderer in Venice," etc.; novels—"The Vermilion Box," "Over Bremerton's"; essays—"Cloud and Silver," "A Boswell of Baghdad." He is the author of many delightful books for children, and the biographer of Charles Lamb. His latest novel, "Verena in the Midst," will be published this autumn.

A second edition before publication is announced for "Mac of Placid," a new novel by T. Morris Longstreth. Mr. Longstreth will be remembered as the author "The Adirondacks" and "The Catskills," two books of travel and enthusiasm with a touch of Stevenson and the shrewd woods-wisdom of John Burroughs. Once he was a schoolteacher. Now he lives in the Adirondacks all the year round.

New Books Received.

GLEN OF THE HIGH NORTH. By H. A. Cody. New York: George H. Doran Company. A novel.

ELI OF THE DOWNS. By C. M. A. Peake. New York: George H. Doran Company. A novel.

THE ADORABLE DREAMER. By Elizabeth Kirby. New York: George H. Doran Company. A novel.

THE CRIMSON PATCH. By Augusta Huiell Seaman. New York: The Century Company. A novel.

THE CASE FOR LIBERTY. By E. S. P. Haynes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50. Some considerations of government.

DURUY'S HISTORY OF FRANCE. Edited by James F. Jamieson. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Revised edition, continued to the year 1920 by Mabel S. C. Smith.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SEA LARK. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: The Century Company.

For the young.

IN THE ONYX LOBBY. By Carolyn Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company. A detective story.

SWISS FAIRY TALES. By William Elliot Griffis. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. For the young.

IT'S A GOOD OLD WORLD. By Bruce Barton. New York: The Century Company. "A book of wholesome stimulation."

AMERICA'S AIMS AND ASIA'S ASPIRATIONS. By Patrick Gallagher. New York: The Century Company.

How America and Asia fared at the peace conference.

HIDDEN CREEK. By Katharine Newlin Burt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. A novel.

THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD. By George Earl Buckle in succession to W. F. Monypenny. Volumes V and VI. New York: The Macmillan Company. A biography.

THE BLACK KNIGHT. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick and Crosbie Garston. New York: Henry Holt & Co. A novel.

THE NORTH DOOR. By Greville Macdonald. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. A novel.

DITTE: GIRL ALIVE. By Martin Anderson Nexö. New York: Henry Holt & Co. A novel.

SPIRIT GOLD. By Louise Küsel. Boston: The Stratford Company; \$1.35. A novel.

CURLY AND THE AZTEC GOLO. By Joseph B. Ames. New York: The Century Company. For the young.

MAC OF PLACID. By T. Morris Longstreth. New York: The Century Company. A novel.

US AND THE ROTTLEMAN. By Edith Ballinger Price. New York: The Century Company. For the young.

A PROPHET OF JOY. By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. An interpretation in verse of contemporary life.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IN THE GREAT WAR. By Henry P. Davison. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2. A new and cheaper edition.

A Disagreeable Experience.

The French are fond of saying that one "spends a bad quarter of an hour" when it is his lot to endure some disagreeable experience. No one could have spent a worse quarter of an hour than an Englishman during a visit to St. Lucia, in the West Indies. This gentleman had been hospitably entertained by the neighboring planters, who, as he was preparing to return, had sent him gifts of guava jelly, fine jams, limes, peppers, and the like. Among other gifts he received a live fer-de-lance, one of the deadliest serpents in the world, a specimen of which he had been anxious to obtain. While waiting to have a box made for his unpleasant pet he kept it in

the glass jar in which it had been sent, replacing the glass stopper with a piece of perforated zinc. He then placed the jar on the table. One afternoon, while seated near by watching the snake he fell asleep. He was awakened by a tremendous crash as of glass. It was pitch dark—there being no twilight in those latitudes. His first thought, of course, was of the fer-de-lance. Not realizing that his slippers had fallen off he started to rush from the room, when he felt what seemed to be a slight blow on the foot, followed by a burning pain. He instantly drew himself up in the chair, in dread of a second bite, and made frantic efforts to suck the wound. Failing in that, he held out the foot so that it would bleed freely and tried to put a ligature about the ankle, calling madly for help all the time. The servants, hearing him cry that the fer-de-lance was loose, were afraid to come in, but at last his host appeared with lights and ready to despatch the serpent. They found the snake still in the jar upon the table. The cause of the alarm was the fall of a jar of hot pickles, which was also standing on the table, and which had been overturned in some way. As the Briton's foot struck the floor it was cut by one of the pieces of broken glass and the acid of the pickles in the wound produced the pain.

Dr. Sim Wallace, who is well known at the London Hospital, joined in a Manchester conference on the prevention of diseases of the teeth. He boldly declared that decay is caused solely by the kind of food we eat, and advised uncooked fruit as a means of keeping the mouth physiologically clean. Cocoa and chocolate, it appears, are not good for this purpose, but tea, coffee, and beer are. Dry champagne, too, is excellent. An excuse for drinking it at present prices: it saves a dentist's bill.—*London Chronicle*.

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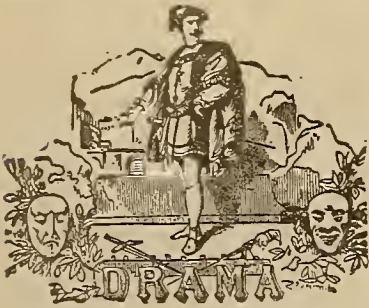
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L'ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

In June, 1920, at the Théâtre Antoine, Alfred Athis' French adaptation of J. M. Barrie's ever delightful comedy, "The Admirable Crichton," was placed before the French public. To his credit he it said the French adapter fully retained the English atmosphere of the original piece. No attempt was made to adapt the piece to French ideas, although it is called an adaptation rather than a translation. But the Continental translators are fairer than the British or American translators of foreign plays. What they seek to do is to render the original as faithfully as can be done, so as best to interpret to their own countrymen the minds, thoughts, and traditions of the foreigner. This Mons. Athis has faithfully done. He knows how it is himself, having had a translation of his own vaudeville-comedy, "Le Bout-en-train," acted in London the year (1908) that "The Admirable Crichton" first came out. Ever since then he has cherished the idea of translating Barrie's piece and having it brought out in Paris.

Just how successful it was and how interesting to the Gallic taste we are not fully informed; but it had a good reception, although the critic of *La Renaissance* intimates that the inability of the play to achieve a success equal to that attained by the original in London only proves that the French do not understand the English; "car," says this French critic, "cette histoire-là, vous savez, cette histoire, en soi intrinsèque, c'est beaucoup plus vraie que 'Ruy Blas' et singulièrement plus profonde!"

This is rather soothing to the feelings of an Anglo-Saxon appreciator of Mr. Barrie's comedy, for the perspicacious critic of *Le*

Journal writes of it as if it were a play gotten up exclusively for juvenile tastes. However, this gentleman, among the group of critics quoted, seems to stand alone, the rest perceiving the profound social significance of Mr. Barrie's theory, which does not protrude itself, nor become a sermon or a moral so pointed as to spoil a highly amusing comedy. But it leaves reflection behind, and now, a dozen years after the play was written, and the great wave of democracy horn of the war has swept over the world, one discovers on a re-reading that the play, in spite of its dozen years of age, has become timely.

I am inclined to think that in America we did not display the same insight in comprehending Mr. Barrie's root idea as the French commentators. Many, the majority in fact, thought that the theme of "The Admirable Crichton" was the essential quality of human beings, and that the failure of Lord Loam's monthly tea to his domestic, due to his insistence of the social equality between his family and his servants, was because the equality idea was a mere toy and pretense. It was comic when carried out in Lord Loam's drawing-room, because people naturally gravitate toward their own kind, and look with scarcely-veiled hostility on those in another rank in life if social intercourse is sought.

When Lord Loam's yachting party was wrecked on the desert isle, again the instinctive—this time—leveling of social barriers failed to work. The servitor became the dictator; a benevolent despot whose word was law; while by the three ex-gentlemen and subject men on the island "Tweeny," who was an excellent cook and a first-class worker, was looked up to.

In fact, we may, according to the critic of *L'Opinion*, regard the idea of universal social equality as a mirage, and, by practical demonstration in his play, Mr. Barrie has shown it as such.

However, the adherent of the democratic idea may take heart of grace. At least the comedy shows up the hollowness of the idea that rank does anything for the natural-born fool, such as Lord Loam and his nephew, except to make him more of a fool. Give the man of real ability a foothold and his essential strength and initiative will count. But if we are going to accept Mr. Barrie's ideas we will have to disabuse our minds of the impression that a real democracy is going to prevail.

Several other plays, it seems, in which the adventures of a group wrecked on a desert isle was the subject, have been played in France, the one most interesting in the working out of the central idea having been the oldest. This is "Le Crocodile," a dramatic comedy by Victorien Sardou, which was put on at the Porte-Saint-Martin in 1886.

Victorien Sardou's ability as a writer of plays has been frightfully traduced in the eyes of the American public by the ineptitude and sickly conventionality of the translations of his numerous pieces produced, during their heyday, in America. We accepted them at their apparent value, and some of his finest works were never produced here at all. Only his most stogy and superficial plays were considered worthy of the American public. In "Le Crocodile" Sardou, like Barrie, had a number, greatly increased in his play, who represented the diverse elements on a pas-

senger ship, cast on a desert island. Sardou works out the resultant clash of authoritative personalities from the political point of view; competition, the election of a chief, plots and counterplots, a revolt—"tout un microcosme de l'humanité."

It would be most interesting to see this piece put, in translated form, on the American stage during this era of political experimentation. But it won't be done. It might induce thought, and on the American stage thought and the play-going public are enemies. It is disheartening to realize how many good plays moulder in closets while superficial rot swaggers under the favoring eye of the public.

However, there are the "little theatres." They cater to a public that wants the play of ideas put on the stage. Naturally, since a complete commercialism is not the aim such theatres can not afford to have the finest talent. However, their managers do their best, and so, for that matter, do their players.

About September 12th or 13th the Maitland Theatre will reopen with an augmented company of patrons. But what is going to interest its patrons more particularly is the line of plays its manager will put on. He has trained us to be expectant.

At the Players' Club Theatre on Bush Street they are going to introduce an innovation. They will revive their principal successes, such as "Hamlet" and "Richard III," and, with a number of other productions to balance the Shakespearean plays, offer the whole in repertory in a fall and spring season.

Mr. Maitland has been the agency of our becoming acquainted by means of stage representation, with plays by such famous writers as Shaw, Ibsen, Wilde, Galsworthy, Henry Arthur Jones, Stanley Houghton, Dunsany, and others. The works of some of these authors have also received representation on the stage of the Players Club Theatre. But there is one stage writer, not really great in ideas but almost supreme in stage technic, several of whose best plays have never been played on this Coast. Pinero's "Iris," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "His House in Order," "Lady Bountiful" are among those of his more dramatic plays that have been seen on the San Francisco boards. But they have never played here "The Thunderbolt," "Mid-Channel," "The Benefit of the Doubt," "Lotty," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith." We have been luckier with the more conventionally disposed Henry Arthur Jones. But he has written so many that some—"Whitewashing Julia," "Joseph Entangled," "Mary Goes First," and others—have been overlooked.

Both these dramatists are supremely playwrights who immediately catch and absorb the attention of the public. They are capital story-tellers. Every one of their plots is interesting. So are their characters. Their dialogue is generally done with brilliant success, and their technic is usually irreproachable. Yet we have had an incomplete acquaintance with the more modern and brilliant works of these two accomplished writers. Dare we hope that either Mr. Maitland or Mr. Travers will come to the rescue before time has quite put them out of the ring?

OPERA AT THE AUDITORIUM.

Mr. Frank Healy seems to be the discoverer of the possibilities of the Exposition Auditorium when suitable attractions are supplied. With Galli-Curci as the operatic star he filled it two successive Sundays last winter, and with McCormick, the tenor, he drew capacity houses for three Sundays running. Mr. Healy has won the confidence of the public, not only by the quality of his star attractions, but by the expert way that his staff handles the huge crowds that have filled the Exposition Auditorium.

And now he is going to try it again. On October 4th the Scotti Grand Opera Company will open in "La Bohème" at the Exposition Auditorium, which is having a special stage and orchestra pit constructed, projecting so far into the Auditorium as to reduce its seating capacity one-half. Mr. Antonio Scotti carries his own equipment for lighting and stage effects, his drop curtain, scenic sets, and stage rigging.

The company, including the ballet and chorus, will number 150 people. Mr. Scotti has engaged Gennaro Papo, leading conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, and Carlo Peroni, leading conductor of the Scotti Grand Opera Company on its past three tours. For general stage director he has secured Armando Agnini, stage manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, while he has the cordial assistance of Giulio Gatti-Casazza, well known as the general director of the Metropolitan Opera House.

The repertory, as announced, will be covered in eight performances, "La Bohème," "Faust," "La Tosca," "Il Trovatore," "Madame Butterfly," and Leon's "L'Oracolo," in connection with hy turns "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," for a novel attraction, being the last announced.

The singers, led by Mr. Scotti, are members of the Metropolitan Opera House Company and have all held long-continued engage-

ments there on account of their ability. The sale of season tickets is over, but that tickets for single performances is still on at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s box-office.

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was the all-engrossing one when "The Four Horsemen" advanced to the charge. And the Allied world was well pleased at the good, sturdy, healthy hatred that Ibañez showed for the Teuton. Besides, he has considerable ability in vivid descriptiveness. Those descriptions of the battle of the Marne will help toward giving the book a future, although at present we are done with it, war being an unpopular topic with the mercenary world.

Then came "Mare Nostrum." I have just read—or no, near-read—"Woman Triumphant" and "Mare Nostrum," and I have decided, to my own satisfaction at least, that Ibañez is not a truly great novelist.

True, I am obliged to remind myself continually that he is a Latin, and the Latin point of view is essentially different from ours. But so was Victor Hugo a Latin. His books had absurdities and extravagances, and yet he was truly great. He was an independent thinker and was in advance of his own time. He offered lofty and inspiring thoughts, and he stirred men's souls to spiritual exaltation. Besides, he was a great humanitarian; "Les Misérables" alone is the proof.

Of these three books by Ibañez the finest passages are those in "The Four Horsemen" bearing on the war; the rhapsody of the Russian in Paris showed elevation of sentiment in its honor and condemnation of the scourge of war which destroys the innocent and desolates the earth.

But in "Mare Nostrum," in "Woman Triumphant" I do not recall a single inspiring thought. Both books are very faultily prolix. In "Mare Nostrum" there are pages and pages of dullness. In "Woman Triumphant" the author dwells tediously on the same idea; the jealousy of the wife, the revived love of the widower. It took Ibañez 132 pages in "Mare Nostrum" to settle down to the telling of his story. Up to that time he had bored us considerably with the character of the old seaman known as "the Triton." Also he introduced numerous lengthy passages numbering scores of pages of a descriptive, or of a geographic, or of a historic, or of an oceanic-mythological nature.

I could not but think of the admirable economizing of the resources of the great Russian novelist while I was reading "Mare Nostrum." Turgenyev always devoted himself to writing a novel which should be a work of art; Ibañez makes me think of the Sunday

editions of the dailies. He is a well-informed man, and he won't let you forget it when the business of the moment is supposed to be novel-writing.

He is guide-booky in "Mare Nostrum." I am well persuaded that a man of his information, his powers of description, and ready fluency could write books that would appeal to the seeker after information. But he mixes in too much of this sort of thing with his story. Turgenyev paints the Russian atmosphere and depicts Russians, but his books are never over-long. Ibañez—perhaps to please his American readers—has given a terrifically verbose review of his hero's boyhood, of his early impressions, and of aspects of the life lived in Valencia.

When the amour with Freya begins the author settles down to business. His theme is, I should judge, a congenial one. In order, however, to draw an analogy between Freya and the monstrous and malignant cuttle-fish the author pauses and in a chapter of nearly 12,000 words makes a brilliant display of his erudition concerning the undersea inhabitants of the Naples Aquarium. It is very complete, but I confess to being willing to travel on through life without gaining such a profusion of impressions concerning these diverse sea species. For, if I wanted the information, I would, like the student in an art museum, inform myself as a task. Ibañez was altogether too lavish with his information in a work of fiction.

However, this chapter precedes the business of the book, which is to give, with a great multiplicity of appeal to the reader's grosser forms of interest, a minute account of the amour that ensues.

Freya is an elegant and beautiful courtesan. The novelist can always interest in such a theme if he is sufficiently well informed. But the healthy-minded reader is sure to become satiated with the stifling animalism of the recital in "Mare Nostrum." If he is really healthy-minded he is sure to skip.

And, after all, what is there in the character either of Freya or Ulysses to write such a lengthy, ponderous, and portentous book about? Freya is just a courtesan, her horrible, painful, luxurious life of sexual slavery having developed in her abnormal tendencies. Ulysses is a frank, generous, brave, virile "Meridional," a term the author frequently uses to describe him. He is wholly a materialist about women, as are so many of the Latins; as is Ibañez himself. It is written in his countenance. And that is about all there is to Ulysses.

When the German spy idea begins to develop the story immediately grows in interest, and there is a certain impressiveness in the description of the end of the woman. But one asks one's self, "What is there about this pair that is worthy of a book of some 177,000 words?"

I have an idea that Ibañez wishes to be considered a Spanish Balzac, and no doubt he may be considered to have some claims to the title. He knows much of life, and the world, and the human family. Like Balzac, he is a fecund, untrifling writer, without being a stylist. But his view of humanity is limited by his greater interest in the species whose joy in living is confined to the appeasing of the grosser appetites. To Ibañez I should say that the majority of people who conform, who live regular, conscientious, and conventional lives, are dull.

It is so that he depicts the jealous wife in "Woman Triumphant." She becomes dreadfully tedious as the book advances. And when she is comfortably dead, and the reader heaves a sigh of relief, he proceeds to kindle a posthumous love for the once graceful and lovely model in the bosom of the husband, whose infidelities no reasonable person could condemn, since the wife was a steady nagger, but whose abnormal revival of his passion for the dead wife of his youth is unpleasant and repellent.

A great novelist must base the appeal in his books on something universal in human nature. Ibañez does not. He does not, apparently, feel any sympathy with our better impulses, and he seems to believe that the average reader likes to read of the fleshly, the horrible, and the base.

Freya was entirely horrible, and when Ulysses found the strength to resist her it

was solely from an instinct of self-preservation.

Having read, with liberal skipping, these three books of Ibañez, I am now content to dismiss him comfortably from any further consideration. He may write other and finer novels yet. His articles about Mexico and about the Republican convention showed the keen, analytic observer. But his view of human nature is, on the whole, distinctly arid and depressing, and I doubt very much if his vogue will continue with Anglo-Saxon readers.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Curran Theatre.

There is not a dull moment in "Mamma's Affair," the Harvard prize comedy that enters upon its last week's engagement at the Curran Theatre Monday evening. Oliver Morosco, its producer, is presenting his original company intact, Effie Shannon, Robert Edeson, Amelia Bingham, Katherine Kaelred, Ida St. Leon, George Le Guere, and Little Billy giving it the finish that it is rarely our good fortune to enjoy.

The usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees are to be given.

The Alcazar Theatre.

The frivolities of "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" at the Alcazar this week give place next Sunday matinée, for a single week, to the humors of "39 East," a comedy by Rachel Crothers. Miss Crothers is very expert in drawing characters that are typical and essentially human. The romance involves an unsophisticated Western girl who goes to the big city with artistic aspirations and lands in the chorus and a frivolous young Broadway rounder who becomes first a shallow admirer and then an ardent lover. With the exception of a picturesque episode in Central Park, the entire action passes in a boarding-house of "the better class" peopled by decayed gentle folks who live in the past, the vulgarians who frankly live in the present, the landlady with her affected elegances, the sharp-tongued spinster, the foreign nobleman, and other types that are vivid. Inez Ragan, Dudley Ayres, and the Alcazar favorites, with special reinforcements, will interpret this unique play quivering with the vitalities of real life. Monday night, September 13th, is given over to the Nationale Ligue Francaise for the benefit of the French Library, an annual event of social and artistic significance.

"Daddies" so took the town by storm a fortnight ago that unsatisfied public demand compels its farewell revival the week commencing September 19th.

The Orpheum.

Announcement for the Orpheum bill next week is couched in the form of an invitation. In the words of the announcement you are invited to a delicious spread of the best. The host and hostesses in this party, which will continue throughout the entire week, will stage their affair "Under the Apple Tree." John Sully will wait on the guests, and an even dozen of attractive belles will be there. "Under the Apple Tree" is a musical play of thumbnail proportions.

Comedy will find its scope in a playlet called "Follow On." This is a combination of stage and Salvation Army atmosphere. A burlesque company comes to grief, but among the members is a Salvation Army girl who teaches them the meaning of "Follow On."

Sidney Phillips will offer several songs and stories. Few are said to have the natural knack of singing a song or telling a story better than he.

Jack Cahill and Don Romine will present an amusing skit called "A Comedy Mix-Up," which is a combination of two accepted types of stage characterization, a black face and an Italian.

Reno, one of the newest and most successful pantomimists, and Jackie and Billie, thinking and talking birds, are other new features. Miss Ioleen will mingle a good voice with her skill on a slack wire.

Emma Haig, star of the present week, is the only holdover to be found on the new bill.

The Maitland Playhouse.

George Bernard Shaw's drama, "The Devil's Disciple," will be presented this coming week at the opening of the 1920-21 season of the Maitland Playhouse on Stockton Street above Post. Arthur Maitland will appear in the leading rôle originated so successfully by Richard Mansfield, while Miss Betty Oliver, the new leading lady, will take the part portrayed by Mansfield's wife, Miss Cameron.

Other members of the Maitland company include Caroline Howard, Selby Roach, a character actor of no mean reputation and ability, Richenda Stevick, Taylor Graves, Elmer Horton, and Charles McQuarrie.

The Maitland Players have been strengthened for the coming season, which has promise of good things of the theatre. The opening play of the season will be open to the general



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VANITY FAIR.

"A friend of mine," says a correspondent of the *Villager*, "has showed me a few of the things you have said about fashions, and they are silly. You have not grasped the idea of fashions; you do not know what you are talking about. The way you use the term, 'being in the fashion,' shows you fail to realize it is no question of being in the fashion. The last thing really smart people, the better sort, want is to be in the fashion; what they have to try for continually is to be out of it. When all the stenographers and cooks begin wearing full skirts and long sleeves, we simply have to wear tight skirts and short sleeves; if we don't, will you please tell me how we should ever be noticed, how we should be distinguishable from the lower classes?"

"I have no doubt you think this easy enough to be unimportant. I don't want to insinuate, because I never saw you nor your family, and don't know anything about you except this paper you write, but you must be aware that dowdiness never has to work hard to be conspicuous. For those, however, to whom dowdiness is against the law of nature, really something fundamental, the struggle to be conspicuous is becoming almost intolerable—I

can't begin to describe what a problem it is growing to be. I'm for democracy first, last, and all the time, but I firmly believe there will be perfect chaos in our national life if something is not done to prevent the masses copying every innovation in clothes almost before it is on our backs. Do you not see that this sort of thing is destroying the values of life? I see you mention the menace of the proletariat, but you haven't the faintest notion what that menace really is. What use is it any more to buy Paris frocks? When every one is wearing things long and sleeves to the wrists, you pay two or three hundred dollars for something exclusive with no sleeves and nearly no skirt, and in a week there will not be a soul to turn and stare at you; in a week your own cook will be walking down the avenue on her afternoon off, showing her knees and her shoulders.

"We saw how bad things were getting some time ago, and we decided on a desperate measure. We began wearing evening styles on the streets—ermine wraps, satin shoes, décolleté and all; we argued if the crowd had no nice feelings to restrain them from encroaching on us there was but one thing to do, and that was to put the styles beyond the reach of their pocketbooks. It was thought, too, that by introducing street clothes that would leave the body merely veiled from the waist up, the lower classes would be debarred; in the first place, they would hesitate to show their coarse lingerie, and in the second place, they had always evidenced a strong prudishness, and this would make them reluctant to wear positively indecent clothes.

"How mistaken we were! They have been making such a disgusting amount of money in the last few years that a squirrel wrap is an easy purchase for them, and as for their principles, they simply have none! Without a qualm, they have set all their scruples aside and are copying our morals as well as our fashions—I tell you, the destruction of civilization must be the result of it all!

"What most people who talk so glibly do not realize is that more than clothes is involved in our obligations—we have to keep out of the fashion in morals and ideas, too. When the mob got so set on virtue and Christianity and all that sort of thing, our people had to make a change, but lately the commonest creatures have taken to following our lead, and truly I don't see what will be the outcome! I don't really see how much further we can go. As it stands today, you can not tell any one of us from . . . here, my dear sir, I suppose I shall have to euphemize, for if I use a

plain, twentieth-century word, you will cut this whole passage out; it humiliates me to concede to your prudishness, but I will say you can not tell any of our class from the 'daughters of joy'—I assume that would be your delicate phrase!—except by our conversation. They have merely their experience, while we are able to talk Freud; I worked among these women before it got fashionable, and I found that they would not think of saying in public things which don't bother me at all.

"But if the lower classes are making it impossible for any one dining in a restaurant to know which are—again, my dear sir, I yield!—which are the daughters of joy and the better people, and which mere clerks and perfectly decent women, then what are we going to do? Probably you would reply to this query by saying that in desperation we shall be driven to virtue by way of keeping our prominence. But there again you betray your lack of knowledge. Analogy is a broken reed, my dear *Villager*. Once hoop skirts and bustles have been left behind, you can go back to them; you can really 'revive' fashion. But you can not revive morals and philosophies; when it comes to these, you must always have something new, otherwise you are a reactionary, and that means you are getting old. But how is it possible to keep on having exclusive ideas? Now, all of us have been to considerable trouble about Bolshevism, and it looks as if this season Bolshevism was going to be nowhere at all. And why? Just because a lot of cheap, new-rich upstarts have discovered it sounds smart to have money and then say you are for Debs and Trotsky, and of course right away it has ceased to be smart, just like the new poetry.

"You have sometimes spoken of us, sir, as 'the leisure class.' I trust this mere sketch of our problems and our responsibilities will convince you that the term is most inopportune.

"I shall not sign my name, for that would just afford you the pleasure of leaving it off and denying me even the little publicity your obscure sheet might furnish. I will let it go with the assurance that I am not very often

"YOUR READER."

TRACING A COUNTERFEIT.

The tracing of counterfeit bills back to the person responsible for their issue is a curious and exciting employment. The experts assigned by the government to this work are among the most skillful members of the Secret Service. The protection of the currency depends in large measure upon their efficiency, and the pains they take are almost infinite. A strange story told by one of these operatives illustrates the difficulties which they meet and overcome.

One day a bank clerk in Cincinnati detected a counterfeit twenty-dollar bill in the deposit of a small retail grocer. The operative was sent for and undertook the case.

He found that the grocer received the bill from a shoe dealer, who had it from a dentist, who had it from somebody else, and so on, until finally the Secret Service man traced it to an invalid woman who had used it to pay her physician. When questioned, she said the money had been sent to her by her brother, who lived in New Orleans.

The operative looked up her brother's pedigree, and was certain that he was the man wanted. He had a bad record, was the proprietor of a dive and was just the sort of person to be a confederate of counterfeiters. The operative went to New Orleans with the handcuffs in his pocket, but he was a little premature.

The man proved to the detective's complete satisfaction that he had received the money as rent for a small house he owned in Pittsburgh. The operative took the next train for Pittsburgh.

The tenant of the house proved to be a traveling oculist, who spent most of his time on the road. He was then away in the West, but the operative saw him on his return and he at once recognized the bill. It had been given him by a patient in Cincinnati, the very point from which the operative had started.

The patient was a boss carpenter. The Secret Service man got his address from the oculist and made a beeline for Cincinnati. He had a premonition that something was going to happen, and he wasn't disappointed.

The carpenter was an honest old fellow, and told the detective without hesitation that he had received the bill from Mr. Smith for repairing his barn. Mr. Smith was the small grocer in whose bank deposit the counterfeit had turned up. The detective flew to his store as fast as a taxi could carry him and found it closed. He had left town. His shop, it was proved, was a mere blind.

Rickshaw men of Tokyo have entered a formal protest to the government against the spread of the automobile as a means of transportation in Japan.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Harry Carey, the movie star, has a ranch near Los Angeles. He boasted of how he raised his own foodstuffs, cattle and hogs, but added "even at that it's not on what you could call a really independent, self-supporting basis." "How's that?" asked his friend. "Well," said Harry, "I still have to buy my gasoline in town, and so far I haven't been able to raise any silk shirts for my gang to wear on Sunday."

A farmer was the father of twelve children, all of whom had been rocked in the same cradle by the same great toe. He was rocking the newest arrival one night when his wife remarked: "John, that cradle is nearly worn out; it's so rickety that I'm afraid it will fall to pieces." "It's about used up," replied her husband. Then, handing her \$10, he added: "The next time you go to town get a new one, a good one, one that will last."

Frederick was sitting on the curb, crying, when Billy came along and asked him what was the matter. "Oh, I feel so bad 'cause Major's dead—my nice old collie!" sobbed Frederick. "Shucks!" said Billy. "My grandmother's been dead a week, and you don't catch me crying." Frederick gave his eyes and nose a swipe with his hand, and, looking up at Billy, sobbed, despairingly: "Yes, but you didn't raise your grandmother from a pup."

Leaning against the fence of a cottage garden stood a diminutive urchin, sobbing as though his heart was dangerously near the breaking point. A benevolent old man approached him. "What is the matter, my child?" he inquired soothingly. The youth only roared the louder. "My father," he howled, "has been heatin' me." "Come, come!" said the old man, "you mustn't cry

like that! All fathers have to heat their boys at times. You must cheer up and forget all about it." Then the small boy looked at him with a scornful glare. "Ah!" he said slowly. "I might forget it if my father was an ordinary sort o' man; but"—and here tears burst forth once more—"he plays the big drum in a brass band."

Rex Beach was motoring through northern Minnesota. He admits that he was aware that the roads in that part of the state were not traveled over much and wasn't looking for any boulevards de luxe, but just the same he began to have misgivings when the road plunged into a swamp where they had to lower the top to get beneath the bows of the tamaracks. "Do many cars travel this road?" asked Beach of some children who happened along. "Oh, yes, sir," they chorused. "Lots of 'em. One came last year, and one this year, and now you're here."

A correspondent of the New York Sun sent in the following translation of a Chinese rejection slip, used in returning would-be contributions: "We have read thy manuscript with infinite delight. Never before have we reveled in such a masterpiece. If we printed it the authorities would ordain us to take it for a model, and henceforth never print anything inferior to it. As it would be impossible to find its equal within ten thousand years, we are compelled, though shaken with sorrow, to return your divine manuscript, and for doing so we beg one thousand pardons."

A young lawyer had a foreign client in police court the other day. It looked rather black for the foreigner and the youthful attorney fairly outdid himself in trying to convince the magistrate that his client was innocent of the charge brought. The attorney dwelt on the other's ignorance of American customs, his straightforward story, and upon other details sufficient to extend the talk fully fifteen minutes. His client was acquitted. In congratulating the freed man the lawyer held out his hand in an absent but rather suggestive manner. The client grasped it firmly. "Eet was verra fine noise you mak'," he said. "Mocha thanks. Goo-hy."

"Is this—can it be love?" sighed Angehella, as she sat on a seat in the park with MacCuthbert's arm around her waist and his soft voice whispering fondly in her ear. Oh, it was lovely! "It is, my darling," MacCuthbert assured her. "But tell me, sweet one, how do you feel?" "I feel," cooed the lady, "as though my heart would leap from my throbbing breast! My parched throat contracts and then expands, while my breath comes in quick, choking sobs." There was a sudden rustle in the bushes behind them as a sleeping tramp crawled forth and glowered at them. "I'd take something for it, miss," he growled. "That aint love you've got; it's hiccups."

Over steaming teacups the two damsels sat and talked. The conversation turned upon an unfortunate individual who had incurred the disfavor of one of them. "No, I never did like him," she said. "Why, when he used to write me glowing love letters I would only glance over them once." "Only once, dear?" "Well—er—sometimes when I couldn't make out his abominable scrawl I would glance over them a second time." "Indeed!" said the other maiden, "and was that all?" "Except sometimes at night, I would take them from under my pillow and read them just to kill

time." "And that was the end?" "Yes," was the reply; "only on rainy days I used to look over them again just to see how silly a man can be when he starts writing love letters. But I only glanced over them, dear. I never did like him."

The enthusiastic English literary light had consented to deliver a lecture in a small village club on Burns. For weeks beforehand the hillboards were covered with announcements, and when the appointed night came the hall was full to overflowing. He began with "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Tam O'Shanter," and "The Jolly Beggars," and was proceeding with "John Anderson" when there came an interruption from the back of the hall. "What is it, my man?" inquired the lecturer. "When are you goin' to give us a few hints on burns?" came the reply. "Hints?" replied the puzzled lecturer. "Yes, hints," growled the man. "I paid three pence to come in 'cos you was supposed to know all about burns, an' there you stand spoutin' poetry like a parrot, while my missus, who's upset a saucepan o' hoilin' water on 'er foot, is waitin' to hear whether she'd better souse it wi' nil or shake the flour dredger over it."

A Washington reporter, happening to pass the St. Elizabeth's Hospital for the Insane, noticed an inmate standing and painting a wall with a dry brush. The reporter, somewhat of a sportsman, noticed a racing sheet in the back pocket of the painter, and thinking to have a little fun, he said: "Who are you picking today?" "Take little Eva in the fourth race at Laurel," said the painter. "She's a 200-to-1 shot and she's carrying eighty-eight pounds; she can't lose." The reporter, perhaps thinking one lunch as good as another, went down to the office, drew out \$25 advance salary and put it all on Little Eva. Then Little Eva stumbled on the first quarter and was out of the race. About two weeks later the reporter was passing the hospital and he again noticed the painter, busily painting with a dry brush. "Well," he said to the painter, "I put \$25 on Little Eva at 200 to 1, carrying eighty-eight pounds, in the fourth race. She stumbled on the first quarter and lost." "You took my tip?" said the painter. "Yes," said the reporter. "Get a brush," said the painter.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Through the Week.
On Monday she swore that she'd always be mine;
On Tuesday her mood seemed to change.
Came Wednesday, she yawned when I said she looked fine,
And I thought her demeanor seemed strange.
On Thursday she said that I bored her to death,
Which I took for a very bad sign;
On Friday we quarreled—on Saturday, too—
And I hastened away to repine.
But her mood changed again when the week started new,
And on Sunday—she swore she'd be mine.
—G. R. Brunjes in American Legion Weekly.

Ballade of Research.
Through annals of lost laughter I had sought,
Through legendary cacklings ploughed;
Weighed this primeval grin, that giggle, caught
Between two slabs of papyrus shroud;
Catalogued chuckles by the Sphinx endowed
And winked a course back to Thermopylae—
Ere I should be equipped to cry aloud
The joke that never was on land and sea.

One thousand sixty variants I brought
To book of the half-portion husband cowed
By corpulent helpmeet; of the distraught
Endymion caroling, though over-frauded.
Another thousand; specimens of the proud
Parent and his superior progeny:
These had all to be winnowed lest they cloud
The joke that never was on land or sea.

Then, wheezes of Bridgetta the untaught,
That new French cook before whom must have bowed
Old Baal himself; of broad "a" battles fought
Between the lower and the higher browed;
Rum japes galore; teetotallers Here's how'd
By false friends' medicated treachery:
All must be scrutinized lest any crowd
The joke that never was on land or sea.

ENVOY.
What is that quip? Nay, I've grimaced and mowed
To have the long laugh on posterity:
Unto my selfish alone I've vowed
The joke that never was on land or sea.
—Stanley Kidder Wilson in New York Post.

Non-Fraternity Edict in Germany.
A conflict is developing between various students' fraternities and the socialist Prussian minister of education, Herr Haenisch. His plan to democratize universities is meeting with strong opposition from many of the students, a large number of whom are traditionally staunch supporters of monarchical, pan-German, and anti-Semitic principles. They acclaimed the advent of Dr. Wolfgang Kapp and the militaristic counter-revolution with enthusiasm. To nullify their influence in these matters, Herr Haenisch worked out a scheme under which equality of status was

established between foreign students and German students. Fraternities were forbidden to engage in political and religious agitation, and a government representative was to sit on fraternity committees with authority to supervise their activities and report upon them. These measures are wrathfully denounced as oppressively reactionary by the student world of Germany, which is preparing to resist their imposition to the uttermost. Especially do they object to the proposal that foreign students at German universities should be placed on an equality with themselves. At the present time the German universities are said to be overrun with Polish and Russian students, and German youths do not relish the idea of having to fraternize with them on equal terms. Still more strongly do they resent having government representatives sent among them to act, they say, as "informers."

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Miss Frances Anne McLaughlin gave a luncheon on Saturday, September 4th, at which she announced her engagement to Mr. Edwin B. Parker, Jr., of Houston, Texas. The following were present at the luncheon: Miss Dorothy Walsh, Miss Irene Evans, Miss Helen Bentz, Miss Janice Dunker, Miss Eleanor McCormick, Miss Frances Corbet, Miss Chrysella Dunker, Miss Frances Merrill, Miss Katharine Stoney, Miss Helen Hawkins, Miss Adelaide Griffith, Miss Helen Salisbury, Miss Gladys Scott, Miss Martha Graham, Miss Jeanette Sessions, Miss Cornelia McFarland, Miss Virginia Gibbons, Miss Ernestine Adams, Miss Helen Thayer, Miss Agnes Weston, Miss Lucille Frank, Miss Marian Stewart, and Miss Evelyn McLaughlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling gave a dinner last Thursday evening in compliment to Mrs. Oliver Harriman of New York. Among the guests were Mrs. Irma Hopper of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Miss Jennie Hooker, and Dr. Herbert Allen.

Miss Vere de Vere Adams entertained at a dance last Tuesday evening in Oakland, complimenting Miss Cora McCormick. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Philip Bowles, Jr., Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Lorna Williamson, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Sally Long, Miss Juanita Adams, Miss Elizabeth

those present were Miss Eleanor Morgan, Miss Adrienne Sharp, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Caroline Madison, Miss Jacqueline Keesling, Miss Dorcas Jackson, Miss Dorothy Clark, Miss Francesca Deering, Miss Margaret Deahl, Miss Eleanor Welty, Mr. Merrill Morshead, Mr. Victor Brune, Mr. Kenneth High, Mr. Tallant Ransom, Mr. Breck McAllister, Mr. Decker McAllister, Mr. Scott Smith, Mr. William Sherwood, Mr. George Stevenson, Mr. John Mace, Mr. Ernest McCormick, Jr., and Mr. Frank Fuller, Jr.

Miss Dorothy Meyer gave a dinner Friday evening, with her guests later attending the dance given by Miss Bishop and Miss Pringle.

Miss Jean Boyd gave a bridge-tee in Ross Friday in honor of Miss Mildred and Miss Sallie Calhoun. Among the guests were Mrs. Almer Newhall, Mrs. Paul Foster, Mrs. Denman McNear, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Alice Carr, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Amanda McNear, Mrs. Frank Winchester, Mrs. George Martin, Mrs. Harry Evans, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Mrs. Arthur Foster, and Mrs. William Hinkley Taylor.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller gave a luncheon last Wednesday for Miss Laura Miller, her guests including Mrs. Winthrop Austin, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Francis Langton, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Elizabeth Watt, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Geraldine King, Miss Margaret Buckbee, and Miss Virginia Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Casey gave a dance last week in Palo Alto, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Skewes-Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hooper, Dr. and Mrs. George Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Field, and Mr. and Mrs. Werner Lawson.

Mr. Kittle Boyd gave a moonlight picnic Tuesday at the Lagunitas Country Club as a farewell to Miss Mildred Calhoun. Among his guests were Mrs. William Hinkley Taylor, Mrs. George Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall, Miss Sallie Calhoun, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Mauricia Mintzer, Miss Jean Boyd, Mr. John Kittle, Mr. Allan Kittle, Mr. Benjamin Foster, and Mr. Lucio Mintzer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alexander of New York were the guests of honor at a dinner given Wednesday evening by Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith gave a dinner Wednesday evening in honor of Mrs. Alexander Rutherford.

Mrs. Silas Palmer and Mrs. Samue' Knight gave a reception last Tuesday in Menlo Park for the ninetieth birthday of Mr. Holbrook. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mr. and Mrs. August Schilling, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor Ayers, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Olney, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hokin, Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bates, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Montague, Mr. and Mrs. James Flood, Dr. and Mrs. Philip K. Brown, Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. George Somers, Mrs. James Denman, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Hermann Schussler, Mrs. L. L. Dunbar, Captain A. H. Payson, Mr. E. W. Earl, and Mr. John Hooper.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman gave a dinner Wednesday evening in Burlingame.

Miss Mary Boardman gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the Woman's Athletic Club in honor of Miss Suzette Chadbourne.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michaels gave a dinner Thursday evening at the St. Francis.

The Misses Katherine and Laura Branson gave a tea last Thursday in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore gave a house party over the week-end in Santa Cruz, having among their guests Mr. and Mrs. Milton Esberg, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann, Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bradley, and Mr. William Humphrey.

Miss Eleanita Rawlings, daughter of Mrs. Stuart Rawlings, gave a luncheon and theatre party Saturday, having among her guests Miss Isabelle Bishop, Miss Mary Chickering, Miss Jane Gregory, Miss Helen Chase, Miss Elizabeth Klink, Miss Harriet Sutro, Miss Marian Jenks, Miss Frances Sherman, Miss Cherry Stevenson, and Miss Ida Belle Wheaton.

Mrs. William Roth gave a children's party Friday for her little son, Master William Ralph, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr., are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

Early estimates from the Census Bureau are said to place the total rural population of the country at not more than 48 or 49 per cent. of the whole. The drift of population to the cities is the outstanding feature of ten years. The shade of Jefferson, looking at the growing urban population and the growing unrest, will perhaps permit itself an ironical, though kindly, smile. For it was Jefferson's belief that contentment was possible only if the inhabitants of a nation lived in the country and owned land. Jefferson hardly allowed in his thought for the "industrial revolution," as economists and historians call it, and he was not fond of cities. But time may yet prove that his view of this matter, as of so many others, was philosophically sound.

"Did your harber shut up Sunday?" "No. He merely closed his shop."—Judge.

An Evening Fantasy.

Elaborate preparations are making for the fête—"An Evening Fantasy"—at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stetson, dated for Saturday, 18th inst. The funds to be raised are for the benefit of the American Academy in Rome and will go to the payment of a debt long overdue. Tickets for the fête, including dancing, are \$5. The patronesses are: Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Perry Eyre, Mrs. James Flood, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. C. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. George H. Howard, Mrs. Wendell Kuhn, Mrs. George H. Mendell, Mrs. John Parrott, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Edward Pringle, Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Mrs. Richard Sprague, Mrs. William Hinkley Taylor, Mrs. Sydney A. Cloman, Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Edward Tobin, Mrs. J. H. P. Howard, Mrs. Sidney Ehrman, Mrs. Walter Hewlett, Mrs. H. W. Poett, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. E. D. Beylard, Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. John Johns, Mrs. John Lawson, Mrs. Duncan MacDuffie, Comtesse de Limur, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Lewis Hohart, Mrs. W. W. Stettheimer, Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, Mrs. J. O. Tobin, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Robert Hooker, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow.

French Library Fund.

The benefit to be given under the auspices of the Ligue Nationale Francaise for the French Library fund, at the Alcazar next Monday night, is creating great interest.

Three special features will be presented in addition to the play of the evening, "39 East," which will receive its first Pacific Coast presentation at the Alcazar. Between the first and second acts Mons. André Ferrier of the Comédie Française and Mlle. Josephine Tapie will be seen in two charming scenes from Molière's "L'Ecole des Femmes." Mrs. Uda Waldrop, accompanied by her husband, will be heard in a group of delightful French songs, and during a third intermission Colonel George Cadwalader will tell the audience about the good done by the French Library and the necessity for giving it support.

Scotti Discovers a New Tenor.

Besides the tenor stars of the Metropolitan Opera House of first magnitude, Antonio Scotti brings to this city a young American tenor, whom he discovered singing in New York with a troupe called "The Argonne Players," who had fought and also sung and played in France for the amusement of their fellow-warriors. Mario Chamlee, of whom great things are prophesied by Mr. Scotti, Enrico Caruso, and other good judges, is an American despite his foreign name. Born in Los Angeles, his father was of English and his mother of French descent. The patonymic was originally Chalmodeley, pronounced in England Chumley and converted in this country into Chamlee.

When the war broke out he promptly volunteered and both fought and sang in France, joining the Argonne Players at the request of his commanding officer, and often singing to his comrades in hospitals and elsewhere under heavy shellfire. After the armistice the Argonne Players sang in Paris before the peace conference members, including President Wilson, Clemenceau, and Lloyd George, and Italian and French impresarios who heard him made Mario Chamlee flattering offers, including an engagement at the Opéra Comique. However, he returned to America and sang with the Argonne Players in New York, where he was heard by Mr. Scotti, who was so pleased with him that he offered to assist him in his musical education and took him on tour last autumn.

Mario Chamlee, who is barely twenty-seven, is a handsome, sturdy American boy, of happy disposition and much intelligence, who takes his present success and hopeful prospects modestly.

Tickets are on sale now at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s for the Scotti engagements.

Some time ago the Department of Agriculture was led by complaints from farmers to investigate the cause of the corrosion of wire fences. Experts concluded that the cause of the trouble was a metallurgical problem. The older iron wire is said to be more durable than the steel wire later introduced. The results of the tests made seem to indicate that manganese in the wire may have something to do with the corrosion. Manganese dissolved in iron up to a certain amount increases the electrical resistance, but if the manganese is not uniformly distributed electric currents may be generated in the wire when wet with rain, leading to corrosion by electrolysis. The deep pitting observed in corroded wire is said to be characteristic of electrolytic action.

It has been estimated that one Iceland waterfall could be made to yield 60,000 horsepower and another 50,000.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley and Mr. Neil Lilley left Monday for the Atlantic coast. Mrs. Lilley will visit Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler in Philadelphia for some weeks.

Mrs. Daniel Murphy and Mrs. Arthur Page-Brown have returned to Burlingame from a trip to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. James Goodwin has reopened her home in Woodside, after having spent the summer in Santa Barbara. She will be joined next week by Mrs. Robinson, who remained in the south with Mrs. Thomas Dibblee.

Dean and Mrs. Wilmer Gresham are traveling through the northern part of the state.

Mrs. Frank Deering and Miss Francesca returned yesterday from Inverness.

Mr. Edwin Eddy left Monday for New York to be gone a month.

Mr. Stephen Parrott and Mr. Osgood Hooker are in Santa Barbara, where they are the house guests of Mrs. William Miller Graham.

Mr. Raphael Weill has postponed his return from France, and will not sail for the United States until October.

Mrs. Genevieve Hay and Mrs. Rosamund Lovell arrived recently at Del Monte from Hollywood to visit their brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse.

Mrs. C. C. Park left last week for Santa Barbara, after a month's sojourn with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. James Forbes, who have been summering in Montecito, left Friday for their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sinsheimer have left for New York, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. Oliver Harriman of New York and her sons, Mr. John and Mr. Borden Harriman, left Saturday for the Atlantic coast. They were accompanied by Mrs. Irma Hopper of New York and Mrs. John Sage Fiske of Santa Barbara.

Miss Edna Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Will Taylor, will leave the close of the month or an Eastern boarding school.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour have returned from France, and will be at their ranch near Rutherford until the end of the summer.

Mrs. Camilo Martin is spending a few weeks at the Ambassador in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Arthur Sharp and Miss Adrienne Sharp left yesterday for the East, where the latter will resume her studies at Miss Spence's school.

Mr. Charles Farquharson returned last week from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes left Friday for the Atlantic coast by way of Canada.

Dr. and Mrs. Paul Wegfort are spending a month in Honolulu with Mr. Spreckels and Miss Harriet Holbrook.

Captain and Mrs. Leigh Palmer will sail shortly for China, where they will make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. James Flood and Mrs. Perry Eyre are traveling through Southern California.

Mrs. George Tallant of Santa Barbara is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farquharson.

Mrs. George Baker has returned to Piedmont from visiting Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Baker at Enos, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Mark McDonald and Miss Marcia McDonald arrived last week from Europe, and left for their home in Santa Rosa, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Miss Marguerite Brunswig of Los Angeles is visiting Miss Anne Riordan at Flagstaff, Arizona.

Mrs. A. A. Pennoyer, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Paul Pennoyer in Locust Valley, Long Island, will return next month to California.

Mrs. William Porter will remain in Montecito until October. She will spend the winter as usual in San Francisco.

Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor has returned to Piedmont from San Rafael where she has been visiting Mrs. George Boyd.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken have returned from a trip through Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenery will leave with-

in a few days for New Zealand to visit Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Davies.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hawkins have arrived from Hollister to visit Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wright.

Mr. Mosley Taylor has left for Boston, where Mrs. Taylor will join him in a few weeks.

Mrs. Hippolyte Dutard will leave within a few days for Europe, to be absent throughout the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick have returned to Santa Cruz from visiting Captain and Mrs. F. P. Helm.

Mrs. Henry Lund, Jr., and her daughters, the Misses Beatrice and Marion Lund, are at Pebble Beach Lodge spending the week.

Among Palace Hotel arrivals during the past week were Mr. and Mrs. C. P. McFarland, Mr. W. H. Howard, Los Angeles; Mr. H. R. Hoefler, Astoria, Oregon; Mr. R. J. Williams, Portland; Mrs. Oliver Harriman, New York; Mr. I. C. Van Noy, Kansas City; Mr. C. P. Gearon, New York; Mr. H. W. Jackson, Arcata, California; Mr. H. A. Hinsaw, Mr. J. M. Scott, Mr. J. R. Dougherty, Portland, Oregon; Mr. G. Bender, Yokohama; Mr. Frank C. Clark, Portland, Oregon; Mr. S. F. Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Drake, Los Angeles; Mr. Ned E. Sall, Mr. Charles M. Bryan, Washington, D. C.; Mr. L. T. Freeman, Chicago.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel St. Francis were Mr. Fred W. Schultz, Berlin, California; Mr. Walter E. Porep, Seattle; Mr. R. E. McConnell, Mina, Nevada; Mr. R. C. Turpin, Reno; Mr. and Mrs. Berthold Springer, Mr. W. R. Woodward, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Reed, Tulsa, Oklahoma; Mr. F. W. Thurston, Chicago; Mr. John Dutton Wright, New York; Captain C. B. Hazeltine, U. S. A., and Mrs. Hazeltine, Boston; Mr. Bud Rentschler, Hamilton, Ohio; Mr. Charles H. Johnstone, New York; Mr. W. M. Keck, Los Angeles; Mr. J. D. Elder, Newark, New Jersey; Mr. C. B. Johnson, New York; Mr. C. K. Hudson, North Bend, Oregon; Mr. George Allen, Kansas City; Dr. A. J. Maris, Kansas City.

Among recent Hotel Whitcomb arrivals were Mr. Paul Ortega, Guatemala; Dr. and Mrs. W. Gavey, Red Bluff; Elsie Lincoln Benedict, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Nagle, Santa Rosa; Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Matheson, Omaha; Mr. F. P. Langford and family, Wichita Falls, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Knowles, Sonora; Captain and Mrs. A. G. Thompson, Coronado; Mr. and Mrs. K. K. Rose, Honolulu; Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Gaston, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Phillips, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Copperstone, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Coffman, New York; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Gillfillan, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Longwill, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Harris, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. John A. Day, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Wallace, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Harrington, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Frazer, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Memory Feats in Chinese Schools.

Chinese schoolroom methods are interesting as showing the contrast between schools in the Orient and schools in this country. Many elderly people will recall the time when practices in the district schools of the United States had some of the Chinese thoroughness and dependence upon the memory.

The beginner takes his hook to the teacher, who hears him read a column or more, after which the pupil returns to his desk and repeats this lesson aloud until he can recite it from memory. He then takes his hook again to the teacher, turns his back upon his master, and recites what he has learned. This is called "hacking the lesson."

In this way the pupil commits the whole book to memory, and he is expected to learn it so thoroughly that he can at any moment repeat the whole of any passage the initial words of which are mentioned to him.

Just before the noonday recess the teacher writes a sentiment, a proverb, or a proposition upon a slip of red paper and pastes it upon the door. Each boy as he goes out reads the lines, and in the afternoon renders to the teacher another line which will, with the first, make a couplet.

In China all honors, social, pecuniary, and official, await the scholar, and the teacher has always at hand illustrious examples to hold up for the emulation of those who become discouraged. Among the ancients, as among the moderns, many who were poor or stupid rose to eminence by sheer diligence and self-discipline.

The teacher tells of So Chin, who, being afflicted with drowsiness when at his nightly studies, thrust a needle through his flesh so that pain might keep him awake; and of the restless Sai Lin, whose active body revolted against sitting at his books, and who cured himself of a constant disposition to rise and leave them by placing a pail of cold water where his feet would be immersed in it whenever he stood up.

A warning is given in the career of the unscrupulous Pang Kien, who cut off the ends of straws that his teacher told him to arrange evenly, while the careful and honest Sung Pin separated a similar bundle and laid the straws straight, one by one, and found that they were all of uniform length without cutting. The character thus manifested by the two showed their teacher which of his pupils would best repay his efforts, and his judgment was justified by the event, for Pang Kien came to no good, while Sung Pin won renown and wealth, and great honor came through him to his preceptor.

SHASTA GINGER ALE

Makes you think the world's worth while.

YOUNG "REDS" IN NEW YORK.

The tendency of the juvenile to imitate his elders in some amazing fashion has taken a new turn. That surest index of home life, the youth of ten, is registering new symptoms, and they are not the customary histrionic sort. The hoy who once imitated Charlie Chaplin is now idealizing the soapboxer, and using the agitator's terminology and methods. He is also being encouraged in that direction by home influences.

That is the conclusions of the teachers at Public School 120, Manhattan, one of the city's institutions for delinquent hoys. When asked by a New York Tribune reporter if world unrest is in any way reflected in her charges the principal of the school replied:

"Never in my fifteen years with delinquent hoys have I had such difficulties as this year. Something entirely new has come over both pupils and parents. The hoys are imitating soapboxers and refusing in an unheard-of way to recognize authority. Their parents encourage such actions.

"I never had a boy soapboxer until this year. A short time ago, however, I received letters from two officers in Siberia. I read the letters to my hoys, asking if they wished to bring hooks and magazines to be sent to the soldiers in Siberia.

"The next day all the hoys brought an abundance of literature except a class of eighteen. From this number not a single hook or paper was forthcoming. I quietly investigated and found that the class had been harangued in soapbox fashion by a fifteen-year-old hoy of Russian-Jewish extraction.

"He had said to them in effect: 'American soldiers have no business in Siberia. If we leave them there without what they need they will throw down their arms and come home. Besides, the government ought to supply them with reading matter. If the government has no money to buy both magazines and bullets it has no right to ask them to fight.'

"We have always had hoys who were pick-pockets, gamblers, gangsters, or truants. But this year we have a new type—the hoy who thinks he has the right to do just as he pleases when he pleases. Refusal of these hoys to recognize authority has been unprecedented.

"The other day a teacher was explaining Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life.' After reading the passage about 'footprints on the sands of time' she went on to draw the moral that they themselves were now making footprints of character that would enable other people to judge what sort of men they were when they became older.

"A big Italian boy broke in upon her recital. Throwing his arm on the back of his seat, he said disgustedly: 'Oh, hell! What's the use? The good die young!'

"Another day a hoy got up in the middle of a lesson and left the school without permission. Later in the day a teacher found him at a 'movie' with a younger brother. He explained that he went home in order to take the child to the 'movies.'

"His mother defended him, asking beligerently, 'What difference does it make if he isn't in school?'

"That also is entirely new on the part of the parents of these hoys. Hitherto we have had either coöperation, or at least submission from the parents of incorrigibles. Now it is common for parents to deny that teachers have the right to forbid their children to do as they wish.

"This is responsible for many truants being listed with us as 'missing children' when their parents know their whereabouts all the time.




Table Talk

"We went to the aviation field last week. It was great sport."

"Yes, every time we met friends, Clarke insisted on taking an aeroplane trip with them."

"And Marion asked me how many times I had been up. I said 'six.' Then Marion said, 'Clarke, you come right home with me,' and I had to go."

"Clarke, have some more of this delicious coffee?"

Dinner at Hotel Whitcomb, \$1.50 the plate.

Hotel Whitcomb

AT CIVIC CENTER
SAN FRANCISCO

J. H. van Horne, Mgr.

Usually in a case like that the parents pretend to be prostrated with grief, but by visiting their homes when we are not expected we usually find the children."

As one possible explanation of the cause of this year's revolt against authority among her hoys this principal remarked that fully 60 per cent. of them are of Russian-Jewish extraction, and largely from homes where both parents are away all day working.

"What are you going to do about it?" she was asked.

"Get after the parents," was the grim reply. "Recognition of authority has got to start at home."

The Indianapolis News, replying to a correspondent, gives the following explanation of Indiana's nickname, the Hoosier state: In the early days of the state the people were called Hoosiers. There is a wide difference of opinion as to why they were called Hoosiers. Meredith Nicholson, in his book, "The Hoosiers," says in the course of an extended discussion of the origin of the word: "Both Governor Wright and O. H. Smith were of the opinion that 'Hoosier' was a corruption of 'Who's here' (yere or hyer)." It is also thought to be a corruption of hussar, and other explanations are advanced.



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Naw, I wouldn't like living in New York."
"Why not, Uncle Heck?" "I don't see no place to pitch horseshoes."—*New York Globe*.

Doctor—What was the most confusing case you ever tried? *Judge*—A case of champagne. I hadn't got half way through it before I was all muddled up.—*Cleveland Press*.

"I never throw away old junk, for that would make me feel wasteful." "What do you do with it?" "I give it away and feel charitable."—*Boston Transcript*.

Mrs. Goode—My husband always says a short prayer before each meal. *New Cook*—Sure, there's no nade of him doin' that while Oi'm here. Oi'm no cookin' school graduate.—*Boston Transcript*.

The Dad—I don't know about lending you any more money. When I lent you two months ago you told me that you only wanted it for a little while. *The Boy*—Well, dad, I didn't keep it long.—*Dallas News*.

Flatbush—Can I horrow your lawn-mower for a little while? *Bensonhurst*—What for? You've got no grass to cut, have you? *Flatbush*—No, I want to frighten your chickens out of my garden.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Trolley Conductor—Well, what do you want? *Perturbed Passenger* (whispering)—If there's a coroner's office on your route you had better stop there. The man sitting next to me has a wood alcohol hreath.—*Judge*.

"The farmer is no longer depicted with hayseed in his hair." "I should say not!" said Mr. Cornstossel. "Hayseed is too valuable a necessity just now to be used merely as an article of personal adornment."—*Washington Star*.

Doctor—As for your trouble with your husband, madam, I may tell you it is a scientific fact that meat causes had temper. *Mrs. Bloggs*—Oh, yes, I've noticed that it always does when it is hurned.—*New York Evening World*.

"Every man is entitled to his opinion."
"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "the same as a man is entitled to a composite breed of dog. It may be nothing to be proud of, but it's his if he wants to hold on to it."—*Washington Star*.

"Do you suppose Senator Snortworthy will have a niche in the hall of fame?" "I doubt if a niche would suit him." "Yes?" "What

he wants is a raised platform extending at least ten feet from the wall."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Secr—Looking backward, I can see you as Cleopatra. *Client*—Sure thing! I played her in stock two seasons ago.—*Judge*.

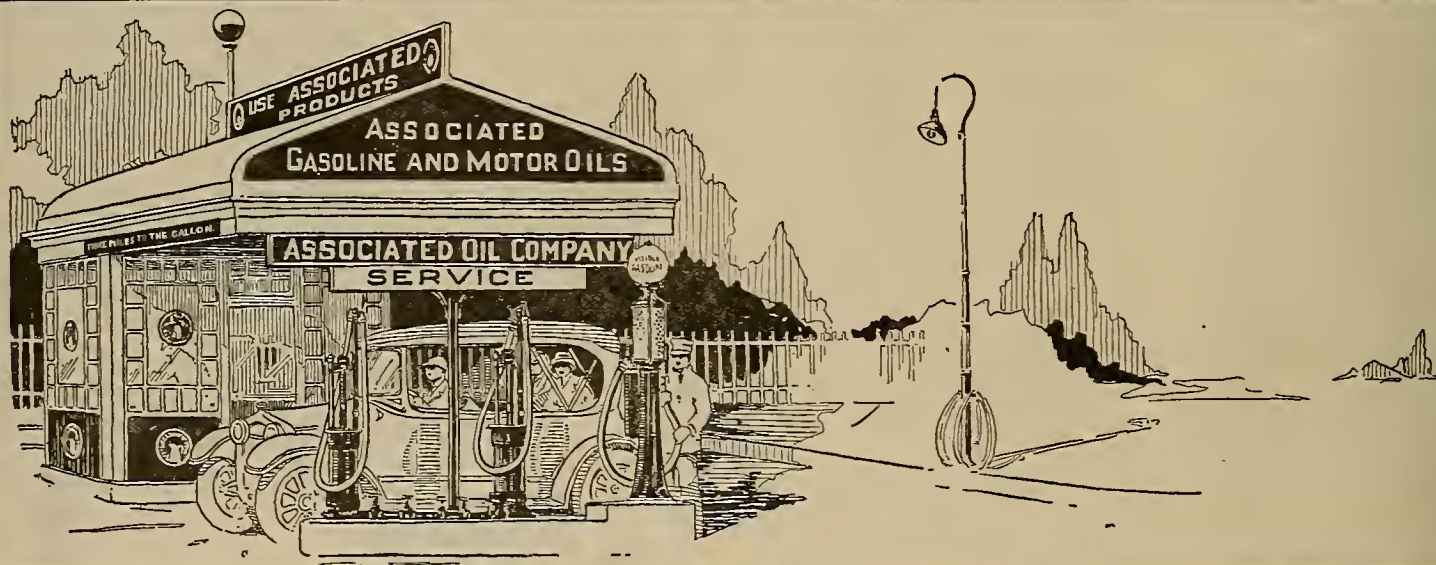
"Cheer up, Dick, old man! Absence makes the heart grow fonder, you know." "Humph! The trouble is I'm hy no means sure that it's having the same effect upon the girl."—*Boston Transcript*.

Caller—Aren't you a long time selecting a name for your baby? *Proud Mother*—Well, you see, we must be very careful to give him a nice one, because there will be so many

named after him when he is President.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Well," said Farmer Cornstossel, "I reckon I've done a pretty good afternoon's work." "But all you did," commented Jud Tunkins contemptuously, "was to sit on the fence and whittle." "Yes; hut what I whittled up was the family ouija board."—*Washington Star*.

In spite of the advanced prices the barber was blue, and the razor he was wielding seemed to share his discouragement. "I've just about decided to open a butcher shop," he said, reaching for the powdered astringent. "And will you close this one?" his victim gasped feebly.—*Detroit Free Press*.



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Columbus Ave. and Grover Place
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Mission and Spear
Post and Larkin
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Broadway and Water
21st and Broadway
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35th and Foothill Boulevard
14th and Harrison
620 Lakeshore Avenue
25th and Broadway
12th and Webster
East 19th St. and Park Boulevard
30th and San Pablo
East 14th St. and 24th Avenue
College Avenue and Broadway

ALAMEDA

Encinal and Central Avenue

BERKELEY

Shattuck and Haste

SAN RAFAEL

4th St. and Petaluma Avenue

BURLINGAME

Park Road and Peninsula Avenue
(State Highway)

SAN MATEO

3d St. and State Highway

HAYWARD

A and Boulevard

LOS GATOS

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NAPA

3d St. at Bridge

SUNNYVALE

San Jose and Mt. View-Saratoga Rd.

SAN JOSE

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Alameda and Wilson Ave.
1st and Margaret Sts.
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Market and San Carlos Sts.
5th and Santa Clara

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2269.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 18, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The editor of the Argonaut receives almost daily copies of newspapers, pamphlets, books, etc., from kind friends who have found therein something which they conceive to be of suggestive interest. Now and again more thoughtful correspondents mark the passages to which attention is desired. But in the greater number of instances the papers, pamphlets, and books come "as is," with no indication of the particular chapter or paragraph to which attention is sought to be directed. It would seem that the commonest intelligence would understand that the editor has neither time nor patience to plow through a hundred columns to discover something that somebody may wish to bring to his attention. In Mercy's name, good friends, when you send the editor a clipping, designate from what paper it is taken and of what date. And when newspapers or books are sent, mark the special pages or paragraphs to which attention is desired.

"Maine Went Hell Bent."

The Maine election on Monday of this week was contested upon national issues, and the result may fairly be accepted as a revelation of the public mind of a representative state. Not least significant is the fact that the new element in the electorate—the women, who for the first time have voted in Maine—largely, and indeed almost unanimously, gave their votes to the conservative cause. There has been a widely accredited belief that women are not prepared, either by

interest in political affairs or by information, to vote intelligently. On the other hand, there are those who maintain that in recent years American women have been more diligent students of political—and of all other interests—than men. However this may be, the result in Maine would indicate that either the intelligent judgment or the conservative instinct of women has governed their action as voters. The result in Maine tends to confirm the judgment of political experts the country over that the tendency of the time is toward conservatism, and that in the public mind Senator Harding is more representative of the spirit of the country than Governor Cox. It is an old saying that "as Maine goes, so goes the Union." And this year there seems little doubt that the event will justify the tradition.

The news from Maine appears not so much to depress as to over-exhilarate Governor Cox. Indeed, something in the nature of brain-storm seems reflected in his speech to an Idaho audience on Tuesday, doubling his previous charge of a corrupt campaign fund in the Harding interest. He now advances his figures from fifteen to thirty millions. Next week, no doubt, he will have worked up to a sum even more imposing. Still he offers nothing in the way of proof—for the sufficient reason that there can be no proof of something non-existent.

The Presidential Office.

On another page we print a letter from Leonie Burr, not because it is sound in fact or logic, but under a policy of giving well-mannered opinion, whatever it may be, opportunity to air itself. First, it is not precisely true that both presidential candidates are "mediocrities." Neither may be a man of profound creative genius; profoundly let us hope not. Of creative genius, such as it has been, we have had more than enough in recent years. What the country now needs above all else is plain common sense in combination with experience in the affairs of government. Measured by these requirements, it is not just to tag either Mr. Harding or Mr. Cox as mediocre. Both have been long associated actively with public affairs and each in his own sphere has won a distinct measure of public approval. The reproach of mediocrity may not fairly be applied to men who under the tests of high public mandate and of public trust prove themselves both diligent and capable. If the business of the presidential office were such as to call for constructive genius of a high type, then not unreasonably both Harding and Cox might be criticized as mediocrities. But the case is not of that sort; and, we repeat, that under the requirements either of the candidates measures fairly up to the job.

It is to be remembered that the presidency is a representative office. A man who in character, spirit, vision, and aims is a composite of the character, spirit, vision, and aims of the people of the United States is likely to make a better President than one whose soaring ambition seeks to reconstruct the world. The world has a way of reconstructing itself, and each era does the job pretty much in its own image. A man of independent mind and of reckless spirit in the presidency, possessed of advanced ideas either sound or theoretical, would be a ruler as distinct from a President. Under our system a ruler is out of place. What we need—and surely what we want—is a man who will faithfully execute the laws as he finds them and discreetly conduct such affairs as fall to the determination of the executive office in the spirit of the era in which we live and in response to our obligations to the world as it exists. Our system does not contemplate a ruler—in other words, a king—but rather an executive of honest mind and of sound judgment in practical affairs. It is no accident that our Presidents, for the most part, have been drawn from the plain people, the

type to which both Harding and Cox belong. Ours is a plain people's government; ours is a plain people's country. The presidency of the United States is not for Cæsars and Napoleons, still less for theorists and dreamers. Let us thankfully accept the type of man who will attend to the business of the country diligently and honestly, and give glory to God that we are done, for a while at least, with autocratic visionaries.

It would, we fancy, be difficult for Leonie Burr—or anybody else, for that matter—to demonstrate that one candidate has accomplished more in the governorship of Ohio than the other has in the Senate of the United States. The opportunities and obligations of the two offices are wholly different and there is no common denominator by which the achievements of the two men may be measured. It would seem quite sufficient that each has so conducted himself in office as to have satisfied his constituents and to have found special favor with the party of his affiliation.

The hope of our correspondent that the wheel of time shall bring into "the highest place of our land" * * * men whose burning desire will be the ever greater and greater advancement of the ethical ideals of our beloved country" is one in which the Argonaut must confess its inability to share. We have had a recent example of "burning desire" for the advancement of "ethical ideals," and the result has not been edifying. Our incumbent—and more or less respected—President abandoned his duties at home under a "burning desire" to reconstruct the world. And what came of it? The answer is in plain view. It has given us a disordered political life; it has put incompetence and extravagance in high places; it has burdened the country with a mountain of debt in large part unnecessary; it has so increased the cost of living that those once well to do are now in distress; it has set class against class and enthroned social discontent. Worse than all this, as relating to the welfare of the race at large, it has raised in millions of minds utopian hopes impossible of fulfillment, and has sown broadcast seeds that are sprouting in social turbulence throughout the world. Reverently, let us pray, that we may be spared in the "highest places of our land" men whose "burning desire" is "for ideals" as distinct from practicalities.

It may be true that Dr. Jastrow, Professor Kellogg, Professor Garner, and other bookish men are satisfied that the league of nations is functioning. So it is in a way. But, it is pertinent to ask, to what practical purpose? Is it making peace in the world? Is it bringing prosperity or content to the peoples of the world? Is it in any measure or degree doing that which it was theoretically planned to do? It is not necessary to answer these questions—they are answered by conditions and events as they are spread before the world. Before the league of nations can be made a practically beneficent or a practically workable force it will have to be rewritten, less in the spirit of burning desire for ethical ideals than of respect for a world, not as we would like to have it, but for a world as it is.

Harding's Pledges to the California Delegation.

Senator Harding's reply to the greeting of a delegation from California on Tuesday was made in the spirit of candor that has characterized his various talks since nomination. Speaking broadly he said, "We mean to return to constitutional government, to restore coordinated activity and congressional responsibility." There will be no "trespass of the Executive on the constitutional rights of Congress, there will be no surrender to Congress of the constitutional powers of the Executive." These pledges are made with evident sincerity. They coincide with and reinforce the statement of Mr. Coolidge, the vice-presidential candidate, at Boston on August 28th, namely, that the "dominant note of the campaign" is the overwhelming demand of the American people for a return to the original intent of the

can people for such change in government as will restore constitutionalism in the place of arbitrary dictatorship.

Speaking directly to points suggested by his visitors, Senator Harding dealt plainly, yet temperately, with the issue of Japanese immigration. Without violating any consideration of propriety, and without offense to Japanese sensibilities, Senator Harding would solve the question of Japanese immigration by "coöperative understandings" so faithfully observed that "evasions of agreements by individual Japanese shall be completely stopped." In brief, Senator Harding is for maintaining the integrity of American civilization by restrictions that will reserve our soil and our industry to the race by which this country has been occupied and to which it belongs.

With reference to the tariff policy as it relates to the country at large, and particularly to California, Senator Harding declared himself in full accord with our traditional policy of protection. Whenever the life of our own production is threatened by external competition, Senator Harding pledges full and adequate protection. That there is an increasing menace to our production by countries that can produce with cheaper labor than our own is frankly admitted; and as frankly the senator declares that the obligation is upon the government to stand between the products of American labor and the products of cheaper alien labor.

Is there anybody in California to resent or to minimize the importance of these pledges? Let us hope not.

A High-Handed Procedure.

The current wholesale price of fuel oil at points on San Francisco Bay is \$2.35 per barrel. This is the price paid by consumers, including railroad companies, the shipping interests, and industrial institutions in general. It is a price established by the balance of supply and demand. Of course consumers would like to fill their reservoirs at lower rates—that is only natural, since the buyer is always a bear. Nevertheless there is no criticism of the rate as extortionate, and no protest on the part of any ordinary consumer.

By some means, known only to itself, the Navy Department assumes that the current price of oil should be, not the commercial rate of \$2.35 per barrel, but a lesser rate of \$2 per barrel. And upon this assumption it demands that its requirements shall be provided for at the lesser price. It demands oil for the purposes of the navy at \$2 per barrel. After much protesting and much dickering the Shell Oil Company, whose reservoirs are at Martinez, has refused to deal with the Navy Department upon the terms of its own dictation. It is willing to supply oil for navy use at the current rate, but declines to make the navy a preferred customer at a cut rate.

On Saturday last an officer of the navy, acting under orders from the department, appeared at the works of the Shell Company at Martinez and demanded 2000 barrels of oil at the price arbitrarily fixed by the department—\$2 per barrel. The requisition was refused, whereupon a detachment of marines, directed by the officer in charge, proceeded by force to take what was wanted. Locks were broken, doors battered down, and the works of the Shell Company otherwise violated and damaged. No effort was made, other than by verbal protest, to prevent the seizure.

The mandate under which this high-handed proceeding was carried out is the Lever Act of three years ago, a law enacted in promotion of governmental efficiency in the then pending war. It is part of the system of war legislation which came into existence under the then pending emergency, and it was necessary—or deemed to be necessary—to enable the government to meet its urgent responsibilities. Although the actual business of war ceased more than twenty-two months ago—although, in fact, the war ended in November in 1918—the United States is still technically at war with Germany. It is a stupid fiction stubbornly maintained, but the technical fact remains. And now, with the war long past, at a time when there is no emergency, an extraordinary "war power" is employed by the Navy Department in the seizure of property which might be bought at current prices which the department declines to pay.

Over and above the authority of the Navy Department, over and above the authority prescribed in the Lever Act, is the Constitution of the United States, which declares that private property may not be taken

for public use except upon reasonable payment therefor; and by all the rules of business and common sense, reasonable payment means price current in open market. Now if the Navy Department may break down doors and pick locks to supply itself with oil at rates less than its market value, there is no reason why it may not do the same in supplying itself with flour, potatoes, or whatnot that it may require. If the Constitution may not be invoked in protection of property in oil, where is the logic that protects other commodities? And what becomes of the authority of the Constitution itself if a department of the government may, at its will and pleasure, nullify it by arbitrary action? These questions may not be answered without convicting the Navy Department of a very gross outrage.

The *Argonaut* holds no brief for the Shell Oil Company. It has no relations or community of interest with that purely business organization. In declaring that an outrage has been perpetrated against the Shell Oil Company it does nothing more than perform a public duty in protesting against that which the Constitution of the United States emphatically and in express terms prohibits.

"Confident Expectations" Gone Wrong.

Mr. McAdoo's retirement from the office of Secretary of the Treasury was marked by a statement that he "confidently expected" emergency financing for governmental needs to end shortly. In November last the then Secretary of the Treasury Glass repeated this assurance, and fixed the time when the issuance of treasury certificates would cease at June 30, 1920. His only qualifications were that the tax levies would remain on the same high level and that economy would be practiced. The tax levies have remained, but they have produced more revenue than in the preceding year, likewise more than was expected. Economy has been practiced to the extent of cutting down by Congress of departmental appropriations by approximately a billion dollars.

None the less the end of emergency financing is not yet. On August 27th there were outstanding treasury certificates to the amount of \$2,571,000,000. In that month Secretary Houston found it necessary to issue \$150,000,000 more treasury certificates, paying an extraordinary interest rate of 6 per cent., although the certificates are tax free up to \$5000. The Secretary now finds it necessary to issue \$400,000,000 additional certificates that are coming due in the current month. And in October he proposes to pay for one series of these certificates, maturing March 15th next and drawing interest at 5 3/4 per cent., and for another series, maturing September 15, 1921, interest at 6 per cent. Of course, \$650,000,000 is less than \$800,000,000; none the less it is manifest that the "confident expectation" of no further issue of treasury certificates after June 30, 1920, as promised by Secretary McAdoo and definitely reiterated by Secretary Glass, has not been realized.

Furthermore, Secretary Houston declares that in consequence of the \$800,000,000 worth of certificates coming due in September and October there will have, very shortly, to be a new issue of certificates. Still he is hopeful. "Further issues of treasury certificates during the months of October and November may subsequently result in temporary increases in both gross debt and floating debt," he says, "but the treasury confidently expects that by the completion of the second quarter of the fiscal year, on December 31, 1920, any such temporary increases will have been overcome, and that the gross debt and floating debt on December 31st will have been reduced below the amounts outstanding on September 30th." It will be observed that "confident expectation" is again deferred to date.

There was a net current deficit for the first two months of the present fiscal year—July and August—of \$125,305,710.63. "This net current deficit," says Secretary Houston, "is due chiefly to actual cash payments in the amount of some \$130,000,000, made necessary by the provisions of the Transportation Act of 1920, in connection with the return of the railroads to private control. According to latest estimates, payments on account of the railroads will probably continue on a large scale during the balance of the present calendar year, and will be relatively heavy during the month of September."

It would appear that in voicing "confident expectations" both Secretaries McAdoo and Glass overlooked

the little item of the government's obligations to the railroads—obligations growing out of a policy that was as unnecessary and as extravagantly carried out as it has been demoralizing. It was, no doubt, a mere lapse, but a lapse that makes thoughtful citizens fear the outlook of some other little item or items running into the tens of millions or maybe hundreds of millions. Very obviously, our national finances are being operated in a haphazard and hand-to-mouth fashion.

Executive Nullification.

Section 34 of the Merchant Marine Act, approved June 5th by President Wilson, reads as follows:

That in the judgment of Congress articles or provisions in treaties or conventions to which the United States is a party, which restrict the right of the United States to impose discriminatory customs duties on imports entering the United States in foreign vessels and in vessels of the United States, and which also restrict the right of the United States to impose discriminatory tonnage dues on foreign vessels and on vessels of the United States should be terminated, and the President is hereby authorized and directed within ninety days after this act becomes law to give notice to the several governments, respectively, parties to such treaties or conventions, that so much thereof as imposes any such restriction on the United States will terminate on the expiration of such periods as may be required for the giving of such notice by the provisions of such treaties or conventions.

The ninety days prescribed in the law above quoted has lapsed, but nothing, so far as can be learned at the Department of State, has been done. It is reported that the matter is on the desk of the President for action. In the meantime it has been made manifest to inquirers that the State Department is not in sympathy with Section 34. The department finds objections to the policy of eliminating from treaties of commerce and navigation the provisions that prevent this government from returning to the plan of discriminatory duties under which the American merchant marine first attained its growth. Officials of the department intimate that such a policy will produce trade wars—as if trade wars were not already being waged wherever there is competition in trade. And in this view the State Department is in entire harmony with the ideas of other powers that have merchant fleets of their own.

For example, we are informed by press dispatches that Norway is about to file a protest against discriminatory provisions of our Merchant Marine Act. Norway's objection is founded in the fact that a policy based upon this act will operate to the disadvantage of Norwegian ships now engaged in trading between West Indian and American ports. Observe that this trade is not directly between Norway and the United States; it is trade between countries alien to Norway, one of which is the United States. The Norwegian maritime laws differ widely from American maritime laws—so widely as to permit cheaper operation of ships. And with this advantage Norwegian ship-owners find it practicable to compete successfully in trade remote from Norway—in the immediate instance a trade that naturally is American trade. Because we take steps to protect our own, Norway protests—and finds sympathetic bearing in the American Department of State.

But these considerations aside, the outstanding fact is that the executive department of our government declines to enforce a law enacted by Congress. Thus the executive department arrogates to itself authority to set aside a statute, one to which the executive approval was given so recently as last June. The special case is illustrative of an executive disposition manifest in many things. Now and again in our history administrations have more or less paltered with established laws, but never until now has there been such general and absolute contempt of the authority of Congress as declared in definitely enacted laws. Truly this has become a one-man government, and, as truly, a time has come when usurpation must be rebuked if we are to preserve our system in its integrity.

A Notable Achievement in Statecraft.

Those who have been in the habit of sneering at Governor Stephens as a "dodo" may well modify their views in respect of what the worthy governor has achieved in the movement to bar Japanese immigration. Without anything in the way of sensationalism, either in word or in act, and without giving offense to the Japanese government, he has done more to bring this important matter to the attention of the country and enforce action with respect to it where it will count than all the self-seeking politicians have been able to do in

two years of irritating agitation. Particularly, he has taken from Senator Phelan the most effective of his campaign issues.

Governor Stephens' manner in dealing with this subject has been intelligent and judicious. First he gathered authoritatively and put into brief and understandable form facts that go to illustrate the danger of mixing up a non-assimilable element with our own people. Then quietly but emphatically and persistently he has put the facts and the argument, to the end of definite conviction, before those competent to employ them effectively. With marked tact he has nullified the Japanese question as a party issue by making it an issue of patriotism as appealing to one political party as to another. In brief, Governor Stephens has done the country a great service by making it plain that it is a duty of the government, no matter which party may be in immediate control, to protect the United States against another problem comparable with that of the negro problem.

And in all this Governor Stephens has illustrated the practical value of common sense and plain honesty, as against personal and demagogic politics. Senator Phelan would have messed up the whole matter by making it a personal campaign issue, and the cause would have been dependent in an immediate sense upon his individual political fortunes. Governor Stephens has so withdrawn it from the zone of partisan interests that it will now be carried through, no matter who may be elected or who may fail of election. Well done!

Governor Cox's Charge.

Governor Cox has declared, and persists in declaring, that there is in project a scheme to "buy the presidency" for Senator Harding by use of a vast corruption fund of fifteen millions of dollars. He has declared that he has proofs in support of this charge. But he has failed to the extent of eight million dollars, or half his original statement, to produce them. An investigating committee of the Senate has called before it many persons of presumptive knowledge, including the chairmen of both the Republican and the Democratic national committees. Chairman Hays has refuted the charge with the statement that campaign funds so far pledged to the Republican committee aggregate approximately \$3,000,000 and that the utmost expectancy is an aggregate of approximately \$4,000,000. Chairman White of the Democratic committee has denied knowledge of any fund greater than that suggested by Mr. Hays. Thus, so far as proofs of Governor Cox's charge are concerned, after a period of more than twenty days since the allegations were made, none have been forthcoming.

Governor Cox has not ventured to suggest further than in the most general way that any improper use has been made, or is in the way of being made, of funds in the Republican campaign. And here is the real issue. It matters little what amount of money may be put into a campaign, if nothing shall be put in corruptly or illegitimately. There never was, and there never will be, a political campaign—or any species of rivalry in or out of politics—that does not seek all the resources legitimately possible of attainment. It is not the amount of a campaign fund, but the use of it, that is important. If the Republican party, or any other party, is using money or planning to use money in corrupt or illegitimate ways, then the country is entitled to know it, and the organization in whose behalf wrong methods are practiced deserves, and surely will encounter, defeat at the polls. The American people will not consent that anybody shall "buy the presidency." Nor will the American people consent that any candidate shall make loose charges of corruption and fail to support them by proofs without suffering the penalties which properly attach to falsehood and slander.

Large quantities of paper suits made in Germany are being displayed by a British firm of importers at their shop in London. These garments are cut in English styles and are said to be of the best class of paper texture. They can be bought in lots of a thousand for a little over 58 cents each. In one month the British importer took 40,000 of these suits, a large number being reexported to India and South Africa. The agents who are dealing in these suits say that, by buying under the present rate of exchange, it is possible for a man to purchase a new suit once a week and that over a period of twelve months the entire cost would be less than the price of a single woolen suit.

Japan has made a large sugar exportation to the United States and Canada.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"A Worthy Cause" and Other Matters.

LOS ANGELES, September 9, 1920.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Your leader, "Prohibition as It Works Out," is edifying. The passage of the Volstead Act, over the veto of the Chief Executive and in spite of his warnings of the dangers involved, is called "a small matter" by some people. The odious tax on tea and the seizure of John Hancock's cargo of wine from Madeira seemed a small matter to the myopic torments of a former period.

"Beat a drum and blow a fife and you can put over anything on the fool public" was the theory of one great political manipulator. But the American public—unlike a worm—stings when it finally turns on its tormentors. One political party, backed by the pecuniary aristocracy of this country, was crushed because it dared to impose alien and sedition laws on a free people in 1798. "Gag-laws" and prohibitions have never functioned well on this side of the Atlantic.

Sound California and French wines have been as important a part of the menu of millions of honest Americans as soup or meat. Great numbers of worthy Americans were abroad when many self-exempted politicians at home were stealthily filling their cellars with fiery booze and loudly mouthing in favor of "Prohibition" to be applied to the "lower classes," who "do not know when to take it and when to leave it alone."

Returning from overseas, independent thinking Americans are sometimes sickened at the spectacle of pecksniffian hypocrisy which has taken the place of a spontaneous and commendable war spirit. The harlequinade of prohibition is amusing enough, but the abrupt denial of what had been thought to be an inalienable right to personal liberty in the choice of food and drink seems ugly and sinister.

How can a dissenting American register his disapproval most effectively? None but a calm-eyed bovine will trot along with the herd meekly. One American is obeying the odious prohibition law to the letter and is doggedly drinking lemon-juice in self-punishment for his share in the general apathy and lethargy of the past.

A practical, personal way to "get even" is to eschew all "ready-made" substitute beverages, both hard and soft. The makers and vendors of these sloppy concoctions are thought to be responsible in part for the advent of prohibition. They may be declared "black," according to the Australian method of tagging the bad ones. It is but a short step to partial boycott of the entire tribe of criminal profiteers which the war has raised from the dregs of the social caldron. These *pescicane* (dog-fish) as the Italians call them, swimming around with their greedy mouths stretched wide open, can be beaten to death if every person will begin at once to buy only those commodities and materials which are vitally necessary, and will rigidly guard the savings for use in a high and worthy cause.

The "worthy cause" of the hour might appear to be the restoration of the French area laid waste by the slinking, retreating Hun. In June, four billion francs of French Credit National 5 per cent. bonds were snapped up at 485 (par 500) by the thrifty French people. None of these bonds were offered outside of France. They can now be bought in the Paris market at about 490 to yield nearly 15 per cent. to those who exchange dollars for francs now. Valuable premiums are given eight times a year. The bonds mature in 1995, optional 1940. They can be purchased through any reputable banker or broker in the U. S. A. They are veritable liberty bonds par excellence, because so long as the French army stands as a solid wall against progress westward of Hunnish and Slavic culture we shall not need to worry much. We have made ourselves secure from invasion, but for all time to come France will have to stand guard against the treacherous Hun next door and the Hun-made Bolshevis beyond. It is a good investment, as well as a high purpose, to continue to aid the French, this year and forever.

Furthermore, all personal savings withheld from arrogant, purse-proud profiteers will help to break up the "corners" in various commodities, bring the prices down, and hasten the return to the pre-war norm. And still furthermore, *entre nous*, *pianissimo*, these invested savings overseas can be used year after year by joyful American tourists in France to buy such harmless items as "Clos de Vougeot, 1911 vintage," at about a dollar a bottle, and exquisite vintage champagnes, which were intended for select American trade, but which remain in France for the delectation of connoisseurs.

By drinking lemon-juice rigidly for eight or ten months of the year a superb healthy taste for the rare vintages of the earth can be cultivated. In Paris, in spite of so many years of turmoil and *pescicane* extravagances, there is to be had, if one knows the way, the unparalleled cuisine which goes so well with the incomparable old wines, and the exquisite sense that a "busy American" has learned perfectly how to *passer le temp* even if only for a short vacation period.

HERBERT FITCH.

Less Sound Than Suggestive.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 12, 1920.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I have lately read and heard a number of discussions by serious thinkers on the relative merits of both our candidates for the presidency; and the consensus of opinion seems to be almost unanimous in proclaiming the mediocrity of both Harding and Cox. Harding's achievements in the Senate have been anything but brilliant. I take it that he possesses neither the courage nor the aptitude for bold and individual thinking, and should he be elected in November our government would be run on the plans of a syndicate. But what seems most sinister to the honor of our country is his announcement that he and the Senate will make a separate peace with Germany, thus not only deserting our allies in the late war, but contributing to the arrogance of the Germans and in their repudiation of the treaty.

The *World's Work* in its last issue makes the declaration that for cogent reasons the framers of our Constitution denied the right of the Senate to make peace, although it might and should declare war, and should the contingency arise in which the Senate shall be called upon by Harding to conclude a separate peace with Germany the matter will be immediately taken to the highest court in the land, because of the illegality of the procedure.

On the other hand should Cox, who, by the way, seems to have accomplished more as governor of his state than Harding as senator of these United States, should Cox, I say, become our chief executive, then it seems in all probability that present conditions will continue to prevail. And what about our duty to China and the injustice perpetrated at Versailles when Japan was given a free hand in Shantung?

It is indeed tragic, when civilization itself is in the balance, that both our great parties should have submitted to the machinations of selfish and unpatriotic politicians in the election of candidates who do not truly represent our great country. Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur has stated in one of his lectures that the individual advances very much more rapidly than the state, that we are not adepts at reconstruction, that the reason we were able to accomplish so much during the war was because our most brilliant men joined the forces of our

government but retired to private life immediately upon the signing of the armistice and left the intricate problems of our government to be solved by mediocre politicians. We are a patient nation, but it will nevertheless not be long before we will demand that the state advance with the same leaps and bounds as the individual and we shall then have, not self-seeking politicians in the highest places of our land, but men whose burning desire will be the ever greater and greater advancement of the ethical ideals of our beloved country.

I have heard some of our most learned men—Drs. Jastrow, Kellogg, Garner—discuss the league of nations, and all are agreed that civilization will rest on a firmer basis when this instrument functions properly. Is it not due to the attitude of the United States that the league has not accomplished all that it might accomplish? Dr. Garner informed us that it is functioning at the present time.

LEONIE BURR.

DEFENDING THE PRESIDENT.

It may be we are all tired of the peace conference. Indeed there is no element of doubt in the matter. We are not only tired of it; we are sick of it, disgusted with it, nauseated with it. But we can not get rid of it. We must carry it on our backs like the old man of the sea. It is the dominant issue in the presidential campaign. It lies like a pestilence upon the face of the world. Its shadow, prophetic of mischief, has been cast prophetically across the future pages of history. And we shall be fortunate if we are not making a similar plaint fifty years hence.

In the innocence of our hearts we supposed that we now knew all about the conference, that we had lifted the curtain, peered into the dark corners, searched the closets. It may be that we have not even begun to do any of these things. At least we have done them only in a preliminary and perfunctory way. Dr. Dillon helped us, perhaps, more than any other writer, but then Dr. Dillon, able and honest and abundantly informed as he is, was naturally writing from the British point of view and mainly for a British audience. Until now we have had nothing comparable with his work from the standpoint of the American observer. There were American reporters, rather too many of them, but with few exceptions they were just reporters and nothing more. They did not interpret. They had no background of familiarity with European politics from which to work. And sometimes they were emotionally partisan.

But now comes Mr. Patrick Gallagher of the New York *Herald* with one of the three or four worthwhile books about the doings at Versailles. He calls it "America's Aims and Asia's Aspirations." It is directed particularly to the Asiatic results of the conference and to the Asiatic attitude that has been induced by the conference. Mr. Gallagher may be said to have Asiatic sympathies—more power to him. He wants to tell the world how Asia was treated, and what Asia may possibly do as a result. But Mr. Gallagher takes no narrow view. If he thinks sectionally, so to speak, he does not forget that his topic is part of the whole. Whatever was done at the conference was done by a few men, and it was the outcome of a general situation and of the play and interplay of apparently irrelevant forces. And so Mr. Gallagher describes for us the conference as a whole, the tangle and conflict of interests that pervaded it, the jugglery of the policies that confused the issue, and the personal peculiarities of some of the chief actors that played so large a part in the conclusions. And perhaps it may be said that his book has another value. Mr. Gallagher is an admirer of President Wilson and he says for him everything that an honest ingenuity can say. Here we have, not the special plea, but the just plea. It is the best that a hearty admiration can make. There was once a man, says Mr. Gallagher, who amassed so much power that he announced his partnership with God, but he did not consult God about this. So God raised up one who looked like Michael in order that the usurper might be humbled, but Michael, too, became drunk with power, so God took away the power from him, that all men might know themselves as clay and Him only as God. Emperor and President!

It is with the composition of the American delegation that Mr. Gallagher first finds fault. It was actually from this that our "woes unnumbered" sprang. What did these men know about Pacific problems? What could they know? Not one among them had a grain of Western information or opinion. With the exception of General Bliss, whose duties were military, "their entire knowledge of the fundamental facts of Far Eastern problems could have been compressed into a very small pill-box. Messrs. Wilson, Lansing, and House did not know even the rudiments of the issues." Mr. Gallagher returns to this point again and again. The American delegates were outmatched at every point, outmatched in skill, in intelligence, and in knowledge. The President had deliberately surrounded himself with nonentities on the principle that "among the blind the one-eyed man is king." And now he had to pay the penalty. His hand contained no trumps, no picture cards to play against the strong hands of his adversaries. It was all so pitiful, so unnecessary, much better it would have been to have taken c

of Lodge, of Knox, or Roosevelt! They, at least, were Americans. They might have understood. What a pity it was he permitted himself to go to Paris at all! . . . It was courting disaster to leave the American end of the peace during the most vital month of all in the feeble hands of Lansing and the hollow head of House." England and France, says Mr. Gallagher, mobilized their brains. Mr. Balfour was England's ace, and her pack was full of face cards. We had "one ace and four deuces." It might have been otherwise "if only Mr. Wilson had not been obsessed by the delusion that he carried in his own head all the wisdom of America. There was work in Paris for Mr. Root, Mr. Taft, Dr. David Jayne Hill, and Mr. Lodge. Mr. Wilson did not realize that fact, and that settled it, him, and us."

Mr. Gallagher is of Irish blood and he naturally emphasizes the relation of Ireland to the conference. He says truly that all peoples have the right of revolution against tyranny, but the attitude of other governments toward such a revolution must be closely safeguarded. Mr. Wilson, he says, has beamed upon some revolutions and frowned upon others. There were two courses open to us as a government in approaching the Irish question at Versailles. If Mr. Wilson wished to sustain the Irish rebels it was his duty to notify the British to that effect before going to Paris. Did he do this? Of course he did not. Tricks, says Mr. Gallagher, are inadmissible. "To run with the hare and to hunt with the hounds is repugnant to American as well as to British nature. Why, then, did Mr. Wilson attempt to run with the Sinn Fein hare and to hunt with the British hounds? That was what he did, both personally and through the nimble assistance of Colonel House. He sought to play with Mr. O'Kelly and with Mr. Walsh on the one hand, and with Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Balfour on the other. . . . I had numerous talks with Messrs. O'Kelly, Walsh, and the other Irish spokesmen, as well as with British officials, and I must confess that both the Irish and the English are amply justified in charging Mr. Wilson with having acted in bad faith and in exceedingly bad taste. . . . The English at no time attempted to walk upstairs and downstairs at one and the same moment. They left such feats, impossible of performance, to Mr. Wilson." And yet Mr. Gallagher is an enthusiastic admirer of President Wilson. He looks upon him as a sort of Prometheus, a Titan, chained to the rocks. And he is placing upon his actions the best interpretation that those actions will permit. But the President's political gymnastics brought their own reward. Lloyd George was quick to see the advantage of allowing Mr. Wilson to meddle with British domestic affairs. For having meddled in one direction to England's detriment it was easy to persuade him, indeed to force him, to meddle in other directions to England's advantage. This, indeed, is actually what happened, and in more than one instance

The story of the transfer of power from the conference as a whole to the Big Four has never before been told, but it has been told now by Mr. Gallagher. When Mr. Wilson returned to America during the course of the conference he was fully resolved that the league of nations should form a part of the peace treaty. He had paid a high price for his triumph. He had dropped the Freedom of the Seas and he had surrendered to Mr. Hughes of Australia on the subject of racial equality for the Japanese. What was his anger when he returned to Paris to find that the precious league had been put in a drawer at the instigation of Mr. Balfour and that Mr. Lansing had actually delivered a speech in Paris in support of an "immediate peace," that is to say, peace without the league. At once there was an explosion. No one knows quite what went on in the President's room at the Hotel Crillon. The great men came and went, but there were no sounds of the conflagration that was certainly raging. But the President had his way, or thought he had, although as usual he had to pay a far heavier price for his triumph than it was worth. Lloyd George and Balfour knew well that Mr. Wilson could have his way in all things so long as he was able to appeal for the votes of the small nationalities who had been mesmerized by "self-determination" and all the other contents of the idealist's trick bag. At once Lloyd George began to harp on the idea of "getting along" with a few men "who could talk and understand English." Mr. Wilson walked straight into the net. He seems even to have believed that the proposal came from him, but, says Mr. Gallagher, "Mr. Wilson committed hari-kari when he created the Council of Four. . . . He did what M. Clemenceau and Mr. Balfour wanted him to do." Mr. Wilson was now confronted with three men who knew precisely what they wanted and who were utterly unmoved by the claptrap of the Wilsonian idealism. No eloquence on earth could move them by a hair's breadth. Emotionalism formed no part of their stock in trade.

We have often been told that the Monroe Doctrine is fully protected by the present terms of the league of nations. As a matter of fact it is in no way protected. Or, more, we find Mr. Wilson outwitted and outmaneuvered. It will be remembered that an overwhelming public opinion compelled the insertion of a Monroe Doctrine clause, although Mr. Wilson himself

saw no reason for such a safeguard in a world that would henceforth be ruled by the amities and the concords, for had he not so ordained it? Now it seems that when Mr. Wilson returned to Paris he confided the difficulty to Lord Robert Cecil, who immediately "posed his patrician personality in an attitude of deep sympathy." Lord Robert said that he personally would at once attend to the matter, and therewith he drafted the following clause: "Nothing in this covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine for securing maintenance of peace." Now to the casual eye that appears to be quite satisfactory. But is it? Does it protect the Monroe Doctrine? Not in the least. The clause has no meaning whatever so far as the Monroe Doctrine is concerned. The Monroe Doctrine was intended to prevent the extension of European absolutist principles to South America and to forbid the interference of Europe in American affairs. In other words it regulates the relations of Europe and America. But the league is a world organization in which America herself was to participate. An interference in American affairs by the league would not be an interference by Europe, and it is only against interferences by Europe that the Monroe Doctrine operates. In other words the supposedly protective clause is a "scrap of paper," and it would be so treated in the event of its invocation. And so we may thank Mr. Gallagher for telling us that Lord Curzon wrote the Monroe Doctrine clause, that Lord Robert Cecil trimmed it, that Mr. Balfour inserted an important word, and that Mr. Wilson O. K.'d it.

It is not possible here to do more than skim a little of the cream from Mr. Gallagher's book, which is published by the Century Company. It is one of the really important books of the day. SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 15, 1920.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Paul Ivory Perkins, seven years old, is "packing 'em in" at his evangelistic meetings in Kansas City. Young Perkins, who is called the youngest religion dispenser, is said to be threatening Billy Sunday's attendance records.

Amy Lowell has recently received her first scholastic degree. Baylor University, Texas, celebrated its diamond anniversary by conferring its Lit. D. upon Miss Lowell—along with Harriet Monroe, Edwin Markham, and Vachel Lindsay.

John Dolacinski, thirteen years old, arrived in Detroit to become an American after service of two years with the Polish army. John has an honorable discharge from General Haller's army and a wound stripe. He says he wasn't the youngest soldier in the army either.

Herbert Johnson is in Paris, looking over the operatic star field. For the first time in history a typical American from American-born parents is out and out director of one of our great American opera-producing organizations. When Campanini was director of the Chicago Opera Association Herbert Johnson was its business manager. After the death of the maestro he became full director.

Hana Shimozumi, the young Japanese prima donna of the Royal English Opera Company, has a wonderful command of the English language, her enunciation and pronunciation being superior to many of the American and English-born artists. All overlook the fact that Miss Shimozumi has spent twenty of her twenty-three years in this country, having left the land of the cherry blossoms while a child of three. Miss Shimozumi received her musical education in San Francisco and her literary training at the University of California, Berkeley, California.

Dr. Blanche Norton of Eldon, Iowa, is the first woman to be decorated with the Order of King George I by a King of Greece. Miss Norton has just received the decoration from King Alexander. As a physician with the American Committee for Relief in the Near East, Dr. Norton did great service, it is said, at Kerasseude, Anatolia, by treating the trachomatous eyes of Greek orphans. After a long period of service she contracted the disease herself and is now being treated at Constantinople. Dr. Norton, who is a graduate of Cornell Medical College, was an examining physician on the staff of the Charities Aid Association of New York and the Bureau of Charities of Chicago before going into war relief work.

Jan Masaryk, diplomatic representative of the new Republic of Czechoslovakia, is a Czechoslovak to the manner born and bred, being the son of that country's most distinguished living citizen. He is almost an American, too. His mother is of 100 per cent. American nativity, and all members of his family, including his father, who is president of Czechoslovakia, and his sister, Dr. Alice Masaryk, head of the Czechoslovak Red Cross, have spent much time in this country. He himself lived here for many years before establishing his country's legation in Washington about a year ago. He has had much experience in American business and industry. He speaks many languages, as do most educated Czechs, and his English is particularly good.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Passionate Shepherd to His Love.

Come live with me and he my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, and hills and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yield.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With huckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and he my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and he my love.
—Christopher Marlowe.

Sound the Loud Timbrel.

Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free!
Sing—for the pride of the Tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—
How vain was their boast, for the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword—
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free!
—Thomas Moore.

The Arah's Farewell to His Steed.

My beautiful, my beautiful, that standest meekly by
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery
eye!
Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy winged speed,
I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arah steed!
Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy wind;
The farther that thou flyest now, so far am I behind!
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein, thy master hath his gold—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell—thou'rt sold, my steed,
thou'rt sold!
Farewell! those free, untired limbs full many a mile must
roam,
To reach the chill and wintry clime that clouds the stranger's
home;
Some other hand, less kind, must now thy corn and hed pre-
pare;
That silky mane I braided once must be another's care.
The morning sun shall dawn again—but nevermore with thee
Shall I gallop o'er the desert paths where we were wont to be;
Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed with slower pace shall bear me home again.
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright—
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light!
And when I raise my dreaming arms to cluck or cheer thy
speed,
Then must I startle wake to feel thou'rt sold, my Arah
steed!
Ah, rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting
side.
And the rich blood that's in thee swells in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes that on thee gaze may count each starting
vein.
Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—but no, it can not be;
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle, yet so free;
And yet if haply when thou'rt gone this lonely heart should
yearn,
Can the hand that cast thee from it now command thee to
return?
"Return!" Alas, my Arah steed! what wilt thy master do,
When thou that wast his all of joy hast vanished from his
view?
When the dim distance greets mine eyes, and through the
gathering tears
Thy bright form for a moment like the false mirage appears?
Slow and unmounted will I roam with wearied foot alone,
Where, with fleet step and joyous hound, thou oft hast borne
me on,
And sitting down by the green well, I'll pause, and sadly think,
"Twas here he hewed his glossy neck when last I saw him
drink."
When last I saw thee drink?—Away? the fever dream is o'er!
I could not live a day and know that we should meet no more:
They tempted me, my beautiful—for hunger's power is
strong—
They tempted me, my beautiful,—but I have loved too long.
Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wert
sold?
'Tis false, 'tis false, my Arah steed! I fling them back their
gold!
Thus—thus I leap upon thy hack, and scour the distant
plains!
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains.
—Caroline Elizabeth Norton.

The United States is preparing to take a census of the seals of the Alaska sealing grounds. It is a comparatively easy job, as the herds usually gather on two islands. It is estimated that about 600,000 seal noses will be counted this year, and about 25,000 of these will be decorating feminine shoulders before the snow flies.

Telephone officials predict that Detroit's population in 1940 will be 2,250,000. It is now quite 1,000,000.

THE STORY OF A MUSICAL CRITIC.

Mr. James Gibbons Huneker Writes Frankly of His Life and of His Friends.

The discovery that Mr. James Gibbons Huneker had written his autobiography in two volumes was a gratifying one. The gratification was momentarily tempered by the further discovery that a large number of initial pages had been devoted to an apology, to the author's birth, to his grandfathers, his family life, and his school days. We were disposed to think that such matters as birth and parentage might be taken for granted even in these days of the unusual, and that the best way to begin an autobiography was to plunge in *medias res*. But even this momentary shadow was dissipated by the easy charm with which Mr. Huneker relates the events that are so often a weariness. They are no more than a peg upon which to hang his memories of distinguished men and places, an excuse for reproducing some of the atmosphere of the days that are gone. None the less, and in the exercise of a certain autocratic power, the reviewer may beg leave to skip these pages so long as his review is concerned, but with the earnest advice to the reader not to follow his example.

Mr. Huneker tells us that he was born prematurely—and here we will venture to disagree with him—that he is a Catholic, although a "hickory Catholic," and that he always had a great fondness for the Jews, which may almost be taken for granted in a lover of music. Lord Beaconsfield mentions Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Pasta, and Grisi as among Jewish musicians, but their name is legion:

I have stood a lot of good-natured fun poked at me for my Jewish propensity. I can stand that, as there is a solid substratum of history for my speculations. Some years ago the *Contemporary Review* printed an article entitled "The Jew in Music," with this motto from Oscar Wilde's *Salome*: "The Jews believe only in what they can not see." The writer's name was signed: A. E. Keeton. Not even the assertion that Beethoven was a Belgian is half so iconoclastic as some of the assumptions made in this study. "When Mozart first appeared as a prodigy before the future Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, she announced that 'a genius must not be a Jew.'" The original name Ozart was changed. Mozart was baptised. Which anecdote makes the scalp to freeze, though not because of its verisimilitude. Beethoven and Rubinstein looked alike; ergo! But then they didn't. In the case of Chopin he was certainly Jewish-looking, especially in the Winterhalter and Kwiatkowski portraits. His father came from Nancy, in Lorraine, thickly populated by Jews. The original name, Szopen, or Szop, is Jewish. His music, especially the first Scherzo in B minor, has a Heine-like irony, and irony is a prime characteristic of the Chosen (or Choosing, as Zangwill puts it) race. But all this is in the key of wildest surmise. Wagner was born in the ghetto at Leipzig; yet that didn't make him Jewish, any more than the baptism of Mendelssohn made him Christian. Georges Bizet was of Jewish origin; he looked Jewish; but the fact that he married the daughter of Halévy (Ha-Levi), the composer of "La Juive," didn't make the composer of "Carmen" a Jew. Neither religion nor nationality are more than superficial factors in the nature of men and women. Race alone counts.

Mr. Huneker devotes a whole chapter to "The Girls." How can the honest male autobiographer do otherwise. There is no denying, he says, the single-heartedness of a boy's first love. It may be for a married woman. Indeed it usually is. He never went quite so far as to take Stendhal's advice and "make love to every woman he happened to find alone," but he admits that he made love to some of them:

I was born with a Quaker foot. I often wonder what girls see in hobbledoys. They are, I know, a continual source of amusement. I was. My dancing gave great pleasure to the children; but as I could tinkle pretty tunes for others to foot the mazy dance I was occasionally rewarded with a bright look. Kissing was never attempted. I contend that a boy's mind at a certain period is as pure as a girl's. (A pure girl, of course.) Youth is pure just because it is youth, says Dostoevsky. Vague desires assail him, at which he blushes, but for unadulterated chivalry, give me the average lad who blushes when his mother tells him "Mamie is coming over tonight, Jack, hurry, wash your face and don't forget to change your collar." Forget to change his collar! Wash his face, forsooth! With a Byronic scowl, which is not missed by his sympathetic mother—and sneered at by his cynical aunt—he stalks out of the room, and for a full hour faces his glass, alternately admiring and distrusting his pulchritude. The boy who doesn't make an ass of himself over a girl is apt to miss out later in his manhood. It meant something, the toga virilis of the Romans; at once a symbol of virility and sex-initiation.

Mr. Huneker proudly confesses that he was a victim of the "petticoat mania." His father's mockery and his mother's delicate warnings fell upon deaf ears. Such parental counsels always do. And as for the girls themselves, they jeered at him, but they remained companions:

I recall a dark-skinned, black-haired girl who was nicknamed Portuguese Annie. She was a nicely behaved miss of seventeen and one of those apathetic flirts. She never regarded you except from a great height, unless another girl became too friendly, then hawk-like she would swoop down on her innocent prey—meaning my lamb-like self—and carry him away to her fastness, there to be dropped into the next nest of her indifference. She piqued, did Portuguese Annie—why Portuguese, I never found out; perhaps because she was Irish. I met her of rainy nights in Fairmount Park. We went around the Reservoir. At times we sat on wet benches, an umbrella lifted, her cloak about us. When the guardian of public morals shooed us away we sought another bench, and potential pneumonia. What was our conversation? I've forgotten. Probably chaste and silly. One night as we walked about Logan Square, a lame man hobbled in front of us, then he limped to our rear. A spy? A relative? I warned Annie. She didn't recognize him and he so maneuvered that I couldn't. At the advanced hour of 9 we separated—and forever. The reason I never saw her again was a simple one. That lame man was my elder brother playing detective. At home he

warned me that I was a sentimental ass. I openly admitted it. There was other balm in Gilead. The charms of Portuguese Annie had begun to pall. The Eternal Feminine led me upward and on.

Mr. Huneker wanted to go to Paris, naturally enough. But how was he to go? There was no money available for such a purpose, and yet for a long time he avoided every opportunity where money might be acquired. Finally we find him offering himself as a clerk to the Chickering piano agency in Philadelphia:

When customers entered I had to accost them. Once I was showing off my paces on a second-hand instrument before a prospective purchaser, a woman, whose face expressed repugnance. Mr. Dutton supervened: "James," he suggested, "clean that case with the feather-duster. I'll show the lady the piano"; and he began playing Gottschalk's "Cradle Song" with a touch that melted her heart. She bought the piano. After she went away he said to me with a characteristic glance over his eye-glasses, "It all depends on the way it's done, young man. If your touch is too truthful with a shaky old piano you will never sell it." It was a grand lesson in worldly ethics for me. I never forgot it. And when I read Ibsen's statement that all truths grow old or stale after twenty years, I think of Mr. Dutton and his second-hand piano.

And so Paris came at last, but financial considerations demanded the cheapest available passage and consequently the journey was an inferno. He says it was horrible with the smell of bad tobacco, alcohol, unwashed bodies, and vile breaths:

Next morning I sought the head steward and asked him why I was covered with little red spots. He at once explained that the salt air affected the blood, that—"but," I interrupted, "the salt air doesn't run over the bed with legs, does it?" My crudeness made him blush. "Ah, Monsieur," he deprecatingly replied, "some things must be. The fare is cheap, and if you find certain other passengers, well—the company doesn't charge extra for their passage." It was now my turn to blush. I was drop-ripe in my verdancy, but the cynicism of this elderly person pained me. What a rascal he was. He plundered me of my five-franc piece, whether in making change or charging for extras—tobacco, coffee. The wine was free. It was also poisonous. I ordered a better vintage—a vin bleu that rasped my throat, but I could get it down. When I saw the sea it was as flat as a temperance lecture. I was disappointed because of its wet monotony. I quoted Landor to help me out: "Is this the mighty ocean?—is this all?" Like the girl in the Stendhal novel who found love insipid, I felt like asking: "Is that all?"

Economy was the rule in Paris. Music was cheap, but food was dear and, after all, it was the music that counted. None the less the body had its claims that could not be wholly ignored:

But I didn't always dine luxuriously. I continued to rove and forage, and as that noble American institution, free-lunch, was unknown, I had little to spare when rent day arrived. One night a fellow-lodger took me to the Halles, the central markets, and after a tour through the labyrinths, which Zola faithfully describes in "Le Ventre de Paris," he showed me a trick that I shall never forget. We found ourselves behind one of the halls, with a dozen vagabonds, one in shabby evening dress and top-boots, but bare-headed, mostly human wrecks, drunkards and outlaws from society. They were in jolly mood, evidently cognac of the worst sort was in their veins. They were hungry. Like a band of wolves we watched a big cauldron over a fire, in which simmered a mass of meat and vegetables, the scourgings of the butcher's block and huckster's droppings. Fire and water are purifying, and this indescribable olla-podrida fumed and bubbled and sent to our nostrils a most tempting odor. A human hog in rags stirred the pot-au-feu with a baton fit for a wash boiler. As he stirred he hoarsely chanted: "One cent a try, one cent only." The trial was this: as the whirling mass tossed up fragments of flesh, hunks of fat, potatoes, or carrots, you jabbed at them with a long wooden fork, and what you prodded on the prongs was yours. Only one cent. It would have been amusing if it hadn't been horrible. The gambling instinct, as well as hunger, was appealed to, and the low price proved an irresistible combination. I found it so. I speared like my neighbors and had fair luck, a lump of veal, which I ate with good appetite. No bread. No wine. These we found across the street. I never returned to this slop-bucket lottery.

Then Mr. Huneker tells us that he fell in love once more, and with a married woman, although he does not seem to have known that the fair Coralie was already preëmpted, so to speak. The lady was most unromantically fond of beefsteak and her lover had to gratify this craving:

The family had nicknamed her Madame Bifsteak, because of her carnivorous propensity, and by consequence I was called Monsieur Beefsteak. The dog remained plain dog till his next sausage—karma. With warmer weather my stove became an impediment; because of it I was forced to put on my shirt in the hall. A burst of generosity made me offer it to Madame Bifsteak. Her eyes shone like glorious lamps. I was assured that she loved me. I paid for another rare steak. We were almost happy. And then came the disagreeable surprise. One evening, after dinner, as we sipped our liqueurs, a burly coachman entered, whip in hand, and saluted the company. A swift exchange of glances. "It's her husband," some one whispered to me. "Le mari!" that name consecrated by melodrama. My Coralie's husband! Horrible. He was nearly seven feet tall, weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, at least, wore the capes and glazed high hat of his profession, and also the professional red mug. He was drunk, indeed, was never sober, and odd to relate, when he opened his mouth to speak, I expected to hear a rich Irish brogue, so much like a Dublin jaunting-car driver did he look. But he spoke French mixed with the argot of the quarter. An awe-inspiring creature. I had been sitting with my arm around the waist of Coralie, having lulled the jealousy of P-paul with a bone. Unostentatiously I withdrew this incriminating arm when I learned the title of the stranger. What! Had my Coralie Bifsteak fooled me all along? Oh, grass where is thy greenness? Oh, beef where is thy price? I didn't have an opportunity to ponder the situation. The big devil looked at me and to my terror strode—yes, he had plenty of stride—towards me. "Ah, Monsieur Stove, it's you? Embrace your papa, young man!" He held me in a grip of steel. Mr. Stove! What did he mean? I had been saluted as Beefsteak, never as Stove. His bear-like hug nearly smothered me, I was hopelessly outclassed from the start. The audience tittered, but soon became silent. It was to be serious! Suddenly after a volley of oburgations, I was tripped up and found myself across his knees, and next to his "wife." She

placidity stared like a cow in a thunder-shower. Then I was ignominiously spanked, spanked as my father never dreamed of spanking me. The family roared with laughter. The Bernards only smiled. It was a joke! This M. Stove was such a funny fellow! At the words Stove ("la poêle") the gaiety redoubled.

There are innumerable stories of the musical celebrities of that day. Among them were Galli-Marie, the original Carmen, Georges Bizet, Anna Bock, and Frédéric Boscovitz. There were other celebrities, too, such as Honoré Daumier, the artist, whose drinking proclivities seem to have been compatible with long life:

Honoré Daumier died in 1879 at the advanced age of seventy-seven. He must have been pickled in alcohol, but, unlike Monticelli, the evoker of gorgeous landscapes, the great caricaturist, still greater painter, did not touch absinthe. He loved brandy. It didn't hurt his art, nor did absinthe hurt the art of Ziem, who lived to be ninety, but the poison killed Monticelli. It was simply a survival of the fittest tank. Daumier's modesty was proverbial. He was a close friend of Corot and Daubigny. One day Daubigny introduced him to a rich American picture dealer (are there any poor ones?) and warned him not to ask less than 5000 francs for the first picture. This he did. The American paid the price, then begged for more. Daumier showed him another canvas. How much? The artist was perplexed. Daubigny had said nothing about a second picture. Embarrassed, he replied, "500 francs." "Don't want it," said the other. "I don't like it, as well as the first; besides, I never sell any but dear pictures." Daumier delighted in repeating this rather doubtful story. But a witicism of his was afterwards appropriated by Jimmy Whistler. Emboldened by his encounter with the American dealer, Daumier had asked a wealthy amateur 50,000 francs for a beautiful picture. The man looked around the shabby atelier and then at the artist as if he had been an escaped lunatic. "What, monsieur! for that little canvas, 50,000 francs?" "My posthumous price, monsieur!" proudly responded Daumier. The picture was one of his Don Quixote and Sancho Panza compositions, and its posthumous price was double what the painter had asked for it.

Poverty has its compensations and Mr. Huneker freely acknowledges them. Poverty is the friend of virtue and the enemy of vice. Industry is sometimes spurred by the empty stomach, and Mr. Huneker tells us that he studied with commendable diligence and kept himself in the paths of virtue:

I was too busy, also too poor, to experience the Parisian "vice" in quest of which good Americans travel thousands of miles. Of all the deadly dull spectacles, commend me to the Moulin Rouge or the Bal Bullier. When one is young it's another matter; but one must be very young to enjoy the high kicking by a lot of plain Janes, deficient alike in art or under-clothing. The French girl "on the loose" is not lovely, though Paris orders that sort of thing better than in London—where the halting march of the female mob in Piccadilly Circus is the dreariest picture in the world. There was more fun in the impromptu dances at the barriers in the suburbs. Poor working girls, clerks on a lark, workmen in their shirt-sleeves, art students and their Mimi or their Aglaé, all furiously footing in the abandonment of a dance the elementary music made by a screeching cornet, a rasping fiddle, with the brassy sonorities of a piano as a background—there was a joy of life not to be found at such mournful professional gardens, the Jardin de Paris, the Folies Marigny, those slaughter-houses of love, where, as Huysmans wrote, love is slain at a stroke. Yet the American, green as grass, whether he hails from Manhattan or Manitoba, accepts the stenciled humbuggery of the boulevards and Montmartre as the "real thing." Life has its terrible revenges on those who flout her in youth. One of them is vice for the middle-aged in Paris.

The author eventually found himself in Rome, but he was far too modest to aspire to an audience with the Pope until he heard accidentally that such a thing was by no means impossible. Three hundred pilgrims had arrived in the eternal city, and the hotel proprietor assured him that he might join them and that evening dress was by no means indispensable. "That was a custom in the more exacting days of Leo XIII. Pope Pius X is a democrat. He hates vain show. Possibly he has absorbed the English antipathy to seeing evening dress on a male during daylight. But the ladies must wear lace veils in lieu of hats. I was in high spirits. I was to see the Pope!"

This time it was not a false alarm. From a gallery facing the Sistine Chapel entered the inevitable Swiss Guard, followed by the officers of the Papal household, a knot of ecclesiastics wearing purple; Monsignor Pick, the Papal protonotary and a man of importance; then a few stragglers—anonymous persons, stout, bald officials—finally Pope Pius X. He was attired in purest white, even to the sash that encompassed his plump little person. A gold cross depended from his neck. He held out his hand to be kissed in the most matter-of-fact way. I noted the whiteness of the nervously energetic hand tendered me, which bore the ring of Peter, a large square emerald surrounded by diamonds. Though seventy, he looked ten years younger. He was slightly under medium height. His hair was white, his face dark, red, veined, and not healthy. He needed more air and exercise. The great gardens of the Vatican Palace were no compensation for this man, homesick for the sultry lagoons and stretches of gleaming waters in his old diocese at Venice. If the human in him could have called out, it would have voiced Venice, not the Vatican. The flesh of his face was what painters call "ecclesiastical," that is, coarse in grain; his nose broad, unaristocratic, his brows strong and harmonious. His eyes may have been brown, but they seemed black, brilliant, piercing. He moved with silent alertness. I saw with satisfaction the shapely ears, musical ears, their lobes freely detached. A certain resemblance to Pius IX there was, but not so amiable looking. I found another than the Pope I had expected. This, then, was the man of sorrows, the exile, though in his native land, a prisoner within sight of the city over which he was the spiritual ruler, a prince of all principalities and dominions. Withal a feeble old man whose life would have been imperiled if he had ventured into the streets of Rome.

Here we must leave the first volume of Mr. Huneker's reminiscences, but with the prospect of a further dip into the second volume. Such autobiographies as this are a pure delight.

STEEPLEJACK. By James Gibbons Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

The San Francisco Clearing House Association reported clearings for the four-day week ended Saturday at \$117,000,000, as compared with \$147,000,000 for the five-day week ended September 13, 1919. Saturday's clearings were \$28,500,000.

Total gold reserves of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco gained \$3,312,000 during the week ending September 10th, according to Saturday's weekly statement. Gold in the bank rose \$1,189,000; total reserves, \$3,199,000; total bills on hand, \$367,000; total earning assets, \$478,000; and total resources, \$3,292,000.

The railroad section of the stock market has been looking up of late in a somewhat belated response to the rate increases. There is room, indeed, for vast speculation in some of our

gas, electric light and traction rates, public utilities begin to loom in the market as affording the same sort of bargain opportunities recently furnished by the rails. Many of the public utility stocks and most of the bonds seem to be extremely cheap throughout the country. There seems to have been going on definite accumulation in a good many of these stocks, and in view of the earnings tendency, which justifies larger dividends, it would not be surprising to see Philadelphia Company lead some very marked improvement in this section of the list.

There are a good many specialties that are particularly worthy of attention at current prices. American Express, though not returning much on the investment at present prices, has tremendous prospects in connection with its foreign banking department. For special considerations stocks like Remington Typewriter, Worthington Pump, National Lead, Nova Scotia Steel, Gulf States Steel, and Corn Products are worth buying for the long pull. Marine Preferred around 75 returns 8 per cent. on its regular dividend, and has something like \$40 due in back dividends, which certainly marks it as a speculative investment of no mean order.

It may be emphatically and unequivocally denied that the Transportation Act, which is sometimes referred to as the Esch-Cummins bill, guarantees the railroads an assured income of 6 per cent., or any percentage whatever, beginning with September 1, 1920. Prior to that time the majority of the railroads had contracts with the government guaranteeing them the same compensation they received under Federal control.

Section 422 of the Transportation Act requires the commission to make rates which will give under honest, efficient, and economical management a fair return on the value of the railway property used in the service of the public. This fair return is fixed for the two years beginning March 1, 1920, at 5 1/2 per cent. per annum, on such aggregate value. The commission may in its discretion add not exceeding one-half of 1 per cent. to make provision for improvements, betterments, or equipment chargeable to capital account. The Interstate Commerce Commission allowed both percentages.

After March 1, 1922, the rate of interest is to be fixed by the commission. The act further recognizes that it is inevitable that some of the carriers will receive a net income in excess of such fair return and provides as to any carrier which receives such an income in excess of a fair return that one-half of the excess is to be paid to and loaned by the United States to other carriers for meeting expenditures for capital account, refunding maturing securities originally issued for capital account, or purchasing equipment and facilities, which equipment and facilities are to be purchased by the government and leased to the carriers.

The other half goes into a fund to be maintained by the carrier under the commission's supervision for the purpose of paying the dividends or interest on its stocks and bonds or rent for leased roads. When that fund reaches 5 per cent. of the value of the carriers' property, the carrier may retain its half of the excess and use it for any lawful purpose. Nowhere does the act guarantee that the rates fixed under the act will produce any definite rate of return on the investment. It is not even claimed by the Interstate Commerce Commission in its recent order that the increases it makes will have that effect. It is only said in effect that it is hoped that they will.

The government does not guarantee any of the outstanding bonds or securities of the carriers either as to interest or principal. It does not undertake to make up any such amounts or any operating deficit from the fund created by the excess above referred to. The carriers to whom that fund may be loaned are entirely within the commission's discretion.

E. H. Rollins & Sons have received from the Southern California Edison Company the following remarkably fine earnings statement for the month of July, 1920: Gross earnings, \$1,524,458; operating expenses and taxes, \$609,562; net earnings, \$914,896; monthly proportion of funded debt interest, \$303,293; balance before depreciation, \$611,603. The gross earnings showed an increase of about \$515,000, or 51 per cent., and the net earnings an increase of \$327,000, or 55 per cent., over the figures for July, 1919. For the year ended July 31, 1920, gross earnings were reported at \$12,305,372, and net earnings at \$6,762,479.

The recovery which France is making is not generally realized by the people of the United States, and the following facts and figures derived from an article called "Again 'The Miracle of the Marne,'" by Herbert S. Houston, in the September issue of the *World's Work*, are of interest as showing the progress which that country has made in agricultural and industrial rehabilitation:

1. The government has advanced to the

people 9,609,082,916 francs for agricultural and industrial reconstruction.

2. 5345 out of 6443 schools have been reopened.

3. Built or rebuilt: 28,200 temporary wooden dwellings, 16,800 permanent stone dwellings, 28,300 wooden barracks; total, 73,500.

4. Of 9,675,000 acres rendered unfit for cultivation by war, 80 per cent. has been cleared of projectiles and 70 per cent. cleared of barbed wire and trenches filled in.

5. The farmers work, not eight hours, but from dawn to dusk.

6. In invaded regions population is now over 4,000,000, more than twice that at time of armistice and 75 per cent. of pre-war total.

7. Experiments show that nearly all soil can be restored to productivity.

8. Farmers are forming hundreds of co-operative societies to buy farm tractors.

9. In 1920 the devastated region will raise enough crops for its own food.

10. The government is supplying manufacturers with credit sufficient to rebuild plants at present cost.

11. On May 1, 1920, 2627 of the 3508 destroyed factories (66 per cent.) were in operation and 300,000 workers were employed.

12. Germany tried to destroy utterly the Lens coal mines by flooding, etc., but by the end of 1920 the water will be pumped out and in 1922 the mines will be producing again. In 1925-26 production will be 75 per cent. of pre-war normal.

13. 1100 kilometers of canals were destroyed. Virtually all of these are now reopened to navigation.

14. All destroyed railways have been rebuilt and reopened.

In connection with France's commercial position in the world, it is interesting to note that during the first five months of this year French exports increased by 182 per cent. over the figure for the same period of 1919, while imports increased only 17 per cent. This improved France's trade balance by 2,000,000,000 francs.

Some critics have complained that France is shirking in the matter of taxation, but as a matter of fact she is paying a tax which is, per capita, relatively higher (when relative resources are considered) than England's.

We quote as follows from Mr. Houston's article:

"The lie that France is not at work should be seared on the lips of every one who utters it. If she is not at work how can she be reclaiming her fields, rebuilding her roads and houses and factories and towns, and re-establishing the shattered life over one-fifth of her territory? That she is doing this any one can see who visits France or who takes the small trouble to look up the facts. And she is doing it before she has received the indemnity pledged to her by the peace treaty and repudiated again and again by every one of her allies.

"The France of today, struggling with the seemingly superhuman task of lifting herself from the ashes of ruin, seems to be sustained by the invisible army of nearly a million and a half of her sons who sleep in her soil.

"France has more property-owners in proportion to her population than any country in the world. She has more investors. She has democratized property rights so they are practically coextensive with human rights. By making the two virtually interchangeable she has protected both. France has pointed the one safe way to maintain the rights of private property. Within her borders those rights are universally exercised and enjoyed; and because of that they are universally defended. France has a greater thing than her economic power, great as that power is—she has the supreme gift of democratic justice.

"Fundamental character is the surest basis for credit."

The Cities Service Company continued to show material progress in earnings for July and the seven months ending July 31st. Gross earnings for July were \$2,117,919, an increase of \$534,197 above the figures for July, 1919. After providing for all expenses and interest, net income for July was \$1,900,084.08, an increase of \$550,146, with a balance, available for reserve, dividends on the common stock and surplus, for the month of \$1,510,269, a gain of \$513,310. For the seven months ended July 31, 1920, gross earnings were \$14,861,219, an increase of \$2,514,678 above the corresponding period of 1919.

Mr. David Blankenhorn of the Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company returned Friday from a trip to the Northwest. He found a very optimistic feeling for the future among the bankers and business men in the principal cities he visited. On his trip he took in Portland, Seattle, and Vancouver.

E. H. Rollins & Sons call the attention of Liberty Bond holders to the fact that owners of United States Liberty 4 per cent. bonds of the second issue should convert before November 15th and holders of the first issue 4 per cent. bonds should convert before December

F. M. Brown & Co.

HIGH GRADE
INVESTMENT SECURITIES
GOVERNMENT, STATE, MUNICIPAL
AND CORPORATION

BONDS

313 and 315 First National Bank Building
San Francisco, Cal.

List of Current Offerings on Application

15th, which are the last days of grace for conversion into 4 1/4 per cent. bonds of the respective issues. Failure to exchange the 4 per cent. issue for the 4 1/4 per cent. bonds will naturally result in loss of market value, as the latter bonds are now selling at about one point higher than the former.

In the face of the increased passenger rates the American public, which shows no disposi-

Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin
Company

Municipal, Corporation and District

BONDS

American National Bank Building
SAN FRANCISCO

PASADENA SAN DIEGO
LOS ANGELES

tion to forego its love of travel, may take comfort in the fact that it is still paying less for its transportation service than any other country in the world.

The Southern Pacific Company has gone to some pains to compare traveling costs on the basis of present passenger rates in this and foreign countries, and the results are both interesting and illuminating.

For example, in Great Britain the present

German Marks
German City Bonds

Mark 10,000—peace price, \$2,380
Mark 10,000—bankers' price, \$190
Mark 10,000—option price, \$45
Mark 50,000—option price, \$200
Mark 100,000—option price, \$325

A one cent advance over option prices means \$1000 profit on \$325 option.

Immense profit possibilities

K. OFFER: Foreign Exchange

537 Merchants Exchange Building
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first-class rate between London and Glasgow, a distance of 401.50 miles, reduced to American equivalent at the normal rate of exchange, is \$24.70. The California traveler may go from Los Angeles to Stockton, 400.2 miles, for \$14.52, plus \$4.50 Pullman, or a total of \$19.02.

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ratio will operate to alter some estimates, and when there is an overbought position in the rails this argument will probably be brought forward to explain a change in the market trend.

The declining tendency in the prices of commodities is still operating to affect speculation in many industrials. The bear party is continually probing the industrial list for weak places and at times the market seems as short of buying orders as at other times it is short of selling pressure. Following the rate increases granted to the railroads and recent government bureau recommendations regarding public utilities, and indeed favorable action from time to time in different parts of the country in the matter of increases in

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pool, a distance of 193.5 miles, but in his own country he can be whisked from San Francisco to Red Bluff, 198 miles, for \$10.20, including \$3 Pullman.
The English rate from Manchester to Aberdeen—363.50 miles—is \$23.89, and the Southern Pacific rate from San Francisco to Santa Barbara, 367 miles, is \$13.26, with a Pullman charge of \$3.75.
The same comparison, it is said, holds true with the rates from Paris, France, to various points on the Continent. The traveler going from Paris to Antwerp, 226.18 miles, pays \$14.14, whereas in this country he can go from San Francisco to Fresno, 205 miles, for \$7.44, plus \$3 Pullman.

The Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company and Shingle, Brown & Co. report a ready sale for the 7 per cent. bonds of the Market Street Realty Company, which they are now offering. Secured by property situated on one of the busiest corners in the city, it is an ideal form of security. Offerings of this character, secured by real estate of established value and retired serially, have always been popular in the local market. The property and building have been appraised at twice the value of the mortgage. Earnings are three times the first year interest, or three times the amount necessary to retire the first maturity plus interest on the whole issue.

There has not been the radical reduction in loan accounts in our banks we have been hoping for by this time, and commodity loans, especially where any attempt at profiteering is suggested, will continue under the ban until this situation rights itself. Consequently we may look for bankers to restrict loans on grains as well as other agricultural products. Haste to market crops as they mature will soon begin to react harshly on the markets for the grains and for wheat and corn espe-

cially. Canada seems to have very good wheat prospects this year, and the foreign exchange situation works in favor of Canadian wheat for export purposes as against our own. Meantime our crop prospects continue very fair. Corn prices seem to be in the circumstances exceptionally high.
Due to temporary requirements and lack of ability to make deliveries efficiently, there have been some advances here and there in steel and iron prices. On the other hand, while the railroads are demanding an enormous amount of rails and equipment the financing of these demands is a grave problem, especially as banking interests seem to feel that prices in the steel trade have also seen their top and must eventually break very sharply.
Very little relatively is being done in the copper market, but whenever Europe is in position to draw on us liberally for raw material there should be a much better market for copper, which, incidentally, seems cheaper relatively than the majority of metals.

Mr. Garretson Dulin of the Los Angeles office of the Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company was a visitor in this city for a day this week, having motored up from the south.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company is mailing the following important circular on readjustments to their clients:
"Has it occurred to you that the 50 per cent. mortgage of today on city homes and country farms approximates a 100 per cent. valuation of a few years ago? How long can these inflated values keep up?
"Daily fresh evidences show that commodity values are shrinking. There is direct relation between the values of staples, crop values, and land values. When crop values advance land values keep pace. When crop values fall land values drop.
"The values of high-grade bonds run conversely. A falling market for commodities increases demand for real security. Bond values advance in indirect ratio with falling commodity prices.
"Has it occurred to you that taxes from which municipal bonds are paid run ahead of any mortgage debt and in event of necessity to foreclose to protect ones' loan he must pay up all taxes, street improvement liens, etc.? Taxes for paying bonds and bond interest attach directly to the land and can not be evaded.
"Municipal bonds are exempt from Federal income tax. The decision of the United States Supreme Court rendered June 1, 1920, establishes that the United States constitutionally is powerless to tax either the principal or the income derived from municipal bonds. This definitely settles the question.
"Certainly the present is the time to sell real estate and land securities and buy American municipal bonds that are obtainable to yield as high as 7 per cent., income tax exempt. Canadian municipals and province bonds, equally desirable from a security standpoint and which are tax exempt in Canada, offer considerably better income return; running safely as high as 8 per cent. as the result of present exchange conditions. The existing high premium for the American dollar permits the purchase and distribution of Canadian bonds at liberal discounts."

California's "gold mine above ground," its

citrus fruit industry, has returned to the fruit-growers of the state during the past year the tidy sum of approximately \$81,200,000, according to the annual report of the citrus fruit industry issued recently.
While Los Angeles and vicinity produced 87 per cent. of the oranges and 97 per cent. of the lemons grown in the state, 11 per cent. of the orange crop is produced in the Fresno-Porterville district. This same district produced 2 1/2 per cent. of the lemon yield.
Sacramento and Oroville also contribute to the orange production of the state, the crop in this district amounting to 2 per cent.
The cost of handling this entire output was 11.3 per cent. of the total figure, according to the report. Statistics show this to be the lowest marketing cost of any perishable food product in America.
California has produced 46,757 carloads of the world's output of citrus fruits, an increase of nearly 1000 cars over the production of last year, according to the report of General Manager G. Harold Powell of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange. Segregated, by carloads, the production was: Oranges and grape fruit, 38,077; lemons, 8680.
Of the entire output of the state, the Exchange handled 73.7 per cent. of the production, or 12,144,964 boxes of oranges, 226,266 boxes of grapefruit, 3,452,534 boxes of lemons, approximately half of which was of the Sun-kist brand. This is an increase of 1.4 per cent. over the proportion of the crop handled by the Exchange last year. The returns to members of the Exchange for fruit shipped by it, including estimated value of carloads yet unsold, will be approximately \$59,221,329.
Although there has been a general upward trend in the price of all foodstuffs, the expense of marketing the citrus fruits of California is shown to be lower than it was ten years ago and the lowest marketing cost for any perishable food product in America. This is made possible through cooperative marketing.
The freight bill of shippers will mean an increase of nearly \$6,000,000 annually. This has not added to the retail cost of California's citrus fruits.
"Prices received from perishable farm products are determined by the conditions of supply and demand, and the impact of world wholesale prices, while the costs of production or transportation exert only a remote influence," says General Manager Powell of the Exchange in his report. "The citrus fruit-grower finds it impossible to pass on to the consumer these increased costs. He can get only what the public is willing to pay. The producer of perishables must sell, even at a loss, or allow his products to rot in the fields."
There are 10,500 members in the California Fruit-Growers' Exchange, an increase of 500 new members over the membership of last year. These members, fruit-growers, control the Exchange and elect the officers and directorate, thus having direct voice in the cooperative and non-profit system which has proved to be such a success with the citrus fruit industry.
The Fruit-Growers' Supply Company, organized by Exchange members for the purpose of purchasing grove and packing-house materials at cost, transacted during the year business in excess of \$8,500,000. The lumber operations alone, for the making of boxes, at Hilt in the northern part of the state, totals \$1,676,000.
In San Francisco the Supply Company lumber sales office has sold upper grades of lumber not needed for box manufacturing purposes for which it received \$691,000.
At Susanville the Supply Company now has under construction a monster sawmill and box factory which will deliver to growers next season one million boxes at cost of manufacture.
The very latest figures of the exports of manufactures—those of July—give further evidence that the big gains in exports of manufactures have "come to stay." Manufactures exported in the dull export month of July, says a statement of the National City Bank of New York, average \$11,000,000 a day against \$7,500,000 per day in July of last year, and for the seven months ending with July average \$11,500,000 per day against \$9,333,000 in the same months of last year. The total exports of manufactures in July, 1920, including the two groups, "manufactures ready for use" and "manufactures for further use in manufacturing," aggregated \$343,000,000 against \$234,000,000 in July of last year, and in the seven months ending with July were \$2,451,000,000 against \$2,000,000,000 in the same months of last year. The chief increase occurred in the group "manufactures ready for use," of which the exports in July were \$264,000,000 against \$167,000,000 in July of last year, and for the seven months ending with July \$1,849,000,000 against \$1,479,000,000 in the same months of last year.
Another indication of the growing share which manufactures form of our exports is found in the fact that the increase in exports, both in July and in the seven months ending with July, occurs entirely in the trade with

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those sections of the world in which manufactures form the bulk of our exports. Manufactures form in normal times, continues the bank's statement, about 70 per cent. of the merchandise sent by us to our neighbors in North America, over 80 per cent. of those to South America, 80 per cent. of those to Asia, nearly 90 per cent. of those to Oceania, and about 75 per cent. of those sent to Africa, while they form in normal times but about 33 per cent. of those sent to Europe.

The production of electric lamps in the United States now approximates 130,000,000 annually, or about one for every inhabitant of the country.

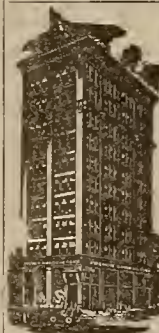
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June 30th, 1920.
Assets - - - - - \$66,840,376.95
Deposits - - - - - 63,352,269.17
Capital Actually Paid Up - - - - - 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds - - - - - 2,488,197.78
Employees' Pension Fund - - - - - 330,951.36

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OF SAN FRANCISCO

Condition at Close of Business, September 8, 1920

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$26,836,825.87
U. S. Bonds and Certificates.....	4,185,526.53
Other Bonds and Securities.....	257,164.75
Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco.....	150,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....	4,878,884.29
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	15,572,078.57

LIABILITIES

Capital.....	\$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	5,379,452.41
Circulation.....	1,974,397.50
Federal Reserve Bank.....	1,000,000.00
Letters of Credit.....	4,927,891.45
Deposits.....	36,598,738.65

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H. C. SIMPSON.....Manager Foreign Dept.	
H. H. HAIGHT.....Asst. Manager Foreign Dept.	
G. FERIS BALDWIN.....Auditor	

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Adorable Dreamer.

With a sincere desire to fall in love with all the heroines of fiction it sometimes happens that our heart remains cold to the blandishments of some particular charmer. It is so in this instance. We do not quite understand how it is that Penelope has so many sweethearts, transferring her affections from one to the other with such rapidity that sometimes they overlap. Penelope has written a novel, a daring one, and belongs therefore to the fraternity of the Bohemians. Her lover, Tony, wants her to write another and watches anxiously for the dawning of inspiration. By way of expediting the process he refuses to kiss her, which shows us just how much he knows about inspiration. Then Penelope falls in love with a naval person whose views on kissing are of the well-known maritime kind. Then she goes to Portugal on some vague governmental mission and falls in love with some one else. These adventures, it may be noted, are concurrent and not consecutive. Penelope has great love powers, and if suitor number three wishes for our advice it would be to marry her at once while the marrying is good.

THE ADORABLE DREAMER. By Elizabeth Kirby. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Black Knight.

This energetic and well-balanced novel should not be allowed to pass unnoticed in the crowd. Not only does it contain plenty of good characterization, but its picture of life on the Canadian prairie ranches is one that we would not willingly miss.

Michael Thorley is the son of a wealthy but fraudulent company promoter whose

schemes come to grief and who then commits suicide. Michael, penniless and thrown on his own resources, goes to Canada. He is a tenderfoot and he has to pass through the physical inferno of a first introduction to farm labor. Then come winter and unemployment. Michael tries the lumber camps and is brutally swindled. He has no better luck at prospecting, and then he becomes a clerk in an Ontario country bank. He saves the life of the little daughter of a millionaire and in return he is given a stock exchange tip, but the only way he can make use of it is by borrowing the money of the bank. The tip is all that it professes to be and Michael could have replaced the borrowed money in the vaults but for the fact that he meets with an accident and can not reach the bank in time to evade detection. None the less he is now a rich man, which he may regard as some consolation for the two years' imprisonment to which he is sentenced.

Michael's further adventures must be left to the discovery of the reader, who will be well rewarded by a story free from the elements of the sensational and the improbable.

THE BLACK KNIGHT. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick and Crosbie Garstin. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Heart Disease.

If you have shortness of breath, tenderness in the region of the liver, and swollen feet—all at the same time—you have heart disease and you may drop dead. Otherwise there is nothing the matter with your heart that you need worry much about so far as its sudden failure is concerned. We gather this information from Dr. Bishop's "Heart Troubles: Their Prevention and Relief."

Dr. Bishop does not believe in a medical reticence toward the patient. He thinks that

the sufferer should have the nature of his malady clearly explained to him in order that he may more intelligently cooperate in the cure. It is to this end that he writes his book. He tells us all about the various kinds of heart disease, how they are caused and how they may be alleviated. It may often be noted that our dread of a disease lessens with familiarity. Things are seldom quite so bad as they seem. Certainly it is so in this instance, and for this reason it may be confidently recommended to those suffering from weak hearts that they buy Dr. Bishop's book and find out all about it. It may be the first step to recovery.

HEART TROUBLES: THEIR PREVENTION AND RELIEF. By Louis Faugères Bishop, M. A., M. D., Sc. D., F. A. C. P. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

The Lonely House.

It seems a surprisingly easy thing to commit a murder at Monaco, indeed a whole series of murders, and to "get away with it." A dead body at Monaco is assumed to be that of a suicide, and the less said about suicides the better. Nothing could be worse for business.

Lily Fairfield, an English orphan and rich, goes to Monaco on the invitation of Count and Countess Poldi, who are connected with her family. They live at a lonely place appropriately called La Solitude, and they seem to be desperately poor and wholly wrapped up in their son Beppo, who has military duties in Rome. Lily vaguely senses that there is something mysterious and wrong about the place. There are occasional dinner guests who are lavishly entertained, and the countess is apparently able to send considerable sums of money to the idolized Beppo, who is clearly intended by her to be the husband of Lily. Then comes the discovery by Lily herself of the body of a man who had been a guest at La Solitude a night or two before. It seems to be a clear case of suicide, but Lily takes alarm when the body of another guest is found under similar circumstances. She makes a confidant of two men who traveled across the continent with her, M. Popeau, who turns out to be in the French secret service, and Captain Stuart of the English army, and as a result the precious couple are arrested just as they are about to murder Captain Stuart himself, whose attentions to Lily as a rival of Beppo have made him *persona non grata* to the ambitious countess. The story is thoroughly well told, as might be expected of an authoress so skilled as Mrs. Lowndes. Evidently she knows Monaco and Monte Carlo intimately, as well as the life in those unwholesome paradises.

THE LONELY HOUSE. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Onyx Lobby.

Still another detective story from the pen of Carolyn Wells. Sir Herbert Binney comes to America in order to start a branch business of the celebrated "Binney's Buns." He is found late at night lying dead in the lobby of his fashionable apartment house and by his side is a scrap of paper on which with his dying breath he has written what seems to be the words "women did this."

The story is quite a complicated one and with the inevitable love interest. Moreover, we may extend our acquaintance with that invincible detective, Penny Wise, and his uncanny little assistant, Zizi.

IN THE ONYX LOBBY. By Carolyn Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Briefer Reviews.

"Us and the Bortleman," by Edith Ballinger Price (the Century Company), is a story for children. Its setting is by the sea and it has a good and original plot. The illustrations are by the author.

"Master Frisky," by Clarence Hawkes, is a story of a collie puppy. It is for children and it is intended to "teach a better understanding of animal life and a wiser love for one's pets." It is published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published "Princess White Flame," by Gertrude Crownfield. It is a fairy story describing the peculiar adventures of Prince Radian and his invisible bride, the princess in the wonderful land of the Fire Kingdom. The illustrations are by Anne Merriman Peck.

The Macmillan Company has published a new and cheaper edition of "The American Red Cross in the Great War," by Henry P. Davison, chairman of the War Council. It may be said that the author's royalties go to the Red Cross. The new book is well illustrated and in every way a desirable possession. The price is \$2.

"The Gifts We Bring," by Nina B. Lamkin (T. S. Denison & Co., Chicago), is described as "a Christmas pageant for boys and girls or for grown-ups." It has been produced at Northwestern University and in many schools, colleges, and Y. W. C. A.'s throughout the United States. Directions for production are

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Report of Condition of

The ANGLO AND LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK

SAN FRANCISCO

At the Close of Business, September 8, 1920

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$45,339,442.17
U. S. Bonds to Secure Circulation.....	3,700,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds and Certificates.....	6,199,157.19
Bonds and Securities.....	9,363,364.90
Other Assets.....	1,551,951.18
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit and Acceptances.....	20,453,486.02
Commodity Drafts in Transit.....	\$ 8,469,589.52
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	25,954,677.59

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock.....	\$ 5,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	3,307,164.19
Circulation.....	3,640,600.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign, and Acceptances.....	20,453,486.02
Federal Reserve Bank.....	3,251,000.00
Bonds Borrowed.....	1,261,000.00
Deposits.....	83,918,418.36

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Glen of the High North.

This is a story of the British Yukon, and a good story, harring a few rather glaring improbabilities. Tom Reynolds falls in love with a girl whom he meets on the street, and we will take the author's word for it that such things actually happen. Reynolds is a reporter and his editor is anxious that he should go in search of a certain wealthy man who had mysteriously disappeared some years before and is supposed to be in hiding or retirement. So Reynolds starts off for the Yukon, and of course he finds that his charmer is on the same steamer. We felt certain she would be. Reynolds loses sight of her when he reaches the gold fields, but by one more curious coincidence he finds that she is the girl whom he rescues from a grizzly bear. It seems that she is living with her father, who has a sort of settlement far from the haunts

of men and guarded by a band of trusty Indians who allow no one to approach. None the less Reynolds approaches. Being lost in the wilderness, he embarks on a raft and the river current carries him directly to the spot where he wants to go. Indeed he is rescued by the girl herself. Was ever lover so fortunate? We feel that it is now "up to him" to make good.

Of course he does make good. But there are adventures on the road, perils from bad men, and the usual vicissitudes that we associate with the far north. But Glen is some girl and worth it all.

GLEN OF THE HIGH NORTH. By H. A. Cody. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A Canteen Girl.

The public is not reading war books just at present. It is tired of the war and is trying to persuade itself that it never happened, or at least that it can never happen again. But the cycle of the war books will return. As soon as we get into the right perspective we shall want to view the war from all its many aspects.

Then we shall read these uncensored letters of a canteen girl that come to us from some anonymous source. They are admirably written and without undue intrusion of the almighty ego. The author saw the war at close quarters. She mingled with all sorts and conditions of men and she is a born letter-writer, and born letter-writers are few and far between. There can be no intimate knowledge of the war without such books as hers.

THE UNCENSORED LETTERS OF A CANTEEN GIRL. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Sir Gilbert Parker has not written a full-length novel for several years, but is appearing with "No Defence," from the Lippincott Press. Working out the theme of a man's honor, which the world thinks he has lost, there are many startling scenes of war, mutiny, and love, and the stirring contests of wills and wits with never a dull line in the book. It is truly Parker at his best, and the publishers are confident will make a sensation on its appearance in September.

Frank M. Gregg, author of "The Founding of a Nation" (Doran), has purchased at Plymouth the ground on which the original Plymouth Colony was established. On this site he expects to erect and furnish a facsimile of the original Pilgrim Common House, and it is said that he then intends to turn the property over to the Federal government as a permanent memorial to the Landing of the Pilgrims.

In September the Czechoslovak Republic will commemorate its founding in a manner highly interesting to Americans. John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" is to be produced at Prague in Czech. Lincoln is becoming more and more widely accepted as a symbol standing for liberty. It is because of this and the intrinsic high quality of the young Englishman's work that his play has been se-

lected. Mr. Drinkwater is leaving England for Prague to enjoy the performance.

Everett Dean Martin, author of "The Behavior of Crowds," which the Harpers will bring out this fall, has returned from Nantucket Island with the completely corrected proofs of his new book, as an evidence of a serious side to his summering.

Stopford Brooke's last critical work, "Naturalism in English Poetry," a scholarly and comprehensive study of an important phase of English literature, is announced for early publication by E. P. Dutton & Co.

New Books Received.

THE ART OF BIOGRAPHY. By William Roscoe Thayer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

A suggestive study of the development of biographical writing.

SOUTH SEA FOAM. By A. Safroni-Middleton. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A chronicle of vagabonding among the isles of the South Sea.

OLD NEW ENGLAND HOUSES. By Albert G. Robinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$5. With many illustrations.

STEEPLEJACK. By James Gibbons Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

An autobiography in two volumes

A BOOK OF BOYHOODS. By Eugene M. Fryer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

Chaucer to MacDowell.

PRINCESS WHITE FLAME. By Gertrude Crownfield. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

For children.

FAIRY GRAMMAR. By J. Harold Carpenter. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.

For children.

RESURRECTION ROCK. By Edwin Balmer. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

A novel.

THE LONELY HOUSE. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A novel.

WAR POEMS AND OTHER VERSES. By R. E. Verne. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A volume of verse.

MASTER FRISKY. By Clarence Hawkes. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

For children. Illustrated in color.

THE WILD CAT. By Hugh Wiley. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A negro tale.

THE GIFTS WE BRING. By Nina B. Lamkin. Chicago: T. S. Denison & Co.

A Christmas pageant.

INTERNATIONAL LABOR LEGISLATION. By Iwas Frederick Ayusawa, Ph. D. New York: Columbia University.

Issued in Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law.

JANET A TWIN. By Dorothy Whitehill. New York: Barse & Hopkins.

A story for girls.

THE WALL BETWEEN. By Sara Ware Bassett. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

A novel.

THE VALLEY OF SILENT MEN. By James Oliver Curwood. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation; \$2.

A novel.

MIDNIGHT ON THE RANGES. By George Gilbert. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

A novel.

EASTERN STORIES AND LEGENDS. By Marie L. Shedlock. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Stories of the various Buddha rebirths.

MAN'S SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH. By Charles L. Tweedale. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.

Evidences for spiritism.

ADVENTURES AND ENTHUSIASMS. By E. V. Lucas. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A volume of essays.

FROM PERSIAN UPLANDS. By F. Hale. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

Letters from Persia.

Authorship is looking up financially. The latest evidence comes from a list recently submitted to Congress showing the vocations of persons having the largest incomes in the United States prior to 1918. Out of fifteen authors, editors, and reporters one earned \$500,000, one \$300,000, one \$250,000, two \$200,000, and eight \$100,000. It is to be hoped that the word "earned" is not used in the equivocal sense of "acquired," as explained in the story of the rich editor who, after the proverbial poverty-stricken boyhood and youth, retired with a comfortable fortune of \$50,000. The account goes on to say that "this money was acquired through industry, economy, conscientious effort to give full value, indomitable perseverance, and the death of an uncle, who left the editor \$49,999.50."

Sumatra in 1918 imported 886,835 pounds of "second-hand" American newspapers. The equator runs through the island and the papers are used as parasols for tender rubber and sugar cane shoots.

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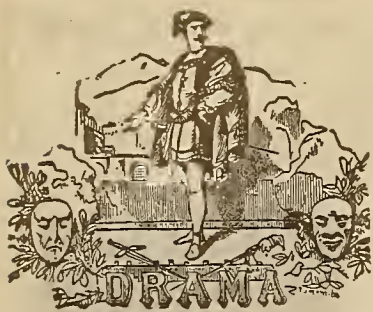
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"MAMMA'S AFFAIR."

The piece at the Curran is a Harvard prize comedy; which means, no doubt, that it was written as a result of the activities of the Harvard Workshop, that dramatic organization at Harvard the members of which study and encourage the art of the drama under the now well-nigh famous leadership of Professor George P. Baker. I suppose we may assume that "Mamma's Affair" is one of the prize plays in the regular autumnal competition for long plays instituted by this same

"Workshop." "Mamma's Affair" is by Rachel Barton Butler—presumably one of the Radcliffe students, since it is they who attend to the feminine rôle of the Harvard organization. It is a very neatly turned and amusing comedy, dealing with the calamitous results of a hypochondriac's selfish absorption of her young daughter's time, strength, and affectionate solicitude. The author has recognized shrewdly that hypochondriasis goes with the dramatic temperament. The self-styled invalid fairly revels in saintly sweetness, patience, resignation, gratitude—all faked. She is always traveling, for she needs fresh audiences and new and more complaisant physicians. Attended by a sympathetic and congenial friend who is the possessor of a son of marriageable age, the pseudo invalid revels in her rôle, and the unfortunate eighteen-year-old daughter, whose conscience is many hundreds per cent. bigger than her age, becomes enmeshed in an engagement. The son is a what-is-it, but the two mothers overlook that, for they have vast stores of sentimental emotionalism with which to amuse themselves, and work up occasional breezes of excitement in their mature existences. This is the situation, and the author proceeds to make things hum by evoking a physician who reads in the white face of little eighteen-years that a crisis is near. "Mamma's Affair" is a comedy, and a very amusing one, but when sweet little eighteen had her first attack of hysteria it was so much like the real thing that we became temporarily grave and sympathetic, for the author had worked matters up to such a pitch that even in the midst of the laughter we perceived the unnecessary sacrifice of a healthy young existence.

The doctor turns out to be the lifeboat, and bears down to the rescue with such impetus that in the second act we see the lily of the first act transformed to a pale pink rose, nodding in the summer breezes of rest and care, and breathing forth fragrant perfumes of young delight in mere living.

This happy result was attained by the unnatural physician separating the daughter from

that wad of absorbent cotton, her mother. Also from her future husband whom she doesn't love; also from that near-tragedy queen, her future mother-in-law. Sweet Eighteen, however, has a hearty, wholesome nurse who loves laughter and common sense; and the doctor calls daily. Thus the germ of romance, real romance, develops.

One of the merits of the piece is that it is founded on just such situations as exist all around us. Sometimes the victim is a mother, sometimes a daughter, sometimes a wife; rarely a husband. It is the feminine temperament that is more apt to dramatize, to romanticize sickness; why, heaven only knows. Men novel-writers used to, but they do so no more. For sickness is ugly; it not only looks bad, but it sometimes smells bad. Besides, it presupposes germs, and germs are something whose society we do not cultivate. Why, then, do some orders of the female mind believe that there is anything intrinsically picturesque or interesting or even creditable in the invalid state? Why indeed?

If they study the countenances of their friends while they reel off ailments or symptoms they may find there perfunctory sympathy, but little real interest. As to whether or not a person is really ill people always are interested in the basic fact, because such a state has consequences; consequences that might, remotely or otherwise, affect them. No, a sick person reveling in his or her state is not only a whitened sepulchre, but a bore. The real invalid, feeling a mighty yearning to be physically normal, often suppresses the tale of woe and turns thankfully to the affairs of others. And when the sick become most interesting it is by exercising heroic self-control and making such efforts to minimize their discomfort or suffering that they reach a certain height of moral dignity which inspires respect.

Interesting and entertaining though the play is, the company is equally so. They call it an all-star cast, and they have certainly assembled a group of well-known and well-liked players. Robert Edson, Effie Shannon, Amelia Bingham—all three have starred many times. Ida St. Leon—is she not the girl associated with the great success of "Polly of the Circus"?—Katherine Kaired is a stranger to us, but she is an expert in her line, and the midget playing Buttons, whose name is given as Little Billy, is a remarkably shrewd and sure player.

Altogether a very interesting group. I heard of a comment made by one of the local stage directors to the effect that no energetic, ambitious player in town could afford to stay

away from a performance in which is demonstrated such a general and fine mastery of stage technic. As a result of the fine quality of the group of players the team-work is admirable. None of the players, prominent though each is individually, attempts, as far as I could see, to grab more of the stage centre than he is justly entitled to. The performance goes on oiled wheels, the comedy is delightfully conveyed, and just a touch of refined burlesque, done with artistic finish by Mesdames Shannon and Kaired, the two mature sentimentalists of the piece, and by George Le Guere, who plays the what-is-it, made the comedy scenes with the invalid quite irresistible.

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other group consisting of the doctor, the nurse, and the young real invalid showed a delightful genuineness, and, on the part of the doctor and the invaluable nurse, much homely common sense allied to mother wit.

Amelia Bingham was the nurse, and made of that invaluable aid a shrewd, cheerful counselor to a very perplexed friend; for the playwright had the happy conception of indicating the coziest, most trusting, most deep-seated amity between these two tried and tested friends and incorrigible lovers of the ninthlest.

We have seen Amelia Bingham in the past in showy Clyde Fitch roles, some of them romantic; but never was she better placed than in the part of the good-hearted nurse who has an irresistible itch to set the stray pawns straight on the checkerboard of life. Particularly does she shine in her cleverness in colloquial shadings.

Robert Edeson is an actor upon whose countenance is deeply stamped the mark of his profession. You couldn't possibly mistake him for anything else but an actor. That means, I should judge, that he is as much an actor by training as by instinct. Those flexible facial muscles have done their work with conscience and thoroughness, if not always with enthusiasm. There is, it seems to me, generally a slightly heightened flavor to Mr. Edeson's comedy, satisfying though it is. As, for instance, why did he say good-night—or good-day—in something of a hurled tone at the end of the doctor's first visit? An actor so trained and experienced must have had his reason, but I didn't get it.

That, by the way, must be one of the thorns of the profession—the failure of those of us in front always to appreciate the meaning and intention of small effects carefully thought out by the players.

Ida St. Leon, with her youthful countenance, her tip-tilted nose, and her rather flat but nevertheless wholly expressive little voice, is quite a fetching little thingums and fully succeeded in persuading the audience into complete sympathy with the mature doctor's final intention to pluck this charming spring blossom. Miss St. Leon is an expert mistress of the technic of the stage, and was admirable in conveying the over-conscientious cares of the daughter and the perfunctory reception of poor, dutiful little Sweet Eighteen to the unwelcome ardors of a freak lover.

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Miss Shannon played the hypochondriac perfectly; her studiously gentle resignation, the abstraction with which she surveyed the pale countenance of the sweet young ministrant as compared to the joy that lighted her own when a drug to be administered in periodic installments was prescribed; and always interestingly graceful and elegant in manner and pose, in conformity with the idea of making invalidism a touching and appealing drama.

The author, being a woman, fairly showered damns all over the place. All the likable or lovable people in the play got in a damn or so before the play was over; even pretty little Eve; although hers was a quotation, given with that relish felt by all women who have begun to violate the decree prohibiting feminine damns.

ANOTHER MAUDE FULTON PLAY.

But not a good one; alas, no! I went expectantly to see "Enter Mary Jones" because "The Humming Bird" was so well played and acted, but it struck me as a play drawn tentatively from a closet shelf and put on to take advantage of "The Humming Bird" success, and because it was hoped socialism might be a timely topic. But the socialistic ideas didn't convey, and neither did the rest of it. The play begins mildly well, rapidly shows a lack of complete preparation for public representation, and trails off into dullness.

It begins with a "damn," and I rather imagine the average spectator ends with one. Why did she put it on? And what ill-luck took my steps there? How much more agreeable it is to praise than to condemn.

"The Humming Bird" is evidently off on the road, for a new lot of players are in this piece; rather bright young people, although not particularly experienced, except Lucille Webster and Frank W. Wallace, who do good work. But it was a tactical error to go to the expense of putting on this piece after the good effect produced by the clever, well-written, sympathetically motivated, and rather original "Humming Bird."

"39 EAST."

This play of Rachel Crothers' is one which requires a character actor for nearly every rôle. Her central idea is a good one for entertaining purposes, recalling an old play called "The Boarding House." I think, in which the audience is permitted to see the assembling of the boarders at the breakfast-table.

It was, however, rather a heavy task for the Alcazar company, "39 East" being the kind of play that relies on finished acting to give a brilliant effect to what, on the whole, is light and ephemeral.

The Alcazar company attacked their task with their customary conscientiousness, although not entirely with the usual results, and the audience got a fair proportion of fun out of the performance.

THE MAITLAND THEATRE,

"The Devil's Disciple" is the vehicle used in this opening week of the fall season; that play that, originally written for Richard Mansfield, now stands on its own merits, quite unlinked with Mansfield's fame, as a remarkable example of serious travesty.

Shaw was satirizing melodrama, but in doing it he still contrived to minister to that naive side of us which incorrigibly loves melodrama and to the satiric side which chuckles to see it brilliantly travestied.

The result is a play that appeals to diverse intelligences, and which is, in its dual capacity, not too easy to act.

How the company at the Maitland came through I am unable to state, having found it expedient in a very full week to squeeze in portions of several performances. I thus saw only the first act of the play, which is so splendidly actable that the drama and the real human nature of it was strongly responded to immediately, although the act is a mere introduction to what follows.

Maitland expressed the sort of sardonic railery and careless good will of Dick with sufficient dash and reckless levity to greatly pique the interest, and I left at the end of a brilliant first act in which is displayed the

promising perspective of the Dudgeons' family relations with considerable regret.

The patrons of the playhouse rallied in considerable numbers on this opening night, and flowers handed over the footlights testified to the warmth of the welcome offered by the patrons of the Maitland Playhouse.

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The Curran Theatre.

After twelve consecutive months in the Selwyn Theatre, New York, "Buddies" will be the attraction here at the Curran Theatre beginning tomorrow night, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

While "Buddies" is not, strictly speaking, a musical comedy, it may be accurately described as a comedy with music, which merely means that the artistic unities of the plot are not destroyed by irrelevant songs every few minutes. The scene of "Buddies" is Brittany; its heroine a peasant maid and the hero an American soldier billeted in her house just after the signing of the armistice. Julie's problems spring from the excruciating shyness of her soldier lover, which proves apparently an insurmountable barrier to the declaration of his intentions and the machinations of the dyed-in-the-wool villain, who is intent upon ruining the good name of Julie's brother (who has given his life for France) unless she will marry him. More as an interpolation of the beautiful story than as an irrelevant composition Mr. Hilliam has written his delightfully melodious score, and both story and music will be interpreted here by the same inimitable company of players which won the heart of New York for twelve unbroken months.

The final performance of "Mamma's Affair" will be this evening.

The Columbia Theatre.

The change that has been wrought in theatricals in the past quarter of a century is nowhere better exemplified than in the cost of the productions. Especially is this true of a big extravaganza such as the Marcus Show of 1920, which opens an engagement of two weeks at the Columbia next Monday night.

One hundred thousand dollars in cash was spent in scenery, wardrobe, and electrical effects before the curtain went up for the first time in the East a few weeks ago. Two-thirds of this sum was expended on costumes alone. Over a thousand garments of age worn by the feminine members in the two acts, twenty-three scenes, and twenty-seven musical numbers.

Bee Winsome, the dainty ingénue of demure and graceful mien, wears some of the most stunning creations. The gown and headgear which she displays in "Promenade d'Introduction" is a magnificent example of the modiste's art. Then there is her hand-painted orchid frock.

The Marcus Peaches are adorned with a series of bizarre hiliments ranging from the all-enveloping, rich jewel gowns in the first act to the "shadow dresses" of "Birth of Venus."

The Alcazar Theatre.

The fun-making "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" at the Alcazar will be followed next Sunday matinee by a week's farewell revival of "Daddies," the David Belasco success that created a sensation a fortnight ago. It had to be withdrawn temporarily while crowds were being turned away reluctant and its restoration will afford universal satisfaction. The delicious humor and gentle pathos of this comedy about the little foreign war waifs who brought anxieties and joys to the club of bachelors who foster-fathered them provide delightful entertainment to all ages and conditions. The ideal cast remains unchanged, including Dudley Ayres, Inez Ragan, Rafael Brunetto, Brady Kline, Ben Erway, Al Cunningham, Frederic Green, Emily Pinter, Helen MacKerricher, Mlle. Valentina Zimina, and Talma-Yetta Wilbur, with the wonderful group of child players, Sylvia Yaffe, Phyllis Chatterly, and the Wynn triplets.

To follow comes the mystery melodrama "At 9:45," by Owen Davis, that was a New York sensation last season when produced for a long period by William A. Brady at the Playhouse.

The Orpheum.

Two talented purveyors of operatic music form one of the headline acts at the Orpheum next week, opening with the Sunday matinee. They are Marie and Mary McFarland. Both were among the first from the operatic stage to enter vaudeville and both constantly have flitted back and forth between the two-day and the greater operatic companies of this country.

"Frenzied Finance" forms the basis for Frank Wilcox's brilliant comedy, "Ssh-h!" the other Orpheum headliner. Mr. Wilcox is proclaimed in advance as a highly talented actor.

The Primrose Four, one of the best-known singing organizations in vaudeville, is to be another new Orpheum attraction. William



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Brack and his company of eccentrics will be enjoyed, it is said, for they mingle clever showmanship with their exhibition of strength and agility.

Wallace Galvin with a highly perfected egg trick and Coley and Jaxon, who depict "the minstrel and the maid," are others declared to be above standard. Elly, the young girl juggler, completes the new vaudeville offering. "Under the Apple Tree," the extravagant musical comedy, one of this week's hits, is the one holdover. Topics of the Day, International News, and the Orpheum orchestra are due to begin and close the show.

A tablet in memory of the horses, dogs, and other dumb animals that perished in the world war has been unveiled in the State House at Boston.

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One would suppose that we had already troubles enough, but Mrs. Asquith seems to be dissatisfied with the standing crop and anxious to enlarge it. She tells us in her memoirs that the women of today are not so beautiful as those of the last generation and that the stage is empty alike of great men and of lovely women. Of course we chatter as much as we ever did about our supposed excellences, but as a matter of fact we are living in an age of pygmies, of men who are small and mean, and of women who are facially inferior. We should like to write a few large hooks on this topic, and particularly on the decadence of men. We have

some theories on these matters, but they must wait.

Now Mrs. Asquith is fairly safe in thus making her comparisons, because we do not know much about the beauty of women of other generations. It is true we have their alleged portraits, but they count for little or nothing. In the case of a painting we are wholly at the mercy of the artist, who usually paints what he sees within rather than what he sees without. And the camera is hardly more truthful. Nearly every one looks beautiful sometimes. A clever pose, a skillful arrangement of lights and shades, a quick capture of the passing mood, will do wonders for most of us. The truthful photographer would be bankrupt in a week. Indeed he would be lucky to escape with his life. We may doubt if true portraiture is essentially a matter of the face at all, although the face must be its basis. A portrait is a presentation of a state of mind, and it is for the artist to select the state of mind that he wishes to portray. It is not that a face is beautiful, but rather that it possesses beauty. And the same may be said of landscapes, for these also portray states of mind.

It may be noticed that when Mrs. Asquith talks about the beauty of the women of today or of any other day she refers to a very small group of women, to the women who by birth or attainments have attracted the attention of the world. She must necessarily do this in speaking of the women of the past because we know absolutely nothing about those other women who never won their way into that charmed and select circle. For example, she mentions three or four women of the past whose beauty, she says, was incomparable. One of them was a celebrated actress and the others were titled aristocrats. If she were to select a corresponding number of the beauties of today for purposes of comparison it would be found that they, too, were aristocrats or actresses. In other words she is comparing two very small groups of women, and to the exclusion of the great masses of unnoticed women throughout the world. Now it may be that the actresses and aristocrats of today are not so beautiful as the actresses and aristocrats of forty years ago. We can not say. Forty years ago we had not reached the age of discrimination in such matters. Indeed it seems to us that we were beginning to sit up and take notice. Circumstances into which it would be painful to enter have prohibited any close study of the actresses and aristocrats of today.

None the less we are not wholly without opinions in this matter. Every now and then it has been our lot to glance at the portraits of beautiful women that are sometimes assembled in the Sunday supplements of our newspapers. It will be noticed that these portraits, almost without exception, are those of celebrities either of the drama or of the dollar. We are doing just as they did forty years ago, making our choice from a very narrow circle and assuming that our choice is representative of women in general. Now it is quite certain that aristocratic women and rich women are not more beautiful than others except in so far as their wealth may be an aid to the toilet. Our natural toadyism may incline us to believe that they are more beautiful, but we know better. A certain assumption of beauty may be attached to the actress because beauty to some extent is her stock in trade, but even that is much overrated. But the fact remains that our selection of beauty is made almost entirely from these classes, and always has been, and therefore it has no value at all. Let us suppose that one woman in a thousand may be described as actually

beautiful. Let us suppose, furthermore, that there are three thousand actresses, aristocrats, and rich women to whom we are restricted by sycophancy for our selection. That would give us three really beautiful women. Now it is obvious that if we fill a newspaper page with twelve or twenty portraits, instead of three, that must be selected from the three thousand we shall have to include many women who are not beautiful at all, and the average of beauty must sink correspondingly. Therefore these beauty parades have no value whatever. It may be that we can find an actress of today who is more beautiful than Mrs. Langtry in her prime. Perhaps we can find the wife of some millionaire or of some duke who is less beautiful than the wife of some other millionaire or duke half a century ago. But what of it? Does that prove that the women of today are not so beautiful as the women of the last generation? Not a bit of it.

As a matter of fact the little circle from which we select our beauties is not particularly favored of nature in respect to good looks. It is rather the other way. Neither the life of the stage nor of the hothouse—whatever that may be—is peculiarly conducive to good looks. Heaven forbid that we should treat this matter frivolously. Heaven still more forbid that we should pretend to a personal experience that has not been our lot either from fortune or from opportunity. But it seems to us that if we were searching for real beauties we should go neither to the drama nor to the dollar to find them. Take them by and large they are a disappointing lot. We should be inclined to take a rapid survey of the department stores to begin with, and we have a strong suspicion that we should not have to go any further than that. Why we know a girl at Petaluma—but there. Never mind about the girl at Petaluma. Let us patronize local industries and our own home town. And so we will undertake to say that we can find more pretty women in the department stores of San Francisco than among all the millionaires' wives and daughters of the country, and if we should unexpectedly find ourselves short of one or two we can run over to Oakland and make good the lack in about ten minutes. And with sufficient encouragement we are prepared to do it. With a vaguely reminiscent eye we see that gallery pass in front of us. It contains some two or three stars far and away more lovely than any actress now upon the stage and who counts that day lost that does not see her picture in the newspapers, far and away more lovely than eight out of ten of those aristocratic beauties who are invariably fetched forth as representatives and as types.

So we need not take Mrs. Asquith too seriously. We may even suspect that it was her intention to make trouble.

The original "tree of knowledge" in the Garden of Eden, reputed by tradition to have been the one from which the serpent tempted Eve, has literally fallen a victim to the ambition of some British Tommies on a furlough to have themselves photographed in its branches, a dispatch says. Their weight proved too much for it, and the tree crashed to the ground. A British court of inquiry has decided that the Moslems be awarded \$1750 to build a mosque on the spot.

One and two-month furloughs are being offered for reenlistments in the United States army.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The meeting was interrupted by the entrance of one who made his way to the platform and whispered excitedly to the chairman. "Is Mr. Smith in the audience?" broke forth the presiding officer. "I am informed that his house is afire." Forty men sprang to their feet. "It is the house of Mr. John Smith," added the chairman. "Thank goodness!" fervently exclaimed one man, resuming his seat.

Sandy, the farmer, had been staying with some friends for about a month, and while he and his host were out for a walk one day they

called at a wayside inn for a drink. As his host was about to pay for it Sandy stopped him. "Na, na," he said, "I'll not allow it. Ye've been keeping me in everything at yer house for a month, and ye've treated me to the theatre, and cab fares, and paid for all the drinks. I tell ye, I'll hae na mair of it. We'll toss for this one."

A Boston mother was much exercised when she discovered that her carefully-reared Reginald had struck up an acquaintance with some Italian laborers and had actually lunched with them. This fearful news was communicated to her by a friend witnessing the awful sight, and when Reginald arrived home mother was waiting for him. He indignantly denied the allegations brought against him. "I didn't eat

any luncheon with any strange men," he said. "Those men are all my friends. And I didn't eat any meat cooked on a shovel." "What did you eat, then?" "Only some gravy cooked in a shovel by one of the men. But it was clean, all right, mother, for I saw the man wipe off the shovel with his hat before he poured in the gravy."

Leonard was interested in rabbits. So much so that his family gave him a pair and let him "go into the business." When the baby bunnies arrived excitement filled the neighborhood. The father of one of Leonard's chums kept several hives of bees which were ever a source of curiosity to the boys. "Watcha goin' to name 'em?" enthusiastically demanded the chum of the proud possessor of the baby rabbits. "Huh, what did you name all your bees?"

There is a story told concerning a careful mother whose three children horrified her one day by producing for her inspection three exceedingly hilarious-looking toffee apples. "They are very pretty, my dears," she lied bravely. "But really you mustn't eat them. I've heard of little children dying through eating colored toffee apples." Then she took the sweetmeats away and put them out of reach—as she thought—on a shelf in her dressing-room. She imagined that would do the trick; but early next morning she heard a sound out on the landing, and, going to see who was astir so early, found Elsie trotting along the passage. "Where are you going, dear?" she asked. "It's not 6 o'clock yet." "Going to see if Dick and Arthur are dead yet," replied the eight-year-old miss. "I'm not."

THE MERRY MUSE.

The New Terror.

No longer darlings of a dream,
Behold our babes and sucklings
Betake them to the inky stream
Like eager callow ducklings.

As soon as weaning-time is past,
Still immature in diction,
The wide-eyed wonder hastens fast
To specialize in fiction.

It takes the soother from its lips,
Dictating with a dawdle,
Or with uncertain fingers dips
Its pen in ink and caudle.

Our infants, infantine no more,
As authors have expanded,
And candy-sucking kiddies pour
Confessions that are candid.

They lisp in numbers to excess—
The numbers are appalling!
Hearing the sirens of the Press
Instead of angels calling.

—Arthur L. Salmon in Judge.

The Personal Note.

The personal in literature has always made a hit,
O'er Shakespeare's poaching days the student
gloats,
The hoi polloi absorb the Browning letters bit by bit,
They like to read of Goldsmith's gaudy coats.

We sit up nights to learn the things that Shelley
liked for lunch,
To know De Quincey's habits doesn't hurt,
While Robert Burns' poems may possess an added punch
Because we've heard that Bobby was a flirt.

Once Walter Savage Landor through a window
hurled a boy,
And what that poet subsequently said
Has been unto posterity a never-failing joy:
"My God! I never thought—the violet bed!"

It's nice to know Macaulay took a page in at a glance,

That Wordsworth walked bareheaded in the rain,
That Jonson sometimes tweaked off ladies' slippers
at a dance,
That Coleridge was lost without a cane.

But did these literary lights whose works adorn our
shelves
(Attend, ye scribblers who spill this Ego rot!)
Indite a single sentence of this stuff about them-
selves?

A loud reply from Echo: "They did not!"
—Baird Leonard in Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Amazon Explorer's Costume.

When Dr. William C. Farahee of the University of Pennsylvania goes to the wilds of South America for specimens for the University of Pennsylvania Museum he has to hack his way through jungles infested with swarms of stinging, disease-dealing insects, and to protect himself from these attacks he has a special rig. The natives go naked in the forests and do not seem to mind greatly the pests that light upon them. They are probably sting-proof, but the white man is not. Dr. Farahee says that insects more than panthers or snakes make life unbearable along the Amazon in its wilder reaches.

The protective costume makes Dr. Farahee look like a strange creature indeed. Thick, closely-knit gloves with cuffs of canvas and netting reaching to his shoulders are of equal importance with a helmet of canvas draped with something that hangs over his head, neck, and shoulders. These coverings are supplemented by the labors of two negro boys

who fan and hrush away gnats and mosquitos. There are, Dr. Farahee says, no satisfactory hoots to be had for such work, certainly no waterproof ones. So he wears porous hoots with heavy soles; thus the water, which gets in whatever the precautions, can get out as quickly as possible. The insects bite low down about the body, as well as attacking the head, neck, and arms. In an endeavor to thwart them Dr. Farahee drapes his legs to the knees with double thicknesses of mosquito netting. This gets slimy from the morasses and clings to him. Then insects bite through it and it must be changed, frequently more than once in a day's tramp.

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ANNUAL MEETING

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the annual meeting of the stockholders of PRESIDIO TERRACE ASSOCIATION will be held at the office of the corporation, 318-324 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the fourth Tuesday in September, viz., September 28th, 1920, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of the election of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting.
JOSEPHINE M. LAUFENBERG,
Secretary.

Vote "No" on Proposition No. 2
ARGUMENT AGAINST
HARRIS STATE PROHIBITION
ENFORCEMENT ACT

PROPOSITION NO. 2 ON THE NOVEMBER BALLOT

Proposition No. 2 (the Harris State Prohibition Enforcement Act), does not represent true California sentiment. The measure itself is the product of the last Legislature, which absolutely misrepresented the majority wish of the people of this State on the question of prohibition.

In 1914, 1916 and 1918 California voted down prohibition by very decisive majorities. Within sixty days after the people had rejected the third attempt of the prohibitionists, a Legislature dominated by radical "drys" performed the startling feat of placing this State in the prohibition column by ratifying the Eighteenth Amendment and passing the Harris Act in California by way of enforcement.

In the rush to take advantage of a favorable Legislature, upon the personnel of which the prohibition element had worked at the preceding election, the Harris bill was devised and adopted eight months before the Volstead National Enforcement Act was passed by Congress.

The grape-growing interests of California availed themselves of the right of referendum and promptly presented a widely-signed petition to the Secretary of State. This brings the question of prohibition again before the voters.

Men and women who believe in democracy in government should unhesitatingly vote "NO" on Proposition No. 2. In the annals of political history in this State, there is no more glaring perversion of the law of justice or thwarting of the will of the people than was exemplified in the passing of this particular State measure. Even a prohibitionist who would profess to love justice, would vote down this legislation with conscience clear. The conservative reasoning voter really has no other course to pursue if he analyzes the facts.

Let it be explained further that this Act would foist on this State a bone-dry prohibition law from which the people of California could get no relief even if Congress in its judgment later on saw fit to modify the Volstead Act by permitting the use of light wines and beers in the home. If Proposition No. 2 becomes the law in our State, we would find ourselves under rigid radical prohibition while other States in the Union could enjoy any modifications that might come through Congress by amendment of the Volstead Act. This would make a laughing stock of California which produces ninety per cent. of all the grapes grown in the United States.

Proposition No. 2, being of premature birth, is unnecessary legislation. If it becomes the law, it compels those who purchase liquor for non-beverage purposes, to obtain double sets of permits—one from the United States Prohibition Enforcement Department and another from the California State Board of Pharmacy.

I trust the great majority of voters of this State will mark "X" opposite the word "NO" on this measure and thereby again defeat prohibition in California for the fourth time. I repeat that the proposed law is superfluous, would bar light wines and beer in the home, and does not reflect the true sentiment of our glorious hospitable California.

(Signed) E. M. SHEEHAN,
President California Grape Growers' Exchange.

How To Mark Your Ballot So As To Vote
Against Proposition No. 2

2	PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT ACT. Submitted to electors by referendum. Defines intoxicating liquor as that containing over one-half of one per cent of alcohol; with certain exceptions relating to religious, medicinal and home use, prohibits the manufacture, possession, receiving, serving, gift and transportation thereof, and also the advertising and soliciting the sale thereof, for beverage purposes; declares nothing therein shall authorize anything prohibited by any Act of Congress, nor limit the power of any city or county to prohibit the manufacture and sale of such liquor; regulates the dealing in intoxicating liquor for non-beverage purposes; and prescribes penalties.		Yes		Mark X Here
	No	X			

Vote "No" on Proposition No. 2

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. Robert Coleman has announced the marriage of his daughter, Miss Carra Coleman, to Lieutenant-Commander George Lowry, United States Navy.

Miss Gertrude Clark has chosen October 9th as the date for her marriage to Mr. Kenneth McIntosh. Mrs. Dearborn Clark will be the matron of honor and the bridesmaids will be Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Margaret Madison, and Miss Aileen McIntosh.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear were dinner hosts last Saturday at their home in Ross preceding the dance at which they complimented Miss Elizabeth and Miss Ellita Adams. Those present included the Misses Adams, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Suzanne de l'Enclos, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr.

ney Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Chipman, Mrs. Frank Winchester, Mrs. Norval Nokes, Miss May Colburn, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Anne Wetherbee, Miss Maude Fay, Miss Margaret Mee, Miss Lorna Williamson, Miss Gertrude Byrnes, Miss Kathleen Byrnes, Mr. Benjamin Foster, Rev. Edward Morgan, and Rev. Edgar Boyle.

Miss Eleanor Morgan was a luncheon hostess Saturday, when she had as her guests Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Sophia Brownell, Miss Beatrice Lund, Miss Julia Adams, Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Isabelle Sherman, Miss Isabelle Bishop, Miss Rosamonde Lee, Miss Frances Ames, Miss Caroline Madison, Miss Frances Barruch, Miss Adrienne Sharp, and Miss Francesca Deering.

Miss Margaret Buckbee gave a luncheon Tuesday at the Woman's Athletic Club in honor of Miss Laura Miller.

In honor of Mrs. Thomas Hawkins, Mr. Edger-ton Wright gave a tea at the Palace Thursday afternoon.

Miss May Colburn gave a dinner Friday evening at her home in San Rafael. Those present were Miss Anne Peters, Miss Anne Wetherbee, Miss Lorna Williamson, Miss Charlotte Ziel, Mr. William Veach, Mr. John Ziel, Mr. Evan Evans, Jr., Mr. Andrew Talbot, and Mr. Addison Keeler.

Miss Gertrude Clark and Mr. Kenneth McIntosh were the guests of honor at a picnic at which Miss Mary Emma Flood recently entertained in Menlo Park. Those at the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Mary Elena Macon-dray, Miss Ellita Adams, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Helen Pierce, Mr. Clinton Jones, Mr. Herman Phleger, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Victor Cooley, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Mr. Frederick Beaver, Mr. Richard McLaren, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, and Mr. Warren Clark.

Mrs. Moses Faintout of New Jersey was the guest of honor at a luncheon at which Mrs. William White entertained last Wednesday. Covers were laid for Mrs. Leon Boqueraz, Mrs. Philip Clay, Mrs. Hugh Goodfellow, Mrs. Charles Shiels, Mrs. Ralph Phelps, Mrs. Charles Bates, Mrs. Irving Lundborg, Mrs. Asa White, Mrs. John Valentine, Mrs. William Orrick, Mrs. Frank Proctor, Mrs. Allen Chickering, Mrs. Ralph Jones, and Miss Lillian Downey.

Complimenting Miss Agnes von Adelung, who is returning to Vassar, Miss Emily Searles gave a tea last Saturday. Those present were Miss Audrey Williams, Miss Betty Gayley, Miss Mary Chickering, Miss Jean Webster, Miss Mary Bernice Moore, Miss Ruth Langdon, and Miss Margery Wintermute.

Miss Adrienne Sharp gave a luncheon last Wednesday to a group of the younger girls, who are returning East to school. Those present were Miss Jean Howard, Miss Alice Moffitt, Miss Marion Kuhn, Miss Catherine Kuhn, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Rosamonde Lee, and Miss Margaret Lee. Mrs. Arthur Sharp chaperoned.

Complimenting Mrs. Stuart Rawlings, Mrs. George Chace gave a luncheon Thursday at the Woman's Athletic Club. Those present were Mrs. Edward Hume, Mrs. William Shea, Mrs. Allen Chickering, and Mrs. Clarence Odde.

Miss Frances Lent gave a luncheon Thursday, when she entertained for Miss Adrienne Sharp. Those present were Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Ynez Macondray, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Sue McDonald, Miss Edna Taylor, Miss Annette Rolph, Miss Francesca Deering, Miss Barbara Seson, Miss Katherine Seson, and Miss Helen Brack.

In honor of Mrs. John Gill, Miss Laura McKinstry gave a luncheon last week.

Mrs. Thomas Williams gave a tea Monday for Miss Amelia Bingham. The guests included Mrs. Harry Willard, Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Mrs. Alfred Spalding, Mrs. J. K. Johnstone, Mrs. Anna Bishop, Mrs. Jerome Cook of New York, Mrs. George Forrester, Mrs. W. Worcester of Shanghai, and Mrs. Frederick Palmer.

Mr. Howard Spreckels entertained a group of the younger set at a picnic luncheon Sunday in Ross. Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear and Mr.

and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell chaperoned the party, whose members included Miss Evelyn Poett, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Suzanne de l'Enclos, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Ellita Adams, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. Donald McLeisch, Mr. James Moffitt, Mr. Henry Crocker, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. William Hendrickson, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., Mr. William Shuman, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Paul Kennedy, and Midshipman Nicholas Van Bergen.

Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Betsy Dibblee, and Miss Florence Martin were the guests of honor at a luncheon given Monday in San Rafael by Miss Charlotte Ziel. Among the guests were Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Adeline Kent, and Miss Amanda McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker gave a dinner-dance Tuesday at their home in Burlingame.

Miss Elizabeth Watt gave a luncheon at the Francisco Club Saturday in compliment to Miss Laura Miller. Her guests included Mrs. Francis Langton, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Virginia Smith, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Theresse Williams, Miss Elizabeth Lee, Miss Claire Knight, and Miss Margaret Buckbee.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lilienthal, Jr., are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick St. Goar are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

The Late William H. Taylor

Died, in San Francisco on Tuesday, William H. Taylor, the second son of the late Captain W. H. Taylor.

Mr. Taylor was a gentle, kindly man of a retiring nature, not seen much in San Francisco the past few years, making his home in Menlo Park. Twenty-five years ago he was our champion tennis player and held that title for years.

Handsome, talented, a great reader, and of the highest integrity, Mr. Taylor is mourned by a large circle of friends. T. B. September 15, 1920.

Scotti Opera Company.

G. Albert Lansburgh, architect and acoustic expert, is in charge of the building of the special stage for the engagement of the Scotti Grand Opera Company. Mr. Lansburgh promises that the merest sigh in Mimi's "Si mi chiamano Mimi" or the faintest sob in Canio's "Lament" will be distinctly heard in every nook and corner of the Auditorium. Mr. Lansburgh has so arranged as to bring the artists and the audience into the closest intimacy.

Scotti and his wonderful company left New York last Saturday night and are now en route to California, playing the most important cities. He is carrying eleven expert stage mechanics from the Metropolitan, and to be sure that he will get the lighting effects he desires he carries a special switchboard.

Tickets are on sale now at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

Two weeks hence, at the Columbia Theatre, San Francisco will see for the first time the new play, "The Acquittal." This is the successful drama by Rita Weiman, whom readers will recall as the author of some good stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

COLLEGE FRANCAIS—A San Francisco Institution.

The students of languages will be interested to hear of this interesting institution, Le College Francais, founded in 1918, under the auspices of the French government.

Dr. Gontard, who organized the college, having left for France, where he expects to stay definitely, Miss Marie Louise Boutin, professor of the Alliance Francaise, has taken the direction of the school.

The aim of the college is similar to that of l'Alliance Francaise, to spread the knowledge of French, to give to the people of San Francisco the same opportunities that Americans obtain when they attend the schools of Paris. To learn the language, customs, ideas, and ideals of France.

The new Directress is well known in San Francisco, where as a professor of l'Alliance Francaise she organized the adult classes. She possesses the degree of B. L. and M. L. from the University of California, where she completed her English studies.

Miss Boutin has also written a considerable number of plays, short stories, and poems, in French and in English, many of which have been published in France and in this country.

One of the interesting things about the method used in the College Francais is that no other language but the language studied is spoken from the beginning. The result is that students understand French, Spanish, or Italian in a remarkably short time.

The college is situated in Rooms 336, 335 Russ Building, 235 Montgomery Street. Phone Sutter 4717.—Adv.

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Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell presided at a dinner party Saturday whose members were Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Evelyn Poett, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. William Schuman, Mr. James Moffitt, and Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr.

Miss Margaret Madison gave a dinner Saturday in Ross Valley, when her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Miss Mary Elena Macon-dray, Miss Helen Pierce, Mr. Frederick Beaver, Mr. Victor Cooley, Mr. Richard McLaren, and Mr. Harry Schlottbauer.

In honor of Miss Laura Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Clark entertained at a dance in Piedmont last Friday.

Mr. Uda Waldrop entertained a host of friends at a concert Saturday in the Bohemian Grove. Among the guests were Bishop and Mrs. W. F. Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Montague, Mr. and Mrs. James Langhorne, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Esberg, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. James Armshy, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Sid-



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Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Count and Countess de Limur are en route here from France to visit Count and Countess André de Limur in Burlingame.

Mrs. Jay Gould arrived last week from New York, and is visiting with Mrs. Templeton Crocker while awaiting the return of Mr. Gould from Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland returned last week from a sojourn at Del Monte.

Miss Louise Boyd will leave the first of the week for Washington, where she will join Mrs. Conger Pratt. They will sail next month for Europe.

Mrs. James Robinson has returned to Woodside from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Léon Guggenheim left last week for Boston to visit her daughter, Mrs. Jesse Koshland.

Miss Frances Lent has returned from Coronado, where she has been for the past month.

Miss Josephine Parrott has returned to Washington from a visit with Mrs. John Casserly and Miss Cecily Casserly on the coast of Maine.

Mrs. Frank Wolf of New York is visiting her mother, Mrs. Delia Fleishacker, in Menlo Park.

The Misses Miriam and Betty Ehrig have returned to the Sacred Heart Convent at Menlo Park for the school term.

Mrs. Herbert Allen returned last week from the Spreckels ranch in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour will come to San Francisco November 1st to spend the winter.

Mrs. Robert Greer of Seattle is visiting Mrs. Charles Ellinwood. Mrs. Greer recently spent several days at Paso Robles.

General and Mrs. George Barnett and the Misses Leila and Anne Gordon will arrive from Washington towards the close of September to reside here indefinitely.

Miss Elvira Mejia, Miss Ynez Mejia, and Mr. Arthur Mejia sailed this week for France to be gone a year.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron and Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker returned Monday from a fortnight at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth have returned to San Francisco for the winter season.

Mrs. T. Stewart White and Mr. Roderick White left Sunday for Grand Rapids, Michigan, where they will remain until the first of the year.

The Misses Pauline and Katherine Wheeler are visiting Miss Mary Gorgas in Coronado.

Commander and Mrs. Wallace Bertholf have taken an apartment at Fillmore and Green Streets for the winter.

Miss Katherine Bixby of Long Beach is the house guest of Miss Helen St. Goar.

Mrs. William Younger has opened her house on Washington Street and will remain there throughout the winter. Her daughters, Baroness Alice de Delvin Nugent and Miss Maude Younger, are with her.

Mr. Malcolm Whitman arrived last week from New York to remain until the first of October.

Mrs. Ludwig Schwabacher, Mrs. Joseph Koshland of New York, and Mrs. Julius Schack have returned to San Francisco from a trip to Yosemite.

Mrs. Edward Vail of Santa Barbara and her three daughters, the Misses Elizabeth, Jane, and Catherine Vail, left Wednesday for the Atlantic coast en route to Europe.

Mrs. Willard Drown returned last week from Medford, Oregon.

Miss Helen Crocker will leave in October for New York, to be present at the marriage of Miss Mary Alexander and Mr. Sheldon Whitehouse.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Heller have returned from a visit to Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. George Raymond will arrive the first of the week from Santa Barbara to visit Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones.

Mr. Whitney Warren, Jr., will take his departure tomorrow for his home in New York. Mrs. William Miller Graham and Miss Geraldine Graham, who motored north with Mr. Warren, will return Monday to Montecito.

Mrs. Henry Horn has returned from Vancouver, whither she traveled a few weeks ago with Mrs. Armstrong Taylor. Mrs. Taylor has continued her travels and is now visiting in England.

Miss Adrienne Sharp left Sunday for New York to remain throughout the year.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Field have returned to town from their country home in Woodside.

Hotel Whitcomb arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. George A. McDonald, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Armstrong, Farmington, Massachusetts; Dr. and Mrs. Fred H. Gates, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Sherman, Denver, Colorado; Dr. and Mrs. A. R. de Costa, Reno; Mr. A. W. Hedrich, Boston; Mr. H. H. Kleinsmede, Java; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mallett, Sacramento; Dr. and Mrs. George E. Price, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moore, Carson City, Nevada; Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Craig, Riverside; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schuman, Wichita, Kansas; Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Whitney, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Crews, Denver; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Uhl, Holland; Mr. R. G. Lodge, Seattle; Mr. E. R. Houston and family, Hanford.

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American Academy in Rome.

The fête to be given on the evening of the 17th (Friday night) at the home of the Harry Stetsons at Burlingame is the first opportunity San Francisco has had to exhibit a vital interest in the American Academy in Rome. Up to now this institution has been supported almost wholly by New York and Boston, although, in truth, it means as much, and possibly even more, for the West and the Pacific Coast than for the East. Here we have in the making much that may be influenced artistically by the Academy; and we ought both to realize the fact and to contribute our aid. And just now aid is very much needed to the end of lifting what remains of a debt that has hung a heavy weight for the Academy to carry. Artistically speaking, San Francisco has a unique repute. It is not an unworthy boast that here, in measures not equaled by any other city in the Western half of the continent, the interests of art find respect and promotion; and it should be a privilege to sustain and promote that which has given to San Francisco a special standing in the world of artistic interests.

In the programme arranged for Friday evening the effort has been to have each number worthy of the cause and worthy of the community. Mr. Harry Robertson will sing in costume songs of the Italian Contadina, Miss Elinor True, a former student at Denishawn, will give dances of India. Another number will be a "tableau vivant" representing the Court of Versailles holding festival in the palace gardens. This number will be used as an introduction to Ernest Dowson's "Pierrot," which will be played by William Rainey and Miss Marie Louise Myers of the Players Club. Last, but not least, will be "La Estrallita" in Spanish dances.

The promoters of the fête especially appreciate the part to be taken in the fête by the Players Club of San Francisco. Members of the club have taken the matter seriously, have given much study and pains, and the club has given the services of their two best members.

With favorable weather—and the weather can hardly fail to be favorable at this season—the fête should be a notable success artistically, and the advance booking assures its success socially and financially.

Symphony Orchestra.

While the majority of the members of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra have been reengaged for the coming season, the personnel has been slightly modified by sixteen changes among the players. E. J. Rossett, a former member of the organization, returns to the first violin section, which will contain as a new member W. Czarny, who comes direct from the Warsaw Symphony. Among the second violins the newcomers are H. H. Hoffman, who played there two years ago, and Hubert Dunn.

Emil Hahl, who played at the first viola stand of the Philadelphia Symphony for seventeen years, will occupy the same position here, and in this section there will be two new men—August Triebel from the Minneapolis Symphony and F. Dierich of New York. Two new players will be noted among the 'cellists—C. Hranek from the Minneapolis Symphony and Nino Marcelli of San Francisco. There are also two changes in the double basses, the new members being L. R. Cassetta and E. Schulze, both from the Minneapolis Symphony.

B. Emilio Puyans, who will depart soon for Cuba, will be replaced as first flutist by Anthony Linden, who has been filling this position with the Minneapolis Symphony. V. Schipillitti, who was first oboe with the Los Angeles Philharmonic last season, has returned to play the English horn. J. S. Wogelsang takes a place with the French horns. Leland S. Barton will play first trumpet, and Frederick W. Tait first trombone.

The first appearance of the orchestra will be on Saturday evening, October 2d, in the Exposition Auditorium, at a special pre-season concert.

All seats will be reserved for this concert, which is entirely separate from the regular series. The season ticket sale is now in progress, and the first concert will take place in the Curran Theatre on Friday afternoon, October 8th.

The Maitland Playhouse.

Tolstoy's powerful drama "Fedya," which will be recalled by followers of the theatre as having been played by John Barrymore under the title of "Redemption," will be presented for the first time on the Pacific Coast at the Maitland Playhouse this coming week, opening with subscribers' night, Monday, September 20th.


The Maitland Players, reinforced by many new faces, are meeting with great success this week in George Bernard Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple," that will close with the Saturday matinee and evening performances. Arthur Maitland took the leading rôle most capably as Richard Dudgeon, with Miss Betty Oliver, his leading lady, as Mrs. Anderson. These were the parts originated by Richard Mansfield and his wife.

Philip Ryder, who will be seen in leading rôles, was a most acceptable Anthony Anderson, and Caroline Howard gained applause as Mrs. Dudgeon.

The Maitland players are bard at work on the Tolstoy play, which promises to be one of the most interesting offerings of the week. There will be matinées Tuesday and Saturday, as usual.

In Beelochistan, when a physician gives a dose, he is expected to partake of a similar dose himself, as a guarantee of his good faith.

Table Talk



"We went to the aviation field last week. It was great sport."

"Yes, every time we met friends, Clarke insisted on taking an aeroplane trip with them."

"And Marion asked me how many times I had been up. I said 'six.' Then Marion said, 'Clarke, you come right home with me,' and I had to go."

"Clarke, have some more of this delicious coffee?"

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"I heard the speech last night was extempore." "It was nothing of the kind. It was rotten."—*Baltimore American*.

West—Barson has gone to California for his health. *North*—How did he lose it? *West*—Earning the money to go to California!—*Life*.

"Pop?" "Well, Junior?" "Are 'politics' plural?" "No, my boy, there isn't anything in the world more singular than politics."—*Youngstown Telegram*.

Wifey—I heard a noise when you came in last night. *Hubby*—Perhaps it was the night falling. *Wife* (coldly)—No, it wasn't; it was the day breaking.—*Blighly*.

Poet—I seek a phrase that shall express the joy of life in two words. Can you suggest anything? *Unfeeling Friend*—Received payment.—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

"So our novelist friend has obtained a divorce, eh? On what ground?" "On the ground that his wife acted like the heroine in his novels."—*Kansas City Star*.

"Smith is a queer fellow, isn't he?" said Brown. "Yes," agreed Jones. "Why, he thinks as much of his family as he does of his political party."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Ficar (wishing to be very severe)—Do you know, John, whenever I see you in an intoxicated condition I think of a certain animal? *John*—Aye! I know, parson. *Yo* thinks, "Lucky dog, lucky dog!"—*Tit-Bits*.

"Esther," questioned the teacher of a member of the juvenile class, "what is the difference between electricity and lightning?" "You don't have to pay nothing for lightning," came the prompt reply.—*Everybody's Magazine*.

"Hi there, sir," shouted a Florida landlord to a departing guest who was rushing for the train, "you've dropped your pocketbook." "All right," shouted back the guest without stopping, "I've no further use for it."—*New York Globe*.

"If my boy Josh ever goes into politics," remarked Farmer Cornstossel, "I reckon he'll be one o' these fave-rite sons." "What makes you think so?" "He works terrible hard for the first few days an' then isn't heard from the rest of the season."—*Washington Star*.

"Pa, what's a slush fund?" "It's a large sum of money raised by an opposing political

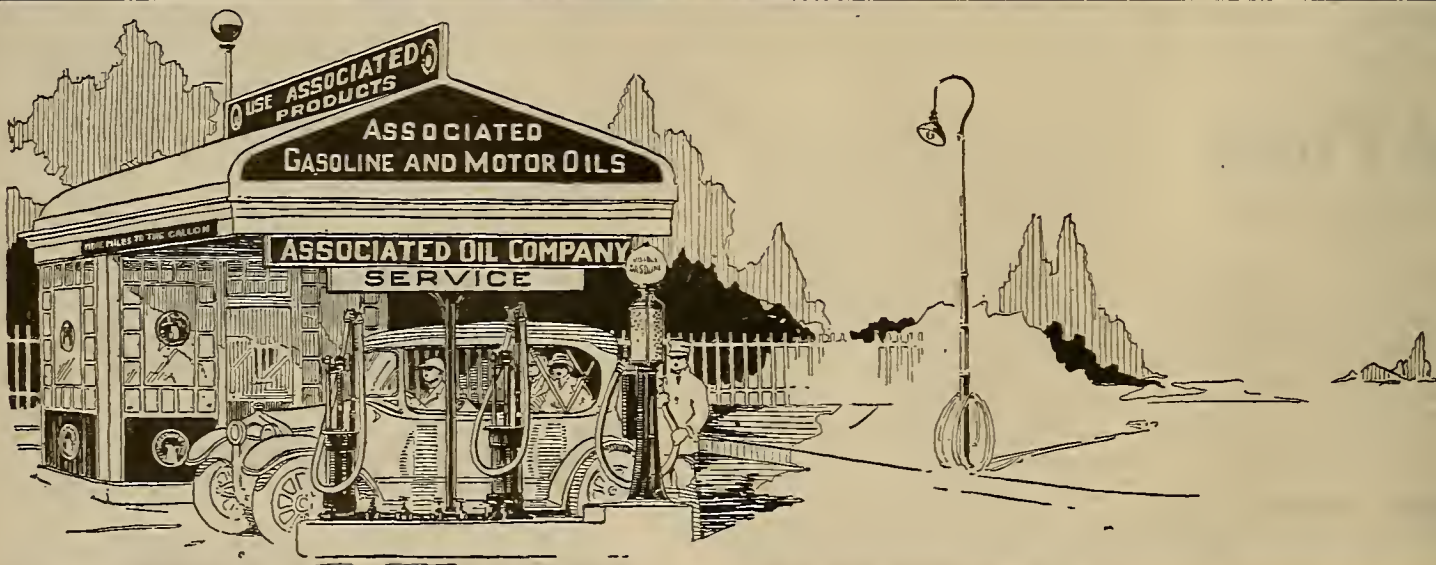
party for corrupt purposes." "But, pa, doesn't your party ever have a slush fund?" "No, my son. We merely raise a little money for legitimate expenses."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

The suitor had stated his case in a few halting sentences. "But have you achieved any success in life?" asked the adored one's father. "Oh, boy! Have I?" blurted the happy youth. "Why, didn't I make it clear to you that your daughter has promised to be my wife?"—*Buffalo Express*.

"I'm negotiating for the services of a hired man," said Mr. Cobbles. "How are you getting along?" "First rate. He seems to like my motor-car pretty well, and the table board

and the jazz records we bought for our phonograph. All we've got to do now is to decide on the wages and the number of hours a day he thinks he can work without injuring his health."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Hiram," said Mrs. Cornstossel, "what hand-wagon are you going to ride on?" "Me-hitable," was the reply, "I know how I am goin' to vote, but I won't be flourishin' on any hand-wagon. I am not sufficiently prominent to have a seat and be examined by the admirin' populace. I'm only one of the fellers that are supposed to be proud and happy if they are invited to climb down every now and then and crank up the car."—*Washington Star*.



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FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Tuesday at Sacramento.

The several party gatherings at Sacramento on Tuesday went gravely through the motions devised and prescribed for such events—and that was about all there was to it. There was no very active interest in the proceedings either on the part of those present or of the public in general. The reason is not far to seek. Opinion in all parties and in all groups has become fixed in the idea that this is a Republican year. This being so, there is no point in getting excited either one way or the other. The Republican party doesn't need it and the Democratic party knows that it is in for a drubbing and has no wish to emphasize its discomfiture by a furious campaign. None of the speeches at Sacramento rose above the commonplace. Mr. Shortridge elaborated familiar doctrines. Governor Stephens gave an elaborate series of quotations from Senator Harding. Senator Johnson spoke in good temper, reserving his thunder-and-lightning for larger audiences. The most notable incident of the day, regarded seriously, was an outwardly cordial greeting on the Republican convention platform between Governor Stephens and Senator Johnson. The day was not without its contribution to the humors of politics. Only one man—J. W. Fortney, colored candidate for assemblyman from an Oakland district—was entitled under the law to "convene" in the name of the Progressive party. He went solemnly through the formal procedure, calling the convention to order, making a "key-note" speech,

naming committees, adopting resolutions, condemning the Wilson administration, endorsing Sam Shortridge, paying his compliments to MacSweeney, and in the end not forgetting to designate himself as the state central committee of the Progressive party. From start to finish it was an unanimous procedure—in truth something of a love feast.

The Appointment of Miss Boardman.

Back of the appointment of Miss Mabel Boardman as a member of the board of commissioners for the District of Columbia there is an interesting story. Last winter a vacancy was created in the board by the resignation of one Gardner, a hard-headed, practical man who by some fluke had been appointed to a job where hard-headedness and practicability are important qualities. Gardner quit in disgust because he found he could do nothing in conjunction with associates so bent on reform in its theoretical phases as to make District government a farce. As successor to Gardner the President appointed a rattle-brained "social scientist" named Van Schaick, a former clergyman and school-master of the same autocratic type as the President himself. There was a storm of protests and Van Schaick was not confirmed by the Senate. Some six weeks ago one Brownlow, a newspaper writer and near-socialist who had been on the board since 1913, resigned to accept a job as city manager of Petersburg, Virginia, at a larger salary. This left the military member of the board, officially known as the "engineer commissioner," Colonel Kutz, alone at the head of the District government. Government was about to suspend practically, inasmuch as authorization for the expenditure of moneys must, under the law, come from the civilian commissioners, when the President was stirred into action.

Mr. Wilson found himself up against a difficult situation inasmuch as the appointment must be confirmed by the Senate, and the Senate just now is not in the mood to confirm appointments. The motives behind this condition date back to the winter of 1912-13, just prior to Mr. Wilson's first inauguration. At that time the Senate was Democratic, and in order to hold the field clear for the incoming President (Wilson) there was persistent refusal to confirm Taft's appointments to office. Now the Republican Senate is inclined to the same course. It has additional reason in the fact that many of the President's recent appointments have been socialists, scalawags, and persons otherwise unfit. Knowing these facts, the President—or those who act for him—is betraying even more than ordinary dilatoriness in making appointments, a notable case being that of the Shipping Board. For more than three months the new shipping act has been on the statute books. Its first requirement is the appointment of a board of seven members with certain specified qualifications. Up to date Mr. Wilson has made no appointment at all.

In naming Miss Boardman as a members of the District commission there was diplomacy—and a challenge to the Senate. Miss Boardman is a woman of mature years, of large wealth, of broad experience, and of high social position. She is a sister of Mrs. Murray Crane, and during the Taft administration was a large figure in affairs in Washington both social and political. Her affiliations are with the conservative element that was dominant during the administration of President Taft. In short Miss Boardman belongs to the feminine wing of the old guard. Her appointment is in effect a "dare" to the Republican Senate to deny confirmation.

Miss Boardman deserves something at the hands of this administration, for she has notoriously been treated shabbily by it. To her, more than to any other individual, is due credit for reorganizing, revitalizing, and making an effective instrument of the American Red Cross. It

was she who first put the Red Cross on the sound financial basis upon which it stood when we entered the great war. The important feature of her plan of reorganization was a guarantee that every dollar contributed by the American public for Red Cross relief work should be expended for that work without any deduction for overhead. It was through her efforts that a great endowment was built up and placed in a permanent and irreducible fund, the earnings of which were sufficient to pay more than ordinary running expenses. Under her plan the Treasury Department was made custodian of this fund, and expenditures of Red Cross money were audited by official experts.

With our entrance into the war the Administration, in a manner not yet made clear, eliminated Miss Boardman from her position of authority and responsibility in the Red Cross and installed in her place the President's brother-in-law, Professor Stockton Axson. Professor Axson, as secretary of the organization, put the financial affairs of the Red Cross into the hands of Henry P. Davison of J. P. Morgan & Co. Incidentally, when John Stockton Williams made his assault on the Riggs National Bank one of his first acts was to withdraw the Red Cross balances from Riggs and deposit them in a bank more friendly to the Administration. The whole financial structure was made over, an overhead organization which many critics believe to have been top-heavy was built up, the basic principle of taking care of the overhead from the earnings of the permanent endowment was disregarded. There are no available reports that give a definite idea as to what proportion of the vast sums contributed by the American public was spent for overhead and what proportion actually went into relief work. Miss Boardman, while not literally thrown out of the Red Cross organization, was reduced to a minor place in its official roster and to a relatively non-authoritative part in its activities.

Now Miss Boardman is honored by an appointment as one of the three virtual governors of the District of Columbia at a salary of \$5000 per year. To fill the second vacancy on the commission the President has named J. Thilman Hendrick, an insurance agent and broker of Washington, about whom nothing is generally known excepting that he is registered as having been born in Tennessee in 1876, as having lived in Washington since 1894, and as a Democrat and a Presbyterian. The understanding is that he is slated by executive preference as the president of the board.

If the nomination of Hendrick had alone been made it is possible that the Senate, under the policy of not confirming partisan appointments at this time, might have rejected it. But under the circumstances both Hendrick and Miss Boardman will probably be confirmed. The need for reconstructing the board is imperative. The confirmation of Miss Boardman is an assurance, and in all likelihood it will carry Hendrick safely through the gauntlet of the Senate.

Mr. Harding and Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt's boast that as an official of the American Navy Department he had written the constitution of Haiti was an exercise of boyish vanity meriting rebuke, none the less Mr. Harding would have done better to leave it unnoticed and to hold to the general high level of his campaign utterances. That the public is not interested in what the candidates think of each other, and that it promptly discredits all personal reflections, is abundantly illustrated in the failure of Mr. Cox to impress the country with his charges in the matter of the Republican campaign funds.

We fear that in pausing to reply to Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Harding has involved himself in commitments that may embarrass him later on. For by whatever arts facts may be glossed over it remains that we hold and must

continue to hold certain responsibilities with certain of our Latin-American neighbors that may from time to time call for activities on the part of our government quite as incongruous in theory as that of Mr. Roosevelt in the case of Haiti. Whether it fits into our theory or not, whether we would have it so or not, the world holds us responsible for the conduct of a group of countries which lie south of the Rio Grande and the Gulf of Mexico and north of the Isthmus. In the mind of Europe, whatever problems are connected with this group are marked off as attaching to us. "Mexico," remarked a famous European diplomat to the editor of the *Argonaut* at the peace conference last year. "—Oh, that's the States!" Whether it fits into our ideas or not, whether we would have it so or not, broadly speaking, we are held accountable throughout the world, not only for Mexico, but clear down the line of quasi-nationalities that lie beyond.

These countries are potentially of great value. Through conditions of climate, soil, and varied elevations, they yield products essential in the modern life of the world, products which may not be gotten elsewhere. Under pressure of universal demand for their products, they are far more developed industrially than politically. Events are always proving their practical incapability at the point of what Mr. Wilson has nominated "self-determination." In practice self-determination in the Central American zone means the rule of one selfish group of cormorants after another. It further means a multitude of evils that are ever crying aloud for suppression—exploitation and practical enslavement of the lower classes, arrogance and unmeasured selfishness on the part of property interests, tyranny and remorseless greed in the political sphere. It is in the nature of things that governments resting upon no basis of legality or equity inspired by no worthy principle, debauched by intrigue, without support in essential or vital forces, should now and again blow up. And it is further inevitable that in the crises that monotonously follow each other the United States, as the nearest responsible nationality, and as that upon which the world places dependence, should play a positive part. Failure on our part to meet situations like that recently witnessed in Haiti and Nicaragua will be nothing more or less than moral dereliction.

Mexico supplies an impressive example on a large scale. For thirty years and more General Diaz ruled Mexico and wrought wondrous things in the way of industrial development—and of moral development as well—in that land of amazing richness and of low human standards. But the achievements of Diaz would not have been practical or possible if there had not been back of him the moral influences—not to say actual powers—of the United States. It was only under the lee, so to speak, of the Great Republic that Diaz was enabled to sustain a system which carried Mexico at many points of development beyond the independent capabilities of her own population.

In the crisis that followed the breakdown of Madero we owed to Mexico—likewise to the world and to ourselves—such participation in Mexican affairs as would surely have sustained what Diaz built up. All that has followed may fairly be chargeable to our palterings and fumbings. "Watchful waiting" was literally the shirking of plain moral obligations. How Mexico has suffered from it needs not to be told. How grievous our own losses is conceived only by the few who have immediate relations with or exceptionally close observation of Mexico and the Mexicans.

One of the things lost to the United States by the series of contradictory stupidities that have marked American policy in matters relative to Mexico in the past eight years was respect for American character and fear of American power. The Tampico incident with the futile occupation of Vera Cruz, the silly make-believe chase after Villa; these, with our supine endurance of insult upon insult and injury upon injury, gave to the average Mexican—with reflections as far down as the Isthmus and even beyond—the notion that Americans are a pack of cowards and their government a bluff. Much that has happened to mar the record in these recent years may be characterized as a direct product of this conception. Relief has come to us as a by-product of our participation in the European war. Mexico and Latin-America in general know now that

Americans can and will fight and that the Washington government when once it is aroused is a force that would better not be fooled with. Thus what he lost through "watchful waiting" and through supine acceptance of unnumbered kicks and cuffs has been regained, not indeed by the energies of our government as addressed to Mexico, but through a chance that came with the European war. The contempt which the Latin-American world felt for us has been superseded by a species of respect that, discreetly employed, may still work wonders for humane progress in Mexico and elsewhere.

Time will surely come when Mr. Harding as President will find it necessary for this country to play the rôle of guardian to incompetent states, in some sort as we have done it in Haiti. It may even be necessary for some department of the government as it shall be organized by Mr. Harding to do for one of these countries what Mr. Roosevelt boasts of having done in the case of Haiti. Always and everywhere it falls to the strong to care for the weak; and it may easily happen that there will lie upon us an obligation which will employ some other department official to write a constitution for some petty country in need of one, but lacking the skill or the authority of "self-determination." And in such an emergency it may befall that some long memory shall recall the answer to Mr. Roosevelt's vainglorious boast, to Mr. Harding's confusion.

All the proprieties, all the dignities, all the discretions of campaign practice tend to discredit personalism in any and every form on the part of a candidate for the presidency. Better far that candidates should resist the temptation to sharp rejoinder and limit their utterances to exposition of party principles and to individual ideas of constructive statecraft. Through disregard of this policy in recent weeks Mr. Cox has measurably lost respect as a man of elevated character and of constructive mind. On the other hand, Mr. Harding has gained in public consideration by his addresses dealing upon high ground with governmental affairs. The answer to Roosevelt is his one notable slip, and we profoundly hope it may not be duplicated in the weeks to intervene between now and November 2d. Mr. Harding will do well to let Mr. Cox do the mud-slinging and Mr. Roosevelt do the boasting. They will lose rather than gain by it. The best retort to impertinence and stupidity is dignified reserve.

The President's Condition.

The only evidence in recent weeks that Mr. Wilson is functioning as President is the appointment of Miss Boardman and J. Thilman Hendrick as civilian members of the board of commissioners for the District of Columbia. It is common belief at Washington that he is somewhat improved in health, but this is disputed. The mystery of his condition is precisely what it has been during the past year. Last week the press associations, evidently under instruction from the White House, told how Mr. Wilson had been observed to walk without assistance from the door of the White House to his motor-car. There are those who doubt if it was the President who performed this feat. One intelligent correspondent who witnessed the passage from the door to the car insists that there is some mistake. The man who walked out of the White House door, he asserts, was erect, had color in his cheeks, and had a well-filled-out face. The President, whom he saw two days later, he describes as bent and stooped, pale and emaciated.

It is remembered that in other days Mr. Wilson surprised his friends and the public by sudden lapses from vigor to illness and as suddenly from illness to vigor. One who attended a reception at the White House some three years ago, and who saw Mr. Wilson after he had been standing for three hours, described him as "looking like a ghost and barely capable of maintaining an erect attitude. His jaw sagged, his eyes were glazed, his powers of speech almost gone." "Two days later," says the same observer, "I saw him on the street and observed that he was erect, buoyant, a picture of health." It is probably one of the sudden changes which mark the contrasting conditions of Mr. Wilson that was observed by the correspondent above quoted. The general opinion of Washington is that since last week he had suffered a temporary setback.

It is the judgment of the medical profession, based upon the little that is publicly known, that while Mr. Wilson may live for years, his health will never be what it was—that in truth he is doomed for the rest

of his life to invalidism. It is understood at Washington that he is not doing any kind of work and that in the future nothing is to be expected of him. He ought to do what the similarly affected President of France has done. The wonder is that he has not sought surcease from responsibility by voluntary retirement, for which he would be abundantly justified by his condition as it is today and as it has been since September, 1919.

The New York Bomb Outrage.

Some three years ago a bomb was discharged on Market Street in this city in the midst of a crowd assembled to witness a patriotic demonstration. Ten persons were cruelly murdered and some thirty more as cruelly injured. The leading perpetrators of this terrible outrage were quickly apprehended and promptly convicted. In intelligent and fair minds there was not the first question as to their guilt. But before the righteous judgment of court could be carried into effect there was instituted a world-wide campaign to "save" the criminals. Organized labor, which so often is led to forget its legitimate purposes and to take up unworthy causes, lent effective aid. The President of the United States was led through fear of political consequences to join in the movement. One Mooney, notoriously guilty, was elevated in many minds into a species of hero and martyr. In consequence there was given to "direct action" a kind of recognition that has tended to make it in many disordered minds both justifiable and heroic. It would be assuming much to say that the terrible event which within the week has so shocked New York and the country at large is a direct result of this sentimental folly. None the less there is a relationship between the two incidents. If to Mooney and his associates there had been meted out the severity which they so definitely merited it would have discouraged incendiarism, and we may easily believe that it would have had the wholesome effect of stifling criminal spirit, or at least of checking criminal action. What has happened in New York may fairly be characterized as a consequence of the agitation that followed our Preparedness Day parade and gave courage to the desperadoes of the "red" movement. Among the agencies grossly blameable in this wretched business is our radical newspaper press. Its attitude towards the Mooney case in its various phases has had in it both suggestion and inspiration for the enemies of social order. Probably those guilty of this latest outrage will be apprehended; and as probably we shall have a repetition of what was enacted in behalf of Mooney with similarly demoralizing effects. Let us hope that in the immediate case justice will move with a quicker step and hold a firmer course.

Editorial Notes.

Mr. James M. Beck puts the case over-emphatically in the declaration that "Britain faces social revolution." What is happening in Britain is an evolutionary democratic movement. Through it there will be worked out a scheme of things very different from what has ruled in the past. But there will be no revolution, as that term is commonly applied and understood. Britain has not the revolutionary habit. Her governmental and privileged classes long ago learned the wisdom of concession. Through concession they have avoided—and the country has escaped—experiences that have shocked other lands, notably France more than a century ago and just now Russia. We may easily believe that in the immediate future there will be troublous times for Britain, but there will be no revolution of the violent sort that has checked the progress and destroyed the prestige of other countries and systems.

Aerial mail service may or may not become a dependable thing—probably not as between the opposite sides of the continent. Its value lies less in its promise of speed or certainty in mail delivery than in its development of aerial machinery and in its service as a training school for airmen. In these relations it is well worth while and it fully merits all the support it is likely to get from the national treasury.

In the recent primary elections no incident was more notable than the success of Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin in the face of active and bitter opposition on the part of Senator La Follette. La Follette, whose personal machine has now for a good many years carried pretty much everything before it, exercised the utmost

of his powers to defeat Lenroot, but without effect, as the latter's majority of 30,000 attests. There is today no more effective man in the Senate than Lenroot and there is cause for gratification in the assurance that he is to begin another term next March.

Things that have happened and are still happening in relation to the presidential campaign provoke speculation as to the practical utility of that time-honored institution, the Party Committee. Here we are within six weeks of election and only just now have the campaign text-books, compiled at great expense, become available. In the effort to make the campaign books "take in everything" their issuance has been so delayed that more than half the campaign period has passed before their appearance. Not even yet is the Democratic book available in San Francisco.

Conditions in the Democratic committee are sadly confused. Nobody knows exactly who is boss. Chairman White's name is still at the top of the letter-heads, but there is little doubt that he has practically been eliminated under an ultimatum from the White House and that Representative Cantrill is actually in charge. There is loud complaint of lack of funds; none the less there appears to be plenty of money to do unnecessary and foolish things. We suspect that there is less suffering from poverty at Democratic headquarters than from factional contention and top-heavy organization.

There has never been a time when the diplomatic corps held a more important part in the social life of the capital. The White House now for eight years has been practically closed so far as social activities are concerned. There are few members of the cabinet and of the dominant party in the Senate able financially to do much in a social way. Pretty much everything that goes to make up the life of Washington society has been abandoned to the members of the diplomatic corps. Always popular in Washington, the diplomatic establishments have become special centres of hospitality. Individuals attached to the embassies and legations have held in recent months an altogether exaggerated place in the social scheme. At all social gatherings secretaries and attachés are eagerly sought for. The country clubs bid for their affiliation and attendance. To be a diplomatist in Washington, even in the humblest rank, assures a certain prestige and an obvious popularity. The reason is not far to seek. The diplomatic corps is not bound by the Eighteenth Amendment. Its members may bring into Washington and to their abodes those cheering liquids which are otherwise outlawed. And it may be said to the credit of the members of the corps that they are universally generous to their friends.

The new administration in Mexico under the presidency of General Obregon starts with better prospects than any of the several government organizations that have recently preceded it. Obregon is a man of intelligence, of industry, and of personal force. He knows the country and understands its needs. He speaks English—when he chooses to do it, which is not always—and he knows that the first necessity is peace, since only through established order can there be developed the credit essential to industrial and social revival. For reconstruction and for new construction Mexico needs money in large sums. Her only chance of getting it is by the creation of confidence in the United States. Obregon's efforts are very obviously being directed to these ends, and he is going at his task with energy and determination.

The obstacles that lie in Obregon's path are many and serious. Perhaps most immediately pressing is the necessity for getting rid of the three hundred or more "generals," each drawing a salary of 500 pesos a month, who are sticking like leeches to the government treasury. There can be no effective reestablishment in Mexico until the enormous military graft is removed; but there is serious danger in its removal, due to the fact that each officer upon his dismissal becomes a centre of disaffection. That Obregon will have the strength to do what must be done primarily and to get the Mexican government into working shape is doubtful. There are those who think he may succeed. Others—including Americans who conceive the situation even more accurately than any Mexican—believe

that the task is greater than the capability of Obregon or any other domestic force. The *Argonaut* thinks it knows something of Mexico and of the Mexican situation. It believes Obregon to be the best hope of Mexican reorganization at the hands of the Mexicans. But it does not look to see a sound and stable revival of orderly life in Mexico until Uncle Sam shall put his hand to the job. The future of Mexico, if Mexico is to have a future of real importance in immediate times, we believe rests upon some arrangement under which the United States shall hold to that country a relation similar to its relation with Cuba.

Governor Coolidge is carrying himself in the campaign with great dignity. His speeches are brief and always to the point. There is the note of conviction in everything he says; and there is especial wisdom in his often-repeated remark in protest against the Wilson scheme of the league of nations that "unless we cherish liberty and prosperity at home we can not promote these interests abroad." Among the many nails that Governor Coolidge has hit fairly on their heads none is more definitely pointed than his definition of "Wilsonism" as the supreme issue of the campaign. This is the truth reduced to the simplest formula. The Democratic candidates stand for the Wilson policies; the Wilson system in government. The Republican candidates, on the other hand, stand for return to government under the terms, conditions, and guarantees of the Constitution. To this primary issue all else is subordinatedly related.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Senator Phelan and the Japanese Issue.

SANTA CRUZ, September 15, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The great issue in both the presidential and the senatorial campaigns is the league of nations. Apart from the general question of going in with, or without, reservations or staying out altogether, this issue has a peculiar and overshadowing interest for California and the Pacific Coast, for it involves its present and might come to threaten its future.

No question strikes as nearly home or is as ominous in California as that presented by the Japanese. Like the poor, it has come to be always with us. The Japs absorb our land, invade our markets, and imperil our trade and political domination. They threaten us from within and from without. If an absolute bar is not erected in the near future to Japanese immigration, emigration from the Island Empire may swamp the Coast within measurable time.

This situation is neither one of surmise nor guesswork, but a real and living one that is recognized in greater or less degree from Seattle to San Diego. No one has comprehended it more thoroughly or treated it more combatively than Senator Phelan—when in California and when up for reelection.

In Washington, however, Senator Phelan's record on the Japanese question is not as aggressive nor yet as clear cut or as clean. Throughout the long fight in the Senate to Americanize the treaty Senator Phelan recorded himself in every test vote as against Americanization. He as well put himself on record as in favor of the upbuilding of Japan by voting to give the Island Empire control of the Province of Shantung. The covenant of the league of nations, which Senator Phelan has voted many times to accept without change, provides among other things:

Article 13. The members of the league agree that whenever any dispute shall arise between them which they recognize to be suitable for submission to arbitration and which can not be satisfactorily settled by diplomacy, they will submit the whole subject-matter to arbitration.

Disputes as to the interpretation of a treaty as to any question of international law * * * are declared to be among those which are generally suitable for submission to arbitration.

The members of the league agree that they will carry out in full good faith any award that may be rendered and that they will not resort to war against a member of the league which complies therewith. In the event of any failure to carry out such award the council shall propose what steps should be taken to give effect thereto.

Article II, p. 2. It is also declared to be the friendly right of each member of the league to bring to the attention of the assembly or of the council any circumstance whatever affecting international relations, which threatens to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends.

If we should join the league of nations on Senator Phelan's terms Japanese immigration is a difference of opinion that beyond question would be translated without undue delay into an "international dispute" that would of necessity have to be submitted for decision to the council of the league; a decision which we would have bound ourselves in advance to abide by.

A cable from Tokyo under date of September 13th states that already "*Kokumin Shimbun*," a Tokyo newspaper, urges the Japanese government to bring before the league of nations the Japanese situation in California.

No less an authority than the lord chancellor of England has publicly and specifically stated that if America joins the league the question of Japanese immigration into this country would have to be submitted to its council for decision.

How, then, can Senator Phelan reconcile his votes to join the league and his attitude on the Japanese question in his present campaign for reelection to the Senate. They are as flatly contradictory of each other as the man who answers another's argument by calling him a liar.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Postage stamps made by the United States government are handled by machinery, and do not touch a human hand until ready for purchase by the consumer. Then there are machines to moisten and press the stamps.

New Jersey is to pay its prisoners for their work while in jail to give them a fair start when their terms are completed. The experiment is receiving wide publicity and probably will be copied in many states.

SILVER LININGS TO EASTERN CLOUDS.

So the Greeks are to have Constantinople. The news has not been officially confirmed, but it seems to be one of those pronouncements set afloat in such a way that it can be denied if a denial should be necessary. The governments of Europe do that sort of thing. Sometimes it is called a *ballon d'essai*, and its object is to ascertain the direction of the wind of public opinion. If the wind should be unfavorable the *démenti* can follow quickly. But the news is probably true. The Greeks want Constantinople. They want it badly. Small wonder, when we remember that the ancient name of the city is Byzantium, and this is a name to conjure with in Oriental Europe. There is an old prophecy of a great war that shall establish the Greek at the Golden Horn, and old prophecies play no small part in the politics of the Old World. Byzantium was the fountain head of ancient glories, and the glamour of sentiment and romance enfolded it. It was the birthplace of Eastern Christianity and of the great schism that split in two the Christian world. If the Greeks shall establish themselves at Constantinople they will assuredly change its name to Byzantium or show themselves strangely indifferent to the spell of a mighty word, a thing that they are by no means likely to do. For them it would be the rebirth of the nation and they would see new vistas of a shining renown stretching ahead of them.

A thousand years ago and more Christendom was sending great armies into Asia for the redemption of the sacred places, and particularly of the tomb of Jesus. Clemenceau was ill advised when he reminded the Sheikh Feisal that the rivalry between Europe and Asia stretched back to the Crusades. "I am not a deep student of history," said the Sheikh, "but will you please tell me who won the Crusades?" It was a keen thrust from the Oriental blade. Europe, for century after century, had tried to possess the Holy Sepulchre. She watered with her pious blood the road to the Orient. Kings and emperors walked that *via dolorosa*, and the rescue of Jerusalem was the dream of nations, the inspiration of their heroes and their saints. And it was all in vain. The Mohammedan had set his grasp upon Jerusalem and not all the power of the old chivalry could wrench it away. Indeed that grasp was tightened and extended. Out of Asia came the Moslem hordes and they took Byzantium, hardly less sacred than the Sepulchre itself. Very nearly they took Vienna, too. But for Poland they might have made themselves masters of Europe, and the green flag of the Prophet would have floated from the Orkneys to Ceylon, from the Baltic to Cape Colony. It was a "man raised of God," said the old chroniclers, who halted the power of the Turk and saved Europe and the world. We do not particularly believe in God nowadays, nor in men "raised of God," but he must indeed be lacking in imagination who could look unmoved upon Jerusalem in Christian hands and upon the return of Byzantium to its original owners. None the less let us do justice to the Turk. Perhaps it is among the last gift that he has any reason to covet, but none the less one may say a good word for him without a violation of the verities. The Turk did no harm to the sacred tomb. Indeed he protected it. He even set a guard of Mohammedan soldiers within it in order that the rival sects of Christendom might be prevented from doing murder in order to manifest their love of God. The Turk has never done any harm to the Mosque of St. Sophia. He did not even efface the religious paintings on the walls, although he covered them with his own tapestries. Underneath the mosque, in its crypts, there is said to be a mighty collection of early Christian books and documents. The Turk has respected them, although he would allow no one to examine them or even to see them. Many years ago a great English newspaper sent a carefully selected representative to Constantinople armed at every point with credentials and recommendations. His orders were to secure access to the crypts of St. Sophia and to report on the literary treasures that they contained. But he came back empty-handed. The Turk was obdurate. He said that the books and documents were safe, but they were not to be shown. Not even under the stress of the recent war did he tamper with these treasures.

The Mohammedan animus against Christianity is of a peculiar kind. Mahomet may fairly be charged with the proclamation of eternal war against Christians, indeed against "infidels" of all kinds. But this was not because he considered that Jesus was a false prophet, which is precisely the term that the followers of Jesus have always applied to him. His quarrel with Christians was not because they followed Jesus, but because they did not follow Jesus. He said in effect that God had sent Jesus with a gospel of love and the world had rejected Him. Therefore God had sent Mahomet with a gospel of the sword. Love and death had been the alternatives and the world had chosen death, which seems true enough when one comes to think of it. If we turn to the Koran, which, like the curate's egg, is "good in spots," we shall find it there stated: "It

our apostles with manifestations, and we sent down by them the Book and the Balance, that men might stand upright in equity, and we sent down Iron, wherein is great strength and uses for men—and that God might know who would help Him and His apostles in secret; verily God is strong and mighty. And we sent Noah and Abraham, and we gave their seed prophecy in the Scripture: and some of them are guided, but many are disobedient. Then we sent our apostles in their footsteps, and we sent Jesus the Son of Mary, and gave Him the Gospel and put in the heart of those that follow Him kindness and pitifulness." If Mohammedans have not always followed the precepts of their prophet we may perhaps look upon their religious deviations with some toleration. We ourselves are not ideal in this respect. We may also remember that Mahomet not only proclaimed prohibition, but enforced it, which is a good deal more than we are able to do.

Let us forget for a moment the political import of this transfer of Constantinople and Jerusalem to Christian hands. We are not likely to forget it for very long because it will be the match thrown into the powder magazine of the Mohammedan world. England and France would never do this thing but for the overwhelming pressure of the churches, anxious to efface the Mohammedan blemish from the face of a continent otherwise solidly Christian. It is curious that Christian Europe, with the single exception of Russia, should have been so wholly indifferent to the centuries of suffering under Turkish rule endured by Serbians, Bulgarians, and Montenegrins and should now be so mightily moved by the tribulations of the Armenians. The power of Europe has been on the side of the Turk and against the Balkan Christian for hundreds of years and we may therefore doubt if the present zeal of Europe against the Turk is to be considered as the fruit of religion undefiled. Perhaps it is rather a result of opportunism and of religious ambition.

But what a good time the bibliophile, the antiquary, and the archaeologist will have in Constantinople, in Jerusalem, and in Asia Minor. What storehouses of antiquities are waiting there to be rifled by reverent hands. The Turk has never been favorable to exploration. He himself has no intellectual curiosities and he can not understand why any one else should have them. Probably he has not the slightest idea of the nature of the literary treasures in the St. Sophia crypts. It may be doubted if he has ever even glanced at them. Undoubtedly there are other such treasures in Jerusalem, and it is said that ancient volumes purporting to come from Jerusalem are already making their appearance in London. Jerusalem is one tangled maze of archaeological values. The traveler has been allowed to look at them so far as they are unavoidably visible, but he has not been allowed to dig or to go into dark places. There would have been no exploration of Egypt if the Turk had been allowed to maintain his control over that country, a control that some of our good self-determinationists seem so anxious to restore. The least sign of an undue archaeological curiosity in Jerusalem would have brought the terrible horsemen of the desert storming into the streets of the city. Indeed this very thing has happened more than once, and the Turkish officials have been compelled to order all Christians to keep within their houses and behind drawn blinds until the storm had been allayed. The Turkish officials have behaved pretty decently in this respect. Well they knew the nature of the tribesmen and their insatiable furies against anything that seemed like profanation. It may be said, too, that the Turks have never persecuted the Jews of Jerusalem. At least I never heard of an instance, but it would be hard to find the Christian country in which the Jews have not been persecuted, even unto death, and there are Christian countries today, more than one, where the Jew has been for centuries, and is still, a pariah and an outcast with every man's hand against him, although his hand has been raised in violence against no man. The Recording Angel may have a long debit account against the Turk. No doubt he has. But on that sheet there are but few, if any, entries of Jewish persecution.

But it is not only in Constantinople and Jerusalem that the antiquarians will have the time of their lives. There are large areas in Asia Minor that are covered with the ruins of buried cities. No man knows to what ancient civilizations they belonged nor the quality of the men who lived in them. Many of those cities are so ancient that they are represented only by great mounds of earth that are yet shapely enough to indicate the mysteries that lie beneath. The archaeologist has cast hungry eyes upon them for years, but he has not touched them. To do that would be sudden and secret death. But he may do it now, or he may soon be able to do it when the men of the desert have realized that their dominion has passed from them. It is said that aeroplanes are already surveying the ground from aloft and that the revealing contours more readily disclose themselves from a height than from the level. Asia Minor may yet have much to teach us of the forgotten history of the race and of civilizations equal perhaps in some respects to our own who had their day and ceased to be, and that were plowed under by time that brings all things to nought as must happen

one day to our own civilization unless we somewhat accelerate our pace along the path of wisdom. And of that there seem to be but few signs.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 22, 1920.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

W. J. Ferguson, a call boy at Ford's Theatre in Washington on the night of the assassination of President Lincoln, is still on the stage. He is now playing in a popular show in New York.

Among child prodigies who are winning fame and money Jesse Collins of Liverpool, England, an eleven-year-old boy, stands high. Recently he showed his extraordinary talent as a 'cellist and pianist at the Coliseum in his native city. It was his first public appearance, and critics were unanimous and unstinting in their praise.

Avery Hopwood came to New York from Cleveland in 1905, after graduating from the University of Michigan. He brought with him a play called "Clothes," and an order to write daily news letters for the *Cleveland Leader*. But he sold the play after four weeks in New York and gave up all thought of newspaper work and decided to devote himself entirely to the writing of plays.

Helen Maynard White, a sculptor and painter who was born in Baltimore but has made her home in Philadelphia, recently has completed an oil painting representing Christ to be presented as a memorial to the First Christian Church in Craborchard, Kentucky. It strikes a new note in modern mural decoration, being painted in white and gold, with gold illumination. The artist also is doing a large mural painting for St. Andrew's Methodist Episcopal Church in Philadelphia. Miss White studied in the Philadelphia Academy school and also under Rodin and Lazar.

Mary Roberts Rinehart is a happy woman. She has been spending the past few weeks at Eaton's ranch in Wyoming and has thus renewed her old custom, interrupted by the war, of spending her vacation in the wilds, riding, fishing, and hunting with her exclusively masculine family. It is three years since the Rineharts have been able to get together on one of these famous excursions. Even now the family is not complete, for the eldest son, Stanley M. Rinehart, Jr., is lingering in the East with another Mary Roberts Rinehart—his little baby daughter. After his discharge from the army Mr. Rinehart married Mary Doran, daughter of the publisher.

In northern Wisconsin ministering to three reservations—the Lac Court Creille, the Lac du Flambeau, and the Pottawatomes—may be found Father Philip Gordon, a Chippewa Indian priest with 3000 persons in his congregations. His headquarters are at Reserve. And for leadership in this civilization advance this humble missionary was well prepared himself. Born in a hut amid the towering pines and hemlocks of northern Wisconsin, in 1886, after a brief education in the public schools, his father moved the family to the Bad River Indian Reservation near Ashland, where the boy was duly given his allotment of land as a member of the Bad River tribe of Chippewas. After being educated in seminaries in this country and Europe and after visiting nearly all the countries of the Old World he returned to northern Wisconsin to be ordained and begin his work.

Miss Irene C. Diner is the name of a young lady of twenty-three who has achieved fame in the line of chemical research, the direct result of her determination to persevere and of her willingness to spend most of her matinee and even show hours alone with her brass and lens "toys." It was announced recently she had discovered a method by which the pathway is lighted down which chemists may travel to determine through microscopic investigation the effect of wear and of substances used in the manufacture of rubber upon the very structure of rubber itself. This means that ultimately the line of investigation which she has discovered will lead to actual determination, not only of the life which may be expected of rubber articles, but of new methods for constructing a rubber that will last much longer than that being manufactured at present. Fortunes rest upon the final accomplishment of the effort.

It was in 1913 that Alice Paul made her appearance at Washington, D. C., and started to smash staid traditions into smithereens. Old-time politicians soon commenced referring to her as "that darn Quaker girl from Jersey who is the smoothest politician in the country." Moorestown, New Jersey, has become a definite spot on the map as a result of Miss Paul having selected it as her birthplace, which event took place thirty-five years ago. As a little kiddie Miss Paul attended a Quaker school. She was graduated from Swarthmore at twenty, and later received degrees of M. A. and Ph. D. from the University of Pennsylvania. Following the gathering of this crop of education, she went to London to prepare a thesis on the position of women and to study economics. While in London she did settlement work and assisted in the suffrage campaign in England. Later she was engaged in settlement work in New York.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Land o' the Leal.

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John;
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John;
There's neither cauld nor care, John;
The day's aye fair
I' the land o' the leal.

Our bonny hairn's there, John;
She was baith gude and fair, John;
And oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John—
And joy's a-comin' fast, John—
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was hought, John,
Sae free the hattle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
Oh, dry your glistening ee, John!
My saul langts to be free, John!
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh, haud ye leal and true, John!
Your day it's wearin' through, John;
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now, farc-ye-weel, my ain John;
This world's cares are vain, John;
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

—Baroness (Carolina Oliphant) Nairne.

The Bells of Shandon.

With deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling, round my cradle, their magic spells.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke naught like thine;
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling "old Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious, swinging uproariously,
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly;
O! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a hell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosk
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in the air, calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom, I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem more dear to me;
'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

—Francis Sylvester Mahony.

Helvellyn.

I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide:
All was still, save, hy fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden Edge round the Red Tarn was bending,
And Cathedralam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain heather,
Where the Pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay;
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long nights didst thou number
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, O, was it meet that—no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him—
Unhonored the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall,
With 'scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly arched chapel the banners are heaving;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamh,
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more statly thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Cathedralam.

—Sir Walter Scott.

The nation is now short approximately five million dwellings and apartments.

STEEPLEJACK.

Mr. James Gibbons Huneker Continues His Reminiscences of the Stage and the Press.

The second volume of Mr. James Gibbons Huneker's reminiscences begins with his return to New York. He was dreaming now of becoming a writer, and at once he threw himself into the society of writing men. He found them in profusion and variety at the hospitable café of Billy Moulds. In New York the café is the poor man's club. There ideas circulate and brain tilts with brain. Perhaps there was too much drinking, but it found its compensation in vivid personalities. Mr. Huneker says he is not concerned with the salvation of his brother's soul, having trouble enough with his own, but if hedging about a growing youth with moral wire-fences will keep him straight, then his intellectual growth is not worth a copper:

There was a sufficing cause for the punctuality of Frank and the rest of us at Moulds'. Free-lunch! Up at the Hoffman House you could eat a regular course dinner on one drink, but you had to tip the waiter a quarter; at Moulds' there were no tips, nor was there an assortment of dishes. The glory of the establishment was its bean soup, hot, savoury, plentiful. Oh! that bean soup. How many famished stomachs it soothed and nourished in the days that are no more! Pardon me if I shed a lyric tear over its memory. Billy Moulds retired years ago to darkest Brooklyn, and when I meet him I speak of the fabulous soup. His invariable answer is: "It saved some of you fellows' lives, didn't it? But do you remember Otto and his razzle-dazzle?" I did. He meant Otto Floersheim, who had devised a mixture of brandy, ginger ale, and absinthe that was warranted to knock a horse down. It never failed Floersheim, who introduced the concoction to Albert Niemann, the Wagnerian tenor, a drinker that would have pleased Pantagruel. To see this pair of monsters guzzle the poison made shudder a sensitive and beer-absorbing soul. Niemann could booze all night till next midday, and then sing Siegmund that evening in a marvelous manner. But not marvelous, vocally speaking. His acting, the assumption of the character, was the chief interest. His voice had gone before he visited us. In fact it was beginning to go at the first Baireuth Festival in 1876.

Mr. Huneker seems to have known every musician of the day whose name has ever been heard of. About Paderewski he becomes enthusiastic. He appeared to be the reincarnation of Thaddeus of Warsaw. Paderewski wanted him to edit a projected musical journal in London, but New York pulled too hard for that. But of some other musicians the author is not so enthusiastic:

Nordica never impressed me as a genius, as did Lehmann, Ternina, and Fremstad. She had not much emotional draught. She was not temperamental in their sense. Her voice, too, sweet as it was, never thrilled. She was not a Brunhilde born nor could she sound all the notes of Isolde's tragic octave. But she had charm, and before she entered the Felia Litvinne class of operatic heavyweights she was pleasant to gaze upon; towards the end of her career she looked like a large, heavily upholstered couch. She was a "slow study," but stubbornly industrious, and underwent the torture of one thousand piano recitals before she ventured to sing Isolde. At the last one her faithful accompanist became so enthusiastic over her singing that he expressed it in unmistakable masculine style. A furious chase ensued and Nordica, after dodging her adorer, finally slipped out of the room. She told me the story with such realism that I asked her why she troubled herself about such a little thing as a kiss, and her reply was truly feminine: "He had been eating garlic."

We have some good stories of Oscar Hammerstein, who was a "gambler born." He played with men and millions, as prodigal with his own money as were others with the money of strangers. We are told of the composition of Hammerstein's original operetta, which was the result of a wager:

Oscar, becoming excited, offered to compose an opera, words and music, in forty-eight hours. Kerker took him up. The thing became serious. Rooms were engaged on the top floor of the Gilsey, an upright piano installed, and, cut off from the outer world, Hammerstein began fingering out his tunes, writing words, putting them all on paper. I forgot to add that Gus Kerker agreed to arrange the music for orchestra. We had lots of fun. Louis Harrison engaged a relay of hand-organs to play under the composer's windows, but Oscar never wined; plates of sinister ham sandwiches were sent to his room accompanied by cocktails. And the tray was returned empty with many thanks. I've forgotten all the pranks we played to no purpose. Complaints were made by sundry guests at the office that a wild man was howling and thumping the keyboard; again uselessly, for, barricaded, the stubborn composer refused to give up the fort. Exhausted, but still smiling, he invited the jury on awards to listen to his music. It proved a tuncful hodge-podge, as might have been expected, and Kerker threw up the sponge. The opera was actually produced at the New York Theatre a few months later, reinforced by extra numbers and considerably edited, and it met with success. That first night of "The Kohinor" was a notorious one; also side-splitting. The audience, of the first act. Oscar knew the art of camouflage before the word was invented. Two comic Jews, alternately for a half-hour sang: "Good morning, Mr. Morgenstern. Good morning, Mr. Isaacstein," while the orchestra shifted the harmonies so as to avoid too much monotony; I fancy that was a Kerker device. Oscar "composed" a second operetta, but it never achieved the popularity of the first.

Dvorak is another celebrity embalmed by Mr. Huneker. On his first encounter with the great Czech composer Mr. Huneker invited him to take a drink, and he nodded his head, "that of an angry-looking bulldog with a beard." Other drinks followed in which Dvorak, or Borax, as he was popularly called, bore his full part:

But Borax! I left him swallowing his nineteenth cocktail. "Master," I said, rather thickly, "don't you think it's time we ate something?" He gazed at me through those awful whiskers which met his tumbled hair half-way: "Eat. No. I no eat. We go to a Houston Street restaurant. You go, hein?"

We drink the Slivavitch. It warms you after so much beer." I didn't go that evening to the East Houston Street Bohemian café with Dr. Antonin Dvorak. I never went with him. Such a man is as dangerous to a moderate drinker as a false beacon is to a shipwrecked sailor. And he could drink as much spirits as I could the amber brew. No, I assured Mrs. Thurber that I was through with piloting him. When I met Old Borax again at Sokel Hall, the Bohemian resort on the East Side, I deliberately dodged him.

Mario is another of the author's celebrities, and Mario seems to have suffered much from matrimony. On one occasion he invited Mr. Huneker to visit his studio, where his wife, Mme. Miramelli, was training a new vocal discovery:

She was at her piano, a battered instrument still serviceable, and she only inclined her head on my entrance. Evidently I was not too welcome. In the middle of the room stood a young girl of seventeen or eighteen. She was blonde of complexion and dressed her hair in foreign fashion. She was indifferently clad. To tell the truth, I was taken by her face, not so pretty as attractive. Her features were irregular, her nose snub, but her large blue eyes—the clear eyes of a congenial liar—blazed with intense feeling and her mouth quivered. No wonder. Mme. Miramelli had been scolding her. "Lyda," she screamed—a long name followed, Slavic in sound, beginning with the letter Z—"Lyda, you sing like five pigs! If you sing thus to the gentleman, I believe a critic"—she lifted her savage old eyebrows sardonically—"you will drive him away. As for my beloved husband"—more pantomime—"he thinks you are to become a second Gerster or Nilsson. Don't disappoint him, for he is the greatest living ex-barytone and a wonderful judge." She would have continued this nasty railing tone if M. Mario hadn't entered and seated himself near the girl. His wife stared at him and his eyes fell. Shrugging her fat shoulders, she cried: "Again! Skip the introduction, begin at the aria." She struck a chord. The girl looked entreatingly at the husband, who literally trembled: his expression was one of mingled fear and admiration. His eyes blazed, too; he folded his arms and his whole being was concentrated in his hearing.

The girl sang. He had not boasted, her voice was like a velvet bell. She sang with facility, though her musical conception was immature, as might have been expected. Without doubt a promising talent.

Mr. Huneker eventually joined the staff of the New York Sun and succeeded in pleasing Mr. Laffan, at that time the proprietor. While in Paris he had written art criticisms for the Sun, and he now joined the staff:

Thanks to the editor-in-chief, Edward Page Mitchell, I wrote signed and unsigned book reviews on the page made famous by Hazeltine. Edward P. Mitchell is an editor in a thousand. To work with him is a privilege and a pleasure. He always gets the best from a man. Sympathy is the keynote of his character. Chester S. Lord, for so many years managing editor, I knew before I wrote for the Sun. We had foregathered with Edward A. Dithmar, dramatic critic of the Times, and Montgomery Schuyler, Lawrence Reamer, and other prime spirits in Perry's old drug store. Not without warrant was Mr. Lord rechristened the "Easy Boss." Beloved by his "young men," as he called them, though some were gray, he also had the disagreeable task of lopping-off heads, which task he accomplished in a humane manner. I lost my "official" head once—some friction between the upper and nether millstones in which I was ground to powder—and no executioner could have been more "easy"; besides, he knew I would return. I was always returning to the Sun. It is a superstition. Just to encourage struggling "journalistic" talent, I may tell out of school that I was paid the highest salary in town as a dramatic critic, \$125 a week, and I still cherish the little pay envelope on which I wrote as Finis, "The last of the Mohicans." This was in 1904. But I earned much more when later I wrote art criticisms, editorials, book reviews, and travel notes for Mr. Mitchell. Those were the palmy days when the handy all-round man had his innings. Now each department is "standardized." Newspapers have lost their personal flavor. Huge syndicates have taken the color and character and quality from daily journalism. I am quite sure that if ever a comprehensive history of the Sun is written my name will be absent simply because I would be considered a myth, a figment of a fantastic imagination. Much of my Sun work appeared, duly expanded, in Iconoclasts, Egoists, and Promenades.

Mr. Huneker does not believe much in the influence of the critic. The public performer does not care much whether he is blamed or praised, provided he is mentioned. The mud or the treacle is soon forgotten, but the name sticks. There is a large element of charlatanism in every one who earns his living before the footlights of life:

In his peculiarly amiable manner, George Bernard Shaw once reproached me with being a hero-worshiper of the sort who, not finding his idol precisely as he had pictured him, promptly tweaks, pagan-wise, his sacred nose. George probably thought of me as a pie-eyed youth who was all roses and raptures, one who couldn't see through the exceedingly large rift in the Shavian millstone. He changed his mind later. But I am a hero-worshiper. I have a large fund of admiration for the achievements of men and women, and I can admire Mr. Shaw simply because he so admires his own bright, particular deity, Himself. But I can't go off half-trigger if the target is not to my taste. Many times I have been dragged to the well and couldn't be made to drink; not because of the water therein, but that I wasn't thirsty. I have with all my boasted cosmopolitanism many "hindi" spots, many little Dr. Fells, the reason why I can't not tell. It was with difficulty I read Arnold Bennett, notwithstanding the joy he gave me in "Buried Alive," yet I couldn't swallow "Old Wives' Tales"—the hissing lengths of s's—nor that dull epic, "Clay-hanger." Mr. Bennett, whose touch is Gallic, who is first and last a trained newspaper man, is out of his depth in the artistic territory of Tolstoy and Hardy. He is not a literary artist like George Moore or John Galsworthy. But Mr. Bennett enthralled me with his "The Pretty Lady," an evocation, artistically evoked. So thus I had to reverse a too hasty judgment upon Arnold Bennett, whose resources are evidently not exhausted.

The author has a large admiration for Conrad. He is an artist, and because he is an artist he never tries to prove anything:

He takes pride in his profession, yet is free from vanity or self-seeking; indeed, he is far from being a practical man. This worries him more than it does his friends, and the fact that he is not a well man is another thorn in his flesh. For months at a time he is tortured by rheumatic gout, which illness keeps him from his desk; thereat much wrath and many regrets. However, the optimistic spirit of the great artist

shines through the mists of his pessimism. In his reminiscences you will find a veracious account of his childhood and his early passion for the sea.

Later in the afternoon of my visit he astonished me by transforming himself into an Englishman. He sported a monocle and his expression was haughty as he drove his car over the smooth Kentish roads. The Slav had disappeared. He spoke no more of art, but dwelt on his gout, his poor man's gout, as he smilingly called it. Too soon, I was standing on the platform of Ashford station en route for London. Conrad is only one of his names, his family belongs to the Polish nobility, but the magnetism of the waters drew him to the sea in ships, and only accidentally did he become a writer. Accident! Chance! It is a leading motive of his fiction. One night sitting in a café in Ghent, Maurice Maeterlinck conversed with his friend, Charles Van Lerberghe, a Belgian writer of originality, and that same conversation proved a springboard for the art of the younger man. Van Lerberghe indicated; Maeterlinck developed. Chance, again, or divination! Joseph Conrad is of the company of Flaubert, Turgenyev, and Dostoevsky. "Not yet is Poland vanquished."

Mr. Roosevelt naturally finds a place in the gallery of celebrities. Mr. Huneker expected to find him a "man of the pavements," but instead he discovered a scholarly man and fond of the arts, possessing a store of good pictures and of good books:

He showed me some of the trophies he had acquired in Europe while on his Grand Tour. One was a photograph of the late Andrew Carnegie taken in Berlin during military manoeuvres. Both Colonel Roosevelt and Mr. Carnegie were guests of Kaiser Wilhelm. On the photograph the Kaiser had politely scribbled: "That old fool, Andrew Carnegie," probably alluding to the projected Peace Palace at The Hague. Young Philip Roosevelt was visiting his uncle that day. I had previously met him. War was discussed by the Colonel with the zest he displayed to the last. I told him that I had been present at the formal opening of the Peace Palace in September, 1913, at The Hague, and that the day was so hot that all Holland fled to the beach at Scheveningen, adding that I believed the palace would eventually be turned into the finest café in Europe. And I printed this prophecy (?) in the New York Times in my reporting of the hollow mockery. One question I permitted myself: "Colonel, would the Lusitania have been sunk if you had been in the White House?" Snapping that formidable jaw of his he exclaimed: "I don't think there would have been a Lusitania incident if I had been President." I believed him.

Mr. Huneker lived at a boarding-house on West Twenty-Fifth Street, and there he met David Belasco, who urged him to write plays. At this same boarding-house there was a farewell dinner to a singer who was about to marry a celebrated actress. Every man there, says Mr. Huneker, except himself had been on friendly terms with the bride, and if the bridegroom was overwhelmed with emotion it was, perhaps, because he knew this:

It makes me think of the two young women in Paris who found themselves at a monkey cage in the Zoo. They were experienced members of a very ancient profession, and as the agile and grotesque animals were playing all sorts of silly tricks, one girl said to the other: "Give them clothes with money in their pockets and they would be real men." Did I ever tell you the witticism of Maurice Barrymore concerning a fiasco made by a foreign-born actress of a certain reputation at the Manhattan Opera House? Barry supported the lady, whose voice was not powerful enough for the big auditorium. I asked him how she succeeded—I was at another theatre. "Obscene but not heard," he answered. I have told you that I knew Willie Wilde, Oscar's brother. He was a companionable pagan. Every ten minutes he would light a fresh cigarette, every fifteen ask for another drink. He invariably preluded with "I have a zoological feeling that I may be thirsty." Getting up at 5 in the afternoon finally got on the nerves of his wife, Mrs. Frank Leslie, and she divorced the poor chap, who did hate to work.

George Bernard Shaw receives a whole chapter all to himself, and one not wholly free from a very proper malice. Mr. Huneker suggests that if Mr. Shaw is brilliant on bran, what would he not be on beef and beer:

Perhaps Bernard Shaw does furtively eat roast-beef sandwiches, and at midnight; perhaps he does secretly sip Shandy-gaff—not Kit Morley's hypocrite draught, but the garden variety of half ale, half porter. Perish the proposition! Shaw eating meat would cause more of a row than did the revelations of Anna Seuron, the governess in the Tolstoy household, who had caught old man Tolstoy in his bare feet and at the pantry gobbling raw beef. And the hour was midnight. That beef leading-motive resounded the world over. In a roundabout fashion, I heard that one morning while at Lady Gregory's, Mr. Shaw came down to breakfast in a truly masculine mood. He must have glanced cannibalistically at the cutlets, for Mrs. Shaw warningly exclaimed: "Now, George." He is said to have uttered Banshee curses and to have pitched in and eaten a pound of meat—or was it hog and hony? Ochone! And he may have smoked a pipe in the hidden gardens of Coole Park! But I shan't vouch for the respectability of the anecdote, nor am I violating confidence, as it was told me without restrictions, though not by Lady Gregory.

Shaw, says the author, never had an original idea. He pulled the feathers from Ibsen, Strindberg, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Maeterlinck, Marx, Nietzsche, and Samuel Butler. And with the throwing of that particular bombshell he reaches the last pages of his amusing reminiscences.

STEEPLEJACK. By James Gibbons Huneker. Volume II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The search for convenient ways of transportation by which the products of the Sudan may reach the outer world attracts attention to a remarkable phenomenon of vegetable life on some of the head waters and tributaries of the Nile. This consists of enormous growths of papyrus and other plants, completely covering the streams and forming carpets of vegetation two or three feet thick, beneath which flows the water. Navigation by small boats is, of course, prevented by this obstruction, which is in places supplemented by vines and overhanging plants that arch the streams from bank to bank. Heavy floods occasionally sweep away the accumulations of plants, but they are quickly reforming.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending September 18, 1920, were \$200,600,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$182,900,000; a gain of \$17,700,000.

Gold held by banks in the Twelfth Federal Reserve District decreased \$2,118,000 during the week, but the total of gold reserves increased \$2,154,000, and total reserves increased \$2,077,000, according to the weekly comparative statement of condition made public Saturday, September 18th, by the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco.

Total gold reserves this week are reported at \$163,951,000, of which amount \$64,319,000

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is held by the banks. Total reserves are \$164,576,000.

The total of hills on hand this week is \$217,932,000, as against \$220,659,000 last week, and total earning assets reported at \$234,579,000 last week are now \$231,752,000. Resources and liabilities total \$452,072,000.

The total of gross deposits is now \$165,846,000, as compared with \$150,687,000 on September 10th, and as against a total of \$252,011,000 in Federal Reserve notes in actual circulation last week \$252,350,000 are in circulation now.

The railroads have made distinct headway within the past month in clearing up traffic congestion and in moving freight promptly. The car shortage has shown material reduc-

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tion, and movement per day per car has been expedited in a way to give the railroads new facilities equal to the use of many thousand additional freight cars. The roads are handling a large volume of business and their managers are doing the best they can to give the country the service which it needs. The taking effect on August 26th of the increased freight and passenger rates was an event of great importance to the American people, for it meant that the roads would finally have enough revenue to provide for their enormously increased operating charges, to purchase necessary equipment, and to show net earnings sufficient in the long run to attract capital (says the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank in the September number of the *Business Outlook*).

The Federal Reserve Banks lately established a new high record for total discounts and also for volume of discounted commercial

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paper. The bank position has been well maintained, however, the effort being to discriminate sharply in favor of really productive loans. This choice is altogether necessary at a time when there are said to be about five foreign borrowers and three domestic borrowers for every free dollar there is to lend. There is still a large volume of unliquidated commercial loans which must be paid off gradually and in such a way as not to cause commercial unsettlement. Much has already been accomplished in this direction in such commodities as silks, leather, and wool. The country's loan account has thus been purified materially and while much remains to be done we may note with satisfaction that the Federal Reserve System has shown itself highly efficient during the period when its facilities were being put to severe tests. The next few weeks will witness the adjustment of some large corporation loans as well as arrangements to make further advances to borrowers abroad. One incident of this credit pressure has been a general reaction against extortionate prices for merchandise, foodstuffs, and other supplies. People everywhere are becoming impressed with the necessity of getting better value for the household dollar, and slowly but surely general business is being reestablished upon a lower price level. Besides this the people are saving more than they did in the days of easy profits when there were three jobs for every applicant. With the increased immigration, however, and the reduced working hours observed by the textile mills, the silk mills, and a few other industries, the efficiency of labor is increasing and the average worker is striving harder to do a fair day's work.

The public is gradually increasing its investments in good securities and paying off loans which have been continued since the era of Liberty Bond flotations. Even the treasury certificates of indebtedness are largely passing into the hands of individual investors, for the records show that of the \$2,590,000,000 of those securities outstanding at the close of July, \$1,940,000,000 were held by individual investors and only \$650,000,000 by the banks. A canvass recently conducted in the Second Federal Reserve District showed that forty-eight out of sixty-eight country banks interrogated purchased in July a greater number of Liberty Bonds and notes for their customers than they sold for their customers. It is to be hoped that this movement will continue, for it shows that government securities are passing into strong hands and that bank credit, formerly tied up in loans secured by Liberty Bonds, is being released for the accommodation of commercial borrowers. The investment inquiry is likely to increase with the approach of the quarterly dividend disbursement period in which probably \$150,000,000 of new money will be made available for reinvestment. The American people have enormously extended their foreign investments since the world war began, and the success attending the loans recently offered shows that when securities of a type considered really safe are offered they find a ready market if the interest rate is high enough, and at present it appears that 8 per cent. income return will attract general investment support. The pronounced success of the great French government loan has stimulated investment inquiry and will probably cause other governments to offer loans in the United States in the near future. The French loan has proved popular with small investors, being offered in hundred-dollar bonds as well as large denominations. The whole world is pressing its demand upon American markets for new capital, for funds with which to finance new construction work.

According to report to E. H. Rollins & Sons the Santa Barbara Gas and Electric Company, a subsidiary of the Southern California Edison Company, for the year ending July 31, 1920, had net earnings of over three and a half times total bond interest charges, showing an increase in net of more than 15 per cent. over the figures for the preceding year. The total report follows: Gross earnings, \$370,703; operating expenses and taxes, \$235,639; net earnings, \$135,064; bond interest, \$38,035; balance before depreciation, \$97,029.

The field of railroad operation is growing less hazardous and the grade crossing safer to the public, according to interesting statistics assembled by R. J. Clancy, assistant to the general manager in charge of safety for the Southern Pacific Company.

The "Stop—Look—Listen" campaign inaugurated by the road and followed up persistently has brought about a reduction in grade crossing casualties in the face of a large increase in the number of automobiles in use in the territory traversed by the Southern Pacific lines. Whereas in the first six months of 1918 there were 23 people killed and 85 injured at grade crossings, during the same period in 1919 there were 17 killed and 80 injured and for the first six months of this year fatalities were reduced to 13 and 61 injuries.

This achievement in accident prevention is

regarded particularly noteworthy in view of the fact that about two-thirds of the mileage of the Southern Pacific is in territory where climatic conditions permit motoring every day in the year and the range of automobiles per capita of population is among the highest in the United States. California rivals all states, having now about one-tenth of all the automobiles of the country.

The comparison of casualties to employees, reportable to the Interstate Commission for the first six months of the years noted shows:

	Killed.	Injured.
1918.....	29	1436
1919.....	29	1239
1920.....	20	1129

Computed on the basis of locomotive miles and man-hours, these casualties show less than one fatality per 1,000,000 locomotive miles and 3,000,000 man-hours in the first six months of this year.

Mr. David Blankenhorn of the Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company left recently for a visit to the Los Angeles office of the firm.

The Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company report that their recent offering of Market Street Realty Company first mortgage 7 per cent. serial gold bonds and Tubbs Island Company first mortgage 7 per cent. serial gold bonds have been practically sold out. The readiness with which investors have taken these two issues indicates the popularity of these forms of investment—one being a first mortgage on property situated in the heart of the city and the second a first mortgage on prime farming land within a short distance of the bay market. Both these issues are offered on a 7.50 per cent. basis and are legal investments for California savings banks.

Does anybody, asks the *Wall Street Journal*, "believe that all the unmarried wage-earners earning twenty dollars a week, or one thousand dollars for the completed year, or the married wage-earners with twice that amount in their pay envelopes, paid income tax?" Does anybody, it continues, "believe that the number who paid even approaches the number who escaped?" This financial paper is convinced that most wage-earners who should be paying a tax are not doing so, and that it is in the interest of the public to see that these taxes, small in each individual case, but large in the aggregate, are collected in full. This is one of the things they do better in Britain, we are told. In the United Kingdom over two billion dollars was collected in income taxes from wage-earners last year. Did we collect any such from this source? "And if not, why not?" The *Wall Street Journal* proceeds:

"We all know that the man on a salary can not get away. Not only does he state his salary in his income-tax return. The truthfulness of his statement can be immediately checked by the returns which his employers must also make. But the industrial wage-earner is not checked in the same way, or, indeed, as refers to the greater part of him, in any effective way. He can plead periods of unemployment, irregularity in the amounts received, changes from one district to another or from one factory to another, and other things which make it possible to profess inability to make a return. But the British income-tax commissioners accept no such excuses.

"Their method is summary, but essentially just. They say: 'You are a carpenter, and the wages in the trade have been so much in the past year. We shall, therefore, assess you for the year at those wages, and you can prove to us what part of the year you were unemployed.' The same method is followed with farmers, who so largely escape in this country. Failing a return, they are assessed at three times the rentable value of their farm, whether owned or rented. It is up to them to explain how their earnings were less than the estimated amount. The English farmer soon learns how to keep books under pressure like this. He can not, moreover, plead that the cost of living for himself and his family is part of his operating expenses. The doctor can not plead it here nor the editor. At least we should insist that our income tax play no favorites.

"Additional expense in collecting the tax is well worth while for the moral effect of bringing home to the wage-earner his direct personal interest in businesslike and economical government."

Labor troubles throughout the world are engrossing more and more our attention, especially now that the Italian situation has become so critical. The difficulties incurred by the general business world in reverting to pre-war conditions naturally have been accompanied by a great deal of discontent among those who work with their hands, and their state of mind generally has been such as to encourage a sort of propaganda that has been causing a great deal of difficulty in this country as well as elsewhere. The times are such that it requires a good deal of level-headed

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thinking and action in order to prevent more serious developments.

The \$100,000,000 8 per cent. French loan offered to our investors at par with a sinking fund redemption as high as 110 was snapped up eagerly. It is a big thing that the French government has done in definitely establishing its credit in this manner, despite the obviously expensive terms. It means that for some time to come borrowing rates will be at least as irksome as heretofore and possibly more so.

There has been a good deal of hullish sentiment encouraged in the railway list by further estimates as to profits that will accrue through the new rate schedules. Some of the cheap common stocks that in former days were scarcely looked upon as dividend possibilities suggest under the new conditions some reward to their holders. Of course, any overhlying on the part of the public on margin even in this section of the list is likely to develop un-

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favorably in view of the general money situation.

The election of Obregon as president of Mexico opens up an era of real prosperity for that country. Lying at our very doors, Mexico offers a greater field for successful exploitation in manifold ways than any other country in the world at present. Of course developments there will be of essential importance to vast oil enterprises in which our people are heavily interested, and it is to be hoped that such difficulties and disputes not only between the Mexican government and the oil producers, but among the oil producers themselves will be amicably adjusted.

The important merger in the chemical industry that was announced this week may be followed by some other combinations in our industrial world. Perhaps the most important mergers to come, however, will affect the railroads of the country, for under the new law opportunities for favorable mergers open out rather extensively.

There has been a chance for those important interests which supported the market during the recent breaks to secure rather exten-

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sive profits, and the general outlook is for a rather irregular market the rest of the month, and one in which at times it may be that bearish interests will control.

E. H. Rollins & Sons and associates are offering a new issue of \$675,000 Seattle, Washington, School District No. 1, 6 per cent. bonds, due 1923 to 1960, at prices to yield from 6 per cent. to 5.65 per cent. according to maturity.

This school district includes the City of Seattle and a few suburban communities and has, according to the latest census, a population of over 315,000.

Its net bonded debt is reported at only about 3.15 per cent. of its total assessed valuation.

The outlook is optimistic (says A. W. Coote in the *Market Bulletin* of September 17th). World confidence is being restored. The most important event of August was the defeat of the Bolshevik military forces in Poland. The news now indicates that the Soviet government is doomed, that there will not be a combination of the Russian Soviets and German Radicals; that the economic reconstruction of Europe soon can be undertaken energetically and trade credit extended to Europe; that Germany will make a more earnest attempt to meet speedy obligations. Business men from the Atlantic to the Pacific express the belief that the tide has turned.

Financial circles believe that arrangements have been made successfully to meet during the next two months the sharpest financial crisis which we have had since 1907. The Federal Reserve ratio is now above 43 per cent., and can decline to 38 per cent. before the legal minimum is reached. Commodity wholesale prices are steadily declining, and this is relieving the strain on credit. Arrangements are being made to pay off the \$500,000,000 Anglo-French loan on October 15th; \$150,000,000 of this will be refunded by first borrowing in America on terms acceptable to financial centres. When the crest of the fall crop movement is over it is apparent that interior banks will be able to repay credit extended by New York, and that the situation then will become easier. Some eminent financiers, in fact, are predicting that probably within eighteen months, and certainly within two years, money will become a drug in the market, and its owners will compete for opportunities to put the money at work at prices ranging between 5 per cent. and 6 per cent.

At this time the average index figure of twenty-two staple foodstuffs is 125 as compared with 154.7 in June, a reduction of 18 per cent. This compares with a high 155.5 in May of 1920, and the average index figure for the year 1916 or 74.9. Wholesale commodity prices exclusive of foodstuff have declined to an index figure of 3.43 as compared with 3.71 in June. During the last month prices of twenty rails have advanced \$4.56, and the average yield on twenty Class A bonds has decreased .07 per cent.

The labor shortage is steadily diminishing. During the last two months there has been a general decrease in employment. The Department of Labor in Washington reports that in about seven hundred factories which employed 658,000 workers in June there was a decrease of 40,000 workers in July. The July pay-roll was \$2,750,000 less than in June. The decrease in workmen was 6 per cent. In 114 iron and steel mills workmen decreased from 192,000 to 189,000. August figures are not yet available, but preliminary estimates

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show a sharper decrease in employment than during July. Immigration is increasing.

One of the most remarkable economic changes made recently is that in the status of railways due to the new rates now having gone into effect. Under the new railway law, which charges the Interstate Commerce Commission with the duty of establishing rates which provide net earnings of not less than 5½ per cent. on property valuation for the railroads as a whole, the rails are made more trouble-proof than any other American industry. There has been a marked increase in railway operating efficiency under private ownership as shown by figures for May of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Union Pacific, for example, shows an average movement of freight cars of 69.7 miles per day, as compared with 47.7 miles per day in May of 1919, and the Chesapeake and Ohio a car movement of 38.2 miles per day as against 27.1 miles per day in the preceding year. Union Pacific showed net tons per car for May of 1341, as compared with 792 tons per car for the preceding year. The freight congestion is being slowly but steadily cut down, coal is being moved so rapidly that dangers of a serious coal famine are minimized, if not actually dissolved, and with the delivery of goods, immense funds heretofore tied up in inventories of undelivered materials are being released.

Another bullish condition affecting the nation at large in general, and the rails in particular, is the size of the grain crop.

Kansas has a wheat crop estimated at 125,000,000 bushels as against an average of 105,000,000, a corn crop of 128,000,000 bushels as compared with only 69,000,000 bushels last year; in Nebraska the corn yield is 212,000,000 as against 184,000,000 last year; in Missouri the corn crop is 200,000,000 bushels as against 155,000,000 a year ago, and in Iowa, with 412,000,000 bushels of corn, the yield is far above the average. The total corn crop amounts to 3,000,000 bushels, the spring wheat crop is 50,000,000 bushels ahead of last year, and the oat crop shows an increase of 150,000,000 bushels. While the financial requirements for moving this immense crop is a severe strain on financial centres, they have been anticipating and preparing for it for months, and when this money shall finally have been distributed it will add enormously to the purchasing power of the country, and a large proportion of it will be redistributed in smaller banks throughout the states.

With prices descending, with labor becoming more plentiful, with bumper crops, with money loaned to Europe beginning to return, and with provision apparently having been made for our seasonal crop-moving financial strain, the pessimist apparently has but a slender thread of sustenance; his long-promised panic seems to be retiring into obscurity, and, on the other hand, the optimist who is willing to hack his optimism with action apparently faces more opportunities for highly profitable investment than have been available heretofore during the last generation.

The silver lining of the clouds of present uncertainty is beginning to show itself.

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Passenger Traffic Manager Charles S. Fee said that the changes were in line with the company's desire to restore its service to the pre-war standard and to keep pace with the heavy increase in passenger travel.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Psycho-Analysis.

This is described as a psycho-analytic study of religion, but it may be heartily recommended to those who want a general survey of the psycho-analytic system in its relation to human consciousness. The author tells us that it has been corrected by Dr. Coriat, and it may therefore be regarded as in every way authoritative.

With the main functions of the Unconscious Mind—surely there was never a worse term—the world of psychology is now generally familiar. But to the lay reader it will seem that the Unconscious Mind has been vastly overweighted with functions. We are asked to assume that the totality of the human mind is divided into two compartments, as it were—the conscious and the unconscious. Whatever can not be assigned to the conscious must be relegated to the unconscious. Thus we are told that the unconscious is responsible for our desires, our prejudices, our loves, and our hates; that the unconscious is indolent and insatiable, that it is appetite, that it

is of far greater extent than the conscious, that it can assemble mental material and return it to us in artistic shape; that it preserves all life records; that it is inspiration and genius. One wonders which is the dog and which is the tail, whether the unconscious is god or demon, and how it managed to combine the functions of an ape and of a saint. It is much as though one were to assert that everything eastward of California was desert because there is desert in Arizona, and then to maintain that the skyscrapers of New York are a species of cactus.

The application of such reckless generalizations naturally leads the author to equally reckless assumptions. Thus we are told that the love-life of Paul is "violently repressed," that he "derives pleasure from the sufferings of others," that he takes "lustful pleasure" in the stoning of Stephen, that he is the victim of "hysterical hallucinations," that he has symptoms of "anxiety hysteria," that he has "visual and auditory hallucinations," that he is afflicted by "hysterical blindness," and that he loves to inflict upon himself the cruelties that he once inflicted on others. "Only thus

can we understand the endurance of his later life." Certainly the author has a curious idea of heroism.

Now most of this is unqualified nonsense, and rather offensive nonsense. Anything, it seems, that transcends the normal, no matter how divine it may seem, is no more than a chance invasion from the lumber room of the unconscious. It is no more than another example of the unscientific theorizing upon pitifully insufficient data that characterizes so much of the pseudo-science of today.

RELIGION AND THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY. By Walter Samuel Swisher, B. D. Boston: Marshall Jones Company; \$2.

A Strange Novel.

Noel Carton hates his wife. So, it may be said, do a good many other men, but they bide the fact, or try to. Noel Carton proclaims it loudly and incessantly, without reservations or mitigations. He married her because she was rich and he could not live on his income. In other words, she bought him, and she acts as one does act toward purchased goods. It may be admitted that Noel is a good deal of a worm, and yet, in a sense, rather a manly sort of worm.

It is a difficult story to review, although an easy one to read. Mrs. Carton taunts her husband with not having brains enough to write a servant girl's novelette. So Noel decides to do so. Having been attracted to a very pretty girl he makes her his heroine, and also assigns fictional places to his wife and himself. Henceforward the story—the real story, not Carton's novelette—runs along three lines. There is the voracious story of Carton himself. There is Carton's novelette as he writes it chapter by chapter, and there are Carton's dreams, which play a rather weird part in the whole fabric. It sounds rather confusing, but it is not so, not at all. The idea may also seem a rather trivial one, but it is not trivial. Indeed it comes close to being tremendous.

THE STRANGENESS OF NOEL CARTON. By William Caine. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A French Grammar.

This book by Philippe de la Roquette of the Romance Department, Columbia University, is for secondary schools and colleges. Its author says of it in his preface, "In this grammar special attention has been given to the points of contact between the English and the French tongues. . . . The attention given to the grammatical nomenclature, to drill in oral and reading exercises, to topics of composition and conversation, and to the presentation of idiomatic expressions and of the equivalent terms in the two languages, will have value in making clear to the student the nature of the French language and the relations borne by it to the English language."

It may be said that these claims seem to be fully borne out by the text.

A MODERN FRENCH GRAMMAR. By Philippe de La Roquette. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

The Wildcat.

No one can tell a negro story better than Hugh Wiley. No one can enter more deeply, intimately, and sympathetically into the consciousness of the negro.

Here we have the story of a negro soldier in France. We are introduced to Vitus Marsden while pursuing his peaceful avocation of cutting laws. Vitus needs a pair of shoes. Hence the industry. But the octopus tentacles of the draft seize upon Vitus, or the Wildcat, and we find him serving his country in France. Henceforward the adventures of the Wildcat are continuous and original and we feel that the author has drawn a composite picture in which every negro characteristic finds its place.

THE WILDCAT. By Hugh Wiley. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Wall Between.

This story of New Hampshire life is based on the feud between two families, the Websters and the Howes. Some forgotten ancestor has built a wall between the two estates and the repair and maintenance of this wall is the bone of contention. Then Ellen Webster, a grim and uncompromising female, sends for her niece from the West, and as she turns out to be a very personable young woman we know at once that the feud will be healed in the usual way and that the repair of the wall sinks into a position of secondary importance. The picture of New Hampshire is admirably drawn.

THE WALL BETWEEN. By Sara Ware Bassett. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Briefer Reviews.

J. Walker McSpadden has edited and the Thomas Y. Crowell Company has published a volume of "Famous Detective Stories." These include stories by Poe, Gaboriau, Conan Doyle, Stevenson, Robmer, Hornung, Reeve, Green, Brandenburg, Le Blanc, and Hanshew.

Barse & Hopkins have published "Janet a Twin," by Dorothy Whitehill, already well

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known as a writer of stories for girls. The volume appears in the Dorothy Whitehill Series for Girls and is worth the attention of those in search of gift books.

Those in search of high quality books for children should ask for "Toni the Little Wood Carver," by the author of "Heidi," who has already won an enviable reputation by her stories of Switzerland. The book is published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

"Fairy Grammar," by J. Harold Carpenter (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25), is an attempt to teach the fundamentals of grammar by means of a story. The work may be recommended to those who believe that correct speech can be imparted by means of books—a highly contentious proposition.

Southern Saskatchewan is preparing to utilize thousands of tons of waste straw in the manufacture of paper.

Utility Increases Justified

Under the above heading the following article appeared in The San Francisco Daily Commercial News, issue of September 17th:

We respectfully call the attention of all consumers of telephone, electric, water, gas, street railway and other forms of public service to the comparative schedule herein set forth:

"Unjust criticism has been directed at public service commissions in various parts of the country over increased rates allowed for telephone service, electric service, water, gas, street railway, etc.

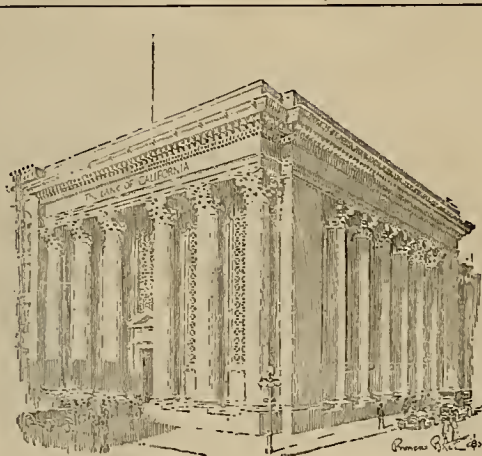
"Justifying the increases granted to public utilities in Kansas by the Kansas Public Service Commission, the accounting department of the Court of Industrial Relations has made a brief survey of the records and makes the following statement, which, it is believed, is comparatively correct. The increase in living necessities is as follows:

	Per Cent.
Forty-seven food articles.....	97
Forty-seven articles of wearing apparel.....	119
Twelve kinds of dry goods.....	200
Twenty-eight classes of house rents. 74	
Eleven kinds of coal.....	70
Wages of common labor.....	150
Other wages, approximately.....	100
Material used in telephones, construction and repairs.....	97
Other material.....	100
Wages of telephone employees.....	100
Telephone rates.....	40
Electric rates.....	50

"The statement concluded with the assertion that these figures ought to convince the general public that there has been no profiteering in public utilities.

"The figures apply with equal force to all Western States. Rates for public utility service have increased less in proportion than any other commodity of daily use unless it is insurance, which has remained stationary."

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

A History of France.

The history of France under the general editorship of Mr. Fr. Funck-Brentano has attracted deserved attention alike by its thorough workmanship and the assignment of the various epochs of French history to the authorities most competent to deal with them. Three volumes have already appeared, and now we have a fourth volume on "The Seventeenth Century," by Jacques Boulenger, which has been adequately translated from the French. The volumes that preceded it were "The Century of the Renaissance," by Louis Battifol; "The Eighteenth Century," by Casimir Stryienski, and "The French Revolution," by Louis Madelin. Two other volumes are in preparation—"The Middle Ages," by Fr. Funck-Brentano, and "The Empire," by Louis Madelin.

The period covered by Mr. Boulenger in the present volume begins with the youth of Louis XIII and ends with a sketch of the kingdom under Louis XIV. It comprises, therefore, the vital period of the Fronde and the dominance of Mazarin.

The author may be commended on the broad base that he gives to his narrative. Never before has the mind of a nation been more worthily presented or a better emphasis been given to the great forces of literature and religion. The six volumes when completed will constitute a history of France that is likely to hold the field indefinitely.

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By Jacques Boulenger. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Door of the Unreal.

This is a story somewhat along the lines of "Dracula," but instead of vampires we have werewolves. Some strange disappearances of autoists on a much-frequented English highroad lead to an investigation of the doings of a German scientist who, with his housekeeper and daughter, has taken up his

abode in a secluded country house. The worst suspicions are confirmed. The German undoubtedly has the power to change himself into a wolf, a real quadrupedal wolf, and so has his housekeeper. Thus metamorphosed they attack passers-by in order to glut their taste for warm blood. The story is well told, and we shall henceforth be on our guard against werewolves.

THE DOOR OF THE UNREAL. By Gerald Biss. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Letters from Petrograd.

There is no better form of history than private letters written without intention of publicity, and particularly when those letters constitute a record of events that were witnessed. After making all allowances for the personal nature of such communications, they constitute a distinctive record that we should be sorry to lose.

In this volume we have the letters of Mrs. Pauline S. Crosley written from Petrograd during the years 1917 and 1918. Mrs. Crosley's husband was an attaché to the American embassy at Petrograd and was therefore in a position to observe and to deduce. But her deductions are few in number. Mrs. Crosley confines herself in the main to a record of what she saw and heard, to the vivid panorama of the events that passed under her eyes. For this reason we look in vain for disclosures or revelations. There is something much better than either, a simple and direct statement of happenings that reflect the mind of the Petrograd people during those fearful days when Russia was changing her status from that of friend to foe.

INTIMATE LETTERS FROM PETROGRAD. By Pauline S. Crosley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson.

The life story of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson has been written by her sister, Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez, who very sensibly refrains from calling her work a biography. It will most interest the friends of the Van de Grift-Stevenson-Field family, for with the death of Robert Louis Stevenson the greater part of Mrs. Stevenson's claim on the attention of the general reader passed away.

Nevertheless old-timers in Indianapolis, where Mrs. Stevenson's childhood was passed, and the old guard in San Francisco who knew Sam Osborne and his wife, and who later met the Stevensons during the period of their residence in California, will no doubt read part of the book with considerable interest.

Also the numerous references to Mr. Stevenson and occasional descriptions of the phases of life in which he figured will interest those who still are collectors of Stevensoniana.

A gossip interest will also attach to the book, which is not too literary to attract such readers as will like to delve into the past revived in Mrs. Sanchez' book and follow up allusions which include once familiar names.

The story goes back to the family beginnings, and the author betrays a naïve pride in their good old American ancestry. She indulges in various reminiscences, sometimes of



a trivial nature, and the book, in its entirety, is a eulogy of a faultily faultless being. However, Mrs. Stevenson had a full life and met many interesting people whose regard and admiration she seems to have attracted, and the book will number readers in Europe as well as in America.

THE LIFE OF MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.25 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

According to a recent announcement from Henry Holt & Co., Hilaire Belloc's translation of "The Principles of War," by Marshal Foch, which they have just published, is the only authorized English translation of this classic, and so far as is known, is the only American edition by which the author profits. The foreword was written especially and exclusively for this edition by Marshal Foch, the publishers say.

W. L. George, the English author who is now visiting America for the first time, and whose novel, "Caliban," has just been published by the Harpers, has been confined thus far in his inspection of America to the east coast by the demands of friends; but he expects soon to start for Chicago and the other large cities throughout the country on his lecture and study tour of America.

It is a curious fact that Robert Louis Stevenson has become better known for the plays he didn't write than the ones he did. During his life he wrote several plays with W. E. Henley, among them "Deacon Brodie" and "Admiral Guinea." But since his death the dramatization of his books, "Treasure Island" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (Scribners), have been far more successful than his regular plays ever were, and a new laurel has just been added to his dramatic crown in the success which Walker Whiteside is having in Earl Mason's dramatization of "The Master of Ballantrae."

D. Appleton & Co. are issuing the eighteenth edition of Edward Bellamy's "Equality." The same publishers also announce the forty-second edition of W. S. Jevons' famous volume of economics, "Money and the Mechanism of Exchange," and the fiftieth edition of J. William Draper's "History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science," a standard work which has even been anathematized by the Pope and translated into every major language.

New Books Received

THE CONQUERING HERO. By John Murray Gibson. New York: John Lane Company; \$2. A novel.

THE DRAGON. By Lady Gregory. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75. A drama.

THE MEANING OF SOCIALISM. By J. Bruce Glasier. New York: Thomas Selzer. Issued in the New Library of Social Science.

THE TRAIL OF THE WHITE INDIANS. By A. Hyatt-Verrill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2. A sequel to "The Trail of the Cloven Foot."

CHRISTINE OF THE YOUNG HEART. By Louise B. Clancy. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. A novel.

FAMOUS DETECTIVE STORIES. Edited by J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Eleven detective stories.

\$1200 A YEAR. By Edna Ferber and Newman Levy. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50. A comedy in three acts.

A BOY IN SERBIA. By E. C. Davies. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. The story of a boy's life.

THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE. By H. M. Thomlinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5. A new edition.

BELONGING. By Olive Wadsley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.75. A novel.

WINGS OF WAR. By Theodore Macfarlane Knapp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50. An account of the contribution of the United

States to aircraft invention, engineering, development, and production during the war.

TOMI. By the author of "Heidi." New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. For the young.

BOYS' BOOK OF SEA FIGHTS. By Chelsea Curtis Fraser. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. For the young.

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF HESSVILLE. By Helen R. Martin. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. A novel.

ABOUT IT AND ABOUT. By D. Willoughby. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

Sketches and studies, mostly of British and Irish personalities and institutions.

THE CALL OF THE SURF. By Van Campen Heilner and Frank Stick. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A book about fishing.

WANG THE NINTH. By B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.75. The story of a Chinese boy.

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PEACHES AND CREAM.

The Marcus Show of 1920 has advertised so freely the amount of "cuticle"—as it is tastefully put—displayed by the Marcus "peaches" that the banner audience of Monday night assembled with delightful anticipations of being terribly shocked. *Mais rassurez vous, mes enfants.* The Marcus peaches showed the usual amount of uncovered territory; no more, no less. When I say usual I mean what is usual in the "Revue" form of theatrical entertainment; which means, to be explicit, the throat, neck, arms, arm pits, and a generous area contiguous thereto, all of the back, and sometimes all of the front—with coyly concealing breast-plates—down to the waist line. Occasionally there is a bare circumference of flesh below the waist line. As for the legs and feet, they are often seen entirely bare. At first, during the bare-flesh régime, they used to have the skirts reach the hollow below the knee. Now they only come down—when they are worn at all—to the billowy swell above the knee. In fact, so unwilling are the enterprising theatre men to disappoint the trusting public that in the "trousseau bazaar" of the Marcus show the shopgirls had the backs of their skirts turned up like a squirrel's tail, so that the fair charmers looked as if they were going to be collectively spanked. Can managerial consideration go further?

The Marcus show is a great show of its kind; no mistake. The tired, etc., forgot his tiredness on Monday night and stood in long rows in order to get a good seat, for well he knew he must be all eyes. Nor did he look at all tired, although, oddly enough, the women in my neighborhood raved about the show much more than the men. I think, however,

that they—the men—were in a state of ecstasy beyond words; something like that condition of stilly bliss that children get into when they are being granted their first view of the Christmas tree or listening to a fairy story.

In spite of the open, if jocular, appeals made by the Marcus advertisements to the pruriency of possible patrons, I am convinced that this chorus-girl worship of the male American is mixed up with the instinctive normal delight in beauty, youth, and symmetry instilled by wily nature, who has her own purposes. There is even some form of idealization in it—bleuded, no doubt, with grossness superimposed, often, by the coarser-minded comrade; for states of mind of markedly different nature will overlap each other.

And the dimpled girls do look extremely pretty: the Marcus people have seen to that. For they are of a symmetry and a youngness! Some of them—you can tell it by their blatant, artlessly howling voices in the chorus—not really out of their later childhood's years.

The Marcus people have gone in strong for costumes; and there are several costume parades that strike you dumb when you think of the cost of materials. I hasten to add, lest there may seem to be an inconsistency in my statements, that most of the gorgeous stuffs took the shape of the briefest of hodies and slender draperies trailing on the floor, leaving the contours of their wearers liberally revealed. I never saw so many towering head-dresses in my life. But there were such gauze fluffings and crystal and jewel-colored headings and ornaments and fringes and tassels and hands and strands of color and lustrous glow that, in the midst of all this light, airy, gorgeous setting the pearls of pretty girlhood moved across the stage as glidingly as ships in full sail, and looking like pieces of showy hric-à-brac. In fact they looked like particularly gorgeous "air castles": those funny little survivals of the Victorian ideas in house decoration made of ribbons and silk scraps and glittering heads hung on symmetrical wire shapes that people used to suspend from their chandeliers.

If the girls were the peaches of the show the cream was not forgotten. This was supplied by the comedians, two of whom, Messrs. Sacks and Abbate, proved themselves experts in their craft. An old stager who has lived through many shows of the kind can easily be lulled into a temporary nap by a long procession of mute, slowly gliding beauties, hypnotizing them into sleepy immobility by their shining splendor, but this pair of comedians were death on slumber. Their humor, naturally not of the highest type, was nevertheless real humor, and they kept us laughing and laughing until we were silly, and then we became helplessly apologetic; and still we laughed.

Mike Sacks—such is his euphonious name—specializes as the Hebrew comedian, and never misses a trick: while Charles Abbate plays the calmly contented idiot who is so full of complaisance that we were spared the usual kicks-and-cuffs line of comedy. Mr. Sacks paints innumerable expressions of a general, huffed-by-amiability line on his features, while Mr. Abbate in the amiable imbecility so comically portrayed, is as successful in banishing all hu-

man expressiveness from his countenance as his co-comedian is in making his a battlefield for conflicting rucfulnesses.

There was, of course, a lot of dancing in the show, Mlle. Marion, a temperamental brunette of light and dainty shape and exquisite grace, being the dancer-in-chief. Loleta and Martinez Randall also shone in this respect, and there was the usual pair of male dancers who danced in mathematical unison.

The highest scenic effect of the performance was the undersea view, in which Father Neptune and nymphs of the deep moved against a glimmering blue-green background of light and shadow.

This was followed by a living representation of Bougureau's "Birth of Venus," the apparently nude models, in spite of the veiled hints thrown out by a sapient management, being snugly clothed in the wedding usually worn in exhibitions of the kind, such as we have seen several times at the Orpheum. The living picture was really a thing of beauty, the model beautiful in shape, and a beautiful, soft, diffused glow playing over the group.

And speaking of the Orpheum reminds me that these "Revue" performances are really sublimated vaudeville, and this one had the usual number of specialties: accordion playing, dancing, comic interludes, occasional spectacle, singing, and costume displays.

Mr. Marcus, like Raymond Hitchcock, hit on a novelty in his opening of the show, all the performers being brought forth and introduced one by one by a pretty spokeswoman, the girls gracefully conscious of their thrilling costumes, the men a little hit out of countenance in their black and white harness of conventionality, but all knowing perfectly that the show was sure of a hit.

"BUDDIES."

War buddies and war daddies are both in town, but of the two I choose the "Daddies." "Buddies" is quite a come-down after "Mamma's Affair." On the surface it sounds all right: a lot of doughboys, billeted at a farm in Brittany: a benevolent, widowed farmer, with three daughters; sweetheating in a state of incipience between "Bahe," the favorite doughboy, and Julie, the favorite daughter. The doughboys cut jokes and antics, and occasionally they sing—flat; unless they are singing sharp.

And Julie talks, and talks, and talks. My grief, what a long tongue that young woman has! Her loquaciousness is really enervating, after it once gets started, and one wonders how such a grief-stricken young woman—father and brother both killed in the war and Julie given to long, sad, solitary walks—can endure her own society, with that gymnastic tongue in a state of inaction. I really think they'll have to get out the shears, and snip off—no, not Julie's tongue, but some of those lines that give it such interminable activity.

The play, although it is by George V. Hobart, is a rather naïve affair. There are several languages spoken in it—doughboy English, doughboy French, Brittany or pigeon English, and the sad young soldier who supplies the pathetic note speaks romantic-play English, while two or three people sling around some good, working French. But Mr. Hobart didn't make the best use of his opportunities when he had his doughboys tackle the French language. They weren't funny enough.

The piece is a comedy with music, but Mr. B. C. Hilliam's music is only so-so—which the singing wasn't—and while the doughboys were a pretty creditable group they were only near-funny. There wasn't hubble enough either to their lines or to themselves. The device for making the speaking of English plausible was too far-fetched and there wasn't enough backbone to the story. In fact it had affiliations with the old-fashioned melodrama—where Mme. Benoit, the farmer, belongs—which they now travesty on the vaudeville stage.

The three male players—Denman Maley, Joseph Herbert, Jr., and Ignacio Martinetti—were the best of the company, Olive Reeves Smith supplying a large element of conscientiousness in her work.

In other respects the piece is well put on, and it had a favorable verdict in New York: although probably with a more metropolitan group of players.

MEMBERSHIP NIGHT.

If the entire programme offered on membership night at the Players Theatre was equal in merit to the part that I saw the members have good reason to be proud of the contribution: for contribution it was in part, such well-known artists as William Crane, Beatriz Michelena, and La Estrellita lending éclat to the event by the nature of their offerings.

Beatriz Michelena, the movie star and "California prima donna," evidently finds time during her picture-play activities to keep up vocal practice, for, in the warm Italian soprano she rendered with grace, sympathy, and emotional charm the famous Butterfly aria and Massenet's "Elégie."

La Estrellita repeated the beautiful shawl dance we saw once before, draping her sinu-

ous figure, strikingly clothed in clinging black as a suitable background to the gorgeous, many-hued shawls, in the richly-tinged beauties, and ardently expressing in pose and movement a rich, glowing vitality and a sensuous joy in mere living.

George Ade's one-act comedy, "The Mayor and the Manicure," a typically American piece in its ready humor, its expressive slang, and its delightful genuineness of tone, was rendered in first-class style, the presence of that sterling veteran comedian, William H. Crane, in the cast, stimulating Mrs. Duffy, Miss Myers, and Mr. William Hanley to a spirited cooperation in accomplishing an effect of reality.

The ripened art of this veteran never fails

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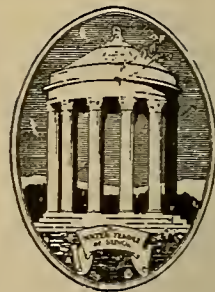


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So he notified his tenants that, above a very liberal maximum, they would have to pay for the water used.

The tenants protested, but the property-owner was firm.

He didn't have to put that water surcharge on the rent bill more than once.

After the first month the tenants showed a proper regard for the property-owner's interests. They found that they could save a great deal of water without stinting their needs.

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to give delight, so completely does he enter into a rôle, so ever-fresh and vital are his humor and sincerity, and so entirely does he make the lines he utters the apparent expression of his real self.

The musical branch of the club is now hard at work on its rehearsals of "Ruddigore," which Americans finally dared to separate from the taboo placed on it by the oddly conservative British because of its title, and the opera had a long run last season in New York.

It will not be, however, until October 4th that the Players Theatre will formally inaugurate its fall season and its new policy of nightly performances in repertory, upon which occasion great variety is promised.

The opening performance will consist of four one-act plays, all of which are by San Francisco writers, and one of which, "The Chinese King's Daughter," by Henry Kirk, will be played by an entirely Chinese cast.

Alternating with this programme and with "Ruddigore" there will be a revival of the very commendable production of "Richard III."

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

"Well, that's enough to try the patience of Job," exclaimed the village minister, as he threw aside the local paper. "Why, what's the matter, dear?" asked his wife. "Last Sunday I preached from the text, 'Be ye therefore steadfast,'" answered the good man; "but the printer makes it read, 'Be ye there for breakfast.'"—*Toronto Evening Telegram.*

The French Academy of Science has announced that the rocking-chair is the most healthful seating apparatus, and advises the discontinuance of the manufacture of other kinds.

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The Curran Theatre.

"Buddies," now playing at the Curran Theatre, is as clean as a rain-washed flower garden. There is no discount on this New York success. It came to San Francisco with the same company that kept the people of New York and Chicago laughing and applauding for a whole year.

George V. Hobart wrote the play and B. C. Hilliam is responsible for the music. The play contains all the traditions of home and country, friendship and love, interwoven with pathos and humor, telling the story of a lot of American soldiers billeted in a quaint village in France.

"Buddies" will remain at the Curran Theatre for one more week only, closing with the performance of Saturday night next.

The Alcazar Theatre.

From the joys and vexations of "Daddies" this week the New Alcazar Company will pass next Sunday afternoon to the first enacting upon the Pacific Coast of the absorbing mystery play "At 9:45," by Owen Davis. "At 9:45" gripped New York nearly all last season when produced by William A. Brady at The Playhouse. It discloses innumerable surprises and complications during the investigation of who shot young Howard Clayton in the library of his father, Judge Clayton. The characters in "At 9:45" are of fashionable society, and the action runs swiftly from a mansion on Fifth Avenue to the restaurant of the Ritz-Carlton and then back to the residence, when comes an unexpected and thrilling climax. Dudley Ayres is the young army officer whose revolver was found on the scene and Inez Ragan the society belle, a fragment of whose ball gown was found clinging to a spiked fence outside. All the Alcazar favorites with special reinforcements are involved in the mysterious proceedings.

"A Cure for Curables," which William Hodge found immensely profitable in the East, and is new to this Coast, will be presented Sunday, October 3d. It is by Earl Derr Biggers, author of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and Lawrence Whitman.

The Maitland Playhouse.

J. M. Barrie's whimsical play, "Admirable Crichton," one of the most delightful fantasies of the stage, will be presented at the Maitland Playhouse this coming week by Arthyr Maitland and his associate players.

"Admirable Crichton" is a story of the equality of man. It depicts a butler—Crichton by name—in the home of one of our rich American families. The family decides on a yachting trip. Crichton, the butler, is taken along to provide for the welfare of his employer's family and the guests. A shipwreck ensues and Crichton emerges from obscurity and menial service to run affairs and save the day. Hence the name that is conferred upon him as a distinction—"Admirable Crichton."

Arthyr Maitland will be in the rôle of Admirable Crichton, which gives proof that part will he well handled.

The full strength of the Maitland Players will be used in this play.

Announcement is made by Arthur Maitland that J. Anthony Smythe, who was a member of the players last season, will resume his work at the Maitland commencing October 4th, when John Galsworthy's "The Eldest Son" will be produced.

Miss Lucille Folsom, a gifted musician from the East, is adding to the attractiveness of Maitland performances by her harp selections.

The Orpheum.

"Bits and Pieces," the Orpheum headliner starting this Sunday, is a musical revue in which song, dance, and satire travesty six of New York's principal theatrical successes. From a scenic standpoint, it is said, the production is excellent. And it has the two capable musical comedians, Jack Patton and Loretta Marks, at the head of a large cast of girls. The six successes to be travestied are "Breakfast in Bed," "My Lady Friends," "East Is West," "The Greenwich Village Follies," "Scandal," and "Tea for Three." Each piece has its own individual scenes, as complete as the original.

Bob Carleton, writer of the popular song

"Ja-Da," with Julia Ballew, will be one of the next show's bright spots. Together they will be seen in songs and dances. Most of the songs were written by Mr. Carleton.

Dan Stanley and Al Birnes, eccentric dancers, will be seen in what they term "At the Club." Neal Abel will complete his performance with songs and soft shoe dancing.

The Briants will offer a fantastic pantomime called "The Dream of the Moving Man." Lawton, creator of new ideas in juggling, with an act said to be different from other jugglers, will be another new feature.

The two headliners of this week, Marie and Mary McFarland, in operatic songs, and Frank Wilcox and company in the comedy, "Ssh-h!" are the only holdovers. Topics of the Day, International News, and Orpheum Orchestra begin and end the show.

Scotti Grand Opera.

The early advance sale of the Scotti Grand Opera Company's engagement at the Exposition Auditorium for the six nights commencing October 4th, and Saturday and Sunday afternoons, has already brought forth such activity as to give every evidence of achieving a substantial financial success.

Advance Agent Charles G. Strakosch is now in San Francisco. Like his forerunners, Mr. Strakosch is identified with the operatic life of this country. Having been connected with the Metropolitan for the past fourteen years, Mr. Strakosch is enthusiastic over the Scotti Grand Opera Company and the prospects for great business in San Francisco. The Scotti Grand Opera Company, according to Mr. Strakosch, travels in a special train, consisting of five Pullman sleepers, four eighty-foot baggage cars, one day coach, and one dining car.

An idea of the magnitude of the Scotti stage production is given by the fact that Scotti carries eleven of the master mechanics of the Metropolitan Opera House and that it will require to "work the shows" and for each performance San Francisco stage mechanics to the extent of master stage carpenter, assistant stage carpenter, and ten men, master property man, assistant property man, and eight "clearers," master stage electrician, assistant and four operators. San Francisco's opening performance of "La Bohème" will be conducted by Gennaro Papi, known at the Metropolitan as the "little Toscanini," for Papi was brought to the Metropolitan from Italy by Toscanini himself.

Scotti's repertory is all that the most exacting could demand, including as it does, Monday, October 4th, "La Bohème"; Tuesday, October 5th, "L'Oracolo" and "Pagliacci"; Wednesday, October 6th, "Faust"; Thursday, October 7th, "Tosca"; Friday, October 8th, "Il Trovatore"; Saturday afternoon, October 9th, "Madama Butterfly"; Saturday evening, "L'Oracolo" and "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Sunday afternoon, October 10th, "La Bohème."

Symphony Orchestra.

Rehearsals of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra began last Monday morning in the Curran Theatre in preparation for the gala pre-season popular concert in the Exposition Auditorium on Saturday evening, October 2d, and the opening concert of the season on Friday afternoon, October 8th. There have been a few changes in the personnel of the orchestra, and the first-chair men for the season will be as follows: Louis Persinger, concertmaster; Artur Argiewicz and Louis W. Ford, assistant concertmasters; Giulio Minetti, second violins; Lajos Fenster, violas; Horace Britt, cellos; John Lahann, double basses; Anthony Linden, flutes; Cesar Addimando, oboes; Harold B. Randall, clarinets; E. Kubitschek, bassoons; Walter Hornig, horns; Leland S. Barton, trumpets; Frederick W. Tait, trombones; Ralph Murray, tuba; Kajetan Attil, harp; George Wagner, tympani.

For the opening concert of the season on the afternoon of October 8th in the Curran Theatre Alfred Hertz announces Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 in E flat ("Eroica"), Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Don Juan," and "Italia," by Alfredo Casella, one of the leading composers of the modern Italian movement.

"Arise!" we said in a tone admirably adapted for declamatory purposes, addressing the sluggard, who was still slugging at an unconscionably late hour. "The lark is up to meet the sun. The bee is on the wing. Remember the manner in which the experienced schoolboy read aloud the admonition to Lucy. He had been taught that when he encountered two letters of the same kind he should pronounce them 'double-o,' or whatever they might be, instead of 'o,' 'o.' So he sternly recited, not 'Up, up, Lucy,' as it was printed, but 'Double up Lucy! The sun is in the sky,' and so forth. Why do you not double up, and to your tasks away?" That is a very good story," replied the sluggard, "but it does not move me. We are told that nature does most of her repair work on us while we are in bed. It is my intention to lie here until she fixes me up so that I feel like going to work."—*Kansas City Star.*



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Hotel Whitcomb.

Every one will be glad to learn that the Hotel Whitcomb is resuming its Saturday evening dansants in the picturesque Sun Lounge. The Sun Lounge is the most wonderful roof garden in San Francisco. Its walls are windows. The dancer gliding by can look from all points of the compass at the lights of the city twinkling below like myriads of stars. No one can resist the rhythmic beat of good dance music or withstand the charms of a highly polished dancing floor. The Sun Lounge is always a very popular rendezvous for lovers of good dancing. The first of these Saturday evening dances will take place September 25th.

Do you know that the government collects more of what is known as the luxury tax on ice-cream sodas and other small sales which carry a penny or two tax than from the sale of motor-cars, diamonds, and other luxuries? So it goes. The 10-cent piece was the foundation of the opulent film world. It is the small coin that bears the burden.

"Why are so many musicians temperamental?" "Well," replied Lewie, "if you had to play 'Hot Time' by the hour, with your heart yearning for a Beethoven symphony, maybe you'd get nervous yourself."—*Washington Star.*

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LAWTON TOPICS OF THE DAY

International News Orpheum Orchestra

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VANITY FAIR.

The good people who were so anxious that Secretary Colby should send an army or a league of nations or something into Mexico in order to compel the closing of the Tia Juana gambling institutions should now turn their attention to France and Belgium. There are all sorts of weird stories about the doings of the newly rich within sight of the great battlefields. A veritable carnival of gambling is in progress, and it seems that a good many lachrymose and patriotic people who crossed the Atlantic ostensibly to say their prayers in the military graveyards are finding their consolation amid scenes that the elders of their churches never even heard of. The military commander at Hartmannweilerkopf recently voiced his protest against the dancing parties that were holding high revel with only a few inches of soil between their nimble feet and the faces of thousands of dead men who were hurriedly buried where they fell. There was something distinctly novel and thrilling in dancing on dead faces. Then come stories of orgies in Paris in which drugs and liquors played their usual part, with death and disgrace for a sequel. Here, too, we may identify the delicate susceptibilities of citizens who hurried to Europe to pay homage to the miles and acres of white crosses, and who found that there were mitigations even to their most sacred grief. And now comes a descriptive bulletin from Ostend, where it seems that millions of francs are won and lost every night by visitors who spend their days in haunting the battlefields, doubtless with thankful hearts that the world has at last been made safe for democracy and the croupier.

Gambling, it seems, has increased tenfold in Ostend and Calais since the end of the war. These places now rival Monte Carlo. The Ostend Casino opens at 10 o'clock in the morning; it is crowded within a few minutes, and it remains crowded all day long. The display of jewels is almost incredible. Some of them have been bought as an investment, and of course there are many worse ways of spending money than in the purchase of jewels. But most of the display represents a sordid mania for buying things on the part of people who now have money for the first time in their lives, money coined from blood and tears. Even the hatching dresses are decorated

with jewels, and the best way to bedizen these garments is one of the favorite topics of conversation among the newly-rich women who are now crowding the northern watering places. Close at hand is the wreck of the *Vindictive*, whose hundreds of sailors gave their lives in the attack upon Zeebrugge. An automobile drive takes the grief-stricken visitor to the battlefields of Ypres and Dixmude. He can easily pay his devoirs to the thick carpet of corpses that lies beneath his feet, and he can still be in time to return for a bath in a jeweled hatching suit and for a jolly evening at the Casino, where the gold pieces flow like the cascading waters on the shore.

A correspondent of the New York Times says that the hotels and boarding-houses are reaping a rich harvest. Small blame to them. Perhaps there is no other spectacle quite so ironic as the profiteer haggling with the hotel-keeper and reproaching him for taking advantage of the necessities of his fellow-creatures. The Times correspondent says that his hotel charged fifteen francs a day before the war. Now it charges one hundred francs. To their old customers they are considerate, but their old customers very seldom come, and to their new customers the prices do not matter. Perhaps the old customers are dead, or have been so inconsiderate as to lose sons, husbands, and fathers in the war. Or perhaps they are merely ruined and are now to be found on the underpart of the great wheel of fortune that ceaselessly revolves and of which the roulette wheel at the Casino is an effective and suggestive type. Who knows? *Messieurs et Mesdames, faites vos jeux.* The great game goes on, alike upon the epic and the miniature stage, and the eternal *Vae Victis*, the immemorial Woe to the Conquered, is still our hymn of life.

Apropos of gambling, we are told by a London correspondent of the New York Tribune that the English hookmakers much prefer women customers to men, and they now have plenty of both sexes. The woman always hets upon her luck and the man hets on his calculations, and the devotee of luck is always the more persistent. The rule applies even in horse racing. The man considers the qualities of the horse, but the woman either follows her fancy or she happens to know something ingratiating or otherwise about the jockey or the trainer. The woman also places a large dependence upon the tips that she receives from friends. She has a disposition to believe that anything that is told her in confidence or secrecy, no matter by whom, is probably reliable. These peculiarities give great tenacity to the woman's hetting proclivities. So long as she believes in luck apart from calculation she will continue to follow it, and perhaps she is right, for there is nothing so entirely fatal to success in hetting as calculation. The man with a system is doomed. Fortune seems far better disposed to attend upon superstition than upon intelligence, or what passes for intelligence, where efforts are made to detect the laws that underlie what we call chance. The man who "breaks the bank at Monte Carlo" is usually the man who has persuaded some young girl to place his hets for him, or who obeys a fancy to sit in some particular chair or who selects a color by some other process equally fantastic. The number of gamblers who depend on fantastic omens or who woo the goddess of chance in other such ways is surprising. Hard-headed business men, hankers and the like, will become wholly irrational when they approach the gambling table. The man who takes care to change his seat with every hets is probably a financial magnate whose

astute calculations have been the wonder of the stock exchange. Probably that other man who selects his color according to the hair of the girl opposite him is of the same breed. And, curiously enough, the spectacular winnings have usually followed some such "method" as these. Certainly they have never followed the "systems" that depend upon elaborate calculations.

There may be a good deal that we do not understand in what we call chance. Perhaps chance is no more than undiscovered law. All gamblers seem to think so. The gambler who advises you to "het on your luck" has more pragmatic common sense than he who scoffs at luck. If the color red wins twice in succession there is an irresistible tendency to believe that it will win a third time. It is no use to point out that one turn of the wheel or throw of the dice can not conceivably have any effect on subsequent turns or throws. The gambler will willingly assent to your assertion on abstract principles, but in his innermost heart he will be none the less convinced that it has, none the less resolved to go on hetting on his luck. He will admit that there can be no connection between the color of the girl's hair and the color that is about to win, but none the less he will het on the color of the girl's hair. He is inwardly and secretly persuaded that the goddess of chance is trying to convey her secrets. Her language is not ours. Not for her is the spoken word or any of the usual means of communication. Her alphabet is the omen and the presage, and from the mazes of the fortuitous she spells her sentences. Fortunate are they who can read them.

Now the woman frankly believes in the omen and the presage. If they seem to fail her it is because she has not read them aright, and not because they are not there. Better luck next time. And we may note, and it is an almost incontestable fact, that good fortune in gambling usually goes to the superstitious—so at least we are told by those in a position to speak with authority.

A President's Grandfather.

It seems to be a fact that the great-grandfather of Millard Fillmore, the thirteenth President of the United States, was a pirate, though a pirate in spite of himself.

The story begins in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, when the murderous freebooters, Blackbeard, Lov, and Phillips, swept the Atlantic coast from Jamaica to Newfoundland. Phillips, during his last piratical cruise, captured the *Dolphin* of Cape Ann, a vessel commanded by Andrew Harriiden. She was a better craft than his own and the pirate accordingly transferred his black flag to her and sent the crew away in another of his prizes, but retained Harriiden on board.

In a day or two Harriiden discovered among the pirate's crew two young men, John Fillmore and Edward Cheesman, whom Phillips had captured and made pirates against their will. They were brave fellows, and had determined either to escape from the pirate's clutches or to capture his vessel and bring him and his murderous crew to justice.

Noon of a certain day was fixed upon as the hour for making the hazardous attempt. When the time arrived Cheesman, the leader, Fillmore and Harriiden were on deck. Nut, the master, a man of great strength and courage, was aft, and with him were the boatswain and the gunner.

Nut and the boatswain were the two whom the conspirators most feared to encounter. Cheesman promised, however, to take care of the master if the others would take care of the boatswain. No firearms were to be used, because the noise of the explosion would alarm the pirates below.

Cheesman, who had been made the ship's carpenter, left his tools on deck as if he were going to use them about the vessel, and took a turn up and down the quarter-deck with Nut. Fillmore, as if in sport, picked up an ax and began twirling it on the point.

This was the signal agreed upon, and Cheesman grappled the master, and after a short struggle threw him into the sea. Fillmore struck the boatswain with the ax and he fell lifeless on deck. Phillips, the pirate chief, hearing the noise of the scuffle, rushed from the cabin and was at once met by Cheesman, who wounded him with a mallet.

The captors then sprang into the hold and put the rest of the pirate crew in irons. The vessel was steered for Boston, where she arrived on May 3, 1724.

Two of the pirates were hanged. Fillmore, Cheesman, and their confederates were acquitted.—*Oregonian.*

I never did anything by accident, nor did any of my inventions come indirectly through accident, except the phonograph. No, when I have fully decided that a result is worth getting, I go ahead on it and makes trial after trial until it comes.—*Thomas A. Edison.*

The mayor of Montmartre, Paris, recently had to open two branch offices to handle the rush of applications for marriage.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At one of Lady Astor's meetings in her campaign for Parliament a woman demanded to know how she would like to live on \$2 a week, and when Lady Astor rejoined cheerfully that she began on less than that, another woman remarked with scorn: "There! I knew she wasn't allus a lady." Which goes to show that in politics it's hard to suit everybody.

A Sunday-school teacher, trying to impress her teaching about the future life upon the plastic minds of her youthful pupils, asked all those who wanted to go to heaven to stand up. Three-year-old Dora alone remained seated. "Why, Dora!" questioned the teacher, "all good little girls want to go to heaven. Why don't you?" "No, ma'am, we aint goin'; we're goin' back to Detroit."

A certain house employee, who makes very little money, has just returned from a buzz around the Florida health resorts. Other employees, at a loss to understand why he should spend his money in such riotous living, asked him to explain. "Well," he said, "I like the association of big men." "What do you mean association?" Bill Kenny, one of the door-keepers, asked. "Well," he replied, "one day Boies Penrose's automobile almost ran over me, and another day, when I was in swimming, I kicked Mayor Hyland on the ankle."

Abe Carter was a pious, hard-working old harky, much respected by the white people of the community. But evil days fell upon Abe. The boll weevil destroyed his cotton; his adopted baby died of the whooping-cough; his wife died of a fever; his horse was killed by lightning, and a cyclone demolished his cabin. The Episcopalian minister, hearing of Abe's extraordinary misfortunes, called to see him. "Abe," said the minister, "you have been

sorely afflicted, but you must trust in the Lord; you must believe it is all for the best." "Yas, suh, boss," said Abe. "Yas, suh, I does. I feels I is in de hands ob a all-wise an' unscrupulous Providence."

Through the long summer hours she had done her best to let him see she liked him. But he wrapped himself in a cloak of cynicism and made no move. "Marriage!" he spoke bitterly. "Marriage is a mistake! Why should a man saddle himself with a wife for life, when he can buy a parrot for \$5?" She hid her anger behind a charming smile. "Yes," she retorted. "There again you men certainly have the advantage. We poor women can't buy a bear of any kind under \$200."

Old Portly found himself stranded for an hour or so in a strange town and decided to have something to eat. He entered the only restaurant he could find and called for a menu. "There aint one, sir," said the waiter, who looked as if he'd been blighted in infancy, "but I can tell you what's on." "Let's have it, then," said Portly. The waiter took a deep breath and recited off a lengthy list. "You have a good memory, my man," said Portly. "No, sir," said the waiter, meekly, "I just looked at the table cloth."

It was the bishop bold of a colonial see, and in the course of his episcopal visitation he arrived at an up-country farm, many miles from anywhere, the proprietor of which was very proud of his knowledge of the world and had instructed his wife to be sure and call the visitor "Lord" whenever she addressed him. The good wife was more generous-minded than her husband, and when dinner began she broke silence with the remark, "Well Bill, I don't think much of you as a helper. Give the Lord some more gravy."

The juvenile son of a professor of botany in one of the Eastern universities seems likely to become as learned as his father; already he is familiar with the Latin names of many of the specimens in the professor's herbarium. But the boy is not all botanist. He is ready to fight, as well as to study. Recently he returned home with one eye half closed and discolored. His mother greeted him with dismay. "Oh, Aleck," she cried, "you have been fighting again!" "But it wasn't my fault, mother," the boy hastened to explain. "Bill Johnson said *Taraxacum officinale* didn't mean a dandelion."

A good story is going the rounds of Princeton about Professor Alfred Noyes, the English poet. Professor Noyes, it is known, likes very much to read his works aloud to his friends, and at Princeton, with so many young men under him, he is usually able to gratify this liking to the full. The other day Professor Noyes said to a junior who had called about an examination: "Wait a minute. Don't go yet. I want to show you the proofs of my new book of poems." But the junior made for the door frantically. "No, no," he said. "I don't need proofs. Your word is enough for me, professor."

General Zachary Taylor, hero of the Mexican war, had a sense of humor that smacks of these modern times. Just after the battle of Buena Vista the general noticed a group of ten or twelve Mexicans gathered at some distance and apparently in consultation. The general wished to have them dispersed, so he turned to Captain Bragg at his side and said: "Captain Bragg, d'ye see that bunch of men

over there?" The captain said he did. "Well, drive them away from there!" Bragg trained a cannon on the party and fired. All of the Mexicans fell, ponies and all, except two who put spurs to their nags and galloped away. When General Taylor saw the result of the shot he snatched off his cap and let out a yell: "Good hit, captain, by jingo! Set 'em up in the other alley!"

They were talking of the city government. "They all work together," one man complained. "First they let the trusts put up the price of coffee and tea till a poor man can't afford to drink 'em any more. Then the milk companies get after us and put milk out of our reach. Then comes prohibition and we can't buy beer at all. Thought the limit was reached then, didn't you?" "Sure," said the idle person, "they haven't thought of anything more to do, have they?" "But haven't they, though?" bitterly replied the discouraged one. "Don't you read the papers? When there's nothing else left to drink but water, this blasted city government suddenly wakes up and raises the price of water. What chance has a poor man to live, anyhow?"

A successful old lawyer tells the following story about the beginning of his professional life: "I just had installed myself in my office," he said, "had put in a phone and had preened myself for my first client who might come along when, through the glass of my door I saw a shadow. Yes, it was doubtless some one to see me. Picture me, then, grabbing the nice, shiny receiver of my new phone and plunging into an imaginary conversation. It ran something like this: 'Yes, Mr. S.' I was saying as the stranger entered the office; 'I'll attend to that corporation matter for you. Mr. J. had me on the phone this morning and wanted me to settle a damage suit, but I had to put him off, as I was too busy with other cases. But I'll manage to sandwich your case in between the others somehow. Yes. Yes. All right. Good-by.' Being sure, then, that I had duly impressed my prospective client, I hung up the receiver and turned to him. 'Excuse me, sir,' the man said, 'but I'm from the telephone company. I've come to connect your instrument.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Prometheus Bound.

Here in the voting booth I stand
And clench my ballot in my hand;
This is my weapon in distress,
This is my shield of righteousness;
Today my stature is as great
As any Eastern potentate,
And this, my summons, proudly given,
Controls the powers of hell and heaven.
Prometheus Bound has rent his chains
And rises, looming o'er the plains;
The lightning flashes from his eyes,
Illuming all our tyrannies;
And trembling on their paper thrones
The rulers and the priestly drones
Lift arms and voices in dismay
Lest the storm wash them quite away!
So, stepping to the ballot-box,
I vote for Harding or for Cox.
—Maxwell Anderson in the Nation.

Summer Resorts.

Summer resorts, summer resorts,
Various places of devious sort;
Differing from one another in glory,
Yet are ye all in the same category;
Duller than prisons and grimmer than forts,
Summer resorts, summer resorts!

Summer resorts, summer resorts,
Airily vaunting your climate and sports:
Boating and bathing and fishing and sailing,
Promising blithely and cheerfully failing;
Meadowland golf links and mud tennis courts—
Summer resorts, summer resorts!

Summer resorts, summer resorts,
Your commissariat appetite thwarts;
Menus of length that is almost incredible,
High-sounding dishes that prove quite inedible
(Nothing at all served in pints or in quarts)—
Summer resorts, summer resorts!

Summer resorts, summer resorts,
Wildly I flee thy piazza cohorts!
Who, with continuous giggle and chatter,
In wooden rockers eternally clatter;
Veiled innuendoes and caustic retorts—
Summer resorts, summer resorts!

Summer resorts, summer resorts,
Though to enjoy thee my neighbor exhorts,
Deep in my heart there is nothing but pity
For poor wights who "have to get out of the city!"
I am not fooled by their glowing reports,
Summer resorts, summer resorts!
—Carolyn Wells.

Brer Rabbit's Skin.

In recent years several kinds of fur, formerly of so little value as to offer no inducement to the trapper, have increased in price, and consequently collecting them has been made profitable.

Rabbit pelts, which are extensively used by hat-makers, are among these products. Formerly rabbit skins were of virtually no value; country boys who eagerly sought the lair of

the skunk and the raccoon and who were even able to sell squirrel skins, thought so little of the rabbit and made so little effort to dispose of the skins that they were seldom used except to form a pad on which they "knuckled down" in the marble game.

Now, however, rabbit skins are worth something, and the country boy who will devote this winter to saving and marketing the skins of the rabbits he kills should make a comfortable sum of money.

One big Eastern firm has announced that it will need 10,000,000 rabbit skins during 1920. The skins are usually sold by the pound, which will contain seven or eight skins.



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ANNUAL MEETING

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the annual meeting of the stockholders of PRESIDIO TERRACE ASSOCIATION will be held at the office of the corporation, 318-324 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the fourth Tuesday in September, viz., September 28th, 1920, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of the election of Directors to serve for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting.

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Secretary.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williams have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Florence Williams, and Mr. Henry Swift of Berkeley. Their marriage will take place next Thursday at the bride's home in Piedmont.

The marriage of Miss Louise Howard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paxton Howard, and Mr. Howard Bouquet of Los Angeles was solemnized Saturday afternoon in Piedmont. Mrs. Guy Gilchrist was

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her sister's matron of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Virginia Crane and Miss Katherine Craft. Mr. Allen Holubar was the best man. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Bouquet will make their home in Hollywood.

A quiet wedding, of considerable interest both here and abroad, was solemnized September 18th at the Church of the Advent, Fell Street, at 10 a. m., when Mrs. Louise E. Frank, widow of Mr. Marshall A. Frank, became the bride of Mr. Frederick Charles Brewer, a graduate of Liverpool College, England, and a former officer of the British army. Mr. Brewer is the son of the late William and Jane Brewer (Jane Kendall Howard of Philadel-

Dancing

In that wonder spot—The picturesque Sun Lounge of Hotel Whitcomb—When the music starts—You can't resist gliding out on the smoothly polished floor—Be sure to come.

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phia). The Rev. Father Kincaid officiated. The bride was attended by Miss Angela Coyle. Mr. David K. Shanks supported the groom. Mr. Brewer served throughout the Griqualand rebellion with the Griqualand Horse and during the Boer war with the Imperial Light Horse. In the recent world war he served in the Royal Engineers with the Canadian overseas forces. He is internationally known as a polo player, having represented South Africa, and as a yachtsman. The honeymoon will be spent in an automobile trip through Southern California.

The marriage of Miss Dorothy Mann and Mr. Innes Randolph of New York took place September 10th in Yokohama. Mrs. Randolph is the daughter of Mr. Seth Mann and Mrs. Maud Daulton Mann. Mr. Randolph is the son of Mrs. Marion Randolph of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith gave a dinner Friday evening in honor of Miss Geraldine Graham of Santa Barbara and her fiancé, Mr. Whitney Warren, Jr., of New York. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth, Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mrs. Christian de Guigné, Mrs. Jane Selby Hayne, Miss Cornelia Clappett, Miss Eleanor Spreckels, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Katherine Ramsay, Mr. Donald Lewis, Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Orel Goldarena, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Commander J. L. Nielson, Captain Ronald Banon, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mr. James Jackman, Mr. Cyril McNear, and Mr. Stephen Parrott.

Miss Mary Phelan entertained delightfully at her Washington Street home on Thursday, the 2d, with a musical and tea. With Mr. Fred Maurer at the piano, Miss Grace Ewing, the artist of the afternoon, presented a programme of French folk songs that was charming and unusual. The music room was a perfect setting for her picturesque Breton peasant costume, which is a replica of one at the Trocadero in Paris. There were groups of famous French folk songs and some of the simpler ones of France today, those sung and danced by the

children of that country. Informal explanation of the numbers added greatly to their enjoyment. After the programme a delightful half-hour at the tea-tables followed.

Miss Laura Miller was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Friday at the Ingleside Golf and Country Club by Mrs. John Sutton. The guests included Mrs. Blair Brooks, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Jean Searles, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Eleanor Campbell, Miss Sophia Brownell, Miss Newell Bull, Miss Katherine Stoney, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Josephine Moore, Miss Margaret Cheney, Miss Annette Rolph, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Katherine Session, Miss Harriet Campbell, and Miss Betty Merrill.

An Italian fête was held Saturday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stetson at Burlingame, the affair having been given for the benefit of the American Academy at Rome. Preceding the fête a "no host" dinner for more than a hundred guests was held at the Burlingame Club.

Miss Mary Julia Crocker entertained at luncheon Friday, complimenting Miss Elizabeth Adams. Among the guests were Mrs. Henry White, Jr., Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Evelyn Poett, Miss Doris Schmiedel, Miss Betty Schmiedel, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Anne Dibblee, and Miss Mary Emma Flood.

Mrs. John Wright was a luncheon hostess Saturday in honor of Mrs. Crawford Clarke. The affair was held at the Woman's Athletic Club and those asked to the affair included Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. M. C. Porter, Mrs. James Black, Mrs. Charles Deering, Mrs. A. N. Buchanan, Mrs. F. C. McCreary, Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, Mrs. James Hall, Mrs. George Tyson, Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. Arthur Sharp, Mrs. William Shotwell, Mrs. Forrest Carey, Mrs. William Ireland, and Miss Linda Buchanan.

Mrs. Silas Palmer entertained at tea last Tuesday afternoon in compliment to Mrs. A. C. Mason of Vermont, the guests including Mrs. Duncan McDuffie, Mrs. Voorhies Bishop, Mrs. Erle Brownell, Mrs. James Bishop, Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Mrs. Harry Williar, Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. Robert McMillan, Mrs. Frederick Magee, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. James Black, and Miss Bessie Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Sprickels gave a dinner last Wednesday evening for Mrs. William Miller Graham of Santa Barbara, Miss Geraldine Graham, and Mr. Whitney Warren, Jr., of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ames gave a dinner Thursday evening in Burlingame, their guests including Miss Helen Hammersmith, Miss Evelyn Poett, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Dorothy Clark, Miss Edna Christenson, Miss Sue McDonald, Miss Florence Russell, Mr. Merrill Morshead, Mr. Calvin Tilden, Mr. Alan Black, Mr. Lindsay Howard, Mr. George Kleiser, Mr. Dana Fuller, and Mr. Edward McDonald.

Mrs. George Beardsley and Miss Barbara Beardsley gave a luncheon last week in San Rafael, complimenting Miss Anne Weatherbee of New York.

Mrs. William McArthur of Los Angeles and Mrs. A. C. Mason of Vermont were the guests of honor at a luncheon given Friday by Mrs. Erle Brownell. Among the guests were Mrs. Frank Fuller, Mrs. Maxwell Milton, Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mrs. Harry Williar, Mrs. Voorhies Bishop, and Mrs. Samuel Boardman.

Senator James D. Phelan gave a luncheon Sunday at Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stetson gave a supper-dance last Thursday evening, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Platt Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Wilder Bowers, Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schuyler, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr.,

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park, Mr. and Mrs. Algeron Gibson, Miss Evelyn Poett, Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Katherine Kuhn, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Emily Timlow, Miss Florence Russell, Miss Sophie Beylard, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Margaret Lee, Miss Rosamunde Lee, Miss Helen Pierce, and Miss Mary Emma Flood.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., of New York were the guests of honor at a dinner given Saturday evening in Burlingame by Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker.

Mr. Gordon Armsby and Mr. Raymond Armsby gave a dinner last Tuesday evening at the Burlingame Club, their guests having included Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mrs. William Miller Graham of Santa Barbara, Miss Geraldine Graham, and Mr. Whitney Warren, Jr., of New York.

Mrs. Joseph Jayne gave a luncheon last week at Yerba Buena in honor of Mrs. Edson Adams.

Miss Sophie Beylard gave a dinner Saturday evening in San Mateo.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave a dance last Thursday evening in Burlingame for her two granddaughters, the Misses Mary and Eleanor Martin.

Mrs. Blair Brooks gave a luncheon Thursday at the Claremont Country Club for Miss Laura Miller. Among the guests were Mrs. Jack Okell, Mrs. Thomas Greer, Mrs. Paul de Fremery, Mrs. Frank Miller, Miss Janice Ewer, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Elizabeth Watt, Miss Hope Somerset, Miss Dorothy Cawston, Miss Hatherley Brittain, Miss Virginia Smith, Miss Geraldine King, Miss Dorothy Grissim, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Flora Edwards, Miss Elizabeth Koser, Miss Margaret Weill, Miss Adele Chevalier, Miss Margaret Webster, and Miss Doris Rodolph.

Mrs. Butler Breeden was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Thursday by Mrs. C. O. G. Miller.

Mrs. Frederick Kimble gave a luncheon Monday at the Francisca Club for Miss Barbara Kimble. Among the guests were Miss Louise Braden, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Florence Russell, Miss Helen Lee, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Geraldine King, Miss Lillian Hopkins, Miss Patience Winchester, Miss Ynez Macondray, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Eleanor Welty, Miss Florence Martin, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Rosamunde Lee, Miss Beatrice Lund, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Isabelle Bishop, Miss Frances Pringle, Miss Helen Boby, Miss Katherine Bentley, and Miss Margaret Lee.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin entertained at luncheon Monday, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent, Mrs. William Miller Graham, Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Miss Geraldine Graham, Mr. Nion Tucker, Commander Van Antwerp, and Mr. Richard Tobin.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner Saturday evening, her guests including Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Richard Derby, Mrs. Atberton Russell, Colonel Richard Derby, and Mr. Philip Paschel.

Mrs. Horace Hill entertained at luncheon Monday at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. McNear and Mr. and Mrs. Denman McNear gave a reception Wednesday in Petaluma, a number of guests having gone from San Francisco and Oakland for the affair.

Count and Countess André de Limur are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Lieutenant and Mrs. Henry White arrived last week from Coronado and will spend a month with Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wheeler.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and Miss Eleanor Spreckels left Sunday for the Atlantic coast. Miss Spreckels will enter Miss Spence's school.

Countess de Buyer-Mimeure will sail next month from France to spend the winter in San Francisco with Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes will arrive next week from New York.

Mrs. Robert Greer left Friday for Seattle, after a month's sojourn with Mrs. Ellinwood.

Mrs. Adrian von Behrens of Santa Barbara, Miss Josephine Ross, and Miss Barbara Donohoe left Wednesday for Honolulu to be away two months. Miss Donohoe and Miss Mary Donohoe returned Monday from a trip to Banff and Lake Louise.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn and Mr. and Mrs. Daulton Mann will return the first of the week from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., Miss Jane Carrigan, and Mr. Harris Carrigan left last week for Klamath Falls, Oregon.

Mr. Tallant Tubbs left the first of the week for Boston. Mr. Tubbs went East with Mr. Charles Dabney of Santa Barbara and his sons, Mr. Samuel Dabney and Mr. Charles Dabney, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall and their sons have arrived in New York from France and will return next week to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Whitman and Miss Barbara Harrison will leave for New York within a fortnight. They have been in Burlingame during the greater part of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Miss Marie Louise Winslow will return next week from New York and Europe.

Miss Elizabeth Adams returned Monday from Burlingame, where she was visiting Miss Ruth Hobart.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan returned last week from a sojourn in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Alfred Oyster will come to San Francisco the first of October, after a summer spent at Pebble Beach.

General and Mrs. J. B. Aleshire arrived last week from Honolulu and are at the Cecil Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild have arrived in

New York from London. They will enjoy a brief visit in the Eastern city before returning to California.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Peabody will return next week to their home in Santa Barbara from Europe, where they have spent the summer in travel.

Mr. Whitney Warren, Jr., of New York left this week for the Atlantic coast, after a fortnight's stay in San Francisco. Mr. Warren's fiancée, Miss Geraldine Graham of Santa Barbara, and Mrs. Graham, who have also been visiting here, have returned south.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hawkins have returned to Hollister, after a brief visit with Mr. and Mrs. Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. William Devereux returned several days ago from Maine, where they spent the summer with Mr. Devereux's father.

Mr. and Mrs. William Leib have returned from a trip to the Webber Lake Country Club.

Miss Anne Peters returned the first of the week from Pacific Grove, where she was the guest of Commander and Mrs. J. L. Nielson.

Mrs. William Sproule and Miss Marie Louise Baldwin have gone to Philadelphia with Mr. William Kimble is spending several days in San Francisco with Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Jr., of Los Angeles is spending several weeks at the Cecil Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. I. R. D. Grubb have returned from a trip through the northern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Platt Kent returned last week from Tahoe, where they were among the guests at Mr. Frederick Kohl's house party.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry St. Goar, Miss Helen St. Goar, and Mr. Charles St. Goar have gone south on a pleasure trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Williamson and Miss Lorna Williamson have given up their house on Mason Street and have taken apartments at the Fairmont.

Mrs. William Timlow and Miss Emily Timlow of New York are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. William Reding, Miss Louise Reding, and Miss Lillian Whitney have gone to New York to make their permanent home.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams and the Misses Elizabeth, Ellita, and Julia Adams left Thursday for the Atlantic coast, where they will remain indefinitely. They were accompanied on the Eastern trip by Miss Caroline Madison, who will attend school in New York.

Miss Pearl Chase has returned to Santa Barbara after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Coleman of Santa Barbara have gone to Chicago for the winter season.

Mrs. Arthur Bachman and Mr. Arthur Bachman, Jr., are stopping at the Ritz-Carlton, Philadelphia, prior to the opening of the University of Pennsylvania, which Mr. Bachman will attend this semester.

Guests of the Hotel Whitcomb include Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Wales, Scarborough, England; Mr. J. P. Kenyon, Stockton; Mr. John H. Atwood, Kansas City, Missouri; Mr. D. B. Eastman, Tonopah; Mr. J. H. Barr, Stockton; Mr. G. V. Uphill, Australia; Mr. R. G. Gillette, Minneapolis; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Byrne, Columbus, Ohio; Dr. Robert Saloski, New Orleans; Mr. J. H. Liefcrick, Holland; Mr. C. B. Shaw, Cloverdale; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin R. Jones, Grand Rapids, Michigan; Mr. and Mrs. Roy Henning, Salt Lake City; Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Thompson, Sacramento; Mr. A. T. Combe, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Clark, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Bayley, Washington, D. C.; Judge and Mrs. H. R. Tuttle, San Jose.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel St. Francis were Dr. H. F. Palm, Seattle; Judge and Mrs. Joseph McCullough, Baltimore; Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Lyon, Winston-Salem, North Carolina; Mr. George A. Brownell, Mr. George C. Barclay, New York; Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hilerest, Pasadena;

Mr. Sam Blythe, Mr. S. S. Raymond, Los Angeles; Mr. W. J. Burgandsdyke, Holland; Mr. J. J. Staargaard, Shanghai, China; Mr. R. C. Loesel, Mr. Charles Loesel, New York; Mr. Gaynor O. Gorman, Boston; Mr. F. and Mr. T. Shimada, Tokyo; Mr. L. C. Peterson, Chicago; Mr. Harry Lockhart, Jr., New York City; Mr. and Mrs. Francis Gay, Honolulu; Mr. and Mrs. William Dunning, Colorado Springs; Mr. Charles Verill, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. George Settle, Reno, Nevada.

Among the guests at the Palace Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. Felife Beaucamini, Jr., Manila; Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Jeter, Santa Cruz; Mr. R. I. Hughes, Salinas; Congressman William Kettner, Mr. Isadore Dockweiler, Los Angeles; Mr. J. L. McQuarrie, New York; Mr. David Van Schaack, Hartford, Connecticut; Mr. Charles Donlon, Oxford; Mr. L. W. Arnett, Covington, Kentucky; Dr. Paul S. Reinsch, China; Mr. W. J. Pearson, Los Angeles; Mr. John O. Blaine, Grand Rapids; Mr. Lloyd R. Macy, Mr. John Baer, Pasadena; Mr. Ivan St. John, Los Angeles; Mr. H. H. Hampshire, Eureka; Mr. Lee Phillips, Los Angeles.

Annual Reception of the Protestant Old Ladies' Home.

The thirty-first annual reception and donation party of the Protestant Episcopal Old Ladies Home will be held on the afternoon of Friday, October 1st—from 2 to 6—at the home, 2158 Golden Gate Avenue, San Francisco. This institution continues the good work it has long maintained, and has within its fold thirty-one beneficiaries, the full number that may be housed in its limited quarters. The advanced cost of everything essential to the maintenance of the home makes it necessary for the managers to make special appeal this year to the humanity and generosity of the public. Following is a list of the board of directors of the home: Mrs. A. L. House, president; Mrs. W. M. Fitzhugh, vice-president; Mrs. S. B. McNear, recording secretary; Mrs. J. H. Philip, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Warren D. Clark, treasurer; Mrs. J. K. Armsby, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. H. J. Crocker, Mrs. George W. Caswell, Mrs. B. M. Gunn, Mrs. A. B. Hammond, Mrs. Lewis P. Hobart, Mrs. N. L. Nokes, Mrs. James Ruggles, Mrs. George Reed.

Domestic Science School.

A domestic science school conducted for the women of San Francisco and vicinity by the Sperry Flour Company is to be opened for its sixth annual course on September 27th.

In lessons personally conducted by Mrs. Belle DeGraf, well-known domestic science expert, the science and practice of cookery in all its branches will be treated from the standpoint of those who desire to understand its fundamental principles. It will also be endeavored to promote originality and inventiveness in getting up the daily menu and preparing appetizing dishes. There are no fees attached to the course, which consists of twelve lessons, one each week.

Special Tea Event.

The Hotel Whitcomb is planning to give a series of the most delightful tea events ever staged for the enjoyment of San Francisco women. Each of these teas has been arranged to include some new and distinctly worthwhile entertainment.

The first of this series of teas will be a "Dramatic Tea" held on Tuesday afternoon, September 28th, in the picturesque Sun Lounge of the Hotel Whitcomb. During this tea a dramatic reading will be given on the subject, "Humoresque," by Fannie Hurst.

Miss Florence Lutz, formerly on the faculty of the Sargent School of Acting, New York City, has been engaged to give the reading. Miss Lutz has acted with Forbes Robertson,

Tea Tales



"What's new?"

"Hotel Whitcomb is giving a 'Dramatic Tea' next Tuesday afternoon here in the Sun Lounge. It's going to be very interesting."

"What's the dramatic part of the tea?"

"Why, Miss Lutz of the University of California will give a reading of 'Humoresque,' Fannie Hurst's clever play."

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"Tuesday afternoon, September 28th, in the Sun Lounge, 2:30 to 4:30, but I'm told the reading commences at four. There's no admission charge."

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Music Teachers' Association!

The San Francisco Music Teachers' Association will hold its first meeting of the season in the Los Angeles Hall of Native Sons' Building, 414 Mason Street, San Francisco, on Tuesday evening, September 28th, at 8:15 o'clock. Following is the official roster of the association: Olga Block Barrett, president; Pierre Douillet, vice-president; Alvina Heuer Willson, secretary; Mary Alverta Morse, treasurer; Domenico Brescia, Mrs. N. S. Stevenson, Julian R. Waybur, directors.

At the ninth conference of the Russian Communist party, held at Moscow early in April, the Order of the Red Flag was mockingly conferred on Clemenceau and Winston Churchill "in recognition of their great services to the international revolution."

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"I'm having trouble in supporting my wife."
"You don't know what trouble is. Try not supporting her."—*Kansas City Journal*.

He (after the quarrel)—Then what did you marry me for? She—Mother figured it up at the time and said it was for about a million and a half, I think.—*Boston Transcript*.

"From what my friends say, I gather golf is an awfully sociable game." "What makes you think that?" "They talk so much about its tees."—*Baltimore American*.

Willis—They say Bump tells his wife everything. Gillis—Yes, but it isn't really his fault. He's got to tell somebody, and you know there are no more bartenders.—*Town Topics*.

"You've marked another cent on the price of gasoline." "That isn't for gasoline," replied the keeper of the station. "That's to pay for the enormous amount of chalk we've used marking up the price heretofore."—*Washington Star*.

Bacon—I see a folding drum for orchestra musicians has been invented that is extended to full size by hinged ribs between the heads. Egbert—That sounds good to me. Bacon—What? Egbert—A drum you can shut up.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"We are still seeking," said the scientist, "to ascertain the exact purpose for which the pyramids of Egypt were constructed." "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, absent-mindedly; "some of these investigations do take a long time."—*Washington Star*.

Wilson and Wilton were discussing the moralities when the first put this question: "Well, what is conscience, anyhow?" "Conscience," said Wilton, who prides himself upon being a bit of a pessimist, "is the thing we always believe should bother the other fellow."—*Toledo Blade*.

Browne—I witnessed a wonderful act last night—a man juggling fifteen silver dollars while balancing a ten-dollar bill on the tip of his nose and giving an impersonation at the same time. Toane—Marvelous! By the way, whom did he impersonate? Browne—The salaried man, of course.—*Life*.

Little Girl—Teacher said today that our ancestors away back were monkeys. Mother—You don't believe that, do you? Little Girl—Well, I don't know much about it, but I told the teacher that maybe it wasn't so far

back either, 'cause I heard dad say that you had made a monkey out of him.—*New York Post*.

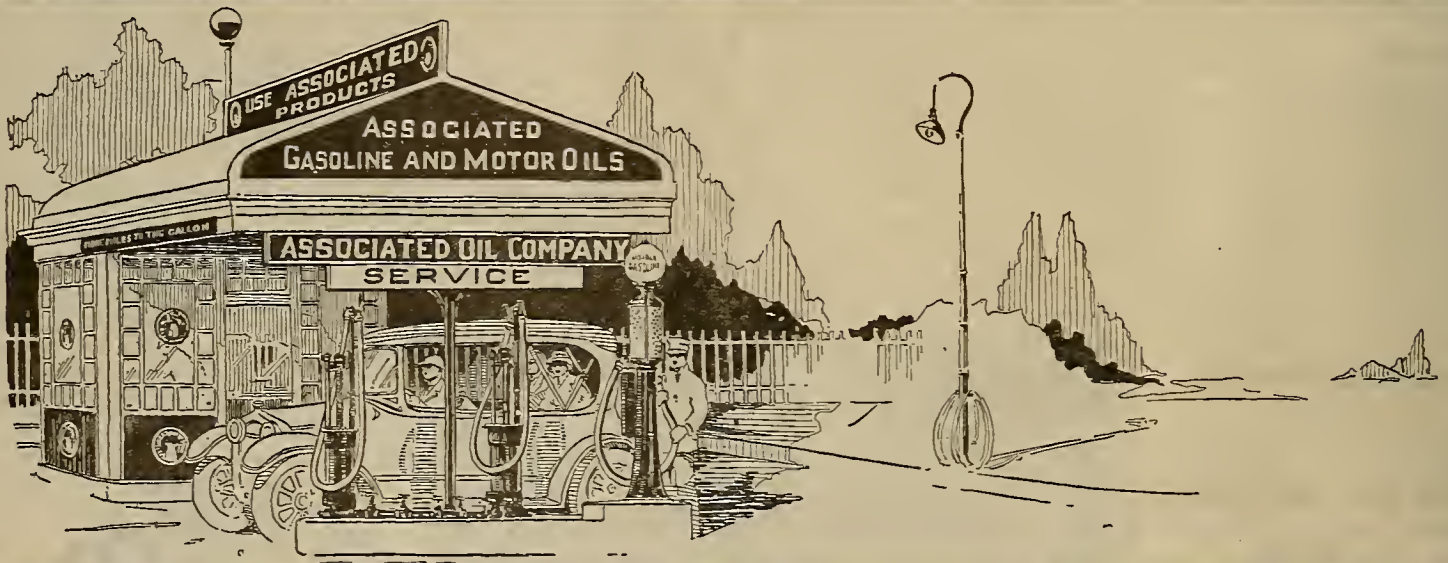
Director—Did you or did you not tell the camera man yesterday that I had the biggest feet of any human being you had ever seen? Leading Man—I did not. I merely said that if you would take your shoes off you would be half undressed.—*Film Fun*.

"You've got indigestion; that's what's the matter with you," said the doctor. "Oh, that's what it is, then?" inquired the patient. "That's it. You've been eating a lot of meat, I suppose?" "I have; yes." "Well, now you're paying for it." "Would you mind tell-

ing my butcher that, doctor?"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Valerianian—I've got cirrhosis of the liver, an incipient caruncle on my neck, inflammation of the duodenum, septic sore throat, and general prostration. Sympathetic Friend—Well, and how are you?—*Punch*.

Executive ability has been variously defined, but the following from an executive with a sense of humor seems to cover the whole subject. He said: "Executive ability is the ability to hire some one to do work for which you will get the credit, and, if there is a slip-up, having some one at whose door to lay the blame."—*New York Evening Post*.



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VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2271.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 2, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son, in Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street.
WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Goat Island as a Railroad Terminal.

The *Argonaut* notes with interest Admiral Jayne's revival of the old project of making Goat Island a common terminal for the several railroads entering San Francisco at her eastern gate. The inception of this idea is so far back in our history that nobody knows in what mind it originally developed. Again and again it has been brought forward, but always to encounter insurmountable difficulties.

Goat Island is a tract of 144 acres, and it might be much enlarged by the easy process of filling in an area of submerged land which lies immediately to the north. Thus enlarged there would be space enough for all demands. The approach to Goat Island from the east is through shoal water, where bridging would be easy and relatively inexpensive. Connection between the island and the San Francisco water-front is of course practicable by ferry, or it might be accomplished more advantageously through a tube running under the ship channel. The advantages would be many, including shortening the transcontinental trip by ten minutes, rapid and cheap transit between the two cities of the Bay with elimination of costly ferry systems. There are no engineering problems, and the question of finance would not be serious, since the railroads would no doubt be glad to take over that phase of the project.

The serious fact is the government's ownership of

the island and its chronic unwillingness to part with any property to which it has established title. Theoretically the island is held as a resource of military defense. Practically this theory has not a leg to stand on. The government has made no attempt to fortify the island, and it would be useless to do so, since there are many other points of greater strategic advantage. The uses to which the island is now being put by the government are trivial. The Naval Training Station is badly placed there. Its use as the site of lighthouses would not be hindered in the least degree by converting it into a railroad terminal. The argument is all one way and there would seem to be no reason why an administration fairly equipped with common sense could not be brought to consent to such use—the only large use—to which the island is adapted.

In the meantime it is pertinent to remark that there is no new feature in the project as outlined by Admiral Jayne. For more than fifty years it has periodically been under discussion. However, the matter grows in importance with process of time and development of transportation needs; and being of such importance to San Francisco and to the whole state, every friendly word spoken for it is deserving of appreciation.

The Presidential Campaign to Date.

With the day of election something less than five weeks ahead the prospect is for the heaviest landslide in history. The tremendous Harding majority in Maine is not even a fair indication of what is to happen in every other state outside of Dixie. A famous political observer, whose judgments are singularly free from partisan feeling, after visiting all sections of the country informs the *Argonaut* that "the dislocation indicated in Maine will be even more marked in the other states." "Make choice," he declares, "of any state outside of the solid South for a bet on Cox, and it will be safe to take the Harding end." All this, of course, is relative to the situation as it stands today. It is possible for a change to come, but if Harding carries himself as well as he has so far any change in the situation is likely to be in his favor. That he will do this is a practical assurance. He grows steadily in power as a campaigner. For example, his address at Baltimore on Monday, in which he addressed himself to the subjects of after-war adjustment and an American marine, was, if not best of the whole series, at least up to the high mark of what has preceded it. Manifestly Senator Harding is a man of reserved power as assuredly he is one familiar with the affairs of the country and not afraid to speak his mind.

The Democratic National Committee is disorganized, disgusted, and poverty-stricken. In truth, it is without hope and has all but abandoned any real effort in behalf of Cox and Roosevelt, whose doom is plainly foreseen. Under the circumstances the fight on the presidency and that on the league of nations issue are thrust into the background and the organized energies of the party have been transferred to the senatorial contests. Here positive and effective work is being done by the Senatorial Committee under the chairmanship of Senator Walsh of Montana, with headquarters at Chicago. Walsh and his associates of the Senatorial Committee are active in all the Republican factional contests in various states, notably in Missouri, Indiana, Utah, and Illinois, and are endeavoring to translate these disturbances into votes for Democratic candidates for the Senate. Nobody knows what the resources of Senator Walsh's committee are or what sums it is spending. But plainly its affairs are in better shape than those of the National Committee. It has obviously raised much money in Indiana, where the Democratic candidate is a very rich man. It has very plainly the approval and support of the Administration, which is now more in-

terested in the senatorial contests than in the Cox and Roosevelt campaign. It is to be observed that whenever Secretary Baker or other members of the President's official family now appear in the campaign it is in states where a senatorial fight is on. The effort is to salvage the Senate, and it is not a hopeless task.

In the meantime the league of nations issue is not having smooth sailing. In Republican ranks the irreconcilables are definitely opposed to the Root plan of an International Court of Justice. Senator Borah insists that such a court, chosen by the existing league, would be a political court. On the other hand, a very large number of anti-league senators—and Senator Harding is fairly to be reckoned among them—see merit in the Root plan as a means of compromise. Mr. Root returned from Europe on Sunday, but declined upon landing to make any statement about anything more vital than the state of the weather. It is, however, to be expected that he will very shortly set forth the results of his mission with his general views upon the league and other matters, and that when thus set forth his ideas will be made the basis of Republican policy in the closing weeks of the campaign.

If it be a merit to persist in a project or method of campaign after the ineffectiveness of that method has been demonstrated, then Governor Cox is fairly entitled to a measure of commendation. He persists in his campaign of assault upon Senator Harding as a beneficiary of a colossal "slush fund" in face of the fact that the Senate Investigating Committee, after hearing evidence from all available sources, has been unable to discover either the \$30,000,000 fund or the \$15,000,000 fund or even the \$8,000,000 fund as charged for the Harding campaign. In so far as the investigation has unearthed anything in the way of facts they reflect rather upon the Democratic than upon the Republican organization. But the committee has failed to discover any evidence that either side has employed money in sums great or small in illegitimate or questionable ways. Thus the Cox charges have fallen flat. Yet Governor Cox continues to make them the basis of his spielings wherever he goes.

The league of nations bears the marks of a decaying organization. True, twenty-nine nations have nominally subscribed to its charter. But their commitments are perfunctory and far from implying confidence in the league or dependence upon it. When it is remembered that the United States stands wholly aloof, that the policies of both England and France proceed in disregard of it, it becomes evident that it is without vitality or authority. The real basis of its existence today is to be found in the large fund placed at its disposal by member nations and employed chiefly in payment of charges—including salaries—all adjusted upon a truly royal scale. It is to be suspected that within a year or two it will be found that the whole function of the league has been to serve as an international convention to nominate members of a Court of International Justice, and that when it has made its nominations in the manner prescribed by the Root plan, like other nominating conventions it will automatically die. Surely it will die whenever the nations that have entered into it, finding that it achieves nothing for their interests, shall cease to put up money for its expenses.

The Irish Hyphen.

The proposal by Mr. Oswald Villard to set up a volunteer jury of one hundred representative Americans to investigate the affairs of the Irish is of a piece with other activities in this country assuming to deal with British-Irish affairs. It is nothing more or less than rank impertinence. The affairs of Britain and Ireland are not our affairs, and any activity or any proposal to meddle with them is without warrant.

contempt of neutral obligations, out of propriety, out of order. An American may in a way sympathize with the earnestness and enthusiasm of the Irish in Ireland with respect to what they deem to be a patriotic cause. It is their own business, and in dealing with it they assume personal risks that may at least be credited to their courage, however it may reflect upon their discretion. But in the case of the American-Irish the matter presents an entirely different aspect, without justification in any political or other obligation. In stimulating rebellion in Ireland, with its possible consequences to those who rush into direct action, they incur no risks. Whatever may happen to others in consequence of their activities, nothing can happen to them, for as soon as they make trouble, unfailingly they fall back for protection upon their American citizenship. It is only the other day that the late ex-President Roosevelt and other patriots were condemning in unmeasured terms, and with universal approval and entire justice, the German hyphen in this country. All that was then said applies now with equal point to the Irish hyphen. There is unfortunately no means by which we may deal with the American-Irish agitator as he deserves. But at least he has the contempt of all right-thinking American men and women, who fail not to resent use of American citizenship to shield their enmity and pestiferous activity in relation to British policy in Ireland.

Obregon's Plans.

Obregon is a bold promiser. "I will try," he said in a recent interview, "to surround myself with men of experience and ideas. My ministers will be selected for ability and will have full responsibility. They will be real ministers, not merely figureheads as during the Carranza régime." Continuing, Obregon declared that "the most serious problem that confronts the government of Mexico is financial. The debts of the country are most pressing. We will pay our debts as far as possible, and will arrange for means ultimately to meet every obligation."

Among other assurances on the part of Obregon is a pledge of friendship to the United States. There is reason for it. The imperative need of Mexico for rehabilitation, both governmental and industrial, is for aid from outside capital. Only one country in the world is in position to supply such aid; Japan might do it if she were permitted, but is barred by the Monroe Doctrine and by general American policy. The United States is practically the only country from which Mexico can hope to obtain money, and the only way to gain credit in the United States is first to establish domestic order, then to provide assurances of good intentions and of ability to pay. Knowing all this, we may easily believe that Obregon will make it a first object of his policy to conciliate American friendship and coöperation.

Like most Mexicans of the political type, Obregon up to two years ago was ignorant of pretty much everything outside his own country. He was never out of Mexico until the year 1918, when he came to Los Angeles, then to San Francisco, then to the cities of the East, including Washington. On this trip he saw and learned much to his frank amazement. Until then he had no conception of the extent and power of American resource. It was borne in upon him that the Mexican theory of American fear of Mexico, long cherished by himself and others of his type, was mistaken and delusive. In the course of his visit to Washington, where he went to exchange certain Mexican products for American goods, he fell in with Mr. Hoover, to whom the question of buying what Obregon had to offer had been referred. Hoover saw the opportunity to instruct his visitor and to reconstruct his ideas with respect to American potentialities. Under an arrangement promoted by Hoover, Obregon made a tour of government works in and about Washington, and of the greater industrial establishments of the Atlantic states. What he saw far outran his previous conceptions, and he frankly confessed that he had had no idea of the organized capabilities of the country. He was further impressed by the tremendous achievements of the government in bringing some five or six millions of men under arms and under military discipline, and he got that which was further good for him to know in the demonstration of American fighting qualities as illustrated in the closing months of the war in the French battle zone.

The effect of all this is manifest in Obregon's present attitude. He knows that the United States has dallied

with his country, not through fear, not through lack of capacity to deal with it overwhelmingly, but in consequence of other motives. He knows that the United States may at any time overwhelm Mexico by adopting an aggressive policy. He knows that the salvation of Mexico is dependent upon good relations with the United States. And knowing all this, he will in so far as he may adjust his policies to the need of creating and of establishing credit here.

Of Obregon's pacific intentions we have not the first doubt. As to his ability to do what he has set out to do there is less assurance. He has to deal with a disorganized and demoralized people, with conditions all but chaotic, with treason at home, with discredit abroad. He hopes to overcome all these obstacles and has set himself to the task of doing it. That he will succeed is doubtful. The task may be too great. Not upon good intentions, not upon mere promises, can we yet abandon the conviction that only by force from without—from the United States—may Mexico be pacified and restored.

A Light-Headed Proposal.

It will be the part of wisdom to refrain from getting excited over the President's attitude in the matter of the Shipping Board legislation until all the facts, including the legal considerations involved, shall be made clear. Congress is by no means infallible. Before now—and many times—it has enacted laws impracticable of enforcement; and it may be that in the immediate case there are reasons either in law or in discretion supporting the Executive's action. If there are such they have yet to be revealed, but it will be the part of prudence to wait for the facts.

In the meantime a proposal by Representative Edmonds of Pennsylvania to arraign President Wilson in impeachment proceedings is precipitate to the degree of light-headedness. Even the President's most positive critics would regard such a course with disfavor. President Wilson has done many wrong things in the past seven years. His attitude in the immediate case is among the least of many illegal assumptions of authority and of illegal neglects of duty. After having suffered what the country has endured at his hands for nearly eight years and then to bring it into impeachment proceedings in the closing months of his term would be a striking and stupid inconsistency.

Furthermore, if Mr. Edmonds or anybody else were set to attract to the President the sympathies of the country it could not be more effectively done than to present impeachment charges at this time. Whatever the case, however he may be blameworthy, Mr. Wilson is a very sick man. That he is physically infirm is admitted. That he is mentally unpoised and incompetent is evident. To bring a man in Mr. Wilson's condition to trial under impeachment would involve a pathetic exhibition, the effect of which upon the public mind would be all one way—all to Mr. Wilson's advantage.

Mr. Wilson ought to have retired from the presidency a year ago, when his condition became such as to make attention to the business of his office impracticable. But he did not do it, and even now, when he is obviously a physical and mental wreck, he holds to powers that should be in sound and sane hands. But bad as the situation is the country would better endure it to the end of the pending term rather than to take action that would assuredly end in futility and scandal.

"A Dead Issue."

To what extent the issue of prohibition may control the action of individual voters it is not possible to know in advance of the election. Indeed we may never know, since the matter is so involved with other things that the result of the election may defy analysis. The situation is not to the liking of the fanatical prohibitionist, who does not find in either Harding or Cox a representative of his ideas, and he can but know that a vote for the Prohibition candidate is a vote wasted.

Mr. Cox has declared that he will enforce the Volstead Act, but this pledge is not assuring when it is recalled that in his three gubernatorial campaigns in Ohio he had the support, not merely of the "wets," but of large interests that have made enormous profits out of distilling and from the saloon business. It is further to be remembered that he was nominated by a combination of political bosses, including Boss Murphy of Tammany Hall and Tom Taggart of Indiana, whose

policies have always been and still are identified with the liquor interests.

Senator Harding, while not in any way affiliated with "wet" interests, is not a fanatical prohibitionist. He spoke against the Eighteenth Amendment in the Senate, finally voting for it as a means of putting an end to an anti-patriotic agitation at a time when all the energies of the country were essential to prosecution of the war. It is of record that some years ago he made a small subscription to the capital stock of a local brewery in Marion, Ohio, not because of sympathy with the liquor business, but to the end of aiding a movement to increase the manufacturing interest of his home town. Mr. Harding is as far as possible from being a drinking man in the ordinary sense of that term, but he is not a teetotaler and he makes no concealment of liberal views. Broadly speaking, he is friendly to all moral aims and movements, including temperance as he understands it. He stands precisely as do most men of sense and moderation as distinct from extremists and cranks.

Governor Cox seeks to evade the issue of prohibition by the declaration that prohibition is "a dead issue." If in this view of the matter he is sincere, he writes himself down a man of limited understanding. Prohibition is far from being a dead issue. Is an issue that commands the interested attention of nine-tenths of the people of the country to be called dead? Can any condition that in the present posture of American life and regarded as an issue, makes technical criminals or one-half of the population of the country be called dead? In truth the issue of prohibition is very much alive. If as matters stand today prohibition has not a definite status in the campaign it is not because there is lacking the element of popular interest or the potentialities that abide in suppressed judgment. We venture the declaration that in the country today there are five persons having vital interest in prohibition to one who is seriously concerned with the league of nations. Whoever declares prohibition a dead issue is a person of small vision and of little understanding of the temperament or spirit of the American people.

Editorial Notes.

At Keith's Vaudeville Theatre at Washington Thursday night of last week a monologist, one Al Raymond scored a hit in a manner that illustrates the political temper of the Capital City. Posing as a statesman Raymond remarked:

"Well, Cox will be in the White House after the 4th of March"—

There was very mild applause.

—"that is," went on Raymond, "if Harding invite him."

The house rocked with applause.

"Now," said Raymond, "I know how to bet."

Fortunately for the world at large, earth and sky owe no allegiance to Article X, nor to the portentous forebodings of Mr. Wilson. A corn crop of 3,131,000,000 bushels, the greatest in history, with a normal crop of wheat and cotton, a record tobacco crop, and almost a record crop of oats, potatoes, rye, sugar beets, beans and rice, reveals a situation in which no pessimism lurks. "Business as usual" shines clearly through the September crop report, and it is good business, for these kindly fruits of the earth are food and raiment. Government by phraseology can not diminish their significance, illusions of language can not impair their value. Our crops will do more for Europe than all Mr. Wilson's theories combined. The heart of the world will not break just yet, for free institutions and neighborly agreements thrive on food better than on armed camp and hungry alliances.

Mr. Ford is an obvious crank, but there is in him a streak of shrewdness. At the point of getting publicity for himself and the wares he manufactures he has positive genius. True, the kind of publicity he gets is of a kind which a man of taste would take care to avoid none the less it serves Mr. Ford's purposes. We do not find it easy to believe that Mr. Ford's recent sensational cut in the prices of his automobile is other than an advertising device. But, whatever the motive, Mr. Ford has done a good thing. It was time that some body should remind the country that it was going daff in the matter of prices for all things, and time to call halt. That Mr. Ford has called it effectively is evident in the fact that automobile makers everywhere are

tumbling over each other to announce reductions. In this rush to lower the prices of motor machines there is a sufficient demonstration that the motor makers have been doing their full share in the general game of profiteering. If today automobiles are made and sold at a profit anywhere from 10 to 25 per cent. lower than recent prices, then recent prices have been too high. Now it is to be hoped some other bold iconoclast, let it be for advertising purposes or what not, may do in the sphere of general trading what Mr. Ford has done in the automobile world. Prices for everything are too high—illegitimately, absurdly too high. There can be no possible justification for current prices of food, clothing, and pretty much everything else. There is flagrant demoralization in a wage scale that permits extravagance and waste and discourages thrift. Illegitimate prices, illegitimate profits, illegitimate wages are very obviously deteriorating the moral fibre of the country. It is high time to call a halt.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Pertinent Questions.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL., September 20, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: The nominee of the Democratic party uses a hair trigger always in blaming his political opponents. Any suspected mote, no matter how tiny, in a Republican eye becomes a veritable Niagara of a cataract after treatment by Old Doctor Cox, but a beam in a Democratic eye afflicts him with astigmatism, even if of sufficient size and strength to support the Woolworth Building or to hase St. Peter's at Rome.

While unsavory either of odor or in consumption, since Governor Cox has assumed the attitude of the Parisee and interjected mud-slinging in this campaign after running dry of argument will he answer a few leading and pertinent questions as to the why and wherefore of certain happenings in our conduct of the war, for which the Democratic party must be responsible, since they were in complete and undisputed possession and control of the entire machinery of government when they occurred?

Why was it that although almost a billion of the people's money was supposedly spent in aircraft, practically never an American plane either reached or flew over our lines in France?

Why was it that while we mobilized but 4,000,000 men to England's 7,500,000, France's 7,500,000, and Italy's 5,500,000, our daily expenditure in the war was four times that of England, six times that of France, and ten times that of Italy?

Why was it that although we spent approximately \$3,000,000,000 for 20,000 guns and howitzers and the ammunition to supply them, only seventy-two guns and but 20,000 shells ever reach our firing lines? Of the seventy-two guns that reached France forty-eight are known to have been built before the war.

Why was it found necessary to purchase—

Ten pairs of shoes for each man mobilized?

Twelve saddles for every cavalry horse in service?

Seven halters, four horse brushes, and three horse covers for each and every animal?

Did every officer of ordnance require every one of the thirty-six pairs of spurs that were purchased for them?

Could our farmers find use for the 145,000 branding irons with which the War Department credits them with being supplied?

Was economy in governmental expenditure furthered by spending some millions for ambulance harnesses when that service was rendered entirely by motors?

Has Governor Cox anything to say in extenuation, explanation, or excuse of the infamous and vicious "cost plus" that was insisted on by the Democratic Secretary of War in the face of repeated congressional protests?

The "cost plus" system of sand-hogging the people's money out of the treasury was used in constructing the army training camps. The work was done on contract, the contractor receiving 10 per cent. (later slightly reduced) on the total cost of the work to the government. It is obvious, therefore, that the more the work cost, the more there was in it for the contractor. That the contractors were able to see on which side of the bread the butter was spread without use of a magnifying glass the extravagant cost of these camps proves. It reached the enormous total of \$1,200,000,000, and it has been estimated that at least a third of this money was absolutely wasted.

There's lots more of it both here and abroad, but this should be sufficient to go on.

There is, however, one question more which Governor Cox may wish to answer, as his interest in it is both peculiar and direct. He also may especially wish to answer it, since in one of his Oakland speeches he laid great stress on the necessity to save physical suffering as the compelling reason for his having, as governor of Ohio taken direct action and seized coal in transit through that state; coal that was either the property of or under direct control of the Federal government.

The justice and wisdom of this action of Governor Cox has never been called into question, but if he could put his power as governor to such arbitrary use against the Federal government, could he not also have used it to improve the notoriously wretched and disgraceful conditions in the training camps in the State of Ohio; conditions that were intolerable and proved disastrous to our soldiers?

While Mr. Cox was governor Camp Sherman, at Chillicothe in that state, was built.

Why was it that the hospital, sanitary, and heating facilities in this camp were so inadequate under and because of the "cost plus" system of construction that they caused an epidemic of pneumonia there to increase to such proportions that at one time no less than one thousand dead bodies of soldiers were stacked up in sheets for want of coffins in which to enclose them?

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Concerning Presidential Qualifications.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 22, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I have carefully read your editorial in last week's *Argonaut* on the necessary qualifications of a President of the United States. I believe that his should be a keener vision, a holder spirit than the people's whom he represents, because of the very fact that he has been chosen by them to be their leader. I also think it essential that he be not lacking entirely in the quality of imagination. Every

great soldier, statesman, and scientist has had it in some degree.

The merely practical man has never done much for himself nor for the world, and we very promptly forget him. We revere the memory of our Washington and Lincoln because they were animated by the highest ideals and they were fortunate in being able to carry out their ideals and thus enrich mankind.

I believe that we are often slaves to conservatism. We fear the untried and cling to the old although it shackle us. Despite this fact, we advance. It is not so very long ago that insects, such as locusts, and domestic animals were solemnly tried in the law courts by famous judges who appointed no less famous lawyers to defend them, the first for having devastated the farmers' crops, the second for having committed murder. Indeed it was no uncommon thing to see a dog or pig dangling from a gibbet in order to serve as a warning to the rest of his kind. The belief in witches and changelings has also died hard.

I do not think that either Cox or Harding was nominated by the majority of his party. Harding, "a dark horse," owes his candidacy to reactionary senators; Cox his to the unscrupulous element in the Democratic party. Since the Republican nominee has been in the Senate he has fathered but one bill of importance.

In Sir James G. Frazer's lecture on the "Scope of Social Anthropology" he expresses a thought which fits in perfectly when referring to the league of nations. He says: "The more we study the inward workings of society and the progress of civilization, the more clearly shall we perceive how both are governed by the influence of thoughts which, springing up at first we know not how or whence in a few superior minds, gradually spread till they have leavened the whole inert lump of a community or of mankind. . . . In the mental sphere the struggle for existence is not less fierce than in the physical, but in the end the better ideas, which we call the truth, carry the day. The clamorous opposition with which at their first appearance they are regularly greeted, whenever they conflict with old prejudices, may retard but can not prevent their final victory. It is the practice of the mob first to stone and then to erect useless memorials to their greatest benefactors. All who set themselves to replace ancient error and superstition by truth and reason must lay their account with brickbats in their life and a marble monument after death. . . . On the whole the men of keenest intelligence and strongest characters lead the rest and shape the moulds into which, outwardly at least, society is cast. As such men are necessarily few by comparison with the multitude whom they lead, it follows that the community is really dominated by the will of an enlightened minority even in countries where the ruling power is nominally vested in the hands of the numerical majority. In fact, disguise it as we may, the government of mankind is always and everywhere essentially aristocratic. However it may seem to lead, the dull-witted majority in the end follows a keener-witted minority. That is its salvation and the secret of progress."

LEONIE BURR.

Chinese in the War.

UNION CLUB.

VICTORIA, B. C., September 20, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: May I correct a mistake of fact in Mr. James G. Blaine's letter in your issue of September 11th? The Allies did not make use of 250,000 coolies behind the lines in France and Belgium. The total number recruited by the British was barely 100,000. In France they were divided into 196 companies whose nominal strength was 476 Chinese and twenty-four whites (including five officers). These men were recruited principally through British missionary influences, who were frequently opposed by local official Chinese. As to the attitude of Peking I am not informed, nor would it practically, in modern China, make much difference.

The first company left the depot on May 1, 1917, and they kept coming till the spring of 1918. It was intended originally to recruit 150,000, but owing partly to shortage of shipping only about 100,000 were sent.

They were better fed, better clothed, better paid, and better treated than they ever had been before in their lives, and their families received a separation allowance. They did an immense amount of necessary work at a time when every Britisher who was physically able was in the combatant forces, and it is doubtful if we could have carried on without them. They were all voluntarily recruited on civil contracts and were glad to come, as many of them had worked for Britishers in South Africa and knew they would get a square deal. I had several ex-South Africans.

Most of them came from Shan Tung and were shipped from Tsing Dan. The remainder came from Che-Li and were, with a few from Tien Tsin, shipped from Wei Hai Wei. The French obtained from 10,000 to 15,000 independently from Tien Tsin, who were looked after by Catholic missionaries.

Several of my friends and acquaintances were engaged in the recruiting. I was attached to the Chinese Labor Corps in July, 1917, and commanded a company till demobilization. So I know whereof I speak. . . .

CAPTAIN H. W. R. MOORE.

It is to be hoped that the fresh attempt to scale Mount Everest, announced by Sir Francis Younghusband at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, will prove more successful than those made in the past. The difficulties are great, because the natives inhabiting the districts round "The Abode of Snow," as they call it, worship the mountain as a god, and regard those who endeavor to reach the summit as guilty of the utmost profanity. But for this it would probably have been scaled long ago, for experts maintain that its ascent might well prove less formidable than that of many peaks already climbed.

Investigations made in several Boston hospitals by Dr. Ellsworth Huntington seem to indicate that for surgical operations the best condition of the atmosphere is high humidity, 80 per cent. or more, directly after operations, and moderate humidity, about 60 per cent., at a temperature of 64 degrees Fahrenheit, a few days later. Dr. Huntington points out that, if these results are accepted, there is no reason why the optimum conditions of temperature and humidity should not be produced artificially in hospitals, causing a probable improvement of not less than 20 per cent. in the results of operations.

Japan has a censorship of movies that really censors, from the censor's point of view. Women must not sit in the same section with men even when accompanied by male companions, and every kiss that appears in the film is ruthlessly chopped out.

"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS."

A usually voracious correspondent tells us that the French people, or at least some of them, are looking with discontent at the functions of the president of the republic. They are comparing them with the powers and the authorities of the President of another republic, our own. They have had the advantages or the disadvantages of personal observation and study. President Wilson came to Paris as the representative of the United States. He stepped at once into the centre of the stage and he remained there. The spot light, with occasional waverings, fell upon him alone. He was hedged around with a ceremonialism, one might say a pageantry, accorded to no other national representative, and suggestive rather of the middle ages than of an epoch of republicanism and democracy. Nothing like it had been seen in Paris since the visit of the Czar of Russia some thirty years ago. Military patrols guarded his headquarters, and even the whole side of the street was held sacred against the profanation of the unauthorized pedestrian. Other statesmen came and went unnoticed, mingling with the common herd, eating and drinking in public, and with no veil of secrecy or mystery to hide their movements. The president of the French Republic took his walks abroad guarded by a single detective—whose ministrations were usually evaded—and he attracted hardly a glance of curiosity. President Poincaré was conspicuous only by his faultless demeanor of reticence, by a certain gracious invisibility that seemed to allay disquiet and never to invoke it. Now we can hardly blame the French nation if they accepted President Wilson as actually and truly the representative of the American people, as their protagonist. What did they know of constitutional limitations or of the extent to which they had been violated? What did they know of the senatorial rights that were being flouted? What did they know of the electoral repudiation of President Wilson that immediately preceded his visit, or of the disgust aroused by a Cæsarian preconsulship so foreign to the spirit of the American people? They knew just as much about our government as we know about theirs; that is to say little or nothing. What they then learned was that the presidency of the sister and senior republic included a certain despotic autocracy which they themselves had associated with a discarded Napoleonism. And because the French are essentially an imperialistic or monarchical people—no matter how hotly such an assertion may be resented—because they love the sensational and the spectacular, as we all do, they had a certain superficial liking for what they saw. And those among them who had autocratic tendencies, and they are numerous, began at once to ask why their own president should have no such powers as those wielded by President Wilson, why their own president should be relegated to a position of formalism and with functions somewhat similar to those of a moderator of a Presbyterian Synod.

There is no French constitution in the sense in which we use that term in America. That is to say there is no single document adopted in its entirety as the basic or organic law of the republic. The French constitution consists of a series of parliamentary enactments passed under the stress of emergency and modified from time to time under the stress of other emergencies. The American constitution marked the beginnings of a nation. It was, in a sense, an effort to create all things new. There were neither traditions nor prejudices nor rivalries nor rancors to stretch out persuasive hands from the past. Even the soil was a new one, and its imperial, and republican by turns. It had seen revolution, and it had seen revolution after revolution, invasion after invasion, and it had just emerged from the bloody bath of the Commune after the crucifixion of Prussian conquest. Every one of these phases had left its mark upon the national character, and within the nation were the many and strong adherents of monarchism, imperialism, republicanism, and communism. The Bourbons and the Bonapartes were alike within and without, while the rest of Europe, divided perhaps between the rival claims of the great houses, was at least unanimous in its hostility to republicanism. It was under such conditions that the National Assembly of 1875 set itself to work to build up the new order of things and to add one more experiment in government to those that had passed. There was one great thing that they knew. All other experiments had ended in bloodshed and ruin. All other government edifices had been built upon the sand and the waters had washed them away. The stench of the German invasion was still upon the lands when the National Assembly was convened. The terror of the Commune had barely passed. Chaos was the most fruitful of all soils for the Bourbon and the Bonaparte. There was no time for prolonged deliberation, and certainly there was no inclination to the elaboration of moral principles.

lofty ethical platitudes. France was unutterably weary. There was none of the enthusiasm of a new birth. Something had to be done, and it had to be done quickly. As a matter of fact the French constitution contains no professions of principles, no declarations of humanitarianism. It does not pretend to establish a new earth or a new heaven. It is not an evangel. The French have their faults, but the dreadful thing that we call idealism is not among them. Hypocrisy is foreign to the French character. The French constitution is as direct and as unemotional as a bank prospectus.

It would obviously be impossible within the present limits to attempt a sketch of the French constitution. It may be doubted if any one but a French jurist could do it satisfactorily. It is not wholly a matter of written laws. As in England, there are many things that are constitutionally lawful, but that are so inexpedient as to be impossible. Theoretically the British king may veto a law, as may the President of the United States. But the British king would not dream of doing such a thing, whereas the President of the United States does it frequently. Our Constitution is not old enough to accept the unwritten modifications dictated by expediency. The French president, for example, has the nominal power to make all civil and military appointments, but in actual practice he appoints only the officials of his own household. There is nothing in France that corresponds with our spoils system, nor indeed is there anything that corresponds with our party system. Parties there certainly are in the French parliament, but they are numerous and loosely knit. They are always liable to break up and to form new combinations. A government majority may change overnight into a government minority, and such a thing as party loyalty is hardly heard of. The government that makes a false step is liable to instant destruction, and one more consonant with what seems to be the public will takes its place without delay and upon the summons of the president. The members of the government are members also of parliament and are constantly liable to interpellation, as in England. A parliamentary censure of a single member of the government may mean the instant overthrow of the whole government, which exists only so long as it can maintain its majority. Party loyalty in England usually means a long tenure of the government because its supporters are obedient to the party whip. But the absence of definite parties in France means that the life of the government is always in danger through some sudden and new coalition of the many unstable groups. There may be three or four governments in as many months, the president trying always to "send for" that particular statesman whose chance of forming a stable cabinet seems to be the best.

The president of France is elected by an absolute majority of the National Assembly, which consists of joint sessions of the two houses, the Senate and the Chamber. His election is therefore indirect and no popular vote is immediately involved. He is elected for a term of seven years and he is eligible for a second term, but as a matter of fact no president has ever received this honor, and we may regard a second term as among the inexpediences that have become almost impossibilities. It does not seem that a second term has ever been suggested in the case of any president of France since 1875.

The powers of the president are easily enumerated, although it is to be remembered that there is usually a certain rounding of the edges that comes from practice and that no president will do all of the things that he is constitutionally empowered to do. It may be said then that the president of the French Republic may initiate laws concurrently with the two chambers, but if he ever does actually initiate laws he does so very invisibly and in such a way as to hold himself strictly aloof from party conflicts. He does not descend into the arena and he is in no sense the leader or the spokesman of a party. In this respect his functions much resemble those of the British monarch and he is not in any practical way the ruler of France. The president is supposed to promulgate the laws that have been passed by parliament. He has the usual rights of pardon. The armed forces of the republic are under his control, but he can not declare war without the consent of parliament. He may make all civil and military appointments, but, as has already been said, his power of appointment is practically limited to the officials of his own household. He presides over cabinet meetings. He has a limited power to negotiate and ratify treaties. He may dissolve the Chamber before the expiration of its term, but only upon the advice of the Senate, and he may adjourn parliament for the space of one month. He seems to have no power of absolute veto over legislation, but he may return a bill for further consideration. The foregoing may be said to comprise all the powers, actual and nominal, possessed by the president of the French Republic. France is governed, not by her president, but by her cabinet and her parliament. The composition of the French parliament is therefore much more important than the choice of the president, to which a comparatively small significance is to be attached. The most powerful man in France is the prime minister, and even his power

depends wholly upon the support of parliament. An adverse vote and he disappears.

There is no room here for a consideration of the functions of the two houses, although a word may be said with regard to the Senate, inasmuch as the French Senate has certain characteristics not to be found in any other upper house. When the constitution was first enacted in 1875 the propriety of a second house was seriously challenged. It was said, and with some truth, that no matter what safeguards were adopted a second or upper house invariably took on certain characteristics in opposition to the tendencies of the lower house and even of democracy itself. Liberalism always tended toward conservatism when vested with special authorities and the only open road towards political evolution was through the mechanism of a single house directly and quickly responsible to the public will. Nevertheless wiser counsels prevailed and it was decided that there should be a Senate of 300 members, seventy-five of them to be nominated and removable, and the remainder to be elected by the departments in accordance with their population. But this scheme was found to be undesirable after some nine years of experiment. The nominated senators were abolished in 1884 and the whole of the Senate is now chosen by an electoral college. But the qualifications of the French senator are curiously different from those exacted in the case of the upper houses of other countries. It is always unsafe to speak of the political ideals of other peoples. We may judge them only by their results, and we may easily err. But it would seem that the French senator is chosen, not for his political ideas, but for his eminence in some one of the many domains of intellect and culture. The gift of a senatorship may sometimes be the reward of political capacity. It often is. But we may doubt if it is primarily conferred with that intention. It is more usually a distinction awarded to conspicuous mental or cultural ability, and indeed the French Senate may be compared with the French Academy as representative of everything that is best and most beautiful in French life. Whether any man ought to be endowed with governmental power because he happens to be a great writer or a great artist or a great philosopher is a point that need not here be argued. The British House of Lords has constantly been recruited from the ranks of the intellectually eminent as well as from those other ranks whose attainments are far more dubious. Moreover, the hereditary principle has always been observed in Great Britain. And yet the House of Lords as it is at present constituted is by no means without its useful functions or its quite real values. The art of government, we may suppose, does not depend nearly so much on the intelligent perfection of its mechanism as we are apt to believe. It depends far more on the political and social genius of its people. Almost any system, even the most autocratic, will work well with a people who are politically trained and self-disciplined. But without these virtues no system will work well, however theoretically perfect it may be. The unit of the state is the citizen. All states are self-governing and they always have been. Their qualities are the qualities of the individual citizen, and these can not be suppressed nor hidden. Bismarck said once that every nation had as much liberty as it deserved. All governments are representative governments in the deepest sense of that word, even though they represent only a slavish instinct or a servile obedience. Democratic institutions are impossible to all but democratic peoples, and with democratic peoples it does not matter much what sort of institutions they have. The French Senate or the British House of Lords are just as democratic as the New England town meeting since "the people will them."

It would certainly be significant of much if there should actually be a movement to enlarge the powers of the French president, to give him something of the autocracy exercised by a President of the United States. Perhaps we have been premature in assuming that the war would make for democracy. It is just as likely to make for autocracy. Democracy still stands upon a very uncertain foundation. It is still being tried in the balances. There is something in human nature that loves to be ruled, to be directed, to be "bossed." Certainly the war had no democratic results upon America. Almost overnight we found ourselves living under an autocracy as extreme, as ruthless as ever existed in Germany. Human rights disappeared as with the waving of a wand. Anything more audible than a thought was penalized. The Constitution was defied and is being defied at this moment. We passed under the rule of a potentate, a sort of absolute monarch. And in our perplexity we consented. We are now prepared to put the helm hard over once more and to lay the ship again upon her old course. None the less we came very near the rapids, so near as to give new meaning to the old adage about eternal vigilance. It is an unpleasant idea that a movement toward autocracy in France should be inspired by the misunderstood spectacle of autocracy in America.

SIDNEY CORYN.
SAN FRANCISCO, September 29, 1920.

There are 3000 counties in the United States, but only 27 per cent. of them possess within their borders a library of 5000 volumes.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Parley P. Christensen, candidate for President of the Farmer-Labor party, is 6 feet 4 inches tall. He has been grand master in the Grand Lodge of Elks.

Albert Spalding, American violinist, is now spending his vacation in Sydmouth, Devonshire, England. Mr. Spalding will make his third tour of Havana during the coming season, where he has already been engaged for five concerts at the Teatro Nacional.

After fighting for years for woman suffrage, Miss Alice Paul, prominent leader of the suffragists, finds herself without a vote in spite of the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment. Miss Paul is a citizen of the District of Columbia, and neither men nor women have the suffrage right there.

Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, noted author, also a club woman, who has spent much of her time of late in Hollywood filming her novels, has just accepted the chairmanship of the representative women who are even now forming an executive advisory board to be identified with the interests of the Republican party.

Alexandre Millerand, who is now in his sixtieth year, owes much of his rise to a keen appreciation of the importance of technical efficiency of administration, especially in industry, shown by him during the war. He has been president of the council of administration of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers (the national arts and trades school) and president of the International Society for the Protection of the Rights of Workers. In the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry he served between 1900 and 1902 as minister of commerce and public works.

The "divine Sarah" proves her vitality and her versatility in her seventy-fifth year by adding the art of novel-writing to her many accomplishments. Her first long novel makes its appearance in serial form in the illustrated daily paper *Excelsior*. In "La Petite Idole," as the work is called, there are reproduced many characters who were living during the last half-century, people in the theatrical, diplomatic, and social world. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is now actress and stage manager, painter—her pictures have been praised at the Salon—sculptor and writer of memoirs, short stories, and a modern novel.

Hidden behind the loving personality of her distinguished father, Bessie Bacon, as Mrs. Harper, has been supporting Frank Bacon in "Lightnin'" at the Gaiety Theatre throughout the run of 834 consecutive performances and she has never missed one. The lives of the two are more intertwined than is usual among parents and children, as Bessie has been the right-hand business man of the firm. When Frank Bacon took out his quarter-section homestead at Mountain View, California, his time and that of his wife was taken up with earning sustenance and satisfying art with the Alhambra Stock Company in San Francisco. This did not give him much time for practical work, so the development of the 160 acres was taken over by Bessie. Today the family possesses one of the finest pieces of fruit land in the state. On it are extensive cherry and plum groves, and the income is said to be enough to support the entire clan of Bacon for all time.

Seattle's tallest skyscraper, the forty-two-story L. C. Smith Building, has a few recognized rivals among New York's high office buildings—none in any other city—but it has in Julius Langseth, the elevator starter, a human directory who challenges comparison. He's called the "human ouija board," but that hardly does him justice, for any statement he makes is indubitable. Like "Dad" he knows, and no chronic skeptic has any warrant for questioning anything he says about the 2500 occupants of the great building. He knows them all and all about them as thoroughly as any live-wire office boy knows what's going on in his particular domain. Langseth is one of the seven wonders of the world, according to Robert K. Dykes, manager of the towering building that is one of Seattle's civic boasts. He not only can tell offhand where to find any of the offices, but can direct the inquirer to any one who has moved out of the building in past years.

For nearly seven years Arizona has been watching with great interest the progress of Mrs. Nellie A. Hayward, representative from Cochise County, now candidate for the office of secretary of state. A woman who in little over two years has risen from the place of stenographer to the enrolling and engrossing committee to her present position of member of the house of representatives, and now holds the office of chairmanship of the same committee in the state, deserves much credit. She modestly disclaims all honor, contending that her progress was but a fulfillment of a moral obligation to her friends who elected her and a desire to succeed. Handicapped early in life by a limited education, Mrs. Hayward has by undaunted will and precision mastered stenography, Spanish, and a law course. Her personality and marked ability already girdle the state; but Mrs. Hayward's ambition will not be satisfied until the men and women in every state in the Union drop into the ballot-box the expression of their desires. Mrs. Hayward is chairman of the National Woman's party in her state.

THE REIGN OF PATTI.

Herman Klein Tells the Story of a Singer Who Was Before the Public for Fifty-Six Years.

Singers have their day and cease to be, and usually it is a brief day. But Adelina Patti was before the public for forty-five years and she was actually singing for thirty-four years. Indeed if we include her performances as a child prodigy we may say that she was singing for fifty-six years, a record unbroken in the history of music. Speaking to a famous critic in 1877, she said: "My father was a Sicilian; my mother a native of Rome; I saw the light of the world in Madrid, where they were both singing during the Italian season, and I was brought up in New York."

Mr. Herman Klein, who gives us 470 pages of Patti's biography, wisely confines the story of her childhood to a few pages. The first great event of Patti's life was her appearance on the opera stage in 1859, although there were some present upon that occasion who had already seen her on the concert platform. We are told that she was received with sympathetic encouragement, but without any artificial display of warmth or the persistent attentions of a friendly *claque*. One eye-witness, signing himself "S. H.," thus described the event in the *Musical Courier*:

The house was crowded to excess. Miss Patti's friends and admirers, who very numerous at that time already, were of course all present and full of hope; but as great as their expectations were, they were far surpassed. She took the house by storm; she not only sang as only she can sing, but looked lovely and acted well. Though a little timid at first, she displayed her great dramatic powers in the Mad Scene. She was simply dressed in gray silk trimmed with plaid, looked beautiful and modest; Walter Scott himself could not have imagined a more lovely or fascinating heroine whom he described as the unhappy Bride of Lammermoor. The day after the performance I called to see her; her parlor looked like a flower garden, she had received so many floral tributes she was at a loss where to place them.

In 1861 Mlle. Patti entered into a contract with Maurice Strakosch, acting for E. T. Smith, whereby she undertook "to sing four nights on approval, when, in case of success, she was to have a salary of £40 a week." But the contract was never carried out. Frederick Gye, who was the opponent of Smith at Covent Garden, arranged to pay the sum of £4000 for the cancellation of the contract, and he himself made a new contract with the young singer:

The new contract with Mr. Gye was, however, a rather one-sided document. By its terms he ran no risk whatever and stood to make a great deal of money. He was to allow Mlle. Patti three trial performances, for which no payment was to be made. In the event of failure at any of these, he was at liberty to decline to ratify the engagement. If the new-comer met with success, it was agreed that she should be engaged for five years, at the rate of £150 a month for the first year, £200 for the second, £250 for the third, £300 for the fourth, and £400 for the fifth. And it was further stipulated that she should sing twice a week. At this rate her average fee for the five years worked out at the huge sum of £32 10s. for each performance!

Two years later Patti was in Vienna after a Paris triumph. She made her initial courtesy at the Karl Theatre on February 28, 1863, a few days after her twentieth birthday. She was now receiving £80 a performance, and we are told that the audience fairly lost their heads and the excitement gradually pervaded the entire community. A foreign lady residing in Vienna told the story in a letter of which the following is an extract:

Mlle. Patti sang on Sunday, at 11 o'clock, at the Augustinerkirche, in the chorus of the Mass. Such crowds had forced their way into the church, at an early hour, that several persons fainted, and had to be carried out. During the service, too, a countless multitude assembled before the Augustinergasse, to await the moment when the celebrated singer should come out, and proceed to her carriage, which was waiting near at hand.

Scarcely had she made her appearance at the door, when the expectant crowd gathered round her with enthusiastic cheers, and so overwhelmed her with marks of their admiration, that the terrified girl, half fainting, and with imploring mien, strove to escape. While she was making the attempt, the friends who accompanied her were forced from her side, and thus nothing remained for her to do but to flee into the nearest house, the *hôtel* of Prince Palffy.

Fortunately, the maid of the Countess Ferrariz Zichi, who resides in the *hôtel*, had beheld the whole scene from the windows. Hurrying to meet the affrighted artist on the steps, she opened the door of the corridor, and, quickly closing it again, led Mlle. Patti into the apartments of the countess.

But the enthusiastic crowd had followed close upon the heels of the fair artist, and, running wildly up and down the steps, very nearly forced open the door. The mistress of the mansion, the Princess Palffy, was at last obliged to make her appearance, and her impressive words of warning finally succeeded in prevailing upon the ungallant multitude to retire in an orderly manner.

Meanwhile Mlle. Patti was conducted into the drawing-room, where, thanks to the hospitable attention of the countess's family, she recovered so far, after a short time, from the unexpected and hoisterous homage paid her, that her friends and attendants, who had hastened to rejoin her, were able to convey her without further risk to her carriage, and drive home.

The real beginning of Patti's home life in England must be dated from her return to London for the season of 1863. She took up her residence in Clapham and during this period her voice grew steadily in power. A friend said that "she had not changed a bit, but looked and acted as much like a girl in her teens as ever":

No artist of the theatre (with the exception, maybe, of Sarah Bernhardt) was ever asked so frequently if she could describe her elixir or write down her recipe for preserving a youthful aspect long after the age when most women begin to look old. Of course, she always denied that there was any such thing, and therein told the honest truth. But in search-

ing for the real cause she often omitted to lay sufficient stress on the beneficial effect of her "simple life" at Clapham. She would try to account for it (just to satisfy her questioners) in all sorts of ways. Once she told a Parisian interviewer that the principal reason, in her opinion, lay in "her comparatively strict mode of living after she had passed the age of forty!"

"Up to forty," she said, "I stinted myself in nothing. I ate and lived as I chose. After forty, however, I became more strict. Since then I eat no red meat and drink only white wine and soda. When I feel weak, a glass of champagne picks me up. I never touch spirits or liqueurs. My diet consists of light food and white meat and vegetables. I always sleep with the window wide open in summer and partly open in winter, so as not to get the cold air straight on my face. I never get to bed early, hardly ever before half-past 12 or 1. A severe hygiene and an elaborate toilet before bed are absolutely necessary to any woman who does not want to get fat. That is my only secret of health."

Adelina's first sweetheart was a young Milanese of picturesque aspect and engaging manners. But he was in every way unsuitable and began at once to show the most intolerable jealousy even of stage lovers such as Mario, who played Romeo to Patti's Juliet. The engagement came to nothing and is only of interest as showing that Patti was by no means the calm and frigid person that has been depicted:

"She has never really been in love," was often said of Patti when it was thought that there were not enough tragic intensity in her acting. That may have been true—in some measure—down to the time when she discovered the real nature of her feelings for Ernest Nicolini, her second husband. Yet, even without Fräulein Lauw's trivial gossip, there is reason to believe that, during the five or six years that preceded her marriage with the Marquis de Caux, she more than once fell in and out of love.

Naturally, her opportunities for indulging in flirtations were not to be compared with those of most girls of her age; but she was far too sensible, too cognizant of the serious claims of her art, in a word, as the French say, too *sage*, to give real encouragement to any of the admirers who pestered her with their attentions.

But there was to be another lover, and a more fortunate one. In 1868 it began to be rumored that Patti had promised her hand to a certain French marquis. This distinguished gentleman was the Marquis de Caux, head of a noble but by no means wealthy family, then holding the position of equerry to Napoleon III at the Court of the Tuileries:

Now, the Emperor and the Empress Eugénie were both sincerely attached to Mlle. Patti. During her visits to Paris she was frequently invited to court and sometimes received quite *en famille*. Their majesties rarely missed one of her performances at the Théâtre-Italien; they led the applause, threw bouquets at her, and made her handsome presents. On these occasions they were always accompanied by the Marquis de Caux, who with equal regularity went to the back of the stage to convey the imperial congratulations. With him were generally two other scions of the French aristocracy, namely, the Vicomte d'Arry and the Baron de Saint-Amand; and all three gentlemen were madly in love with the bewitching artist. But the one with the most glib and fluent tongue, who could turn the neatest compliments without a suspicion of flattery, was the marquis. In course of time he made an impression. Seeing which he went to the empress, and without much trouble persuaded her to back him in a serious demand for the young lady's hand.

Patti's New York season of 1883 was followed by a tour through the country under the direction of Mapleson. It was a troublous journey, as funds were low and intrigues and quarrels frequent. But there were compensations in a succession of triumphs:

On their way to California the company paid a visit to Salt Lake City. There the "little lady" made great friends with the Mormon prophet, Brigham Young, and, accompanied by some of his apostles, he partook of a *déjeuner* in her private car, which stood, as usual, in a siding at the railway station. He requited her hospitality by allowing her to sing at an afternoon concert in the vast Mormon Tabernacle, which until then had never been utilized for any but religious services. The prices were fixed at a low figure (two dollars and a dollar), and the huge place was packed. Brigham Young was so delighted that he subsequently attended a performance of "Lucia" in which Patti sang at the Salt Lake Theatre on the same evening.

Tour followed upon tour, and always with the same results in increased fame and power. Patti was associated with Jean de Reszke, Gounod describing him as his ideal Romeo and Patti as his ideal Juliet. The author says:

Somehow a slight estrangement occurred between Mme. Patti and Jean de Reszke after their association in this notable revival. What gave rise to it I am unable to say, nor does that now matter; but, oddly enough, it was my good fortune to bring about a *rapprochement* between them. They had not met or spoken since "Romeo," when one evening they found themselves in each other's company at dinner at my flat in Whitehall Court. That was nearly eight years later.

Mme. Patti then greeted her old friends Jean and Edouard as if the links in their long spell of friendship had never been even strained, much less broken. At table she sat between Jean and myself; while Nicolini talked about his "Strads" to the great cellist, Piatti. A few years later, M. de Reszke, following Mme. Patti's example, added a small theatre to the resources of his elegant house in the Rue de la Faisanderie; and more than once, when visiting Paris, she delighted him and his guests by appearing upon the little stage in some scene from her well-remembered repertory.

The marvelous preservation of Patti's voice was now becoming one of the musical wonders of the day. She told the "secret" to Mr. William Armstrong after she had been singing more than fifty years, and he reproduced her words in an article entitled "Mme. Patti's Advice to Singers: Her Own Rules for Preserving the Voice":

People who cultivate the voice have widely different ideas on what constitutes the best methods of its preservation. If I gave lessons, I should cultivate the middle tones, and the voice of the singer would be good at the age of a hundred. The whole harm to a voice comes in pushing it up and down, in trying to add notes to its compass.

"How high can you sing?" appears to be the question. But what about the foundation part of the voice—that is, the middle notes? My success is founded on those notes, and there can be no enduring success without them. How many can sing very high and yet can not sing 'Home, Sweet Home'! Some pooh-pooh the idea of the difficulty of that simple melody. But it is more difficult to sing 'Home, Sweet Home' than the waltz song from 'Romeo and Juliet,' because of its demands upon the development of the voice. Without the beautiful middle notes there is no cantabile, and upon the proper development of these, and the avoidance of strain by forcing high and low notes, the enduring powers of the singer depend.

High gymnastics are very beautiful; but, lose the middle notes, and you lose all. The very high and the very low notes are the ornaments, but what good are Gohelins and pictures if you have no house to hang them in?

The tremolo, one of the most objectionable and unbearable of vocal faults, is but a phase of this forcing, and comes of the spreading of the vocal chords through straining.

How often the question has been put to me: "Mme. Patti, how high can you sing?" and I have thought: "Are you at it, too?" The middle voice is the one that you need to sing with. I sing comfortably.

If you want to sing for years, do not strain the natural compass of the voice. That is like living on capital. I have always lived within my income, and I have always had something to put aside.

The question of success or failure as a singer is simplified by self-judgment and discrimination. Many voices are not worth the cultivation, and that means time and opportunities lost. Very often students wear out their voices with over-study before they appear in public. They destroy the freshness of the voice by singing too much.

As to the length of time to be devoted to study, I myself do not give more than fifteen or twenty minutes to it daily, and these few minutes I devote to scales. . . .

My golden rule in singing is to spare myself until the voice is needed, and then never to give it all out. Put it in the bank. I do not push my voice for the pleasure of the moment. If you are prodigal of your powers at such times, the next time you wish to be generous you can not.

Presence of mind is an eminently desirable possession to the opera singer. Contretemps will sometimes happen, and only quickness of wit can save the situation. Of this the author gives us various illustrations. Says Patti herself:

Once I was singing in "Lucia" with a tenor as Edgardo whom I had never seen. As Edgardo and his brother are dressed alike in the first scene, when I appeared on the stage I did not know which one I was to sing to. Already my music was sounding from the orchestra. "Which is Edgardo?" I asked hastily.

"The one to the left," was the answer. And I hurried toward him, singing as I went.

In an episode of a different description the opera was "Traviata," and the tenor a forgetful one. In the duet in the last act he suddenly began to sing my part. In a flash I had to take up his until, as suddenly, his memory returned. When the curtain was rung down he thanked me with tears in his eyes. It was the second incident of the kind that had happened to him, and the first had not been so fortunate for both singers.

Adelina Patti's bijou theatre at Craig-y-Nos Castle has been so often described that no further notice of it need be given here. The author tells us of the inaugural performance on August 12, 1891, given before a distinguished company and at which the singer seems to have surpassed herself:

But the miracle that overshadowed all else was the sweet, virginal Marguerite of the singer of forty-eight summers, who could cheat us into the belief that she was still the girl depicted by Goethe. I wrote at the time: "It was the triumph of the night which might have been easiest foretold. Her white Gretchen costume became her to perfection, and she made a delicious picture as she sat spinning at her wheel and warbling the 'King of Thule' with the greatest imaginable poetic feeling." More than once one had the impression that the whole thing was a dream. Could this truly be Patti—the inimitable and adorable songstress worshipped in two hemispheres—still looking and singing like a maid in her teens and striving her hardest to please on her own twenty-five-by-twenty-five-foot stage down in this remote corner of Wales? It seemed curious and uncanny enough to be unreal; and it gave one "furiously to think."

Signor Nicolini, Patti's husband, was fond of fishing and shooting, and particularly of shooting. His pheasants were jealously preserved, and this sometimes led to trouble. On one occasion Nicolini was so indiscreet as to fire in the direction of the castle:

Nicolini became very excited. Not heeding or understanding his game-keeper's warning, he first fired at the pheasants as they flew toward the castle, then crossed the bridge and began to follow them up. Both proceedings proved disastrous. His tiny leaden shot fell on the glass roof of the conservatory just when Mme. Patti happened to be sitting beneath it, and the noise of the firing coming nearer roused in her not only alarm, but anger. The climax arrived when Nicolini got into the kitchen-garden and began aiming at the poor birds there. I think he hit one. What would have happened next I know not, had he not heard his distraught spouse calling to him from the distance. Only then did he hand his gun to the nearest keeper. (I had discreetly given up mine some time before.) Over the domestic sequel to this curious episode I draw a veil.

Adelina Patti lived long enough to see the whole of the great war, and she was profoundly affected by its tragedies, which involved alike the country of her parentage and of her adoption:

The sufferings and horrors of the great war cast a deep shadow over the closing years of this sensitive woman's existence. She missed her journeys on the Continent, her trips to Switzerland and Bayreuth, the changes of scene to which she had grown accustomed since 1900. During the winter that followed the signing of the armistice her health began seriously to fail. Early in 1919 a medical consultation was held, and the doctors detected unmistakable signs of growing heart-weakness. She was taken to the seaside and spent her last—her seventy-sixth—birthday at Brighton.

The author may be congratulated on a biography that is alike timely and competent. Many good illustrations add largely to its value.

THE REIGN OF PATTI. By Herman Klein
York: The Century Company; \$5.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending September 25, 1920, were \$135,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$153,400,000; a gain of \$1,600,000.

Debits to individual account of banks belonging to 154 of the country's more important Clearing House Associations for the week ending September 15th totaled 8985 millions, compared with 7167 millions in the previous week of five business days, according to the weekly report of the Federal Reserve Board.

Aggregate debits for the corresponding week of 1919 were 14 per cent. larger than for the week reviewed.

The total for the Twelfth District was \$389,324,000, compared with \$488,345,000 the previous week and \$379,372,000 in the corre-

sponding week a year ago. The figures for the three weeks respectively were (\$000 omitted) for San Francisco, \$257,254, \$209,652, and \$240,128; Oakland, \$20,979, \$21,617, and \$14,483; Berkeley, \$3,296, \$3,247, \$2,752; Sacramento, \$19,922, \$14,142, \$16,019; San Jose, \$7,049, \$5,316, \$6,043; Fresno, \$15,783, \$10,326, \$11,318; Stockton, \$6,551, \$4,359, \$5,486; Los Angeles, \$101,524, \$84,515, \$90,259; San Diego, \$8,876, \$8,561, \$6,141; Salt Lake City, \$19,288, \$15,172, \$16,550; Portland, \$48,300, \$37,355, \$59,608; Seattle, \$49,953, \$34,511, \$60,637; Spokane, \$14,080, \$12,030, \$15,561; Tacoma, \$12,414, \$9,178, \$14,714.

Very many people are now interested in the value of foreign moneys and foreign exchange who before the great war never would have

present time lower than they ever were, an appearance rather perplexing to most of those following the rise and fall of these rates. The explanations given for this unprecedented occurrence is as divergent as the number of foreign exchange "experts" is growing.

English pound sterling has dropped to the lowest level this last week, when it reached \$3.45 instead of its normal value of \$4.87. French francs and Italian liras went down to their lowest quotations, too. The European bankers, and especially the English bankers, up to a few years ago considered the almighty dictators of international finance, very much dislike the idea of being taxed now by the American Wall Street bosses and being dictated the rate of English pound sterling from New York. England is striving frantically to regain its lost dictatorial position in the world's money market, but how this can be done, with the many millions of loaned dollars from America becoming due successively during the next few years, is very hard to guess. It looks as if the money centre of the world has definitely shifted from London to New York. New York is now handling the medicine to London which London for so many decades handed to the world, in rating a country's currency according to the gold reserve primarily and secondarily only considering the trade balances and the general prosperity of its population.

It is the ratio of the gold reserve to the paper money in circulation which is the chief cause of the depreciation of the European currencies in this country, although the Wall Street exchange rates do not at all represent the actual purchasing power of the European moneys in the respective countries. A striking instance is the German money rate, which went down with the English and French rates during the last few weeks because the English and French rates, still the dominant rates for Europe, went down in value on account of the five-hundred-million-dollar loan falling due on the 1st of October, known as the Anglo-French five-hundred-million-dollar loan. England and France's pride as solvable states forbids them to ask for an extension of the very first loan becoming due to America and they were determined to scrape together every available gold dollar or dollar security to pay off this loan. France is able to pay back only 150 millions of the 250 millions and has therefore issued the last hundred-million-dollar loan, at present offered for subscription in this country at the unheard-of interest rate of 8 per cent. to cover the other remaining 100 million dollars. England is determined to pay back in full her share of the loan with 250 million dollars in gold. This naturally depletes the gold reserve of these two countries, England and France, and correspondingly increases America's gold holdings, thereby reducing the value of pounds sterling and francs and increasing the international value of American currency, although the private individual in these countries affected will not notice very much of a difference in the purchasing power of his country's money in his respective country, except in dealings abroad. The price of German marks went down to 1 1/2 cent per mark last week, whereas the normal rate for marks is 23.8 cents. But people in Germany may obtain board and lodgings in a fairly comfortable boarding-house in any of the big cities at the rate of 500 marks per month. Five hundred marks exchanged into dollars according to international exchange rates would be worth only about \$7.50. It is evident that nowhere in the United States could anybody get room and board for \$7.50 a month, although America is the greatest food-producing country, prices having doubled for food since 1914 here, whereas food prices in Germany are about ten times what they were in 1914, figured in marks. A big stein of beer can still be bought for about 75 pfennig in Germany, which reduced to American cents would represent only 1 cent. Every anti-prohibitionist may well dream of the possibilities of 10 American cents invested in thick foam 7 per cent. Munich beer and resign with a sigh to less than one-half of 1 per cent. W. J. B. grape juice. A sack of potatoes along the Rhine is sold for 10 marks, or 15 cents American money. Imagine 133 pounds of potatoes being obtainable for 15 cents here. These examples shall only prove the discrepancy between the value of European moneys in this country, as fixed by the Wall Street bankers and the real value of these moneys in their respective countries.

Very many millions of dollars have of late been invested in European securities on account of the low exchange rates prevailing at present, because all indications tend toward a rise in the exchange rates as soon as conditions in Europe get more settled towards which end another financial conference of the representatives of the European powers soon is to meet in Switzerland to discuss and arrange the vexed foreign exchange question satisfactorily to all.—Karl Offer, Exchange Agent.

There has always existed, on the Pacific Coast, and more particularly in San Francisco, the erroneous idea that manufacturing enter-

prises could not profitably compete with the East and Middle West.

It has now and has been for some years conclusively demonstrated by actual performance that the labor cost for a given operation averages less on the Pacific Coast than in any other section of the country. Consequently there is room here for unlimited industrial development.

Industrial securities have a particular appeal to the average investor. By confining your investments to Pacific Coast industrials you are adding to your personal wealth directly by the dividend return and appreciation in value of those securities; and indirectly by the benefits that must inevitably accrue to you through the development and expansion of the industrial area of your home section. In addition you have the advantage of observation at close range.—McCann & Co., Inc.

In its September financial letter the Farmers and Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles has the following to say about the country's financial situation:

"The prices at which all commodities, including labor, are selling, causes a demand for credit largely in excess of normal, considering the volume of business done. The strain, which always comes at this season of the year, is being successfully met. The inability of the railroads to handle freight expeditiously or to furnish cars in sufficient quantities to care for the needs of the shipping public, whereby both raw materials and manufactured goods are held at initial points when they should be at points of consumption, is increasing the credit strain. The farmer can not get his grain to market, hence can not get money for it. In the meantime he must borrow for his immediate necessities. The manufacturer can not deliver his goods to purchasers, hence can not get returns for them. This cramps him financially, as he must pay for labor, material, and up-keep. And so it goes all along the line. While the expenses of the roads have been largely increased, their revenues will be augmented by increased rates granted them. More important still, credit which has been denied them in the past is now forthcoming.

"The public has at last been disillusioned as to the railroads. In the future the utterances of the demagogues, trying to destroy them, will fall upon deaf ears. Transportation is the life-blood of this nation. The roads within another year will be in a position to render the country the services which its increased business will demand. In the meantime the public must have patience and co-operate with the roads in every way possible.

"Interest rates necessarily continue high. They will remain so just as long as the demand for credit remains as strenuous as it now is. At some time in the future all prices, including interest rates, will go as much below normal as they now are above normal. That time, however, is some time off."

H. Vincent Brand & Co., Inc., investment securities, recently opened an office at 240 Montgomery Street, specializing in industrial securities.

They are correspondents for Durrell Gregory & Co. of New York, who are members of the New York Consolidated Stock Exchange and Petroleum Exchange.

Among the Wall Street institutions occupying their own homes are Durrell Gregory & Co., J. P. Morgan & Co., Post & Flagg, the National City Company, and Brown Bros. & Co.

Durrell Gregory & Co. recently took over the entire building at 72 Wall Street. This structure is one of the oldest landmarks on Wall Street, but has been entirely remodeled.

Last offering of \$200,000 of common stock of the Fageol Motors Company of Oakland will be made this week by the C. W. Gordon Company in blocks of one share preferred stock and one share of common with a unit par value of \$20 for \$12.50. The preferred stock is a 5 per cent. security cumulative non-assessable.

The Fageol Company has no bonded indebtedness or mortgages, and paid the agreed dividends on its preferred stock last year. This preferred stock is a first lien on its assets. No bonds can be issued except with the consent of two-thirds of the owners of preferred stock.

Fageol Company's gross sales of trucks and tractors last year amounted to \$1,000,000 with earnings equivalent to 30 per cent. at the present market price of its common stock. The purpose of the new issue is to provide capital for the purchase of raw material with which to double actual production immediately.

The California Fageol plant covers thirteen and a half acres of ground in East Oakland, and employs 155 men. The new schedule of production calls for an output of fifty-two trucks and tractors a month. At the present time Frank R. Fageol, secretary and general manager of the company, is in the East, where he has organized the Fageol Motors Company of Ohio, which is expected to

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start production by the middle of next month. The Eastern company will compensate the parent company of California for manufacturing rights and use of Fageol truck transmission patents and exclusive tractor features.

L. H. Bill, president of the Fageol Company, states that the company's profits for the first six months of 1920 amounted to three times its obligations to preferred stockholders, and that it is expected the company will do a business of over \$2,000,000 in 1920. At the present time the company has on its books orders for more than \$50,000 worth of motors and tractors for Pacific Coast delivery, in addition to orders on hand for more than \$250,000 worth of machines from England and Java.

A new issue of industrial financing was placed on the market this week in the shape of \$7,500,000 first mortgage ten-year sinking fund gold notes and \$2,500,000 8 per cent. preferred stock of B. B. & R. Knight, Incorporated, a Massachusetts corporation. The

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bonds of this issue are priced at 94, to yield 7.88 per cent., and the stock at 96 with an accrued dividend to yield over 8.33. This issue is placed on the market by a syndicate headed by E. H. Rollins & Sons.

B. B. & R. Knight, Inc., has been incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts, September, 1920, as successor to B. B. & R. Knight, Incorporated, a Rhode Island corporation, one of the largest manufacturers of cotton cloth in the world, a business which has been successfully conducted since 1848.

The company's famous trade-mark, "Fruit of the Loom," has been known throughout the country for several generations as the hall mark of quality in cotton goods.

The seventeen mills of the company, located throughout Rhode Island and in Massachusetts, including the new Royal Mill (as of its completion), have an aggregate floor space of about 3,000,000 square feet and employ about 5500. The equipment of these mills includes about 533,457 spindles and 13,310 looms. The Pontiac bleachery has a capacity

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thought of investing a cent abroad. Even in the financial centres of America, New York and Chicago, only a very few foreign bonds were quoted at the stock exchanges. Some Argentine, Mexican, Chinese, and Canadian municipal or railroad bonds were about the only ones traded in regularly. Whoever wanted to invest for sentimental reasons in European municipalities or government securities asked his bank to buy such and such security abroad for his account. This situation has changed greatly since the armistice and millions and millions of dollars are now invested in foreign, principally European, securities, chiefly on account of the very low exchange rates.

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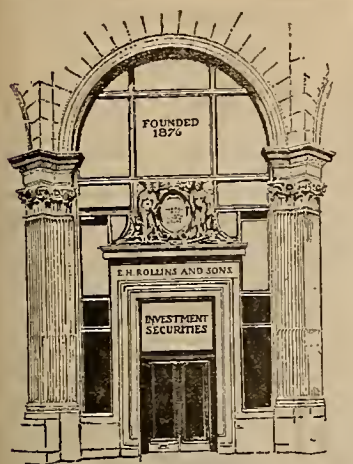
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of about 50,000,000 yards per annum. The company has installed power capacity of 26,000 horsepower, of which about 30 per cent. is water power. The properties of the company include dwelling houses, stores, farms, in fact, entire communities inhabited largely by their employees.

These bonds will be secured in the opinion of counsel by direct first mortgage on all real estate, plants, machinery, and equipment to be presently acquired by the company, with the exception of one mill previously sold, and all trade-marks, patents, and good-will. The remaining first mortgage bonds may only be issued under conservative restrictions in the deed of trust.

The deed of trust provides a sinking fund, beginning December 1, 1923, payable semi-annually in cash or bonds at the redemption rates, equal to 3 per cent. per annum of the maximum amount of bonds at any time issued plus an amount equal to the interest which would have been payable on all bonds previously retired by the sinking fund. The ope-

show a value in excess of \$15,000,000, or \$2000 for each \$1000 bond.

According to the annexed balance sheet prepared by Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Co., after giving effect to present financing, the net quick assets after appropriating \$2,000,000 for new construction and \$1,000,000 for a reserve for inventory depreciation, are \$7,749,513, or over \$1000 for each \$1000 bond, and the net tangible assets, exclusive of good-will, brands, and trade-marks, are \$30,049,746, or over \$4000 for each \$1000 bond.

The Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company in offering the 6 per cent. tax-exempt bonds of the James Irrigation District (Fresno County) on a 6.20 per cent. basis draw an interesting parallel between present-day conditions and those of a decade ago. Then land was held in large holdings of thousands of acres. These immense tracts were dry farmed or used as cattle and sheep range. With the increase in population and the consequent demand for food the appreciation in values and the development of water for irrigation it became more and more difficult to operate large areas profitably. To encourage the development of land by irrigation the California Irrigation District Act was enacted. Since 1897 millions of irrigation district bonds have been issued and sold under this act without a single default in payment of principle or interest, while the wealth of the state has been immeasurably increased by the large numbers of land-owners and the appreciation of land values.

Coincident with the change in the ownership of land has come an increase in the number of investors. The Liberty Loan and the Federal income tax have helped this second transition. Yet in spite of the increased number of investors, bond prices are lower than for a generation. In 1914 tax-exempt securities yielded an average of 4 1/4 per cent., in 1919 4 1/2 per cent., while at the present time the average income return is about 5 1/2 per cent. Furthermore, the income tax operates to decrease the investment funds of wealthy individuals. By way of illustration, a large banking house received 700 subscriptions to a recent issue—the average subscription being for \$4000. This was the experience of one of many houses. Looking toward the future, it seems that, with a broader demand due to the increased number of investors and an easier money market, higher bond prices should prevail.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company has just purchased \$100,000 6 per cent. serial improvement bonds of Portland, Oregon, at the highest price the city has received on its bonds in several months. Several bids were received and indicates a decided strengthening of the bond market. The bonds are offered at 101 and interest, yielding nearly 5 1/2 per cent to nearly 6 per cent.

A San Francisco Bay institution that is bringing additional fame to California is the C. L. Best Tractor Company, whose plant is at San Leandro.

One of the letters received by the management last week tells of the triumph of the Best tractor over all others in Italy, and particularly in the Roman provinces.

The following is a translated excerpt from the letter of Duilio Pignocchi:

"I have experimented with Best tractors for a long time in Italy, where they gave the very best results, not only in the north, but even in the central states, like the Roman territory and similar zones of flinty or clayish and very hard ground—so hard, indeed, that it was considered impossible to cultivate.

"The only machine during the war, and even during the time that our government had made large acquisitions in North American tractors of small and great capacity, the only tractor that in the Roman territory was working without interruption and without the slightest inconvenience, was the Best.

"In those lands it carried with perfect ease three coulters to a goodly depth, while under those local conditions and circumstances of time and season absolutely all of the other plowing machine tractors had to stop for about two months or more because they were unable to plow unless with but one plowshare, which of course was impossible because unsuitable. The large zone of Tore del Pedigione, Cirrocceto, was filled with government tractors. I was there and saw them myself and can certify to the fact that during the hot season, which is dry, they are always idle, while the Best, and this one only, was continually plowing that entire territory, and if the war had continued longer the government for that very reason, absolutely convinced, would have passed their orders to the C. L. Best Company without asking as to the cost."

Mr. G. H. Schellenbach, secretary of the Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company and sales manager of the Los Angeles office, was a visitor in the financial district. Mr. Schellenbach is en route to Honolulu with his bride.

The increasing reliance of the United States upon the tropics for food and manufacturing material is evidenced by the fact that over three billion dollars' worth of tropical and sub-tropical products entered Continental United States in the fiscal year 1920 against less than one billion dollars' worth in 1913 and less than half a billion in 1900. Of course, says a statement of the National City Bank of New York, discussing this closer relation of the United States with its neighbors in the tropics, some part of this tremendous increase in values is due to the "high cost of" but nevertheless it is a fact that the quantity of tropical products consumed in the United States has tremendously increased and seems likely to go on increasing, irrespective of high and still advancing prices. For example, the quantity of cane sugar, all tropical, of course, entering Continental United States in the fiscal year 1920 was nearly 9,500,000,000 pounds against a little more than 7,500,000,000 in the immediately preceding year and less than 6,000,000,000 a decade ago. Of coffee, strictly tropical, the quantity imported in the fiscal year 1920 was 1,400,000,000 pounds against 1,000,000,000 a year earlier and only 871,000,000 in 1910. Cocoa, also exclusively tropical, shows a total of 420,000,000 pounds in the imports of 1920 against 109,000,000 in 1910. Coconut oil, now so largely used for food purposes in various forms, was 269,000,000 pounds in 1920 against 48,000,000 in 1910, and all of these at much higher prices than heretofore.

In manufacturing material the increasing demands upon the tropics are quite as striking as in those of foodstuffs. Of india rubber, strictly tropical, the imports in 1920 were 632,000,000 pounds, in 1910 only 101,000,000 pounds; of raw cotton the imports into this greatest cotton-growing country of the world were in 1920 345,000,000 pounds against 86,000,000 in 1910; of raw silk, the product of at least a sub-tropical climate, the 1920 imports were 47,000,000 pounds against 20,000,000 in 1910; tobacco, 94,000,000 pounds in 1920 against 47,000,000 in 1910.

This increase in quantities imported has been made despite tremendous advances in prices meantime. The average price of raw sugar imported from foreign countries in the fiscal year 1920 was 9 cents per pound against an average of 2 1/2 cents per pound in 1910, yet the quantity imported in 1920 was, as already shown, more than 50 per cent. in excess of that of 1910. Cocoa imports in 1920 average 17 cents per pound against about 11 cents per pound in 1910, yet the quantity imported in 1920 was four times as great as in 1910. Raw silk imports in 1920 average \$9.30 per pound against an average of \$3.21 in 1910, yet the quantity imported in 1920 was double that of 1910. Raw cotton imported in 1920 averaged for the full year 42 cents per pound against about 18 cents per pound in 1910, yet the quantity imported in 1920 was four times as much, as in 1910, irrespective of the fact that the price per pound had advanced 150 per cent.

These figures of the increasing importation of tropical products irrespective of the advance in price explain in some degree at least the fact that we are now sending to the tropical and sub-tropical world three billion dollars a year to purchase its varied products as against a little over a half-billion dollars a decade ago.

Happily, continues the bank's statement, our tropical friends have apparently recognized the increase in our calls upon them for their natural products and are reciprocating this attitude by a large increase in their takings of our products. Manufactures of all sorts and certain foodstuffs, especially meat, condensed milk, and flour, are the principal importations into the tropics, and its people are steadily and rapidly increasing their use of these articles as produced in the United States. The value of our exports to the tropical world in the fiscal year 1920 aggregated, in round terms, nearly two billion dollars against less than half a billion in 1910.

Members of the California Investment Bankers' Association left Tuesday night to attend the annual meeting of the American Investment Bankers' Association, to be held in Boston October 4th to 6th inclusive, the first meeting held by the A. B. American Investment Bankers since the institution of the group system last spring. There are many questions to be brought up before the conven-

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tion, which will attempt to better local investment conditions, such as better distribution of all future commitments of large issues and an endeavor to arrange so that investment houses on the Pacific Coast will have an opportunity to guarantee their sales on Eastern offerings.

The original "horseless carriage," invented and built by Achille Philion of Chicago in 1893, is now being shown in the streets of that city. A steam engine, using oil for fuel, furnishes the motive power. It was the forerunner of the industry that has revolutionized highway travel and converted the public to the value and necessity of good roads.

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ration of this sinking fund will retire over 25 per cent. of the present issue before its maturity.


The company covenants to maintain net quick assets at all times equal to not less than 50 per cent. of all bonds outstanding, including bonds retired by the sinking fund.

The average net profits from January 1, 1917, to August 14, 1920, after deducting adequate maintenance, but before depreciation and Federal taxes, have been \$2,194,236 per annum, or over four times the annual interest requirements of the first mortgage bonds. In determining these profits all improvements and renewals have been deducted in lieu of depreciation. In 1921 the present capacity will be increased over 20 per cent. by the completion of the Royal Mill.

The mill properties, including machinery and equipment (but exclusive of the Pontiac bleachery and other fixed assets), on the basis of \$30 per spindle, or less than one-half of the estimated present cost of reproduction,

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

The Personal Equation.

A picture, says Mr. Woodbury, is a description of a personal reaction. The mind of the painter selects what he wants from a scene and ignores the remainder. But the mind of the critic may select something quite different—hence the criticism. Elsewhere Mr. Woodbury says that a picture is a visible expression of our personal artistic impulse, and again that a picture is a thought or feeling expressed in terms of Nature. Indeed it would be possible to fill a couple of columns with Mr. Woodbury's illuminating dicta to be found in a volume by no means large, and yet with enough solid artistic wisdom to satisfy the most exacting.

Mr. Woodbury writes mainly for the student, although he devotes a concluding chapter to the public. Without professing to teach the art of painting he yet lays down certain broad principles that can hardly fail to be practically useful. Thus he warns us of the changing moods of nature and the difference that a single hour will make in a seascape. Establish quickly, he says, the important masses, and having thus insured consistency, the details can receive subsequent attention. But there is no substitute for intelligence and there should be no rules so rigid as to be unyielding to necessity. Once more, one might fill columns with such condensations of artistic wisdom, but a review is necessarily limited, although not to such an extent as to exclude the following sagacity: "The desire to astonish, to hurt, to corrupt, or even the record of those feelings in ourselves, all are destructive. Every human impulse that is on the wrong side may creep into a picture and continue its harm in so doing."

PAINTING AND THE PERSONAL EQUATION. By Charles H. Woodbury. N. A. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

A Historical Comparison.

We all know that history repeats itself, but we do not all realize how strictly true is the old adage. In this volume Gilbert Murray tells us of the great war of the ancient Greeks. By modern standards it was not a great war, but a small one. None the less it was a facsimile in miniature of the late convulsion. Sparta and Athens were the combatants, but the whole of Hellas ranged itself upon one side or the other. There were the pacifists, the defeatists, and the peace-by-arrangement parties. Women did the work of men, and one may even identify the statesmen of today in the leaders of the great Hellenic war. It

meant the downfall of Greece and the rise of Rome, and so the student may uneasily wonder how far the parallel is to be carried and if we shall presently be called upon to witness the crumbling of the walls of European civilization and one more finished chapter in the history of a race that has already been the spectator of many such chapters.

OUR GREAT WAR AND THE GREAT WAR OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS. By Gilbert Murray. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

Collecting.

Here is a book that should delight the collector and also aid him if his ambitions are above the level of postage stamps and tobacco pipes. Mr. Teall looks upon intelligent collecting as a department of history, as of course it is. It brings us into contact with the atmosphere of the past, and in the most practical way. Every acquired object is a point of departure for research and study.

Mr. Teall deals with all sorts and conditions of things. Every chapter might be expanded into a book. He tells us of furniture, plates, pewter, portraits, embroideries, marqueterie, porcelain, enamels, gems, and a dozen other things. He warns us against fraud, furnishes us with tests of genuineness, and acts as guide, philosopher, and friend to those who would walk this most interesting if most difficult of paths. And his illustrations are of so practical a kind as to add largely to the value of his work.

THE PLEASURES OF COLLECTING. By Gardner Teall. New York: The Century Company.

Some Books for the Young.

One may infer that Christmas is approaching from the number of books for the young that are being ground from the literary mills. As for their quality, it may be said that they are equal to the average.

"At the Sign of the Two Heroes," by Adair Aldon (Century Company), is a story of boys, smugglers, and a small town community. The smugglers of old were so much more interesting than the smugglers of today, although not nearly so numerous.

In somewhat more classic mood is "A Treasury of Hero Tales," edited by Alice C. Bryant (Thomas Y. Crowell Company). Here we find the stories of Perseus, Siegfried, Sir Galahad, Beowulf, Cuchulain, Robin Hood, and others, well told and of the most wholesome kind.

Of more modern type is "Reddy Brant: His Adventures," by W. C. Tuttle (Century Company). It consists of a number of lively Wild West stories all centering around the figure of fourteen-year-old Reddy Brant.

Also to the Century Company must be credited a collection of "Travel Stories," retold from *St. Nicholas*. This ever popular magazine for the young has now so permanent a hold that its name upon a title-page is sufficient guarantee of excellence.

Among current stories for girls is "Rainbow Gold," by Millicent Evison, which comes from the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

It has good characterization and vivid incident. Other stories from the same house are "Four Girls of Forty Years Ago," by Nine Rhoades, and "Dorothy Dainty at Gen Island," by Amy Brooks. The former is a good picture of the life of the last generation, while the Dorothy Dainty books are so well known as to carry their own recommendation.

Brief Reviews.

"Indian Vengeance," by L. F. Jones (the Stratford Company), is an embodiment of the author's experience with the Indians of Alaska, and while the story itself is fictitious it conveys an accurate picture of an interesting people.

The latest addition to the Marden Inspirational Books is "Success Fundamentals," by Orison Swett Marden (Thomas Y. Crowell Company). It deals with health, success, efficiency, confidence, salesmanship, and the law of opulence.

The "Boys' Book of Sea Fights," by Chelsea Curtis Fraser (Thomas Y. Crowell Company), is an admirable account with illustrations of the great naval battles of the world from Drake to Beatty. The battles are intelligently described and the maps and plans are practical and useful.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published "Eastern Stories and Legends," by Marie L. Shedlock, with a foreword by Professor T. W. Rhys Davis. These are stories of the various Buddha rebirths arranged and selected for the reading of children. One learns with some surprise that many of Aesop's fables are taken from these legends. It is an admirable book for the young.

"A Boy in Serbia," by E. C. Davies (Thomas Y. Crowell Company) is the story of a boy's life in the little Balkan state of Serbia, written in clear, entertaining style for other boys. "Milosav" tells his own tale, beginning with his earliest recollections. He is the child of a better-class farmer in a land which does not differ widely in product from parts of our own country.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

William MacLeod Raine, whose "Big Town Round-Up" will soon appear under the Houghton Mifflin Company's imprint, and who is the author of many other popular Western novels, recently told this story on himself in a talk before the American Library Association at its annual meeting. He was leaving a theatre when a lady called over to his wife, "Oh, we've been so charmed with your husband's book. We fight to see who'll get at it." Mrs. Raine, usually wise in such matters, was unwise for once. She said, "Which one?" (Business of lady hoisting S. O. S. signal. Business of consulting with friend husband. Business of friend husband shrugging his shoulders, as though to say, "You got into this. I can't get you out.") The lady turned and called brightly above the intervening press, "The red one."

"The Twelve," published by B. W. Huebsch, Inc., the Marcellaise of the Russian revolution, depicting the marching of twelve soldiers through frozen Petrograd, will be ready in pamphlet form within a week. Two million copies of this poem sold in Russia.

Joseph Conrad, although he has been transplanted to England for many years and has become such a master of the English language that he is considered one of the greatest living stylists, is at heart and always will remain a Pole. He is now engaged in making Poland's cause understood abroad. Recently he has addressed an appeal to Americans which marks him as a patriot of the same pure intention as his fellow-countryman Paderewski.

At last another full length, characteristic novel from Edith Wharton! It is of New York society in its age of innocence, about 1880, when it drove up Fifth Avenue in victorias. The breath of a newer day comes to it in Ellen, Countess Olenska, who has fled under circumstances of a compromising nature from her brutal Polish husband. Through family connections she succeeds in reentering formal, meticulous, and disapproving New York society, hoping there to forget her past; but a discontent, horn of artistic, freedom-loving Continental life, disturbs her.

Irvin Cobb, as every one knows, got a half a vote for the presidential nomination at the San Francisco convention. And the man who "discovered" Irvin Cobb is in Sing Sing! He is Charles E. Chapin, for over twenty years city editor of the New York Evening World. Of course unearthing the famous humorist isn't solely responsible for the life sentence which he is now serving. The full record of the sad tragedy which terminated the editor's brilliant career is told in his book just published by Putnam's under the title of "Charles Chapin's Story."

Use of automobiles, at least "once or twice a week," is among the many inducements to servant girls and maids in St. Paul.

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The Metaphysical Library at 165 Post Street has a large stock of important books on hand, among them being master mind publications such as "Unity," Florence Crawford's, Elizabeth Towne Company's, Rawson's "Life Understood" and his other writings, T. Roward books, and Curtiss' "Key to the Universe," "Key to Destiny," "Voice of Isis," Ch. D. Larson's books, etc.

A new use for nickel was developed late in the war. In England, says an English authority, when people were suffering from the lack of butter, it was freely suggested that margarine was being made from whale oil. Perhaps it was; anyway, whale oil can be converted by the aid of nickel, into a substance which in taste, smell, and appearance is almost identical with mutton tallow. The change is brought about by what is known as the process of hydrogenation, which consists simply in exposing the oil at a high temperature under pressure to an atmosphere of hydrogen in the presence of very finely divided nickel. In these conditions the liquid oil, which is already a compound of carbon and hydrogen, takes up more hydrogen, and when cooled appears as a firm substance exactly like mutton tallow and quite suitable for the manufacture of margarine. The nickel does not enter in any way into the new product, it simply acts by its presence only—that is to say, as a catalytic; it determines the new combination.

The body of Napoleon III lies in a tomb in the Church of St. Michael at Farnborough, England. This chapel was built by the empress Eugénie as a memorial to her husband. In the crypt also is placed the tomb of her son, the Prince Imperial, who was killed while fighting with the English army in Zululand. The church is a magnificent building of white stone, and stands on the brow of a hill. It is surmounted by a tower and pinnacled with dozens of small shafts. The empress used to visit the chapel daily. Ten priests were constantly employed by her to say masses for the dead.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

French Verse.

There are very few translations of poetry that can be read without a certain dissatisfaction. If the translator is a poet he gives us his own beauties. If he is not a poet he obscures the beauties of the original.

None the less we have here a series of translations that are quite exceptional. Albert Boni, who edits this fine book of translated French verse, says that his selections are of high poetical merit, fully capable of standing squarely on their own feet as adequate renderings of the original. Where this claim seems extravagant, the reader is asked to accept the selection as one of several that were included to give the volume the proper proportions that such an anthology must possess.

The volume contains considerably over two hundred selections, and among the translators we notice the names of Longfellow, O'Shaughnessy, Chaucer, Andrew Lang, W. E. Henley, D. G. Rossetti, Oscar Wilde, Austin Dobson, Ford Madox Hueffer, Keats, Ezra Pound, Edmund Gosse, Robert Bridges, George Santayana, Arthur Symonds, Lafcadio Hearn, George Meredith, and Ludwig Lewisohn. Such a list certainly leaves nothing to be desired as a guarantee of translating excellence and indeed a survey of the book shows it to consist in the main of poetic values.

THE MODERN BOOK OF FRENCH VERSE. Edited by Albert Boni. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.50 net.

The Adventurous Lady.

Even the most original writers are compelled sometimes to use the most unoriginal plots. The merit, after all, is in the treatment, and not in the idea.

And so we find Mr. Snaith telling us the old story of an exchange of identities. Lady Elfreda Carabbas, going by train to a country house party at which she is to be the star in some war-relief theatricals, finds that she has Miss Cass as her traveling companion. Now Miss Cass is a poor little governess who dreams dreams of the aristocratic life and looks longingly through the bars of the gilded cage and imagines what it must be to occupy it. Lady Elfreda, on the other hand, is inexpressibly bored by the frivolities, the insincerities, and the marriage-mongering that make up her lot in life and would give a large part of her autocratic little soul to taste independence and liberty.

The two girls get into conversation and exchange ideals. Each covets the career of the other. Then Lady Elfreda seizes the nettle with both hands. Why should they not exchange identities for a brief season of experiment. No one knows her among the company to which she is going. Why should not Miss Cass personate her while she personates Miss Cass and undertakes the government of two unruly children. It is easy to do. A rapid exchange of clothes and of baggage and Miss Cass drives away as Lady Elfreda, and Lady Elfreda drives away as Miss Cass.

It is all admirably told. Miss Cass finds that her rôle of aristocrat is by no means an easy one to play, and she lives in a state of continuous panic as she approaches the rapids of inevitable discovery. And Lady Elfreda is hardly better off as she discovers by practical experience the sort of treatment usually meted out to governesses. But all's well that ends well. No self-respecting author would allow Miss Cass actually to come to grief, and Mr. Snaith is not only self-respecting, but generous. Indeed we are inclined to think that Miss Cass has rather more luck than she is entitled to, but at least the error is on the right side.

THE ADVENTUROUS LADY. By J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

No Clue.

There can be no doubt that the young girl whose body is found on the lawn at Sloanehurst has been murdered, seeing that a dagger roughly constructed from a manicure file has been driven to her heart. It is fortunate that Mr. Jefferson Hastings, the famous criminologist, is staying at Sloanehurst at the time. But for him, who knows what might have happened? It is probable that young Wilton, the only member of the party to whom any motive for the murder can be attributed, would have found himself in hot water. But as this is a detective story we are at once assured of the innocence of any one whose guilt seems to be almost beyond question.

Apart from the ingenuity of the plot, the author may be congratulated on two or three striking successes in characterization.

"NO CLUE." By James Hay, Jr., New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

New Books Received.

SATAN THE WASTER. By Vernon Lee. New York: John Lane Company.

A philosophic war trilogy, with notes and introduction.

THE REIGN OF PATTI. By Herman Klein. New York: The Century Company; \$5.

An authorized biography.

PROBLEMS OF LAW. By John Henry Wigmore. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The progress in the evolution of law.

SHAKESPEARE'S HANDWRITING. By Sir George Greenwood. New York: John Lane Company.

An expert examination.

RAINBOW GOLD. By Millicent Evison. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

A story for girls.

THROUGH CENTRAL BORNEO. By Carl Lumboltz.



M. A. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$7.50.

An account of two years' travel in the land of head-bunting between 1913 and 1917.

A PRAIRIE SCHOONER PRINCESS. By Mary K. Maule. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.75.

A novel.

MEMOIRS OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE. By Comte Fleury. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Biography.

CITY OF ENDLESS NIGHT. By Miles Hastings. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.75.

A novel.

THE DOOR OF THE UNREAL. By Gerald Biss. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A story of werewolves.

THE FOUR JUST MEN. By Edgar Wallace. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

A novel.

THE STRANGENESS OF NOEL CARTON. By William Caine. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

A novel.

WHEN THE BLOOD BURNS. By E. W. Savi. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.

A novel.

THE GRAY ANGELS. By Nalbro Bartley. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

A novel.

EGAN. By Holworthy Hall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.90.

A novel.

"NO CLUE." By James Hay, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.75.

A detective story.

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The story of a boy.

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THE MAITLANDERS.

They are not really Maitlanders yet, the ambitious young impresario of the Maitland Theatre not yet having had his new company working long enough together to get them into doing team-work smoothly and to leaving his impress on their work. Mr. Maitland is a hard-working man, and the marks of his toil on not particularly fertile soil are apparent. Several other people that were not in the cast of "The Devil's Disciple" are playing this week. And I noticed, on inspecting their attempts to render a Barrie play, that they did not do the obvious thing in acting, which is to be natural.

Easier said than done; but these young people ought, at least, to try to be simple. There were several anxiously worked-over effects. Lady Mary's ground-out English accent, the strident pettishnesses of the two sisters, the self-sufficiency of the Honorable Ernest, the pomposities of Lord Loam, the drawing-room elegances of the Lasenby family, and the first-act gaucheries of "Tweeny" which irresistibly reminded one of the Alice-in-Wonderland course in Reeling and Writing and Fainting in Coils—which were greatly in need of being sandpapered down into plausibility. However, this was a first night of a company not yet used to working together.

"The Admirable Crichton" is really a delightful comedy, and every time I see it—this is the third or fourth time—I take in some point I had not wholly absorbed before. Lord Loam, for instance: an amiable, likable old nincompoop who became "Daddy" on the democratic island. Barrie wishes to indicate that the old fellow, who supported his high rank in the English social structure with such feeble underpinnings of mentality to hold him up, was by nature a cheerful peasant full of good will, loving childish pleasures, the amities of sociability unhampered by the technique of the drawing-room, and given over to harmless, unashamed gluttony.

The instant the ship's officer appeared Lord Loam ceased to be real, and becomes a piece of self-assertive pomposity. He did not know it—Barrie wishes to intimate to us—but his

happiness was over. Comforts would return, soft cushions, and obsequious service, and the cessation of work—which would shorten his life—but never again would he know the joys of being liked for himself as a cheerful, natural human being.

It was an ambitious undertaking to put on this piece, with its varied characterization, the deep social significance underlying its surface comedy, and the intricate stage carpenter-ship required for the third act. Considering that the Maitland is a little theatre and has a small stage the management, in respect to setting and appointments, grappled successfully with the difficulties. The costumes of the island home were particularly successful, and those in the second act were the best laugh-producers in the play.

Probably the tense histrionic self-consciousness of the company will calm down a bit when they get away from the dangerous shoals of pure comedy, and in Galsworthy's "The Eldest Son" their earnest endeavors will show better results. For Galsworthy is serenely natural, and the atmosphere of his plays is good for the tyro, who is apt to be baffled in his endeavors to render the comedy that has a touch of burlesque, a touch of farce, and an occasional scene of pure comedy.

ALCAZAREAN MELODRAMA.

It is melodrama's turn at the Alcazar, and the sleuth and his myrmidons are on hand again, hunting down the perpetrator of a gory deed. "9:45" bears a very strong resemblance to "The Crimson Alibi" in that a whole line of people believe that they have committed the murder, or near-murder, which is keeping the sleuths busy. As in that play an attempt is made to divert suspicion from the real culprit—for culprit the pistol-wielder turns out to be; they are often very tender with the near-murderers in these melodramas and to centre it on the blameless ones. You are generally safe to say, "Oh he—or she—didn't do it. The author won't let his hero—or heroine—commit murder." But I don't know; sometimes one slips up on this too obvious logic.

"9:45" is, like most of these pieces, built up like a piece of mechanism. But it serves very well for an evening's entertainment. It calls on a full cast, and there are several emotional bursts—from May Nannary as the mother, from Inez Ragan as one of the self-accusers, and from Emily Pinter in the rôle of the unsuspected but real offender. There are more than a fair proportion of jokes in the lines, and the play does very well as an agency for serving as an evening-passer.

It is not, however, a developing play. There is no characterization, and the acting is necessarily on stereotyped lines, so no one player made a special hit. Inez Ragan has a dangerous tendency to fall into a sort of plaintive drone, when things are going badly for the heroine, and in her rôle in "9:45" she exemplified this tendency. Rafael Brunetto as the master-sleuth—a rôle he has filled several times—showed his chronic fault of indistinctness. That young man needs to set tasks for himself in distinct and expressive speech. The fat rôle falls to the hands of Anna MacNaughton, who reeled off the humor of a peppery Irishwoman with due unctious.

SCOTT'S STANDARD.

Antonio Scotti is a singer who believes that opera should be more than a concert with costumes and scenery. His standing as a singer is very high, and those of his fellow-singers

who have a deep respect for the vocal art have been known to acclaim him as the king of baritones in America, because of the perfection of the art with which he uses the fine voice that has served him so long and well. But there is a companion art which he places beside the vocal art in his administration of his operatic organizations, and that is the art of acting. In this respect his standard is very high, and the singers in his various organizations are stimulated by his high standards to express, histrionically, the best that is in them. It looks as if the Scotti season, which will open October 4th, is going to be the means of giving us something particularly choice.

Besides, he brings us something of the essence of the Metropolitan accomplishment, because by timing his tours to this Coast when the Metropolitan season is over, Signor Scotti secures a group of the younger Metropolitan singers, whose freshness and enthusiasm cause them to welcome continued work instead of rest.

Signor Scotti used to be one of the handsomest men on the New York stage, and his admirers pronounce him to be always a most striking figure in opera. He is master of make-up, in that he studies the psychology of character so closely that he is a totally different man in every character he represents. The sixteen principals he brings with him have all won their spurs both as singers and players, and the season to be opened next Monday at the Exposition Auditorium promises in every way to be a notable one.

THE "SALON FRANCAIS."

In accordance with their new policy of having an occasional French play the directors of the Salon Français engaged Mr. André Ferrier to give a couple of one-act plays last week. In "Monsieur Purgon" Mr. Ferrier, supported by Mr. Charles Fallon and Mlle. E. Pairrieres, presented a conventional but commendable impersonation of a dying Molière, who even in his last hours felt impelled to play an ironic joke that revealed the follies of erring human nature.

In "Le Bonhomme Jadis," however, Mr. Ferrier gave an excellent impersonation of a merry old dotard incorrigibly in love with life, youth, and love, even if he must take their joys vicariously. There was much joyous ebullience in this portrait of the old Latin pagan who is so benevolent a godpapa to young love, and who is so genuinely amazed and condemnatory of the comely youth who has never had a mistress. It is an eminently Latin portrait, and only a Latin could give it with the cheerful matter-of-courtness with which the French deal with such questions. Mr. Louis Arnoux is a very valuable aid to Mr. Ferrier in these little *genre* plays to which the French actor remains so constant, but in spite of her undoubted talent, Miss Tapie is altogether too juvenile in appearance, as yet, to assume adult rôles.

A DRAMATIC SCHOLARSHIP.

There was a try-out this year on this Coast for an Yvette Guilbert scholarship, and it was won by a Berkeley girl of Russian parentage, a Miss Eugenia Buyko, who has been seen a number of times in public, and who, when she has the right kind of an audience, earns admiration and appreciation.

The young lady is dowered markedly with the gift of emotional expression by means of pantomime dancing which is half posturing and song. She has the look of the artist, with her pale, expressive face framed in its dense black hair, and her graceful young body is a pliant instrument to her demands. Her most striking demonstration of her powers recalls Isadora Duncan's representation of an impassioned France rising superbly from the ignominy of slavery to face a new future of freedom won by a splendid revolt. Miss Buyko's representation depicts a shackled Russia down in the dust, weak, suffering, almost dying. The young artist's depiction of the bursting of the chains, the emergence from despair, and the joy of the delivered provides to the on-looker that thrill of emotion which we extend to a work of real art, and which is the surest guarantee of its genuineness.

She goes now to pass through the developing process which Mme. Guilbert can formulate better, probably, than any of our American teachers. And then—what? One looks a little sadly on the serious young artist with the spiritual side of her art so much in the ascendancy, and remembering our fashion shows, our revues, and our follies, one thinks, "Europe for her." For only through the cachet conferred by a European verdict will America pay attention to anything in stage art that is essentially serious.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Eyes of a Portrait.

Everybody has noticed that the eyes in some portraits follow one wherever he goes in the room. It is a bit uncanny to move about an apartment and have the eyes of a

picture always upon one. Some superstitious persons are afraid to go into a picture gallery where portraits of their ancestors are to be found. The effect is simply an optical illusion and is secured by having the eyes in the portrait looking directly toward the front. Under such circumstances the pupil is necessarily in the middle, with an equal amount of "white" on each side. This relation does not vary at all with the position of the observer. No matter where you stand the pupil will be in the middle of the eye and the eye will seem to be looking at you.

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The Columbia Theatre.

The opening of the dramatic season at the Columbia Theatre will occur next Monday evening, when George M. Cohan's production of the successful mystery drama, "The Acquittal," by Rita Weiman, begins an engagement of two weeks. It will be presented by an excellently chosen cast which is under the personal supervision of Mr. Cohan. In the leading rôle, that of a Pacific Coast newspaper reporter, will be seen Harold Vermilye, who was seen at the Columbia last season as John Paul Bart in "A Tailor Made Man." The associate players include Marie Louise Walker, Kernan Cripps, Charles L. Douglass, Charles Mason, Mildred Southwick, Will T. Goodwin, William McFadden, Anthony Burger, Harriet Mayfield, John E. Sanders, William E. Hodges, and William Nelson.

Matinees will be given Wednesdays and Saturdays. This attraction will not play elsewhere in California.

The Curran Theatre.

"Another Griffith masterpiece" is what Eastern critics are calling the great producer's magnificent elaboration of "Way Down East," to be screened before its first San Francisco audience at the Curran Theatre tomorrow (Sunday) night.

Lottie Blair Parker's "Way Down East" is an American stage classic of more than twenty years' standing, one of the most famous of William A. Brady's dramatic triumphs. Griffith, with the unerring eye and sure touch of the artist, has made of the play a twelve-reel poem in pictures, said to be his finest production since "Hearts of the World." The impressive beauty of the natural settings

chosen for "Way Down East" and the homely, convincing atmosphere throughout are said to be its outstanding features. Eight months' hard work and an expenditure of \$783,000 are represented in "Way Down East."

Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess have again been chosen by Griffith as his featured players, Miss Gish appearing as unhappy, pathetic little Anna Moore, heroine of "Way Down East," with Barthelmess as Richard Bartlett, her boyish lover. Burr McIntosh and Vivian Ogden as Squire Bartlett and Martha Perkins have their old stage rôles. Lowell Sherman, Kate Brice, Creighton Hale, and Mary Hay are others in important parts.

"Buddies" will be shown at the Curran to-night for the last time.

The Alcazar Theatre.

The thrills of this week's mystery drama, "At 9:45," at the Alcazar will be followed at next Sunday's matinee by "A Cure for Curables," in which the eccentric comedian William Hodge acted with great success for a season at the Thirty-Ninth Street Theatre, New York. The play is founded on a popular story by Corra Harris, and is the joint work of Earl Derr Biggers, who wrote "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and Lawrence Whitman. It is an open secret that the latter is none other than Hodge himself, who is a fine actor with a keen sense of stage values. The "curables" are a group of blasé, fashionable hypochondriacs, gathered at a "rest cure" in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, willed to an optimistic young doctor upon condition that ten of his patients will certify to complete health restoration within a month. The doctor has a battle to win, and he goes at it in a most original way. There are more than twenty diverting types in an exceptionally large cast, headed by Dudley Ayres as the cheery, resourceful young physician, and Inez Ragan as the loveliest but most languid of his patients, who becomes his powerful ally when her heart is aroused.

Sunday, October 10th, brings Henry Arthur Jones' emotional play, "The Hypocrites." It is even more vital under present conditions than when produced in New York and London with sensational success by Charles Frohman.

The Orpheum.

Sheila Terry, who shines as next week's Orpheum luminary, has youth, appearance, personality, and ability. She can dance, sing, and act. Orpheum-goers will remember her for her visit here last season, at which time she headlined and scored a worthy success. Her musical romance, "Three's a Crowd," will be in three scenes. Miss Terry will have the assistance of Harry Peterson and Morris Lloyd.

The team of Harry Adler and Rose Dunbar, recently formed, will prove that Miss Dunbar is as capable in vaudeville as he has been in musical comedy and that Mr. Dunbar is as successful in his present field as he was in France. Together they are offering a travesty described as a "study from life."

"Jasper Junction," on the line between Nowhere and No Place, will be the offering of Jack Clifford and Miriam Wills, vaudevillians well known.

J. Rosamond Johnson, former partner of Bert Williams, and now a famous composer of popular airs, will come with his "inimitable five" in "Syncopation."

Welch, Mealy, and Montrose are a trio of gymnasts who do not take their work seriously. They actually burlesque their own calling.

La Graciosa will pose in a flood of light and color, depicting famous art reproductions. "Visions in Fairyland" is the title of her daring act. Osaki and Taki will be found to be phenomenal athletes. "Bits and Pieces," the musical review of this week, with Jack Patton and Loretta Marks, is to be the one holdover.

The Maitland Playhouse.

Arthur Maitland and his associate players will present one of John Galsworthy's notable plays, "The Eldest Son," at the Maitland Playhouse this coming week. This particular Galsworthy modern society drama has never been played in San Francisco, but it is widely known to lovers of the best in the theatre.

It deals with a high-bred English family whose eldest son has become enamored of a

lady of low degree in the social scale. His family requires that a servant should marry to right a wrong, and when the same problem faces the son there are situations that bespeak the highest there is in the drama.

Arthur Maitland will be supported this week by Miss Mildred Cates, an actress who comes from Southern California with the best of recommendations.

Sir James Barrie's comedy-drama, "The Admirable Crichton," with Maitland as the butler, will close this Saturday night with a matinee as well.

Scotti Grand Opera.

Next Monday night at 8:15 San Francisco will have its first opportunity for fourteen years of hearing grand opera as given by the Metropolitan, the world's greatest opera house.

Antonio Scotti, the impresario on this occasion, has a special arrangement with the Metropolitan Opera House by which he can take his pick of the great singers of the Metropolitan by commencing his seasons before or after the regular season at the Metropolitan, and by avoiding New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Atlanta, Scotti does not come in competition with the Metropolitan, ever jealous of its fame and careful of its supremacy. Instead, the Scotti Grand Opera Company serves as a touring advertisement for the famous Metropolitan, and after which the Scotti Opera is patterned. Just what Signor Scotti's arrangement with the Metropolitan is has never been revealed, but it is a certainty that he and his company go their way with the friendliest feeling of Gatti-Casazza, general director of the Metropolitan, and the entire Metropolitan management. One has only to recall the vast sum that was paid by the Metropolitan people for the elimination of Oscar Hammerstein from the field of grand opera to banish any lingering doubt as to the entire willingness of the Metropolitan to have Scotti's venture grow and prosper.

Scotti's company has much of the young blood of the Metropolitan and the opportunity of Americans in the company is very gratifying. Scotti, always the greatest actor on the operatic stage, and whose singing is only second to his superbly ripened powers as an actor, is an ideal artistic director. He has only to apply to his company's productions the same feeling for dramatic values, the same taste for investiture, and the same pictorial treatment of ensemble scenes to assure performances that are well-nigh perfection.

The coming visit of the Scotti Grand Opera Company to San Francisco will be the greatest service to the cultural development of this great community, and it is a great satisfaction to know that Frank W. Healy will make it as great a success financially as Scotti will artistically.

Here is the repertory: Monday, October 4th, "La Bohème"; Tuesday, "L'Oracolo," followed by "Pagliacci"; Wednesday, "Faust"; Thursday, "Tosca"; Friday, "Il Trovatore"; Saturday (matinée), "Madama Butterfly"; (evening), "L'Oracolo," followed by "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Sunday (matinée), "La Bohème."

Symphony Orchestra.

Those who have attended the Auditorium concerts by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in the past will welcome the news that another of these popular concerts will be given in the Exposition Auditorium next Saturday evening, October 2d.

For this occasion an unusually attractive programme has been arranged in which something is sure to be found to appeal to all classes of music-lovers. For lovers of the classics two movements from Tchaikowsky's beautiful Pathétique Symphony will be offered, also Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture, No. 3. New orchestral arrangements will be played of two of Mendelssohn's most popular Songs Without Words—the Spring Song and the Spinning Song. The soloists on the programme will be Edwin Lemare at the organ, Horace Britt, cellist, and Louis Persinger, violinist.

The demand for seats for this concert has been unusually heavy and the huge hall will doubtless be crowded to its capacity, as has always been the case in the past when these "Pop" concerts were given.

"George White's Scandals of 1919," an elaborate New York musical show, will follow "The Acquittal" at the Columbia Theatre. David Belasco's "Tiger Rose" and "Listen Lester" are also coming.

Heraldic Apples.

The landscape gardener has so long and so persistently improved upon nature that now the fruit-grower thinks he has a right to try. Any person who wants a supply of apples bearing his family crest has only to send an illustration of it to certain growers at Montreuil, France, and he will duly receive the fruit the following season by paying the price.

The desired end is attained by growing the apples in paper bags, and these are slipped on when the fruit is about the size of a walnut. Being thus sheltered from the sun, the apples



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do not color as they swell, and when fully grown still remain green or yellow.

As soon as they reach their maximum size the bags that cover them are replaced by others, on the side of which the desired crest or coat of arms has been cut like a stencil. The sun can now penetrate to that part of the apple exposed and redden it thoroughly, so that when the bag is again withdrawn the device is seen standing out in red upon the green surface.

To obtain the opposite result—that is, a green device on a red ground—the second bag is not used, but the pattern is cut out in paper and stuck on to the fruit, the sun coloring all the exposed parts but leaving green the crest or other device which the paper forms.

Many Parisian fruiterers exhibit for sale apples with the coat of arms of the Allied countries printed upon them; others have them with monograms, Christian names, arrow-pierced hearts, and other tender devices.

"Babe" Ruth, the home-run champion of baseball, has no more ardent fan to watch his record grow than his wife. She is a regular attendant at the American League games.

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"A CURE FOR CURABLES"
Play of Love, Health and Happiness
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VANITY FAIR.

Why should it require a ruling by a state supreme court to determine that a woman need not state her age in order to qualify as a voter? The Supreme Court of Maine has so decided, after a hearing held at considerable expense. There is no law requiring a woman to state her age, nor a man either for that matter. The law states that a voter shall be twenty-one years of age, and a statement that the intending voter is actually of that age is all that any official has a right to demand. Why do we allow our little jacks-in-office to make such pestilential asses of themselves?

This craving of a long-eared officialism to know our ages is one of the curious psychological problems of the day. It may be said that the corresponding craving of the public, and particularly of the feminine public, to conceal its age is another one, but this is hardly true. It is a peculiarly personal matter, this of one's age, and nearly every one resents the question. It may not be very reasonable, but then, thank heaven, we are not yet governed by reason. There is no particular reason why a man should resent being asked to state his

pet name for his wife, but he does and always will. We all like to have a little private place within ourselves stocked with our small private facts, and we do not wish to have it invaded. One of those facts is our age, and women are peculiarly sensitive about it.

If we want a passport to go to a foreign country we must not only state our age, but prove it by means of a birth certificate. If we can not produce a birth certificate or some corresponding proof—and a great many people can not—then we can not go to the foreign country. The idea underlying this idiocy is the very proper one that the travel of juveniles ought to be under some sort of supervision at the present time, but this is made the excuse for demanding of a man of seventy whose name is perhaps known to every intelligent person in the country that he submit legal proof that he is over twenty-one before he can be allowed to visit Paris. No one has yet explained to us why a statement of age should be sufficient in the case of a voter, while the traveler must not only state his age, but prove it. But then who would expect any sign of human intelligence from officialism?

Justice Russell Benedict of the supreme court, Brooklyn, believes that he has discovered a remedy for the divorce evil. Our own private opinion is that we have done the same thing, but whereas Justice Benedict hastens to announce his remedy to the whole world, wild horses would not compel us to divulge our own particular panacea—not, at least, until free speech has been reestablished in America.

Justice Benedict disapproves of a new law by the New York legislature to the effect that the guilty party in a divorce suit may henceforth marry after three years instead of five. It is a move, says the justice, in the wrong direction. Either party to a divorce suit ought to be prohibited from marriage during the lifetime of the other party. It is the desire to remarry that leads to the divorce suit. If this temptation were removed there would be but few divorces. How easy it all seems. Attacks are constantly being made, says the justice, on the "sanctity of marriage." They must be resisted, says the justice. They are socialistic, says the justice. But what can the courts do in the matter so long as the legislature resolutely sets its face in the other direction?

Would that we only had the courage to clear our minds of cant, to avoid the set phrase that means nothing, to shun the stereotype. Actually there is nothing at all sacred about marriage. How can there be anything sacred about a gabbled ceremony before a judge or a commissioner? But there is something decidedly sacred about love, and we need not be too conventional or artificial in our definitions of love. Justice Benedict seems to mean that there is something sacred about the continued union of two people who hate and despise each other, and that at all costs they must be prevented from making new unions with people whom they love.

The error that all these good people make is to confuse the marriage ceremony with the marriage. Now we can quite easily prevent the marriage ceremony to any extent that we please. We can hedge it around with such restrictions as to make it practically impossible. But we can not prevent or hinder marriage. If we had any wisdom in such matters, which of course we have not, nor in any others, we should adjust our regulations to the true marital impulses, since by no means whatever can we adjust marital impulses to our regulations. The last vestige of "sanctity" in marriage matters disappeared with the arrival of the civil ceremony. So long as marriages were celebrated only by the churches it was always possible to preserve the illusion of sanctity. But to attribute sanctity to a civil ceremony hardly to be distinguished from the signing of a lease became too hollow a pretense for preservation. With all due respect to Justice Benedict it may be said that there is a growing and now general conviction that we have talked so much cant about marriage that we no longer have the power to look facts in the face.

Alice Brown, writing in the *North American Review* for October under the title of "The Madness of Man," says:

"What dreams we had in the days following our awakening in 1917, of the new earth at ease under a heaven friendly because it was unobscured, when we should have cleaned out the Augean stables filthy from the awakening of Barbarossa's horsemen! In that moment of anguish we were, for a heart's beat of terrified recognition, actually on the way back to old allegiances. The bravest rushed to cover in poetry and the thought of God. We believed with an eager credulity that mankind had at last learned that final lesson. The old injustices were dead. The phrase was current everywhere, that those who had bought us that bright guerdon 'must not die in vain.' Our girls, in uniformed vigor, did the most mental and most daring deeds with a sober efficiency. We said that woman, too, was set

free from the toils of custom. She need no more assert her equality with man in the sterner virtues, for she had accepted the supreme challenge and endured the ordeal, chaste as Artemis, fearless as the Amazonian queens. What did she do, poor prisoner to her own abrogated instincts, when the armistice, which was no peace, but a new complexity of strife, stripped her of emergency clothes and her emergency frame of mind? She who had won freedom for her rhythmic muscles stepped into a skirt no wider than her brothers' trouser leg and went hobbling along in it down the tittering aisles of time. She mounted on the fool's dais of highest heels to peg about the more uncertainly, she painted over the bloom of her beauty with the cosmetics predicted by Mrs. Tanqueray for the raddled face of the passé demi-monde, and went forth in abbreviated chiffon to dance, 'cheek to cheek,' dances as ugly as provocative.

"She is the astounding enlivener of a late best-seller that is said, in an authoritative quarter, to embody the 'glorious spirit of abounding youth,' and if the portrait of her as therein set forth is no libel, but a true copy, she is the pitiable victim of precocious sex recognitions. One of the pseudo-intellectual bromides of the present confusion of mental values is 'class consciousness.' She is the bizarre embodiment of an undigested sex consciousness. She is the wantoning reaction against what this tell-tale novel of 'abounding youth' calls the 'hypocritical era.' Was the era of restrained discussion and modesty of mien and dress entirely hypocritical? Is mere decency of demeanor hypocrisy? Decency, one is inclined to say, is like a clean shirt. You may be very dirty under it, but you'd better have the shirt. Now, I do not believe that girlhood in her present phase of moral and physical high kicking is of necessity more attractive to the young manhood with any sort of tradition behind it than if she did not unveil her beauties to sun, moon, and planets seven. Difference, not mimicry, was ever the more piquing. And she still loves, with all the fierceness nature planted in her, to attract her mate. She has not changed in that. The old-time impulse of surging blood and waking heart is in her as it was in those other maids, Perdita and Desdemona of sweet, fragrant memory—Juliet, too, and Beatrice and Rosalind, for though in them the tides of life rose mountain high and swamped the dykes, yet were they of such a genius of fine behavior as to be still of beauties all compact. No, the rowdy young girl of present day portrayals, she who has no more eloquent rebuttal of her elders than to bid them 'shut up,' she is still the challenger of love. But why challenge so whoopingly, why 'spoil the bread and spill the wine'? There is but one answer: because she, too, is the victim of a time so palpably 'out of joint.' The germs of world madness have settled upon her also and bred in her a grotesque travesty of youth."

Animals Dream Like Men.

Aristotle's history of animals declares that horses, oxen, sheep, goats, dogs, and all viviparous quadrupeds dream. Pliny in his natural history specifies the same animals. Buffon describes the dreams of animals. Macnisch calls attention to the fact that horses neigh and rear in their sleep, and affirms that cows and sheep, especially at the period of raising their young, dream.

Darwin in the "Descent of Man" says that "dogs, cats, horses, and probably all the higher animals, even birds, as is stated on good authority, have vivid dreams, and this is shown by their movements and voice."

George John Romanes in his "Mental Evolution in Animals" says that the fact that dogs dream is proverbial, and quotes Seneca and Lucretius, and furnishes proof from Dr. Lauder Lindsay, an eminent authority, that horses dream.

Bechstein holds that the bullfinch dreams, and gives a case where the dream took on the character of a nightmare, and the bird fell from its perch, and four great authorities say that dreaming becomes so vivid as to lead to somnambulism.

Guer gives a case of a somnambulist watchdog which prowled in search of imaginary strangers or fowls, and exhibited toward them a whole series of pantomimic actions, including barking. Dryden says: "The little birds in dreams the songs repeat."

Frederick Burlingham, American explorer, just returned from central Borneo, tells of methods employed by natives to protect young children from wild boar, boa constrictors, and poisonous insects. The children are swathed in garments and swung on rattan vines suspended between trees. Crocodiles take a large toll of children in Borneo, says the explorer, despite precautions taken.

Within forty miles of Portland, Oregon, a mountain voyager recently discovered three fine waterfalls each with a drop of more than 100 feet. Although the city can be seen from the spot, it is believed that no white man had ever before visited the falls.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

George, three years of age, appeared on the Easter programme at his Sunday-school in Greenwood, singing a solo. As he was leaving the church with his mother a friend said to him: "George, you did fine." "I know it," he replied. His mother, reproving him, said: "Why, George, you should not have said that to the lady." Whereupon George answered: "Well, mother, I guess I could hear my own voice."

"Come upstairs and let me wash your hands," said Winnie's mother. "I don't want to go up," wailed Winnie, aged three. "Let her wash them down here," called grandma, "she can do it just as well." "No," her mother said firmly, "I want her to come up with me." Winnie came upstairs as slowly as possible. "Oh," she said, turning a wrathfully tearful face to her mother, "why don't you obey your mother?"

Bishop Hoss said at a Nashville picnic: "The religious knowledge of too many adults resembles, I am afraid, the religious knowledge of little Eve. 'So you attend Sunday-school regularly?' the minister said to little Eve. 'Oh, yes, sir.' 'And you know your

Bible?' 'Oh, yes, sir.' 'Could you perhaps tell me something that is in it?' 'I could tell you everything that's in it.' 'Indeed.' And the minister smiled. 'Do tell me, then.' 'Sister's beau's photo is in it,' said little Eve, promptly, 'and ma's recipe for vanishin' cream is in it, and a lock of my hair cut off when I was a baby is in it, and the ticket for pa's watch is in it.'"

Julian G. Herkimer of the Anti-Saloon League said in a Pittsburg lecture: "A Pittsburg woman, in the days before the state went dry, took a bath one winter evening and then as she felt chilled she swallowed a table-spoonful of whisky. Afterward she prepared her little daughter for bed. She was bending over the youngster, unbuttoning her frock, when the child gave two or three sniffs and said sharply: 'Why, mother, you've been using father's perfumery!'"

John Bunton was certainly a steady man; but he was a bit too steady for Clara Hopkins. They had been engaged to be married fifteen years, and still he had never asked her to name the happy day. One evening John called in a romantic frame of mind, and asked Clara to sing something tender and touching—something that would move him. After a moment's thought she sat down at the piano and sang an old ballad with meaning. It was entitled, "Darling, I Am Growing Old."

A conceited Welsh student-pastor was preaching in English in a Derbyshire chapel. To impress his English hearers he said he would recite the first words of the Bible in twenty languages. What he did was to recite different passages in Welsh each time. Suddenly he saw a man laughing at him. "And twelfthly," he said, "as the passage goes in Arabic, 'Oschwi Cymro peidwch yn chwethin a caewch eich ceg,'" which means "if you're a Welshman, stop laughing and shut your mouth."

In an ancient mansion which recently changed hands on account of the ups and downs of war-time fortunes there dwells and works a parlor maid of very expensive and rather cultured and superior type. Her mistress does not mind the expense, but is often much bothered by the culture, this being on too high a plane for her understanding. "Ma'am," said the maid, meeting her mistress in the hall, "there is a mendicant at the door." "Then tell him," said the mistress of the mansion, "we have nothing to mend."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Literary Log Rollers.

"You praise me and I'll praise you!
Boost me in your next review!
I will hail your mind's bright capers
When I print my 'Ping-pong Papers!'
Though the winged steed is shy,
There he o'erthrusts to fly:
We may climb Parnassian bluffs
Through the potency of puffs!"

Hear the rolling of the logs
In the dry and stagnant bogs,
While beyond, unseen but sure,
Sweep the tides of literature!

—Daniel Henderson in New York Evening Sun.

Those Uncut Pages.

I love to read of castles gray,
And maidens held in prisons dreary;
I thrill to learn the dashing way,
The armored knight unlocks his dearie.
But when I read a throbbing tale
Where youthful blood unchafed rages,
Please, hookman, hearken to my wail—
I hate to stop to cut the pages.

A hook of perils deftly wrought
Excites my dull imagination.
The test of strength unflinching sought
Compels my instant admiration.
With muscles tense I watch the fight,
The spill of gore my thirst assuages,
But when the row is at its height
I hate to stop to cut the pages.

Detective yarns my thoughts ensnare;
I give such stories rapt attention,
When sleuths start out to do and dare,
My nerves are taut with apprehension.
I like to note the skillful trick
As law with crime the contest wages,
But when the plot is growing thick
I hate to stop to cut the pages.

When lovers meet beneath the bough,
I find the paragraphs dramatic,
As hand in hand they pledge their vow,
Each sentence holds a thrill ecstatic.
As moonbeams glint the sylvan dell,
They swear to love adown the ages:
When love is young and bosoms swell,
I hate to stop to cut the pages.

—Hinton Gilmore in Judge.

"There's one thing I can't understand about these spirit communications," remarked Mr. Brown as he finished reading the account of a highly successful séance. "What's that, John, dear?" asked his wife. "Why, you never hear of a departed soul having gone any other place except straight to heaven."—Houston Post.

MESSAGE OF THE FIRST DESIGNATE ACTING PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF GUATEMALA TO THE NATIONAL LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY ON THE OPENING OF ITS EXTRAORDINARY SESSIONS, SEPTEMBER 3d, 1920.

HONORABLE NATIONAL LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY: Today, when the representatives of the people of Guatemala convene in extraordinary sessions, I most respectfully tender them my greetings.

This congress, which with its patriotic and firm action achieved the great task of freeing our country, has granted the signal honor of entrusting me with the Presidency of the Executive Power in those extraordinary and transcendental circumstances for the Republic which are now so well known to our congressmen.

In those circumstances, essentially abnormal and difficult, the situation demanded exceptional and urgent measures, not only to maintain public order and to most effectively implant loyalty, so long forgotten, but also to start the reorganization of the affairs of the Republic. Hence, the arduous task before the Executive in all the branches of the public administration and in the various political and social spheres in order to be able to lead the country through the ample field of liberty, justice and progress, which we have so much coveted for our country and to which she has perfect right in order to develop its life and labor for the sake of its prosperity and greatness.

Aside of the two important matters which demanded the calling to meeting of this High Body, I must set forth brief considerations on the course of the affairs of the Republic during the short period elapsed.

The patriotism of the Guatemalans as well as their energy, laboriousness and prudence, in sound and well-meaning cooperation, have been important factors to successfully undertake the so much desired work of reparation and concord and, above all, to be able to save the country in such abnormal circumstances. In this connection it is gratifying for me to state that, without exception of political color or of religious beliefs, every one responded to the call that had to be made to conjure the revolution and anarchy which threatened the Republic and to proceed with all effort and determination to the national reconstruction.

Following democratic precepts, from the very beginning all activities and services of the Administration had to be segregated so that national labor should be largely distributed to render beneficial results to all.

The reorganization of Public Finances, Public Instruction, the Army and Agriculture demanded the very first attention of the Government, and the task of ameliorating the financial condition of the country has been continuous, not only to attend to the com-



CARLOS HERRERA
President of the Republic of Guatemala

plex and peremptory needs, but also to initiate an era of honest administration, indispensable to regulate the collection, management and investment of public funds, on behalf of the credit and prosperity of the Republic.

The civil administration has been attended with the best possible zeal and the State Offices and Municipalities have begun a fruitful task abundant in good results for the people who have been anxious of a reform.

Special and constant care has been given by the Executive to the organization and improvement of the Army of the Republic, that same may reach the deserved place as faithful defender of the autonomy of the country and of its institutions.

Public Charity has had the particular and preferential attention which such an important branch requires to fill a national necessity, felt and wanted by all.

The Department of Justice, with entire free action, has performed its august functions and the Executive has given it all the support it deserves.

I am glad to inform the representative of the people that the era of complete freedom which has been initiated has afforded all the inhabitants of the Republic the enjoyment of their rights and constitutional guarantees, without any restriction, always following the written rule that each and every one of us shall perform his duty.

Pursuant to the wishes of the Nation, the Government has renewed its relations with all the countries on a sincere, frank and loyal friendship, laying particular stress on the fraternal note with the sister Republics of Central America with the object in view and noble spirit of bringing to reality the great ideal of the rebuilding of our ancestors' country, an ideal which has been so cherished by the true patriots. I also have the great satisfaction of informing you that the civilized world has given its spontaneous and noble applause to the brilliant awakening of our country to the life of Liberty and Justice.

On April 20th of this year, and in compliance with constitutional precept, the people were summoned to cast their vote at the polls, in the legitimate exercise of their rights, to vote for the person who is to be the President of the Republic during the next legal period.

The elections, carried out with the most absolute liberty during the last week in August, were held throughout the Republic in perfect order, strict measures having been issued to fully protect the right to vote. This once more has placed in evidence the civism and prudence of the Guatemalans and the electoral statements are the best proof of it.

The honorable Representatives are well aware of the fervent and unanimous national desire to accomplish the reform of our Political Constitution, which is the supreme text on which our liberties must rest and this opinion of the whole country has been let known by the press and by the propaganda of the militant political parties. A large number of Municipalities of the Republic, encouraged by the echo of those great aspirations of the People, have appealed to the Executive soliciting its mediation with the Legislative Power on that important issue, and the various petitions have been submitted to the consideration of that High Body.

In order that the representatives of the people may prove the results of the effected elections, issue the declaratory prescribed by law and give possession to the person elected to discharge the functions of President of the Republic during the coming period, and in order that it may resolve what it may deem proper on behalf of the country on the very important constitutional reform demanded by the people, the Executive, in fulfillment of its duty, has convened this High Body to the present extraordinary sessions.

This opportunity affords me deep satisfaction in sincerely wishing that the important and transcendental deliberations of the National Assembly may have the beneficial success demanded by patriotism for the welfare of the Republic on the magnificent path of Liberty, conquered forever and heroically by the noble Guatemalan nation!

To the Honorable Representatives of the People.

(Signed) C. HERRERA.

GUATEMALA, September 3d, 1920.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Braden have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Winifred Braden, and Mr. Henry Clarence Breeden. Their marriage will take place next Wednesday in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling gave a dinner last Thursday for Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Coleman of Chicago. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Mr. Frank Peterson, Dr. Herbert Moffitt, Mr. Raymond Armsby, and Mr. Walter Martin.

Mrs. Marshall Madison entertained at luncheon last Tuesday in compliment to Mrs. Harry White, her guests including Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mrs. Moseley Taylor, Mrs. George Pinckard, Miss Gertrude Clark, Miss Elizabeth Adams, and Miss Cornelia Clampett.

Miss Laura Miller was the guest of honor at a dinner-dance given Friday evening at the St.

day evening in Burlingame for Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch.

Mrs. William Kent gave a children's party Saturday in Kentfield for her sons, Master Sherman Kent and Master Roger Kent, and Master William Bardeen of Philadelphia.

Mrs. George Kelham gave a luncheon last Thursday at the Ingleside Golf and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Frederick Sharon.

Mrs. Joseph G. Coleman of Chicago was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Thursday by Mrs. Henry Dutton. Among the guests were Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. Joseph Crockett, Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mrs. Harry Scott, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mrs. Hays Smith, and Mrs. Willard Drown.

Mrs. Moseley Taylor gave a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Club for Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch.

Mrs. C. S. Wheeler gave a luncheon a few days ago, having among her guests Mrs. James Denman, Mrs. Joseph Jayne, Mrs. A. Grimm, Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Mrs. William Denman, Mrs. E. Pratt, Mrs. Kellogg, Mrs. John McDonald, and Mrs. Harry White.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker gave a dinner Friday evening, complimenting the former's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Lowe of Woodland.

Mrs. Uda Waldrop gave a tea Wednesday afternoon for Mrs. William Ede.

Commander Van Antwerp was the guest of honor at a dinner given Wednesday evening in Burlingame by Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman.

A reception was held yesterday for the benefit of the Protestant Episcopal Old Ladies' Home on Golden Gate Avenue. Among those who received the guests were Mrs. William Fitzhugh, Mrs. Arthur House, Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. Norval Nokes, Mrs. George Reed, Mrs. Benjamin Gunn, Mrs. A. Stuart Baldwin, Mrs. James Ruggles, Mrs. Lewis Hobart, Mrs. George Caswell, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. James K. Armsby, and Mrs. Warren Clark.

Mr. Walter Martin gave a stag luncheon last Wednesday at the Burlingame Club for Mr. Edward Potter of New York and Mr. Gouverneur Morris of New York.

Mr. Robert Burroughs gave a supper-dance Friday evening at the San Mateo Polo Club, his guests including Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Verdier, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Carpenter, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse, Mrs. Roy Bishop, Mrs. Jane Hayne, Mrs. Christian de Guigne, Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Ysabel Chase, Miss Katherine Ramsay, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Betty Folger, Mr. Harry Hunt, Mr. George Howard, Jr., Mr. Richard Schwerin, Mr. Henry Howard, Mr. Edward Pond, Mr. Robert Miller, Mr. Russell Wilson, and Mr. Donald Lewis.

Miss Gertrude Clark was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Thursday at the Woman's Athletic Club by Miss Emelie Tubbs. Her guests included Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Marian Leigh Maillard, Miss Isabelle Jennings, and Miss Anne Dibblee.

Mrs. Atherton Russell entertained at dinner last Monday evening in honor of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, Mr. Gouverneur Morris of New York, and Mr. Edward Potter of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown entertained at dinner last Wednesday evening, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, and Mr. Rudolph Spreckels.

Mrs. John Gill of Redlands was the guest of honor at a luncheon given a few days ago by Mrs. Julian Thorne at the Woman's Athletic Club. The guests included Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Alanson Weeks, Mrs. Richard Heimann, Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Frederick Kimble, Mrs. Harry Bates, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Miss Edith Bull, and Miss Ethel Cooper.

Mrs. Harry Scott gave a luncheon Thursday, having among her guests Mrs. Roy Pike, Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mrs. Joseph G. Coleman, Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. Hays Smith, and Mrs. Daniel Jackling.

Miss Elizabeth Moore gave a luncheon Saturday at the Francisco Club in honor of Miss Annette Rolph.

A dinner was given Saturday evening at the Bohemian Club in compliment to Admiral Lee Jayne. Among the hosts of the evening were Captain Henry Price, Commander W. H. Lee, Commander Earl, and Commander Wallace Bertolf.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michaels entertained at luncheon Monday at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Frank Ames gave a luncheon Friday in San Mateo. The guests included Mrs. Harry Poett, Mrs. Eugene de Sabla, Mrs. Henry Gray, Mrs. Leigh Sypher, Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mrs. Harry Dana, Mrs. Edward Christenson, Mrs. George Howard, and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin.

Mrs. Arthur Lord entertained at luncheon Monday, her guests including Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., Mrs. James Flood, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. Henry Scott, and Mrs. Georges de Latour.

Miss Jean Howard was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Saturday at the Woman's Athletic Club by Miss Isabelle Bishop.

Mr. Jack Boyden gave a dinner-dance Thursday evening at the St. Francis. The party was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan.

Miss Newell Bull entertained a group of the younger girls at tea Friday.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller gave a luncheon last Wednesday at the Woman's Athletic Club for Miss Barbara Kimble.

Miss Hatherly Brittain gave a luncheon Thursday for Miss Laura Miller. Among the guests were Miss Claire Knight, Miss Elizabeth Koster, Mrs. Blair Brooks, Mrs. Frank Moller, Miss Doris Rodolph, Miss Margaret Webster, Miss Elizabeth

Moore, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Dorothy Grissim, Miss Marjorie Waldron, Miss Virginia Smith, and Miss Dorothy Cawston.

Miss Janet Knox gave a tea Thursday in Berkeley for her cousin, Miss Mary Schutz of Kansas City, and Miss Cora McCormick. Miss Knox was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Thompson Price, Mrs. Rollin Moore, Mrs. Milton Schulz, Miss Evelyn Dodson, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Dart Pinkham, and Miss Catherine Stevenson.

Miss Ellita Adams was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Tuesday in San Rafael by Miss Doris Schmiedell. The guests included Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mrs. Lawrence Fox, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Betty Schmiedell, and Miss Vere de Vere Adams.

Mrs. G. H. Mendell, Jr., gave a dinner last Thursday evening in honor of Mrs. Frederick Sharon.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron gave a dinner Thursday, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, and Mr. de Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker entertained at dinner Thursday evening, their guests including Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Miss Helen Crocker, Mr. Gordon Armsby, and Captain Ronald Banon.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller gave a dinner last Wednesday evening. Those at the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Christian Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Milton Jones, and Mrs. M. P. Jones.

Mrs. Uda Waldrop gave a tea for Mrs. William Ede Wednesday. Among the guests were Mrs. Frank Fuller, Mrs. Ernest Chipman, Mrs. Wyatt Allen, Mrs. Albert Evers, Mrs. Harold Fletcher, Mrs. Kenneth MacDonald, Mrs. Ralph Palmer, Mrs. Allen Van Fleet, Mrs. Arthur Ford, Mrs. Duval Moore, Mrs. Oliver Dibblee, Mrs. Burr Eastwood, Mrs. Lloyd Harris, and Miss Elsa Korbel.

Miss Laura McKinstry gave a dinner Thursday evening, having among her guests Mr. and Mrs. Hasket Derby, Mr. and Mrs. Frank King, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Livermore, and Miss Sara Collier.

The first of a series of literary teas was held Tuesday afternoon at the Hotel Whitcomb. Miss Florence Lutz of the University of California was the dramatic reader of the afternoon, presenting "Humoresque."

Dr. and Mrs. Harold Brunn are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

Hotel Whitcomb.

The popularity of bridge among society folk has prompted the Hotel Whitcomb to give a "bridge-tea" next Tuesday afternoon in the picturesque Sun Lounge of that hotel. In making the announcement of this tea event Mr. J. H. Van Horne stated there's going to be a surprise for all who attend. Just what the surprise consists of is a closely guarded secret and will only be divulged on the afternoon of the tea. The "bridge-tea," which will be held Tuesday afternoon, October 5th, from 2:30 to 4:30, is the second of a series of special tea events the Hotel Whitcomb plans for its winter programme.

New Flower Shop.

At the opening of the new flower shop on Saturday by the Suzanne Art Floral Decorators upwards of 1500 people visited the place. The owners are recently from Paris, France, where they also conduct a similar establishment. The Suzanne Art Floral Shop at 468 Geary Street is one of the most artistically appointed places of its kind in the West.

The Gold Cup, which rewards the winner of the chief event at the Ascot meeting, is perhaps the most coveted prize of the English turf. It has had a varied history. In 1807 the first race for the Gold Cup was witnessed by George III's queen and "the three princesses in white Spanish mantles and the Prince of Wales glorious in hotten-green." Thirty-seven years later the Czar Nicholas I was so delighted with the race for the cup that he begged to be allowed to substitute a piece of plate, which, appropriately enough, was won the following year by Lord Albemarle's Emperor, so named in honor of the Czar. This "Emperor's Plate" was a very handsome trophy, being a reduced copy of the famous statue of Peter the Great at Petrograd, ornamented with figures of Russian soldiers and with views of Windsor Castle, the Kremlin, and the Winter Palace. When the Crimean war broke out the Gold Cup regained the place of honor.

"Your new clerk seems industrious." "He has just started to work for us." "You anticipate that he will slow up after a while?" "I'm sure of it. Tomorrow or the next day he will begin to notice that we have some good-looking stenographers about the premises."—*Birmingham-Age-Herald.*

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Francis by Miss Dorothy Grissim. Dr. and Mrs. John Grissim and Mr. and Mrs. George Baker, Jr., chaperoned the party, whose members included Miss Hatherly Brittain, Miss Frances Brown, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Elizabeth Watt, Miss Dorothy Cawston, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Mr. James Pullian, Mr. Tallant Ransome, Mr. Howard Lawlor, Mr. William Duval, Mr. John Miller, Mr. John Pivens, Mr. Clarence Williams, Mr. M. Fenner, Mr. Nicholas Van Bergen and Mr. Fenwick Smith.

A bridge-tea was held last Thursday at the home of Mrs. William Crocker in Burlingame for the benefit of the Tuberculosis Association of the San Mateo Welfare and Public Health Service. Mrs. Bernard Ford, who entertained at luncheon preceding the affair, had among her guests Mrs. John Johns, Mrs. Alfred Ford, and Mrs. George Shreve. Mrs. Milton Pray was also a luncheon hostess before the bridge game, when she entertained Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Arthur Redington, Mrs. Harry Dana, Mrs. Frank Ames, Mrs. Howard Park, Mrs. Frederick Sanborn, Mrs. Leigh Sypher, and Mrs. George Howard.

Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker gave a dinner Satur-



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Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Jr., will return from her summer home in San Leandro next week. She has taken Miss Mauricia Minter's house on Pacific Avenue for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch spent the weekend in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker.

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Alfred Montgomery will sail today from Honolulu. Upon their arrival here they will visit Mr. and Mrs. John F. Smith in Piedmont.

Mrs. William Porter has returned from Pebble Beach and will spend the winter at the St. Francis.

Miss Marie Oxnard and Mrs. Percy Williams have gone to New York to meet Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Miss Marie Louise Winslow, who have just returned from Europe.

Mrs. Walter Filer and Miss Layton Filer have arrived in Burlingame from Santa Barbara.

Count and Countess de Limur and Count Jean de Limur arrived Thursday from France and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker in Burlingame.

Mrs. Willard Sperry and her children will arrive this week from Panama to visit Mrs. James Sperry. Mr. and Mrs. Noble Hamilton have returned from a visit to Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. Duval Moore have reopened their town house for the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour have returned to Rutherford, after having spent the weekend in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Ehrman and Mrs. Samuel Bissinger have left for a trip through the Grand Cañon.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Lowe have returned to Woodland, after a brief visit in Sacramento and Burlingame, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker.

Mr. and Mrs. James Langhorne will leave within a few days for Montreal to visit Mrs. Chilion Howard. Later in the season they will join Commander and Mrs. James Parker at Norfolk, Virginia.

Mrs. Frederick Sharon left Monday for New York, where she has taken apartments at the Hotel Plaza for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Van Fleet have returned from Ross, where they spent the summer.

Sir Frank and Lady Popham-Young are visiting Mrs. William G. Henshaw in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, who has been visiting Mrs. Atherton Russell in San Francisco, left last Friday for Santa Barbara, where she is the house guest of Mrs. William Miller Graham.

Miss Mary Louise Phelan and Mrs. Frederick Murphy are spending several days at El Mirasol in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Verdier left yesterday for New York en route to France, where they will spend the winter.

Miss Julia Cutler of New York is visiting Miss Gertrude Clark. Miss Cutler will be one of the bridesmaids at the marriage of Miss Clark and Mr. McIntosh next Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coleman left Friday for Chicago, after a visit of several days in San Francisco.

Mr. Frederick Randall returned the close of the week to Santa Barbara. Mrs. Randall left Tuesday for Fairmount, West Virginia, where she will remain with relatives until the first of the year.

Mrs. Harold de Ropp is spending several days in Los Angeles with Baron and Baroness de Ropp. Mrs. de Ropp has been with Mrs. Trimble in Santa Barbara during the summer.

Mrs. Washington Dodge left Friday for her home

in New York, after a month's visit in San Francisco. Miss Velda Dodge and Miss Virginia McDonald, who came to California with Mrs. Dodge, will visit in Portland before joining her.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry White left Saturday for Southern California, after a fortnight's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Abbott, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt Baker have returned from a camping trip in the Sierras.

Mrs. Alfred Ford is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron have left for New York, where they will remain for a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch will leave tomorrow for Portland to be gone a month. Upon their return they will take a house in Burlingame for the winter.

Mrs. James Denman will leave next week to spend the winter in New York with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cheatham.

Miss Margaret Williamson left Saturday for New York, after a visit of several days with Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore. Miss Williamson was in Santa Barbara during the summer season.

Mrs. Silas Palmer and Mrs. Voorhies left yesterday for New York to be away until Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lent will return to town next week for the winter season.

Mrs. Norval Lane Nokes has gone to St. Helena for a sojourn of several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Livermore will return Tuesday from Tres Pinos, where they have spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Whitman and their children will leave for New York Monday. They have been in Burlingame during the summer.

Miss Helen Garritt has returned from a visit of several days in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler, Jr., will return Monday from the McCloud River.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Palmer are spending a fortnight at Del Monte.

Mrs. John Parrott and Miss Emilie Parrott have returned to San Mateo from a visit to their ranch at Chico.

Commander and Mrs. R. H. Miner have taken apartments in Washington for the winter season.

Mrs. Cuyler Lee and the Misses Margaret and Rosamunde Lee left Sunday for New York.

Mrs. Herbert Moffitt and Miss Alice Moffitt left last week for New York, where the latter will attend school.

Miss Cornelia Clappett has gone to Illinois to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, Jr., spent the weekend in Woodside with Mr. and Mrs. Douglass McBryde.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean de St. Cyr and Mr. Robert Burroughs have gone to French Lick Springs, where they will be joined by Mr. Rhinelande Stewart. They will return to California in December.

Mrs. Alfred Hammersmith and Miss Helen Hammersmith left Friday for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Braden left this week for New York to join the Misses Winifred and Louise Braden.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown have returned to their apartments at the Hotel St. Francis, after spending the summer months at Del Monte and Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Albert Lincoln Brown, who has been spending the summer months with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown, in San Francisco, has returned to his studies in Boston at the Harvard Medical School.

Hotel Whitcomb arrivals include Dr. and Mrs. William C. Jordan, Providence, Rhode Island; Mr. J. P. Prior, Monterey; Mr. Henry Spring, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Maze, Modesto; Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Brown, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Arch Morrison, Marysville; Mr. D. B. Eastman, Tonopah; Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Johnson, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Preper, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Black, Los Gatos; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Tomas, Gonzales; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bruere, Sanger.

Arrivals at the St. Francis include Rear-Admiral W. L. Capps, U. S. N., Washington, D. C.; Mr. Yuan Pardo, Lima, Peru; Mr. A. Schuckack, Seattle; Mr. L. Guggenheim, Los Angeles; Mr. J. Etchheren, Reno; Mr. W. S. Brooks, Colusa; Mr. W. H. Sears, Des Moines, Iowa; Major and Mrs.

T. H. Bane, Dayton, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Bloom, Chicago; Mr. Ives, Mr. Jean Carrett, Lyons, France; Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Keller, New York; Mr. H. F. Alexander, Seattle; Mr. E. J. Carper, Detroit; Mr. Maurice Burke, Los Angeles. Registered at the Palace are Mr. J. C. Irons, Vancouver, B. C.; Mr. William Piggott, Portland, Oregon; Mr. B. Mussels, Mr. Oscar Lawler, Los Angeles; Mr. Abe Ransfelder, Cincinnati; Captain J. J. Blain, Seattle; Mr. O. J. Eggleston, Kennett, California; Mr. J. H. Kearsley, London, England; Mr. and Mrs. George H. Malcolm, Los Angeles; Mr. Wilfred Crowell, Sacramento; Mr. Frank H. Norcross, Reno; Mr. F. G. Phillips, Mr. S. L. Naphaly, Los Angeles; Mr. L. M. Klineduier, Canton, Ohio; Mr. J. G. Newton, Los Angeles.

Curious Facts About Money.

While hooks of reference will say that the first actual coining of money was by Pheidon, King of Argos, in 895 B. C., it must not be supposed that there had not existed a keen appreciation of the value and uses of money for centuries previous to the introduction of coinage. The ancient Egyptians had a gold and silver standard of currency, and their money was in the form of gold and silver ornaments, rings and nuggets, the value of which depended upon weight.

The Greeks improved upon this by marking the weight upon the gold and the silver nuggets, so that it would not be necessary to weigh them at every place. Next came the gold, silver, and copper nuggets of graded uniform sizes and value. After that there was the molding and stamping of disks made from the precious metals.

Some of the first coins were enormous, the idea apparently being to discourage the greedy from attempting to accumulate and carry around too many of them. There were copper coins as large as dinner plates. This inconvenient style had to give way to the demand for smaller and more convenient forms of currency, and the giant pennies soon dwindled in size to meet the popular demand.

The earliest trace of the use of gold as money is to be found in the pictures of the ancient Egyptians weighing in scales heaps of rings of the precious metals. But there is no actual record that these rings were known as coins with a fixed value.

Iron, according to Aristotle, was once extensively employed as currency. Lead has also served as money—in fact, it still does in Burma. Copper has been more widely employed as money than either of the two last-mentioned metals. The Hebrew coins were composed chiefly of it, while down to 269 B. C. the sole Roman coinage was an alloy of copper.

Tin money was once used in England, probably on account of the rich tin mines in Cornwall. Early English coinages contained much of this tin money, principally in the form of farthings and half-pence.

Silver formed the basis for the early Greek coins, and was used in Rome first in 269 B. C. Mediaeval money was first composed of silver.

Tea Tales



"Aunt Theodora, please have your reception some other afternoon."

"Why, Dorothy?"

"Because all our set are planning to go to the Bridge Tea at Hotel Whitcomb next Tuesday afternoon. And I do want to go so badly."

"Really, dear?"

"Yes, really and truly. I think you ought to invite a few friends and come too. Bridge has such a fascination for you, you know."

A "Bridge Tea," the second of a series of special tea events, will be held at Hotel Whitcomb, Tuesday afternoon, October 5th, from 2:30 to 4:30. Cards are provided. There is no admission or cover charge.

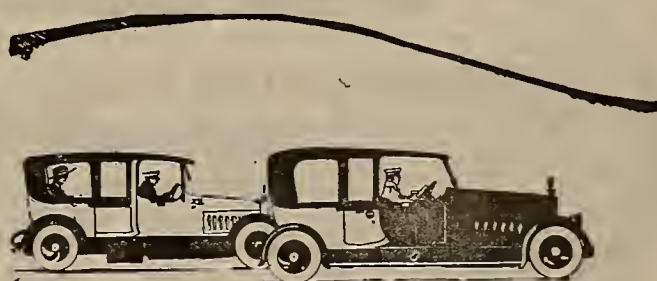
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SAN FRANCISCO

J. H. van Hornes, Mgr.

The Swiss people were the first to date their coinage. They introduced the dated coin four hundred years ago and the style was adopted in all countries in a very short time.

The coin of the smallest value ever issued is the "mite," so-called, such as the widow of the Bible contributed to the poor. Its shape was hexagonal, and its value about one-fiftieth of a cent. It would take five thousand mites to make one American dollar.

"Don't you want to leave footprints on the sand of time?" "I do not. I'd rather leave motor tracks."—Houston Post.



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Butler (in service of Earl of Kylacs)—Is that you, my lord? Burglar (full of guile)—Yus, matey.—Punch.

"Three halls!" yelled the umpire. "Now's your chance to soak it," shouted the excited pawnbroker's clerk to the batsman.—Boston Transcript.

"How's business?" "Not too good—thanks to some dishonest rascals who are selling goods at reasonable prices."—Le Journal Annusant (Paris).

Peddler—I'm trying to sell some almanacs to make a living. Won't you help me out? Busy Man—I certainly will, if you don't go of your own accord.—Boston Transcript.

"What kind of a time is he having on his motor trip?" "Guess he's having a pretty lively time. He sent me a picture postcard of a hospital."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Muggins—It's strange that Wigwag doesn't succeed. He seems to have no difficulty in catching on. Buggins—Maybe the trouble is he doesn't know when to let go.—Philadelphia Record.

Lady (at bank teller's window)—I wish to open an account with you. Teller—All right, madam. How much do you want to deposit? Lady—Why, nothing. I want to draw out fifty dollars.—Life.

"These love scenes are rotten. Can't the leading man act like he is in love with the star?" "Can't act at all," said the director. "Trouble is, he is in love with her."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Why don't you join a golf club?" "Man, I don't know how to play golf." "That's no reason. Ninety per cent. of the golf club members don't know how to play the game either."—Detroit Free Press.

Head of Firm—How long do you want to be away on your wedding trip? Hinks (timidly)—Well, sir—er—what would you say? Head of Firm—How do I know? I haven't seen the bride.—Toledo Blade.

"The man was in a reverie and the lady was in a tantrum. They collided." "The man was in what?" "A reverie. And the lady was in a tantrum." "I suppose both machines were badly damaged?"—Detroit Free Press.

"Do you think Gladys was surprised when I proposed to her?" inquired the happy youth. "About as surprised," answered Miss Cayenne,

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"as a candidate who has received formal notification that he has been nominated."—Washington Star.

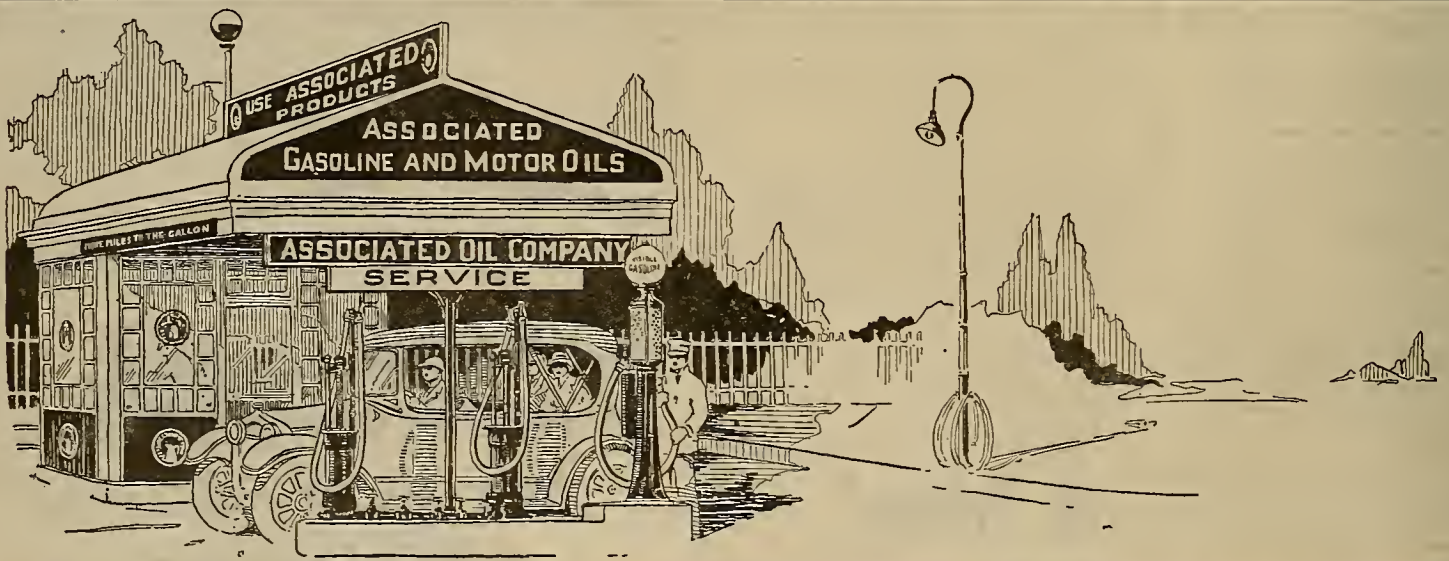
"Dobbs says art is no longer appreciated. He painted a picture called 'Greedy Fellow,' showing a pig eating corn, and—" "Why, he sold that picture, I'm sure." "Yes; but he has just heard that the model sold for more than the painting."—New York Globe.

"I've often been struck by the extreme hauteur of salesladies. Don't you suppose merchants suffer from it?" "I know one who does. He tells me he feels like sneaking in the rear door of his establishment because he suspects that his personal appearance does

not meet with the approval of his clerks."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

She—I told you yesterday that I would not marry you. He—I know. That's why I ask you again today. You would not be so lacking in originality, I hope, as to repeat today what you said yesterday.—Boston Transcript.

He had been fishing, but with bad luck. On his way home he entered a fishmonger's shop and said to the dealer, "John, stand over there and throw me five of the biggest of those trout." "Throw 'em? What for?" asked the dealer in amazement. "I want to tell the family I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."—Tit-Bits.



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Mission and Otis
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4th Ave. and Geary
3d and Brannan
Columbus Ave. and Grover Place
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14th and Harrison
620 Lakeshore Avenue
25th and Broadway
12th and Webster
East 19th St. and Park Boulevard
30th and San Pablo
East 14th St. and 24th Avenue
College Avenue and Broadway
ALAMEDA
Encinal and Central Avenue
BERKELEY
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SAN RAFAEL
4th St. and Petaluma Avenue
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A and Boulevard
LOS GATOS
Santa Cruz and Elm Sts.
NAPA
3d St. at Bridge
SUNNYVALE
San Jose and Mt. View-Saratoga Rd.

SAN JOSE
The Alameda and Stockton Ave.
11th St. and Santa Clara Ave.
Alameda and Wilson Ave.
1st and Margaret Sts.
S. Market & W. San Salvador Sts.
Market and San Carlos Sts.
5th and Santa Clara
FRESNO
Broadway and Kern Sts.
Broadway and Stanislaus Sts.
A and Fresno Sts.
Broadway St. and Ventura Ave.
Divisadero St. and Van Ness Ave.
SACRAMENTO
12th and I Sts. 13th and L Sts.
2d and L Sts. 16th and K Sts.
10th and O Sts. 30th and P Sts.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2272.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 9, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale, at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Gallagher Incident.

In tucking away a few bottles of claret under the seat of his automobile by way of provision for a week-end trip into the country "Andy" Gallagher, sealer of weights and measures, late member of the board of supervisors, a professional trafficker in labor politics, did only what many other and better men are doing every day. Mr. Gallagher's special dereliction appears to have been in getting caught, though something might be said on the score of moral obligation on the part of a man under oath to sustain the Constitution and the statutes of the land. It is to be noted in connection with this incident that Mr. Gallagher protested seizure of the machine in which his precious liquids were being conveyed on the ground that it was a "municipal automobile." By what authority was Mr. Gallagher, albeit sealer of weight and measures, albeit a former member of the board of supervisors, even albeit a professional trafficker in labor politics—by what authority, let us ask, was Mr. Gallagher using a municipal automobile for a week-end jaunt into the country? There is as we recall it a municipal ordinance, at least theoretically in force, to the effect that municipal automobiles must be used only for municipal purposes. And it is further recalled that when the restrictive ordinance was proposed it had the support of Mr. Gallagher, who was a member of the board of supervisors. Verily it is a liberal construction of the rule limiting the use of mu-

nicipal automobiles to municipal business that would include week-end trips into the country by Mr. Gallagher, not to mention employment in the illegal business of transporting alcoholic liquids. But perhaps we are captious. A city that elects "Andy" Gallaghers to one municipal post after another deserves precisely what it gets at their hands.

Handicaps Upon Marriage.

Subject to determination by popular vote at the coming election there is pending a measure changing the laws of California relative to community property—that is, property acquired after marriage by industry or business as distinct from inheritance or gift. This measure is revolutionary in that it is designed to overthrow a long-established community-property law under which when the wife dies all the community property belongs to the surviving husband. The wife has no power to dispose of any of it by will. When the husband dies the wife takes one-half as an heir of the husband. The other half the husband can dispose of by will. If he dies without a will it goes to his children, and if there are no children then to his heirs-at-law. The theory of the existing law is that the husband is the owner of the community property subject to the right of the wife to maintenance in the lifetime of the husband and at his death to one-half of the property accumulated in the period of marriage. The theory of the pending proposal is that the wife becomes actual owner of one-half of the community property when it is acquired, and that upon the death of the husband she becomes the owner of all such property, limited only by his right to pass half of it by will to his children.

The proposed changes would cut deep into a system of such long standing as to have become a fixed condition in the life of the country. It would invalidate every will in existence. It would destroy the financial credit—in many instances more than the material value—of many businesses. It would make it possible for a wife, dying before her husband, to put upon him an unwelcome partner with full and unquestioned right to half-interest in all his business affairs. All this—and more, since we here touch only upon leading features of the proposed measure—proceeds upon the idea, not that the wife is entitled to maintenance during the husband's lifetime and after, but that she is an actual partner in his business operations with ownership and right of disposition by will in all respects identical with him. It ignores or denies any obligation of responsibility on the part of a husband to his collateral kin, to his business associates, to his friends, or to the public. A man may not, without the written approval of his wife, leave a penny to his mother or sister—to anybody except his direct descendants. And if he has none, he may not make a will at all.

That there are defects in the present laws as they relate to community property is admitted. Legislation in this respect has not in the past half-dozen years kept pace with changes in the taxing system. It is, for example, a patent injustice that a wife must pay inheritance dues upon the share of a community property that comes to her automatically upon the death of the husband. At this and at other points the law relative to community property is subject to revision in the interest of women. And here it is pertinent to remark that legislatures are invariably ready and eager to respond to appeals made in equity and propriety for protection or advancement of the legal rights of women. It was this disposition that led the legislature of 1919 to enact, with scant scrutiny of their social and other effects, the changes above set forth, and which are now subject under referendum to popular vote.

Broadly speaking, thoughtful men of all professions and ranks see in the proposed changes in the com-

munity property law a menace to existing social order. It would vastly complicate business by making formal consent of the wife, in her character of co-partner, essential to every transaction. By bringing a feminine partnership into every business it would limit if indeed it did not destroy the credit which attaches to the personality of the man doing business and to confidence in his good faith and business discretion. If the proposed measure is adopted no prudent man who has dependents will risk marrying except upon the basis of a pre-arranged marriage settlement, which would intrude a mercenary feature into a relationship which Americans like to regard as founded and sustained upon higher motives and which would thereby lose much of its moral flavor.

Mr. Garret McEnerney, the well-known lawyer, has spoken in emphatic protest against the change, which in his judgment would be disastrous. Upon this point he says:

Thousands of men are engaged in commercial business and other enterprises in this state in which their entire capital is composed of community property. If the wife of such a man dies his business stops. Administration must take place at least as to one-half thereof, and the financial sacrifices that must be made will necessarily be very great. I do not suppose the authors of the bill understood this effect and clearly the legislature did not. I can not understand how any self-respecting woman would wish to inflict such injury upon her surviving heirs, especially with respect to property which, in the majority of cases, has been largely the result of her husband's exertions and ability. Imagine the consternation of the head of a family, conducting a large business, on realizing that a partnership which he had long denied to an unfriendly stepson, or an arbitrary son-in-law, or even to his own wayward boy, dear to his mother's heart, had been in effect created by the will if his wife, whose mother love had outrun her prudence!

In the pending proposal, with various other suggestions made by a hysterically advanced group of feminine agitators, there are potentialities which do not appear to have been taken into account. First, the effect upon character of obligations attaching to the relationship of husband, father, son, brother, etc. Much of what is proposed in the name of equity for women would in its effects substitute legal for moral responsibility. A revised scheme of laws would relieve men of a species of duty that has had its part—and a very important part—in the making of manly character. In minor ways it is already observable that in taking on a competitive relation to men women have lost something very precious as related to their own interest and happiness, and that correspondingly men have lost much that tended to dignity and character. Take the institution of marriage, for example. Under the universal conception of things the man assumes support of the wife and the family. It is a responsibility very serious in its way and so regarded by all worthy men. It is a responsibility that may well gird a man to his highest powers and to which he should have the privilege of addressing his energies wholly unrestrained. If laws are to be so devised as to put upon a man at his marriage a whole series of limitations, the effect inevitably will be to make men of prudence and of a high sense of responsibility take sober second thought. To put it bluntly, every handicap put upon men at marriage is a handicap upon the marriage institution. And it hardly needs to be added that the interests neither of men nor of women, nor of common morality, are promoted when the marriage rate falls off. It is a very serious matter truly, and the busy agitators who in thirst for change, and in desire to mix in affairs, are attempting to make over men and women, despite their physical and mental differences, after a common model—all this in the name of equality—would do well to have a care.

Many minds are obsessed by the idea that

women can be made and ought to be made in all ways "equal," as if equality in creatures in many and essential ways different were possible. If God Almighty in His wisdom had desired to make men and women equal in the sense of being competent for the same tasks and subject to the same responsibilities He would have made them less varied in design. It is true that men and women may be rendered legally equal in the sense of having identical rights and duties, but it would be an artificial process and one of questionable value. If men and women are to be equal in the sense the social theorists propose, then there must be identity of responsibility. Law and custom now put upon men definite responsibilities, among them the obligation of supporting their womankind and the children of their households. A wife may go into court and compel support by the husband; and may upon his failure from any cause win cancellation of the marriage contract. Are the social renovators willing to so modify law and custom as to make the obligation of family support, as it relates to men and women, identical? Is it desired to relieve men of the responsibilities to which they are obligated by instinct, custom, and law, and to place these responsibilities in equal measure upon women? Practically it can't be done, since neither men nor women are built that way. Women can no more relieve men of the special duties that nature and instinct have placed upon men than men can relieve women of the special obligations—notably that of child-bearing—imposed by nature upon women.

The illogical and impossible effort to make men and women "equal" at all points must in practice work out to the disadvantage of women. Men are stronger than women. They can endure heavier labors more hours in a day and more days in a month than women. Put men and women into competition with each other on terms of brutal equality, take out of the hearts and the practice of men consideration and favor to women, take out of the hearts and practice of women sympathy and the home-spirit, and the race would speedily fall back to the low moral level where physical strength enslaves and rules physical weakness. Already we see something of this degenerative movement in a marked decline in social manners. Time was within the memory of many of us not yet old when in places public and private women enjoyed at the hands of men a species of consideration now pretty generally withheld. Is it desired that this movement shall go on in the descending scale until every practice of what has been styled chivalry shall be thrown over and lost? In brief do those who insistently prate about equality of the sexes really and truly want equality? And if they do, do they understand what equality in all things means? Do they realize its awful menace to the status of women and its equal menace to the character of men?

Hot Shot in an Issue of Veracity.

In an address at St. Louis last week Senator Spencer stated that at the peace conference President Wilson promised American military aid to Roumania and Serbia in certain contingencies. A day or two later Secretary Tumulty gave out a statement to the effect that what Senator Spencer had said was "*absolutely and unqualifiedly false*." Answering Tumulty's statement, Senator Spencer declared that he did not believe the President had authorized such a denial. Then in a curt note to Senator Spencer President Wilson endorsed the Tumulty statement with the added remark, "*I reiterate the denial. The statement you made was false*." To this Senator Spencer replied under date of Tuesday of this week, quoting a statement in the stenographic notes of the eighth plenary session of the peace conference, in which President Wilson is reported to have said to Premier Bratianu of Roumania: "*You must not forget that it is force that is the final guaranty of the public peace. If the world is again troubled the United States will send to this side of the ocean their army and their fleet*." To this Senator Spencer added:

The statement was made upon the floor of the Senate on February 2, 1920, by Senator Reed, and, so far as I have learned, has never been denied until now. It has been widely circulated over the United States. If you did not make that statement to Premier Bratianu, I should be much indebted if you will be good enough to inform me.

Three questions are involved in this controversy: one of veracity, one concerning the integrity of an official report, one of memory. It is just possible that

the presidential mind has been operating on its famous "one track." It has done so before.

Executive Nullification of Law.

The provision of the Jones Snipping Act which the President arbitrarily nullifies was designed to place a weapon in the hands of the United States for use in the warfare of competition in the carrying trade now on in the wake of the great war. By this provision the President was directed to give notice to nations with which we have treaties of our desire to abrogate such parts of these treaties as prohibit the imposition of discriminating duties to favor goods carried in American ships.

For many years our policy has been to make no discrimination between goods carried in American or foreign ships. But it was not always so. In the middle decades of the last century our practice was to favor our own ships, and this no doubt was one of the reasons why in that period the American shipping interest reached its highest development. In the tariff bill of 1915 Mr. Underwood, then chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means and more recently a senator, wrote into the law provisions restoring our right to impose discriminatory duties. The Supreme Court ruled that this law could not apply to vessels of nations with which we had treaties prohibiting discriminatory duties. Accordingly in framing the Jones Shipping Act Congress sought to get rid of the restraining treaty provisions. The President was directed to notify the nations interested of our desire to abrogate such sections of our treaties with them as now impose restrictions upon American policy. Congress went into the matter thoroughly and came to its decision deliberately. The President approved the bill, which had long been under consideration, not only in congressional proceedings, but in the newspapers of the country generally.

Now, in taking it upon himself to nullify an act of Congress, the President deals in a wealth of fine phrases regarding the sanctity of treaty obligations, etc. Upon this principle he assumes to justify a point-blank refusal to obey a law given him by Congress and in regular order officially approved by his own hand. Furthermore, the President now declines to do what he did some four years ago. Apparently he has forgotten that his approval, and subsequent action under his authority, made effective the La Follette Seamen's Act, which in identical language directed him to abrogate the provisions of certain treaties. What he did four years ago at the dictation of Sam Gompers he now declines to do. His first plea in justification is that Congress has no authority to direct him to abrogate a treaty. The second is that while the Jones Act requires him to give notice of intent to abrogate, the treaties contain no provision for the giving of such notice and specify no particular time. In the first of these objections there is a measure of technical justification. The exact authority of Congress in the premises has never been authoritatively determined. It is a historical fact that President Hayes vetoed an act of Congress that required him to abrogate certain treaties and that the veto was sustained. Against this stands the fact that in the case of the La Follette Act Mr. Wilson himself accepted the dictation of Congress and that other Presidents have similarly followed the law as laid down for them by Congress.

Very obviously there has come a situation in which the point raised by the President calls for authoritative determination. Has Congress the right to direct the executive department to modify a treaty in such manner as to conform to its own determination of American policy? Has the President the right to nullify by his own authority a law duly made, enacted, and established in the statutory system of the country by act of Congress and by executive approval? These questions press for authoritative answer.

Apart from other aspects of this executive nullification of an established law, it is pleaded by the executive group at Washington in immediate justification of Mr. Wilson's course that in disregarding the Jones law he has saved the country the "miseries of a commercial war." This is so vague as to be meaningless. There is nothing very "miserable" in a commercial war—nothing more serious than business competition. The maritime countries of the world are just now devoting every possible energy to establish themselves in what is colloquially styled the sea-carrying game. It is an open

field in which the rights of one country are as good as another. England, Japan, and Norway are going to beat us off the seas if they can; and they have the advantage in a freedom denied to American shipping interests by restrictive laws like that dictated by Andrew Furuseth and bearing the name of Senator La Follette. Assuredly we shall be beaten in the competition if American shipping must bear the double burden of labor dictation and of autocratic executive restriction.

Cheap Tactics.

Twenty-five years ago, during a campaign for "Home Development" in Marion, Ohio, Mr. Harding subscribed for two shares of stock in a local brewery enterprise. After a brief time the brewery failed and all that Mr. Harding got for his investment was the sense of having contributed in a small way to a home boosting programme.

Upon the basis of this transaction Governor Cox in a public address has spoken of Mr. Harding as a "brewer." Mr. Harding is not a brewer. He never was a brewer. Governor Cox knew when he called him a brewer that he was saying what was not true. His purpose in this statement was to put upon Mr. Harding a term of reproach, and it was done with intent to make prejudice against him.

Mr. Harding is not likely to suffer seriously from this incident. Its reflection is not so much upon him as upon Governor Cox. What is to be thought of a candidate for the great office of President of the United States whose bent of mind is so trivial and cheap, whose sense of propriety and dignity is so dull as to permit him to deal in misleading personal reflections upon his rival, to the neglect of the many important interests now before the country?

Editorial Notes.

Mr. Asquith would give Ireland a "full dominion government," relatively like that of Canada, the Australias, New Zealand, and South Africa. This sounds reasonable—and simple—enough. But it will not satisfy Ireland. And nobody—least of all the Irish—knows what will satisfy Ireland. Catholic Ireland wants to rule—and tax—Protestant Ireland. Protestant Ireland will have none of it and will fight to protect itself. Full dominion government for Ireland, as proposed by Mr. Asquith, would surely bring upon Ireland the woes of civil war. It would seem a simple solution of the problem to draw a line between Catholic and Protestant Ireland precisely as we do in state and territorial jurisdictions in this country. The difficulty apparently lies in the fact that geographical division would not separate the mixed elements of Irish life, there being a considerable minority element of Protestants in Catholic Ireland and a large group of Catholics in the Protestant counties.

The northern counties constituting Protestant Ireland are not without justification in the fear that a self-governing Ireland, including the whole island in its jurisdiction, may involve them in conditions approximating persecution. As a minority they would be helpless as against elements traditionally hostile to them and with the peculiarly embittered hostility which always exists wherever religion is the issue. Every student of Irish history can understand the fear that prevails in the northern counties and will sympathize with the demand for guarantees so established by time and precedent as to afford assurance more definite than anything expressed in paper engagements.

The administration of the San Francisco Palace of Fine Arts has arranged for an exhibition of unusual interest, regarded both artistically and educationally. It will include something over a hundred pictures covering every important school of painting in Europe, including the Byzantine, from the fourteenth century down to and including the eighteenth-century French and English schools. Each of the units is representative of an artist of note, including the great masters of Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, German, English, and French schools. In another column there may be found lists in detail of this very notable exhibit. Such a collection of rare works has never before been placed on view in this country excepting in New York. The total insurance valuation of the collection is placed at ten millions of dollars and several of the pictures are individually valued above a hundred thousand dollars.

although in the sense that they could not be replaced they may be regarded as priceless. The exhibition is made possible by a local committee of art patrons who have guaranteed the very considerable expense in bringing the collection from New York to San Francisco.

The public memory is traditionally short, but hardly so short as to have forgotten the very notable case of Bill Haywood and ninety-three other I. W. W. agitators who were found guilty of obstructing the draft law during the war and sentenced to varying periods of imprisonment in the national penitentiary at Leavenworth. In all but three of these convictions there was appeal to a higher court, which at Chicago on Tuesday of this week rendered judgment in confirmation of the convictions. There was never any moral doubt about the guilt of the accused men. Their activities were open, flagrant, grossly treasonable. In conviction in the United States district court at Chicago they got what they deserved and in the confirmation at the hands of the appellate court the processes of justice are sustained. It is of interest that evidence essential to conviction was to a large extent secured in San Francisco by the detachment of naval officers under Commander Van Antwerp that conducted here during the period of our participation in the war a brilliant service of espionage. Attorneys for the convicted men announce that they will ask for a rehearing, not upon allegations of innocence, but upon grounds that incriminating documents seized by the government were "erroneously admitted as evidence." Upon this slender technical thread the culprits hope ultimately to escape their just deserts. That this appeal may fail is the profound hope of all who have knowledge of the case.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The German Treaty.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 30, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: When the representatives of the Allied and Associated powers sat down in Paris to the task of making a treaty of peace with Germany they faced a problem complex because of its ramifications and the wide diversity of interests that had to be satisfied, but one that could have been greatly simplified had they but applied common sense to its solution.

Their problem was what to do with the 68,000,000 people that lay prostrate and in their power? These people could not be exterminated and they must live. The day for punishment for either material or physical destruction had passed and in reparation alone was left any offset for the overflowing measure of evil and loss that Germany had brought to the world.

This problem should still further have simplified itself, for no matter what the sum total of the loss caused by Germany there was a distinct and measurable limit to what Germany could pay. To exact greater than this limit would be to destroy Germany as an economic force in Europe. So nice has become the inter-nation adjustment in trade and the supplying of the wants of one country from the surplus of another, or vice versa, that to destroy economic Germany meant the destruction of civilization in Europe.

Keynes in "The Economic Consequence of the Peace" has placed the extreme figure that Germany could possibly pay at \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000, and these figures have never been disputed. Fifteen billions is 20 per cent. of the greatest national wealth (\$75,000,000,000) that Germany has ever been credited with when she was in undisputed possession of everything that Germany has ever been seized and possessed of. This was the limitation and this is what the Big Four as they were called—Lloyd George, Clemenceau, the representative of Italy, and Woodrow Wilson, "acting in his own name and by his own proper authority"—did and by so doing gave to the world a treaty of peace in name only; one that can not be enforced and one that constantly increases instead of diminishes the unrest that has followed the war.

They first divided up every colony and overseas possession Germany had. They sliced away parts of East Prussia and Silesia, Alsace and Lorraine, the province of Schleswig, the Saar Basin with its coal deposits, the Kreise of Eupen and Malmédy, the territory of Moersnet, Memel on the Baltic, and the city of Danzig. They took all cables and all overseas business and banking connections. They took 108 war craft, 50 per cent. of all ships of over 1600 tons, and 25 per cent. of all ships of less tonnage. They took 20 per cent. of her river craft. They took every aircraft she had save 100 seaplanes and 100 extra engines. They crippled her land transportation by taking a mighty total of cars, engines, motor-cars, and the like, and over 300,000 farm animals as well. They obligated her to build 200,000 tons in ships a year if the Allies wanted them, which was almost 50 per cent. of the total capacity of the shipyards to produce, and they obligated her to deliver within ten years 350,000,000 tons of her greatly diminished output in coal. They further obligated her to deliver in bulk supplies of dyes, henzol, etc. They retarded her with countless trade regulations and "most favored nation" clauses.

Having done all these things and a lot more besides, they authorized the Reparation Commission to compel Germany to deliver 100,000,000,000 marks in gold-bearing bonds ultimately to carry 5 per cent. interest, and if Germany had anything left they authorized that "further issues by way of acknowledgment and security may be required as the commission subsequently determines from time to time." Germany deserved punishment, and the uttermost farthing should have been exacted from her that she could pay and still retain an economic existence. She rode for her fall, got it, and deserved it. This is no plea in her behalf, nor can any American ever hold a brief for Germany.

This is a protest against an act of folly that has dangerously increased the dangerous unrest in the world and that has increased and kept open instead of healing the wounds of the war. This is a protest against the name of the United States having been put to a treaty that not only has proved impossible of enforcement, but which our representatives knew was impossible of enforcement when they signed it at Versailles.

It was an act of international bad faith, which has reacted and will continue to react on our credit and prestige. A Democratic President committed the United States to it as far as it lay in his power to commit and the Democratic party has accepted it in its every implication.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

THE NAME "CALIFORNIA."

Probably the Invention of a Spanish Romancer in the Year 1521.

We have one of the periodical revivals of speculation as to the origin of the name of our state. The first known use of the name California was in a Spanish romance published in 1521. This discovery was made as long ago as 1862 by the late Edward Everett Hale, who presented the text containing the name California to the American Antiquarian Society. California—that is, the peninsula that bears the name of Lower California, was discovered in 1534, some thirteen years after the publication of the romance above referred to. Many theories have been advanced, but none has the support of positive authority. But in all human likelihood the name California had its origin in the brain of a Spanish romancer.

So far as we can learn, no copy of the Spanish story exists in California. The book is entitled "The Exploits of the Very Valiant Knight Esplandian, Son of the Excellent King Amadis of Gaul—In Madrid, 1521." Following is a literal translation of Chapter CLVII, made by the later Camillo Martin 1865 and preserved in the collection of papers of Mr. Thomas J. Barbour of this city:

THE EXPLOITS OF THE VERY VALIANT KNIGHT ESPLANDIAN, SON OF THE EXCELLENT KING AMADIS OF GAUL. (MADRID, 1521.)

CHAPTER CLVII.

The marvelous and not thought of success with which the Queen Calafia came to the Port of Constantinople in favor of the Turks.

I wish you now to know a thing the most strange which ever either in writing or in people's memory could be found, by which the city was the following day on the point of being lost, and how from there where the danger came, salvation came to it.

Know then that to the right hand of the Indies, there was an island called California, very near the part of the terrestrial Paradise, and which was inhabited by black women, without there being among them even one man, that their style of living was almost like that of the Amazons.

They were of robust bodies and valiant and ardent hearts and of great strength; the island itself was the strongest that could be found in the world through its steep and wild rocks; their arms were all of gold and also the harness of the wild beasts on which they rode after taming them, as there was no other metal in the whole island; they dwelled in well-finished caves; they had many ships in which they went to other parts to obtain booty, and the men whom they made prisoners they took along, killing them in the way you shall hear later on.

And sometimes, when they were at peace with their adversaries, they used to mingle with them with entire confidence; if any of them gave birth to a son, he was put to death at once. The reason for it, as it was known, was because in their thought they were resolved to lessen the men to so small a number that they would be able to master them without much trouble, with all their lands, and preserve those who understand that it was convenient to do so that the race might not perish.

In this island, called California, there were many griffins, the likes of a sort of the griffins of the East, and the very sharpest wild beasts therein contained, were not found in any other part of the world; and when they had little ones, these women would go covered with skins to catch them by tricks, and they would bring them to their caves and there rear them; and when they were accustomed to them they would feed them with those men and with the male children they bore so often and with such cunning that they very well learned to know them, and never did them any harm. Any man who landed on the island was at once killed and eaten by them; and though they might be gluttons, they would not the less take them and lift them up, flying through the air, and when tired of carrying them, they would let them fall, where they would be killed at once. Well, at the time when those great men of the ages departed with their large fleets, as history has already told you, there reigned in said Island California a Queen very tall of stature, very handsome for one of them, of blooming age, desiring in her thoughts to do great deeds, valiant in spirit, and in cunning in her fearless heart, more so than any of the others that before her reigned in that seigniory. And having heard how the greatest part of the world was moving in that expedition against the Christians, she, not knowing what things were the Christians, nor having any knowledge of other countries except those which were next to hers, wishing to see the world and its different races, thinking that with her great valor and that of her adherents all that would be gained she would have, by force or cunning, the largest share of, she spoke with all those that were skillful in war, telling them that it would be well that, going in their great fleets they should follow the same road that those great princes and eminent men were taking, inciting and encouraging them by laying before them the very great honor and gain that might result to them from that undertaking; above all, the great fame that would resound in the whole world about them; that remaining in the island as they were doing nothing but what their ancestors had done, would be only to be buried in life, like living dead, passing their days without fame and without glory, like wild animals.

So many things said to them by that very valiant Queen Calafia, that she not only moved her people to consent to the undertaking, but they, with their great desire that their fame should be published in many parts, hurried her to put to sea at once, so as to happen to him in the danger jointly with those great men. The Queen, who saw the determination of her people, ordered her great fleet to be supplied with provisions, and with arms all of gold and with all other necessities; and she ordered the repairing of her largest vessel, made like a grate of thick timbers, and she had put into her up to five hundred griffins, which, as you have been told, she had raised from tender and fed with the flesh of men, and having therein also put the animals on which they rode, and which were of different kinds; also, the best chosen and best armed women which were in the fleet, and leaving such garrison in the island as to be secure, she put to sea with the others, and she hurried so much that she joined the fleets in the night of the combat, of which you have been told, which caused them all very great pleasure, and then she was visited by the great lords, who showed her great reverence.

She wanted to know in what state was their enterprise; begging them to relate it to her minutely; and having heard the report from them, she said "You have fought this city with your many people and could not take it; well, I with mine, if it is agreeable to you, will, on the following day, try the reach of my power, if you will accept my advice." All those great lords answered her, that whatever was by her indicated, they would order it executed. "Then, notify at once all the commanders that tomorrow on no account, and you shall see a fight the most strange never seen before this day, and of which you have never heard spoken." This was then made known to the great Sultan of Liquia and the Sultan of Halapa, who had charge of all the armies which were on land, and who thus ordered their people, wondering much what could be the thought and deed of that Queen.

Electric locomotives descending the Rocky Mountain slopes are able to generate power instead of using it, which assists other trains to climb grades. The power generated by "coasting" is thrown back into the central power stations of the road.

LLOYD GEORGE AND THE RUSSIANS.

Our daily newspapers seem to have decided that we have no longer any interest in European affairs. Vainly we search their columns to discover what is happening in Russia, whether Italy has gone Bolshevik, the tenor of Mr. Lloyd George's latest policy, the progress of the negotiations between Reds and Poles or the gravity of the breach between France and England. Some news potentate seems once more to have waved his wand and to have ordained silence. It is true that the silence has been partially broken in the case of Russia. Some unnamed person has sent a bulletin from some unidentified place to the effect that there have been riots, a news item that it is by no means difficult to believe, seeing that Russia has been one vast riot for a couple of years or more. But at once there has been a renewal of the certainties that Bolshevik Russia is on its last legs, or dying in the last ditch, or whatever it is that Bolshevik Russia is supposed to do every couple of months or so. Our credulities are insatiable, inexhaustible. We are as ready as ever to dance to any tune borne to us upon any breeze, to accept as the law and the gospel whatever dribbles of information or misinformation that are allowed to reach us through the sieve of the censorship. But it is curious, to say the least of it, that we are so amply notified of the apocryphal end of Bolshevism in Russia, while we are kept in Egyptian darkness as to the actual beginnings of Bolshevism in Italy.

A distinguished lawyer said once that the truth can not be wholly suppressed even in an affidavit. Similarly we may say that the news can not be wholly suppressed even by the newspapers. Something like a composite picture may be pieced together by careful collation and arrangement. But the internal situation of Russia remains conjectural. This being the only country from which no news whatever is allowed to come, it is naturally the only country of which our newspapers tell us anything at all. But we may readily believe that the situation there is chaotic. How could it be otherwise? All Bolshevism is chaotic. That is what Bolshevism is. Russia must be starving, seeing that she is still blockaded by warships in the north and by armies in the south. That the maddened people will presently overthrow Bolshevism goes without saying. Maddened peoples will overthrow anything and everything. Mirabeau and the constitutionalists were overthrown by the Girondists in the French Revolution. The Girondists were overthrown by the Terrorists, and the Terrorists were overthrown by Napoleon. An Amurath an Amurath succeeds. Those who are beaten with whips are presently beaten with scorpions, which is only an earlier version of the frying-pan and the fire. But there need be no conjecture about the salient events outside of Russia. These may be ascertained by diligent search and in spite of all the efforts of our newspapers to evade them. None the less Russia remains in the centre of the field. Nothing is done anywhere in Europe except with an eye to Russia. Russia is the pillar of cloud-by day, vast, impenetrable, sinister, alike dreadful and inconceivable.

We will look for a moment at Great Britain, that is to say at Great Britain and Russia, for one must always bracket the name of Russia with that of all other countries. Lloyd George was prepared to recognize Russia a month or so ago, and this was the cause of the split with France. Great Britain wanted to trade with Russia, and France wanted to collect her debt from Russia. Hence these rival tears. But Lloyd George was led to reconsider his contemplated amities, and he had various reasons for this change of front. In the first place he found that Lenin had deliberately deceived him in the matter of the demands upon Poland by suppressing the most vital of those demands, the creation of an army of workmen. Then came the defeat of the Russian armies by the Poles, which naturally lowered the value of the Russian stock. But there was something more important still. The British secret service discovered that the *Daily Herald*, a labor organ, had received from Lenin the sum of \$375,000, ostensibly in order to pay a paper bill, but actually as a Red subvention. Now the Russian government had solemnly pledged itself to interfere in no way whatever with British domestic affairs, and this pledge was to be the basis for the impending negotiations with a view to recognition. It had been impudently broken. Lenin had not only subsidized a British newspaper, but he was known to be in communication with British Reds. There were two Russian commissioners in England at the time, Kameneff and Krassin. Krassin was the first to arrive, and it was his peculiar mission to arrange for the resumption of trade. But it was found at once that there could be no resumption of trade while the two countries were practically in a state of war. Great Britain was maintaining her blockade of Russia, and Russia was doing all she could to annoy Great Britain in Asia Minor and India. Obviously there had to be some general political understanding before there could be a trade relationship, and so Kameneff was sent as

Russia's political emissary. Then came the revelations with regard to the *Herald* and the additional fact that Kameneff was hand in glove with the labor leaders, who are nearly all of them Direct Action men. Lloyd George at once took the bull by the horns, or rather the bear by the tail, and ordered Kameneff to leave the country. He said that Krassin might remain and that the trade negotiations might continue. In vain it was pleaded that Kameneff knew nothing about the *Herald* subsidy and that he was equally innocent in the matter of the Polish treaty treachery. Indeed, such a plea had no force. He was responsible as the representative of the Russian government and he had to go. There the matter now rests, and an arrangement, either commercial or political, seems as far off as ever. Lloyd George is accused of enmity toward the Labor party and of an effort to consolidate himself with conservative and anti-Russian elements in view of the general election. France triumphantly says "I told you so," and our own government seems to be emphatic in its applause of Lloyd George's attitude in this turning the sword in a wound that now seems to be incurable. Doubtless there are those in America, as there are certainly those in England, who will deeply deplore the rejection of what they are pleased to call the Russian olive branch. But it is hard to see what other course the British premier could have taken. How could there be negotiations with those who had thus repeatedly proved themselves to be incurably false and who thus openly derided their own pledges? Such negotiations could be no more than writings on the sand.

The details of the Red subvention to the *Herald* are of considerable interest in this country, because there can be very little doubt that similar payments have been offered or made in America, and by the same means, the sale of Russian jewelry. It may be said that the *Herald* met the publication of the facts with a sharp denial. It knew nothing of them. It had received nothing from Russia. The whole thing was a fabrication designed to hurt the cause of labor, another page of misrepresentation and slander of the proletariat cause. Then the government furnished its proofs. It is an awkward way that governments have. One may infer from the documents published that Lenin did not offer the money to the *Herald*. It was the *Herald* that asked for it. The cost of paper had become prohibitive. It was necessary either to secure financial aid from Russia or to double the subscription price. Moreover, if no aid were given the *Herald* would cease to be a Red and would become constitutionalist. Lenin then sent the jewels to London and they were sold, the proceeds being handed over to the *Herald*. Now it would seem either that the *Herald* was unaware of the extent of the government's information or that its reply had been made under the influence of panic. For it began at once to sidestep, to explain, and to palliate. Finally it published a statement to the effect that when Meynell was in Russia he had discussed the situation of the *Herald* with Russian representatives, but that he did so on his own initiative. He had explained to the Russians that the money would have to be a free and unconditional gift and without any ensuing obligations on the part of the *Herald*. These conditions were agreed to by the Russians, "and Meynell thereupon took steps—necessarily very slow and spread over several months—to collect the money then agreed upon, namely, £75,000. This was to be held in trust for the Third International and to be offered to the *Daily Herald* if the need arose. This sum is now in Meynell's possession, and we wish to have the opinion of our readers as to whether we should accept it." The *Herald* statement concludes with the assertion that "the ever-increasing cost of production, and the political shyness of advertisers despite our 370,000 circulation, make it necessary for us at once to double the price of the paper without this help." It will be seen that this statement is a full confession of the charges, since no one but an idiot will believe that the *Herald* was unaware of negotiations thus conducted in its interests, and of the actual payment to Meynell of the money which it now asks the permission of its readers to accept. This statement, be it remembered, followed the blank and unqualified denial of the *Herald* that there had been any such transaction or thought of it.

Immediately after the publication of this statement there was an interview between Lloyd George and Kameneff. Lloyd George blankly charged Kameneff with (1) participation in the realization of Russian jewels in England; (2) subsidizing the *Herald*; (3) having relations with the Direct Action labor men; (4) incorrect transmission of the Russian conditions for the armistice with Poland. Kameneff denied the first three charges, while he explained the suppression of the demand upon Poland for the creation of a workers' army on the ground that he himself was opposed to such an army and expected that the demand would be withdrawn. Lloyd George refused to accept either the denials or the explanations and notified Kameneff that he must leave the country. He was also told that certain associates of Kameneff then on their way to England would not be allowed to land. Moreover, Lloyd George published a statement of which the *Manchester Guardian* furnishes the following summary:

"(1) The government has evidence that Mr. Kameneff informed his government that £40,000 worth of jewels had been sold and the proceeds paid over to the *Daily Herald*, and that he was taking steps to procure a further £60,000, of which an additional £10,000 was to be paid to the *Daily Herald*. (2) The government flatly contradicts Mr. Kameneff's denial that he had ever given or offered a subsidy to the *Daily Herald*, and the *Daily Herald's* statement that it had received 'not a bond, not a franc, not a rouble.' In the sale in London of diamonds brought by the Russian delegation great care was taken that the transaction should not pass through any bank account, but that bank notes should be paid. When the *Daily Herald* stated on September 10th that not gold but an offer of gold had been received by Mr. Francis Meynell, a director of the *Daily Herald*, who was stated to have acted absolutely on his own initiative, Mr. Edgar Lansbury, son of the editor of the paper, had in fact received part of the notes given for the jewels. The *Daily Herald* asked its readers on September 10th, 'Shall we take £75,000 Russian money because Mr. Edgar Lansbury had been interviewed by the police about the notes just before.' The government permits itself to doubt whether the *Herald* would have taken the public into its confidence but that the secret could no longer be kept. (3) Mr. Kameneff in effect did deliberately alter the terms of the despatch from his government giving the fundamental conditions of the armistice to be proposed to Poland. (4) The government feels it necessary to publish these facts because the evidence of Mr. Kameneff's violation of his pledge to abstain from propaganda in this country is overwhelming and his published apology misleading." The situation between Great Britain and Russia is therefore worse than it was before.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 6, 1920.

SIDNEY CORYN.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Canadian Boat Song.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

—Thomas Moore.

Home, Sweet Home.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain:
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again.
The birds singing gayly, that come at my call,—
Give me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give, oh! give me the pleasures of home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
But give me, oh! give me,
The pleasures of home.

To thee I'll return, overhurdled with care:
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there.
No more from that cottage again will I roam:
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!
There's no place like home!

—John Howard Payne.

Woodman Spare That Tree.

Woodman, spare that tree—touch not a single hough!
In youth it sheltered me, and I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand that placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand—thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree, whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—and wouldst thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke—cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak, now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy, I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy, here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here; my father pressed my hand;
Forgive this foolish tear, but let that old oak stand!

My heartstrings round thee cling, close as thy hark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing, and still thy branches bend.
Old tree, the storm still brave! And, woodman, leave the spot;

While I've a hand to save, thy ax shall harm it not!

—George Pope Morris.

There was a total of 21,058 vessels representing a gross tonnage of 3,734,741 constructed in the United States for the year ending June 30, 1920.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Frederick Harrison, English journalist and philosopher, is close to his ninetieth year, yet his handwriting is firmer than that of many a man of half his age, and he still contributes trenchant articles to reviews and magazines.

Lorena Trickey, winner of the cowgirls' relay championship race at the annual Cheyenne, Wyoming, frontier days round-up, changed horses and saddles at every half-mile during the race and won from many competitors. She is conceded to be the champion all-around woman rider.

George Bernard Shaw has been in Ireland all summer. Also the playwright has never visited the United States of America. Perhaps that is the cause for his cabled message to the Theatre Guild forbidding the world premiere of his play, "Heartbreak House," until after the presidential election.

Charles Henry Goodson, veteran of Balaklava, the siege of Lucknow, and four years in General Robert E. Lee's command, formerly wealthy, has applied for permission to sell papers on the streets of Chicago. Goodson, as a British surgeon in the Crimea, had as one of his nurses Florence Nightingale. He is ninety-five years old.

Amelita Galli-Curci, the famous coloratura soprano, upon returning from Italy on the *Imperator*, announced that she is to become an American citizen. She returned to America two months earlier than usual this year, because she says that she likes America so much better than Europe. She said that she was through with the Old World for all time.

Fred A. Howard, chemist and scientist of South Easton, Massachusetts, for almost a half-century connected with research work for the shoe and leather trade, solving problems and settling troubles of the manufacturers of shoes, gloves, and belts, has made discoveries that may cut the bills of the nation for footwear. His latest discovery, a solution called "Kerite," is said to have doubled the wearing life of leather by actual tests.

George H. White, Cox's campaign manager, is described as rawboned and rangy. His eyes are bluish gray. He wears low collars, which give full play to a pronounced Adam's apple, and he has a heavy beard which he has to shave off morning and evening if it is not to be noticeable. His friends joke about his "Alaska whiskers." In talking with White it is easy to gather the impression that he is a rough-and-tumble sort of a person, ready for a fight at the drop of the hat. Sitting down he slides clear into a chair, resting himself more on the middle of his back, entwining his long legs around each other and swinging one of them with an even rhythm. Even then he's ready to jump up at the slightest excuse, ready for action. Born in Elmira, New York, reared at Titusville, Pennsylvania, educated at Princeton, New Jersey, residing at Marietta, Ohio, White's chief business interests are in Oklahoma. He's in the oil business, drilling his own wells. Sometimes he strikes oil; sometimes he does not—but, on the whole, he makes it pay.

General Baron Peter Wrangel is a young man—only thirty-nine. An official report received at Washington states that he is of German descent, but that his immediate ancestors came from the Baltic provinces. He began his career in the Russian army in 1901, enlisting in the Norse Guards Regiment as a private after having been educated as a mining engineer. He left the army a year later, following promotion to a lieutenantancy, but reënlisted upon the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war, in which he was twice promoted for bravery. Subsequently he was graduated from the General Staff Academy and at the outbreak of the world war was captain in command of a cavalry squadron. For distinguished service with this command he was decorated with the highest Russian military order—the Cross of St. George. Promotion to the rank of colonel followed; he was appointed an aide to the Czar and later became commander of the First Trans-Baikal Cossack Regiment, with which, in July, 1916, he captured an entire battalion. He was then made major-general.

Mme. de Witt Schlumberger is president of the French Union for Women Suffrage and first vice-president of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance. She speaks English fluently and represents all that is finest in French family, intellectual, and political life. She also has a keen sense of humor, which helps her out considerably in her battle for women's votes in France. Mme. de Witt Schlumberger is the granddaughter of a prime minister under Louis Philippe and has an estate in Normandy. She married a member of an old Alsatian family years ago, for Mme. Schlumberger is now white-haired and near seventy. They had five sons and one daughter. After 1870, when Alsace became a part of Germany, every young man had to do his military training in the German army or leave Alsace never to return. The Schlumberger sons chose the latter, turning their backs on the assured positions in their father's important industries. When the fifth son came of age the family determined they could stand the separation no longer, so they gave up their place in Alsace and established themselves in Paris.

THE CALL OF THE SURF.

Mr. Van Campen Heilner and Mr. Frank Stick Describe Some Adventures on the Shore.

Many and many a book has been written on the glories of lake and river fishing and the somewhat sterner delights offered by the ocean and its denizens. But little or nothing has been said about the specialized art of the surf fisher. Here is a sport that can be followed all the year round, that needs no boat, and that contains a greater element of chance than any other form of fishing. One casts a fly and he catches trout, and only trout. To hunt the bass is usually to catch the bass, and nothing else. But one never knows what one may draw from the surf. It may be some dainty opalescent creature, and it may be a shark weighing a thousand pounds. No other fishing is likely to bring such tremendous results, to make such fierce demands upon nerve and muscles. No wonder that it should so increase in popularity as its virtues become known.

Mr. Van Campen Heilner and Mr. Frank Stick tell us about it in their new book, "The Call of the Surf." They fished for sea monsters on the Eastern coast and then they came to California to try their luck in warmer waters, and they were not disappointed. They write of their experiences with such gusto and delight as to send us all hurrying to the shore to try our luck in one of the hardest pursuits that can fall to the sportsman.

The gull is a fairly safe guide to the fishing grounds. He, too, is a fisherman of repute and should be regarded as a comrade. The author tells us of one occasion in southern Jersey when he was attracted by the circling of gulls, although he could see nothing in the green waters to justify their clamor:

My rod was equipped with a Belmar squid, so I wasted no time in meditation over what manner of fish had attracted my brother fishermen, the gulls, but made my cast, working the lure rapidly shoreward. No strike rewarded my efforts, and so again I cast, and yet again without result. And still the gulls darted, swooped, and clamored, as though encouraging me to further efforts. On my eighth or tenth cast I varied my system, and on the chance that the fish, whatever they were, might be cutting into the bait from below, I allowed the squid to sink, and brought it to me with long, jerky movements. Scarce had I taken a dozen turns when there came a mighty strike which swept the tip of my rod downward, the reel handle striking my knuckle a sound crack as it was jerked from my grasp. Out and out my line swept, while with every nerve atingle I pressed hard on the leather drag and braced back against the rod. A hundred, two hundred, three hundred feet of line the fish took ere he halted his rush, and swam parallel to the beach. I felt sure that another heside a blue, or else a monster specimen of this hard-fighting species had fastened to my squid, and I played him carefully. Fifteen or twenty minutes of hattle he gave me ere I had him close inshore, and then as he lifted into a curling breaker, with the sun shining greenly through, I made him out. A good striped bass he was, and long before I had succeeded in coaxing him into a wave which laid him gently at my feet I had raised such a to-do that my two friends, aroused at last from their slumbers, joined me, a bit shy as to clothing, but fully equipped with rods and tackle.

Five bass, ranging up to eighteen pounds in weight, we took from this school in the space of an hour, and then the fish moved onward, and the gulls with them, and we returned to camp for a belated though doubly relished breakfast.

On another occasion the author tells us of hooking and losing a shark, and incidentally it may be said that the shark is by no means bad eating. Hearing a shout from his nearest neighbor, he hurried to his aid and found him bent double with both hands clenched around a violently jerking rod:

"Bass?" I inquired, excitedly, when I had reached him. "Feels that way," he answered, jerkily. "Either bass or submarine. He took it on the jump just before I yelled, and most of my line is gone already. He must be a whopper."

Just then he uttered a disappointed, "damn!" and I saw his rod straighten and the line go limp. Dejectedly he reeled in, while I uttered commiserations, for at such times as these the world carries a dark and gloomy aspect to your fisherman.

"I don't know how it happened," he complained, as he guided the line upon the reel. "I gave him no slack, that's certain. The hook must have pulled loose."

The last remaining few feet of line came in, and the mystery was explained, to me at least, for we found the entire rig cleanly severed from the line.

"Probably a shark," I hazarded. "How did he bite?" "He didn't bite at all," my friend replied. "He just grabbed the bait and left like the proverbial bat. I thought at the time it was an almighty hard strike for a channel bass, but I was counting on bass, and shark didn't occur to me."

"I believe I'll tie on about six feet of wire, anyway," I said. "If it was a shark there are probably more of 'em about, and I wouldn't mind a little run in with a man-eater just for exercise. I'm getting a bit chilly without my sweater."

Those who want an ocean fight of the first class are recommended to seek the shark. He is always willing to oblige and there is no thought of surrender in his fierce and evil heart. The author tells us of a long day's fishing, and of his resolve to quit the beach at twenty minutes to 11 on a moonlit night:

This entirely sensible plan was not to be carried out, however, for scarcely had I replaced the watch in my pocket when there came a strike which almost tore the rod from my somewhat lax grasp. I was fully awake on the instant, and I put my weight on the rod in order to set the hook firmly, an action which was scarcely required. There was only one fish in these waters which could give a strike like this, and only one fish, with the exception of the tuna, which could take out line at the rate with which it was disappearing. Like the blow of a sledge he had smashed into the bait and, irresistible as a six-cylinder car, he was tearing out to sea. I put all my weight and strength against the rod, and hore down upon the brake with both thumbs, but this fellow minded it not in the slightest. I have hooked good fish in my time, of a hundred species, but never before nor since have I felt greater power than was in this creature.

There was a thousand feet of twelve-thread line on

the reel, but all except about a hundred feet were gone in a few seconds. The fish must be turned at all costs, and this was successfully done by a series of sharp jerks, and done again and again for the next two hours:

Up to this time I had given the fish pretty much his own way, simply putting on the line all the resistance it would bear, and attempting to tire him by his own exertions, which had been almost continuous. Now I started a slow, steady pumping. And then I wished I hadn't, for again he started a rush seaward, as though freshly awake to his predicament. Again he sent the rod swaying and jerking, as he clove through the water in surging plunges, and again I thought I had lost him. But judging at last from my own condition the strain of the contest was beginning to tell, for he turned at last, and headed up the beach, but still hattering for all that was in him. "Lord, what a fighter!" my companion ejaculated. "He must be as big as a horse."

By this time I felt that I had some slight control over my quarry. At least this last run seemed to show that he was losing somewhat in strength, and so I kept him on the go, though myself so tired with the unceasing strain that my movements had become almost automatic. When he tried to sulk, I pumped him, and invariably he would be off again, sometimes on these occasions swimming straight out to sea, at others darting either up or down the beach. I had but two thoughts: one to keep the fish moving until he was exhausted, the other to hold him away from the rip. For once in this sea-hearing current I knew that no power of reel or line could force him to turn.

When 4 o'clock came my companion, after advising me to break the line, on being requested to remove himself to a certain torrid region from whence none returneth, took his departure. And then I was sorry to be left alone, and was almost tempt to heed his advice. Doubtless I would have done so if he had not muttered something about a "damn fool" as he stumbled up the beach. I have always been a perverse and a stubborn individual—to which statement my friends will agree—and so I set my teeth, stifled a groan, and leaning back on the rod, again pumped the fish into action.

It seems almost incredible, but the author tells us that he continued the fight until daybreak. He believed then that the fish was all in, but he knew that he himself was, and so at 6 o'clock he surrendered his rod to a friend and turned in for a badly needed sleep:

The next moment, it seemed, I was awakened by my tent mate hallowing in my ear:

"Get up! Get up and hustle down to the beach, if you want to see them land your fish!"

I forced my sore and unwilling limbs into action, which so it turned out was wholly unnecessary, for the shout which had aroused my companion was only to apprise us that the quarry had broken free. At the end, with practically all of the line exhausted, the tackle had given way just above the wire leader.

This fish had put up a battle without parallel in the records of our surf-fishing clubs, and one which for duration I doubt if any fish has exceeded on light tackle. From a quarter before 11 he had waged a stubborn fight throughout the night, and had made his escape at 7:15 the following morning: eight hours and a half later. The last hour he fought as stubbornly and with almost as much activity as in the beginning. After I had relinquished the rod he had made three long runs, taking out six to eight hundred feet of line each time.

Atlantic blue fishing is by no means without its charms, although it does not seem to come exactly under the head of surf fishing. We are told of a memorable day when the whole surface of the ocean seemed to be swarming with these fish:

The sea on all sides of the boat was swarming with bluefish. Everywhere one looked bluefish were dashing here and there in their mad rushes after the small fish. These were leaping wildly along the surface in vain attempt to elude their pursuers.

Every few moments a big blue would shoot out of water, to fall again with a great splash. The water resembled a maelstrom from the frantic dashes of the fish.

We at once commenced to circle, and so plentiful were the strikes, and so fast and furious the sport, that at the conclusion of twenty minutes I was only too glad to snatch a brief rest from my strenuous labors.

Billy, who was cursing and perspiring at a great rate, kept shouting at me: "Get out, Campen! Get out! There are some wonders in that school!"

"All right, have your way," I grunted, and tossed my squid overboard. Instantly I had a savage strike. Two hundred feet of line were stripped off the reel before out of the water shot a beautiful blue, violently shaking his head from side to side like some bulldog, in a futile attempt to spit out the squid.

Repeatedly coming out of water, always eluding the boat and tearing away on long rushes time and time again when I imagined him beaten, he put up a beautiful fight.

The strain gradually told and in he came, glaring defiantly up at us. Cap lifted him over the side, gasping hot game, and he was flopped unceremoniously into the bilge. He scaled just four ounces shy of nine pounds.

The sportsman will find that the tuna gives him everything that he wants in the way of sport, but the tuna is hated by the market fisherman, who are after the bluefish. The author tells us that on one occasion he made a bargain with the fishermen to signal him as soon as the giant tuna were after their lines, and the signal was presently given and responded to:

The big tuna was there at last! A sight met our eyes I shall never forget to my dying day! Swimming some distance below the surface, and occasionally rising to gulp down whole moss-hunkers which were being tossed to them, were the largest tuna I ever beheld. Their great forked tails, their bronze backs and deep-blue sides, their white bellies as they turned quickly, registered a picture on the photographic plate of my memory which no acid can ever wash away. I saw tuna in that slick ten feet long! Deep down I saw his shadows cruising back and forth that were fish weighing well over a thousand pounds.

I was actually afraid to lower a bait to those fish! I feared the consequences.

"Come, come, old fellow," I seemed to hear Billy saying. "What are we here for?"

I tightened the brakes on my big reel, adjusted my rod belt, put on a big side of mosshunker, and mechanically lowered it into the innocent-looking water. For a short time nothing occurred. I saw fish pass and repass the bait, apparently without noticing it. Then, as if in a dream, I watched a tuna as large as a horse rise swiftly to the bait, seize it, and with several savage jerks of his head, move slowly off. I let him run unhindered for several hundred feet, then threw on the breaks and struck—struck as I never struck before.

As to just what happened in the next few seconds I have never had a clear impression. My rod described such an arc I feared it would instantly crack, my reel commenced gathering momentum . . . faster . . . faster—faster until it was actually screaming with terrific speed. Such a leverage was exerted on my belt that I cried aloud in agony. There was a frightful, hurried moment when the sea and sky seemed rushing through space at a dreadful rate, a report like a pistol shot, and two thousand feet of line snapped at the spool! Trembling and in a cold sweat I fell speechless into the bottom of the boat.

"She damn heeg feesh!" remarked Sam in an awed voice.

The author was so injured by the pressure of the rod that he could fish no more, but one of his companions tried his luck:

Cautiously the bait was lowered. Sam stood by the engine, ready to throw in the clutch the moment Billy gave the signal; the marketmen steadily fed out the hunkers, and I perched myself in the stern, my fingers nervously grasping the tiller.

Then the unexpected happened. A great splashing in the water some distance away caused us all to turn quickly in that direction. A big fin cut sharply through the water for one brief instant, and was gone.

"Shark!" raged Billy. "Farewell, tuna!"

And even as he spoke, below the bait appeared a great wavering shape whose size and weight eclipsed our wildest nightmares.

"A monster man-eater!" I gasped. "Cut your line, quick!"

"No, hy gar!" thundered Sam. "She ban horse mackerel!"

"He's on! Start the boat!" shouted Billy, and off we went.

Hard against the rod he threw his weight, and as the skiff got under way I could hear the reel giving off a sort of moaning hum.

"Faster! Faster! Can't hold him!" he wildly babbled, and as Sam pulled the throttle into the last notch we seemed fairly to leap across the waves.

That tuna headed straight out to sea, and for two long hours we sped after it. The fleet melted into the distance until they were but dark specks on the horizon—then disappeared entirely. A lone gull hovered in our wake for several miles, then it, too, left us. We were afloat on a desert of waves and wind.

Four hours dragged by, and Billy was in bad shape. Despite the fact that he was using the harness, his hands were raw and bleeding, his face pale and ghastly, but with a look of determination on it that spoke far more than words.

During all this time we had been steadily following the fish. And slowly but surely it had been taking line. It did not sound after the general manner of tuna, but acted as if with a purpose, with a determination to reach some definite place.

Sam cast an anxious eye at the sun. It was now 2 o'clock, and we must be thirty or more miles off the beach. He gave me a questioning look, as if to say, "Are you willing to stick?" I nodded in the affirmative, even though I knew it must mean an all-night vigil, with the possible chance of a storm. As a friend of mine once remarked, "The Atlantic is not the Pacific," meaning that while calm seas are the rule in the latter, the former is at all times treacherous, choppy and mean.

At 3 o'clock Billy called me over to him. "I'm . . . afraid . . . I've got . . . to quit . . . old . . . hoy," he said, pitifully. "This . . . is . . . more . . . than . . . I . . . bargained for."

The author tells us that he had often gazed longingly at the miles of surf beating on the Pacific Coast and had pondered on the possibilities offered to the surf angler. Then at last came the opportunity to visit Monterey Bay at a point where the Salinas River joins the Elkhorn Slough. Here is a favorite haunt for striped bass, although the method in vogue is by trolling from a skiff with spoons or still fishing on the bottom with sardine bait. Here in August Mr. McCloud and his father betook themselves to try their luck at the surf-casting game. Doubtful, yet hopeful, they were determined they would not depart before they had thoroughly investigated every foot of those waters. The entry in Mr. McCloud's diary of August 21st, typical of many such entries, says:

The surf fish stopped annoying us after a while and the bass began striking. Inside of a half-hour I beached the first one—seventeen and a half pounds.

Shortly after this my father lost a very heavy fish. We saw it break water, and I judged roughly it was more than forty pounds. This made us very much excited.

I followed with a twenty-pound fish, and after landing it, cast out again, to feel immediately a savage strike. This also was a large fish. He carried me down the beach for several hundred feet and then got off. He broke water twice. I feel sure he was the mate to the one father hooked.

Dad then took an eighteen-pounder. He had considerable difficulty with it, due to the fact that the handle of his reel came loose during the fracas. I had to screw it on. And the bass was heading down the beach all the time. What with father shouting to me to hurry and the bass jerking the tip of the rod violently, things were in a fine mess. My fingers seemed all thumbs, but I finally got the handle on and the fish was soon landed.

Then came a twenty-one-pound fish, followed by one thirteen and a half, and another eighteen and a half. This kept us exceedingly busy.

Father felt tired, so went up in the dunes for a rest. I felt tired, myself, for to tell the truth, my arguments with these silvery warriors of the surf had not left me in as fresh a condition as beforehand. But I continued fishing alone.

About 1 o'clock I had a hard, fast strike. I hooked the fish. It stripped more than three hundred feet of line from the reel before I could check it. Up the beach it ran, skirting the outer bar "with the bit in its teeth." It was a "fightin' fish," quite the most determined one I had yet encountered. For a time things looked dubious. The line continued to run steadily out, despite the fact I had both thumbs hard-pressed against the spool. Then it turned and ran in on me so swiftly that I could not reel fast enough to take up the slack.

I thought I had lost it, but the line suddenly sung taut, and the merry battle was on once more. I got it coming on a great big roller, which slid it almost to my feet. That was the end. I was very tired, but when the bass pulled the scales down to twenty-four pounds I felt considerably better.

Those who want to "go and do likewise" will find in this volume a veritable mine of information, not only about the fish themselves, but on such all-important topics as tackle, camp equipment, and outfit. The illustrations from photographs are exceptionally good.

THE CALL OF THE SURF. By Van Campen Heilner and Frank Stick. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending October 2, 1920, were \$171,800,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$169,300,000; a gain of \$2,500,000.

Gold held by the banks in the Twelfth Federal District increased \$9,390,000 to \$56,037,000 during the last week, according to the weekly report made Saturday by the San Francisco Federal Reserve Bank. Gold reserves of these banks showed an increase of \$8,820,000 during the same period, according to the report.

Earning assets of the banks under this division of the Federal District also showed a gain of \$15,000 for the week ending October 1st, while bills on hand increased \$523,000.

The National Bank of Commerce of New

York makes the following statement regarding current market conditions and the credit situation:

"The credit situation has continued, during the period ending September 15th, to evidence in a substantial measure the improvement which had become apparent a month ago. There has not, it is true, been any easing of credit. Banking loans have increased in response to seasonal needs; there has been no relaxation in commercial money rates; and little change in this situation can be expected until the major requirements of the crop-moving season have been met. Nevertheless, substantial progress has been made in overcoming the difficulties in the credit situation.

"Harvesting and marketing of large crops mobility of credits is gradually being restored. Progress is being made in the liquidation of commodity stocks and of loans against them. While the downward trend of prices involves current difficulties, it is a movement toward greater rather than less stability in both the credit and the general business situation, since it tends to reduce the pressure on banking facilities and at the same time to stimulate the large potential demand for goods which increasingly high prices have impaired. In contrast with the movement in progress a year ago, therefore, the general trend of business conditions within the United States is in the direction of increasing soundness and stability.

"Prices continue to move downward in many important groups of raw products, and of semi-manufactured materials for use in further manufactures. Declines have been passed on to the finished product in some lines. Unless untoward social and political developments should take place in Europe, however, it now seems likely that in the case of most commodities the period of rapid price adjustment has passed, and that fluctuations from now on will be through a gradually narrowing margin. Present price movements, however, must be interpreted with the greatest care. Cases in point are those commodities the prices of which appear superficially stable, but in which, as a matter of fact, almost no business is being done. In such cases, actual values can not be known until trading operations are resumed.

"Curtailed of manufacturing and merchandising activities was inevitable while price changes were radical in character. On the other hand, slowly declining prices require that business be carried on cautiously with careful thought to the long future, but do not preclude sane and conservative operations. Unwillingness to face the facts in the hope of a return to another period of rapidly rising prices, and failure to admit that a new working basis must be found, not only react on the individual interests involved, but on the entire business community. Fortunately the facts have been recognized by many interests, but in some lines failure to do so is handicapping business.

"The United States is in a more favorable position than any other country in the world. If a mutual basis for transactions is found in the immediate future, labor will be kept reasonably well employed, and manufacturing, commercial, and financial operations will be maintained at a healthy level. Delay in finding such a mutual basis is not only unwise, but it might well result in entirely unnecessary industrial, financial, and social disorganization.

"The condition now prevailing in the United States of declining prices and of consequent hesitation on the part of the buyer, whether he be manufacturer or ultimate consumer, prevails in every important country of the world. The British textile industries have felt, not only a slackened domestic demand, but the effects of curtailed buying in distant markets, especially India. The hoot, shoe, and leather industries of the United Kingdom are now in a state of stagnation. Extreme dullness in the main commodity markets is reported from Constantinople. Business in South Africa is likewise reported as dull. The Japanese situation is a matter of common knowledge. Ports as widely scattered as the Pireus and Barranquilla are congested with goods bought in large quantities at the flood-tide of post-war prosperity. These goods must now be handled on overburdened railways, in markets disposed to be critical of prices.

"The rest of the world has become accustomed to the absence of the countries of central and of eastern Europe as producers and consumers of manufactured goods, but their continued inability to buy certain classes of raw materials is being increasingly felt.

"If the business hesitation now prevalent in the United States were peculiarly an American condition, a quick return to a condition of activity could be anticipated. An adjustment of international trade, however, will require a long period for its completion. American business must depend primarily on domestic demand, with the expectation of a fluctuating and uncertain foreign demand."

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company is participating in an offer of \$40,000,000 Swift & Co. 7 per cent. five-year gold notes. Coupon notes in interchangeable denominations of \$1000, \$500, and \$100. The price is 97½ and interest, to yield over 7.50 per cent. These notes will be the direct obligation of Swift & Co., one of the largest and most successful concerns in the world engaged in the production and sales of meats and their by-products. The notes are followed by \$150,000,000 authorized and issued capital stock, upon which dividends at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum are now being paid. The company has paid cash dividends without interruption for the past thirty-five years.

Opinions may differ as to coming general conditions in the business and financial world, but all men agree that adverse influences are continually aggravated and favorable ones largely neutralized by the weight of existing

excessive taxation. The present Federal tax system was hurriedly devised by inexperienced and unscientific legislators under the pressure of a great war, and its imperfections are so gross that radical modification of it is a growing necessity. Especially has that feature providing for taxation of excess profits become an intolerable handicap to enterprise and a burden on the consuming public. The unjust workings of excess profit taxes instigate business men to indulge in unnecessary and often wasteful expenditure. They make various outlays that they would get along without were the sums they spent not taken from the amount they would otherwise pay to the government. These taxpayers justify themselves by the too-well-founded suspicion that if they do not use the money the political powers that be may misuse it. Thus by the very harshness of its exactions the government is losing revenue.

Dependence for income on such a varying and uncertain quantity as the profits of business is a poor permanent policy for any government. There should be a more solid and reliable basis on which to levy contributions for its support. The excess profits rolled up in war-time no longer are feasible. Profits are shrinking toward normal as peacetime continues, and before long tribute to the government from this source must become comparatively trifling. It is already imperative to design a substitute stream for this diminishing flow into the treasury's reservoir.

To the consumer the excess profits tax is a far more serious matter than most of us have realized. This tax is invariably added by manufacturers, wholesalers, and retailers to the prices of goods produced and distributed. That is, it is pyramided, made cumulative, so that the consumer, so far as he buys, pays the taxes which he fondly supposed fell on maker and dealer. Every man, woman, and child in the United States today feels the evil effects of taxes prolonged far beyond the emergency which alone gave them sanction. One of the most urgent duties of Congress will be the prompt and sensible overhauling of our obnoxious taxation scheme.

But with what shall we replace it? Nothing better so far has been recommended than the levying of a 1 per cent. tax on "the nation's gross sales or turnover, of whatever kind or nature." This plan has been effectively advocated by financiers of standing, like J. S. Bache, Otto Kahn, and many others, and it is urged by the Business Men's National Tax Committee, an influential body. It does not involve doing away with the income tax altogether. The latter, it is planned, will be improved so as to raise the limit of exemption, abolish surtaxes, and institute a graduated income tax lighter than is now the case. Such revision of the income tax would also be an act of justice to many who suffer from present inequalities.

The gross sales tax would, it is estimated, yield \$4,000,000,000 to \$6,000,000,000 a year, sufficient, with income tax and possible protective tariff proceeds, to meet governmental outlays and leave a margin for the retirement of our war bonds. While the system now in effect is maddeningly complicated and collection of its levies extremely expensive, the gross sales tax would be simple and dues under it should be collectable easily and cheaply. The present plan, it is calculated, increases the cost of products to the consumer not less than 23 per cent. The gross sales tax would also be passed on to the consumer, but, as figured, it would add only about 3 per cent. to the cost of his purchases. Thus it would reduce H. C. L. by about 20 per cent., a material advantage that popular sentiment is likely to demand. The details of the plan should, of course, be carefully worked out by Congress so as to avoid injustices or evasions, but the central idea is rapidly growing in favor.

With our taxation system properly designed, the relief to general business would be immense. Impetus would be given to enterprise throughout the land. Taxable securities now selling low because their holders dumped them in order to procure tax-exempt issues would again become desirable and be sought for. The financial market would show new life, for then more of the profits of investment and speculation would accrue to those who risk their capital on issues of governments and corporations.—*Leslie's Weekly*.

H. Vincent Brand & Co., Western correspondents for Durell Gregory & Co. of New York, are offering at \$12 a limited number of shares of \$5,000,000 common stock, par value \$10 of the American Tire Corporation of Cleveland, Ohio.

The American Tire Corporation is organized under the laws of Delaware, with offices at the Illuminating Building, Cleveland, Ohio, and a factory at Niles, Ohio. It controls the patents, trade-marks, copyrights, etc., under an exclusive license from the American Rubber Products Company of Cleveland, Ohio.

The American Tire Corporation has purchased all of the machinery, business, goodwill, etc., of the American Rubber Products Company, and that company becomes a holding company. The directors of the American

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The American Tire Corporation is equipped to manufacture fabric for all kinds of tires, tubing, hose, straps, belting, etc. The machinery to make the fabric and the fabric itself is covered by basic patents covering a wide range of usage and construction.

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York makes the following statement regarding current market conditions and the credit situation:

"The credit situation has continued, during the period ending September 15th, to evidence in a substantial measure the improvement which had become apparent a month ago. There has not, it is true, been any easing of credit. Banking loans have increased in response to seasonal needs; there has been no relaxation in commercial money rates; and little change in this situation can be expected until the major requirements of the crop-moving season have been met. Nevertheless, substantial progress has been made in overcoming the difficulties in the credit situation.

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are being financed adequately and without undue strain on banking resources. While loans are now expanding in response to seasonal needs, as these seasonal requirements are liquidated a considerable reduction in the volume of outstanding credit may be anticipated. Meanwhile, through the shifting of credits and through the facilities of the Federal Reserve system, pressure on the banking facilities of particular sections is being distributed throughout the banking system and the strength of the credit structure as a whole is absolutely sound and unimpaired.

"A number of factors have facilitated improvement in the credit outlook. As the continued improvement in transportation permits more normal movements of commodities, the

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to the United States for material with which to renew and enlarge their working plants. Our exports of railway material in the fiscal year 1920 aggregated over \$150,000,000 in value as against \$80,000,000 in 1918 and \$25,000,000 in the year before the war.

Necessarily (says a statement by the National City Bank of New York) the world's railways "marked time" to a very considerable degree during the war, especially in new construction. Even in our own country the number of miles of road constructed in the six years since the beginning of the war has been little more than that of certain single years during the period of our active railway construction. In Europe the construction of

1920 was \$32,000,000 against \$10,000,000 in 1914, and of other track materials, including "frogs," switches, spikes, and ties, exported in 1920 \$12,000,000 against approximately \$5,000,000 in 1914. Railway cars for freight purposes show very large totals in the exports of 1920, \$54,000,000, against \$13,000,000 in 1918 and \$5,000,000 in 1914.

This demand for new material construction or equipment of world railways, adds the bank's statement, is especially interesting as an evidence of the world's growing confidence in the quality of American manufactures. The calls for this high-grade product come from every direction. Of the \$53,000,000 worth of freight cars for steam railways exported in 1920 no less than \$31,000,000 worth went to France, \$11,000,000 to Italy, and \$5,000,000 to Cuba. Of the \$32,000,000 worth of steel rails exported in 1920 the distribution was much wider, \$12,000,000 worth to Japan, \$5,000,000 to Cuba, \$1,000,000 to China, including the leased territory of Kwang-tung, \$1,500,000 worth to Brazil, \$1,300,000 to France, \$2,000,000 to British South Africa, \$1,300,000 worth to the Philippines, \$1,500,000 worth to the Dutch East Indies, and three-quarters of a million dollars to Peru. Of the \$43,000,000 worth of locomotives exported in 1920 over \$6,000,000 worth went to Italy, \$2,000,000 worth to France, \$4,000,000 to Cuba, \$2,500,000 to Brazil, \$4,000,000 to China including Kwang-tung, nearly a million dollars' worth to Russia in Europe, and one-half million dollars' worth to Russia in Asia, while our near-by neighbors, Canada and Mexico, took about one-half million dollars' worth each.

The unsold portion of the new issue of common shares of the White House, San Francisco's famous department store, have been purchased by Stephens & Co., and are placed on the market at 104. The purchaser will, in buying this stock, receive all accrued dividends since February 1, 1920.

Capitalization of the White House, when this issue was first placed on the market, was as follows: Authorized (50,000 common shares), \$5,000,000; to be presently outstanding (42,500 shares), \$4,250,000; held in treasury for future corporate purposes (7500 shares), \$750,000.

Until quite recently the capitalization of the White House was \$1,500,000 of common stock. This has been increased, as above noted, to \$5,000,000, of which \$750,000 par value remains unsold against future needs; \$1,500,000, or 15,000 shares, has been issued to former stockholders, to divide a tremendous surplus accumulated during the last ten years, and 12,500 shares, or \$1,250,000 par value, has been offered to stockholders for subscription, three-quarters of which has been subscribed by stockholders in the United States; but, unfortunately, due to the present condition of foreign exchange, the French stockholders of the company could not avail themselves of the privilege, and there is therefore offered for public subscription the remainder.

The company has no preferred stock or funded debt, with the exception of a collateral trust note issue amounting to \$750,000, maturing serially December, 1920 to 1924, inclusive, secured by a pledge with trustee, of United States government, California state and municipal and high-grade railroads bonds.

A new issue of \$2,285,000 City of Ottawa, Canada, 6 per cent. bonds (coupon bonds) in denominations of \$1000, \$500, and \$100 is being offered by E. H. Rollins & Sons and the Guaranty Trust Company of New York. These bonds are an obligation of the city at large.

Ottawa, Ontario, which was incorporated as a city in 1854, is the capital of the Dominion

of Canada. The excellent transportation facilities furnished by its position on the Ottawa River and its numerous railroads have facilitated its development as an industrial centre. The valuable forests of the neighborhood furnish abundant raw material and make the lumber industry the most important in the city. Other lines of manufacture represented here are paper mills, match factories, foundries, cement, and carhide factories.

Durell Gregory & Co. of New York, for whom H. Vincent Brand & Co. are Western correspondents, is now planning to enter the foreign field and is contemplating the opening of offices in London, Paris, and other Continental financial centres. The firm will soon be in position to give to its clients the benefits of intimate service in connection with bonds and currencies of foreign governments and securities traded in on foreign exchanges.

Carstens & Earles, Incorporated, are participating in an offer of \$4,000,000 Massey-Harris Company, Ltd. (Canada) and Massey-Harris Harvester Company (United States) ten-year 8 per cent. gold bonds dated October 15, 1920. Coupon bonds in denominations of \$1000, redeemable as a whole at 107 and interest on any interest date on thirty days' notice. The companies agree to pay the United States normal income tax up to 2 per cent. per annum if exemption is not claimed. The business carried on by the Massey-Harris Company, Ltd. (Canada) was established in 1847 and the company is now the largest manufacturer of agricultural implement machinery in the British Empire.

The Canadian company operates through Canada, and has a large business in Great Britain, Australia, and other parts of the British Empire, and in South America, France, and other European countries.

The business of the Massey-Harris Harvester Company was established in 1850. Control was acquired by the Canadian company in 1910. The two companies have since been operated under one general management.

The American company distributes throughout the United States and also does a large foreign business.

The companies have six plants, comprising 161 acres, with a floor area of eighty-three acres, and employ 5400 people.

Recognizing a need and an opportunity, the Sperry Flour Company, through its board of directors, recently proffered a fellowship in home economics to Mills College, the West's one women's college, which has been conducting a campaign for an adequate endowment fund. The board of trustees of the college promptly and graciously accepted the proposal, and the fellowship has been established. It is hoped thus to encourage the study of domestic science and the broad field of home economics—a field that affords trained women a career giving full play to ability and ambition.

Announcement has just been received from the college that the fellowship has been granted to Beth Dysart of Pacific Grove, a graduate of Mills College in the class of 1916. During the first year following her graduation Miss Dysart was organizer and manager of the College Shoppe, on the Mills College campus. She then went to France with the Red Cross as canteen worker, remaining at Dijon and later at Treves for eleven months. Since returning to California she has been assistant dietitian at the Fairmont Hospital, San Francisco.

In undertaking graduate work in home economics at Mills College she will have as her

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new roads was, of course, limited by war demands and in many cases the destruction far exceeded the construction. In other parts of the world which had relied chiefly upon Europe for financing new construction and supplying materials therefor the industry of railroad building came also to practically a standstill, and the world's railway mileage emerged from the war period showing but a small percentage of gain over that at its beginning.

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deed the grand total of material exported for railways would probably approximate, and perhaps exceed, \$200,000,000 if complete figures could be obtained. In certain lines such as steel rails, other track materials, locomotives, and cars, both freight and passenger, exact figures are available, but it is not practicable to determine what proportion of the \$25,000,000 worth of structural steel or the \$50,000,000 worth of metal-working machinery exported in 1920 was for the railways. In locomotives alone the total exports in the fiscal year 1920 amounted to \$43,000,000 against \$25,000,000 in 1919 and less than \$4,000,000 in the fiscal year 1914, all of which preceded the war. Of steel rails the total for

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The Top of the World.

We may sometimes have wondered where Ethel M. Dell finds her heroes, but at least she never wrote a tiresome story, nor a commonplace one. And her last novel is no exception the rule.

Sylvia Ingleton on her father's second marriage finds that life has become unendurable to her, and therefore she takes the desperate step of cabling to her lover Guy in South Africa to ask if she may go out to him. She receives an affirmative reply, but on her arrival at a desolate South African station she is met by her lover's cousin, Drake, who reluctantly explains to her that Guy sent her the message while he was drunk, that he is hopelessly degraded and has actually disappeared. Drake asks Sylvia to save the situation by marrying him, and Sylvia consents on the condition that the marriage shall be only formal. Then Guy puts in an appearance, as he was certain to do, and lays fresh siege to Sylvia's heart, and with that strange success that seems usually to attend the love-making efforts of the scoundrel. The story is a rather obvious one and with an obvious ending, but the author's strength is in her characterization, and while this is not quite the best work that she has done it will prove no disappointment to the fastidious novel reader.

THE TOP OF THE WORLD. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"So Saith the Spirit."

This is a volume of so-called spirit communications, and it is by the same King's Counsel who gave us the previous volume, "I Heard a Voice." We are told that the "enthusiastic reception" that greeted the first book has encouraged the author to this further publication.

Books of this kind must be regarded as part and parcel of the work of psychic research in general, and perhaps they should be judged, not as isolated productions, but from the point of view of the larger field of research. It may be said that no one now doubts the reality of these phenomena. The proofs are

overwhelming and unanswerable. But there is a great deal of doubt as to their origin, and those who are the best qualified to judge are also the most skeptical. Perhaps the reviewer will have done his whole duty by saying that this particular volume bears every mark of sincerity, that it is written with moderation and restraint, and is even by no means without beauty. The reader will form his own conclusions in accordance with his predilections.

"SO SAITH THE SPIRIT." By a King's Counsel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50.

Gas.

Mr. Edward S. Farrow, author of this best of all books on gas warfare, believes that gas and military aeronautics will play the principal parts in the next war. Gas, he tells us, is actually a humane weapon, a fact that is now fairly well established. Allied casualties from gas were 2½ per cent., while those from bullets and high explosives were 25 per cent.

In this volume Mr. Farrow tells us everything about the use of gas in war, how the gases are made, how they are discharged, their effects upon the victims, and the appropriate remedies. The number of gases that were used in the war is astonishing. A vast industry was created, and it would seem that the ingenuity of the chemists was greater than has ever been displayed in peace. The volume is completed by appendices and an index.

GAS WARFARE. By Edward S. Farrow. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

Socialism.

Let it be admitted that Mr. J. Bruce Glasier, chairman of the Independent Labor party in England, writes beautifully about socialism. The publishers say truly, but irrelevantly, that this is so, and it is so. Doubtless he could write beautifully about shaving, or postoffices, or appendicitis, or anything. But beauty can hardly be said to help us much toward the solution of an economic problem. It may even be in the way.

Mr. Glasier says nothing new, although he does it remarkably well. He believes that another and more intricate social mechanism

would make us happy, and he describes the mechanism in fervid terms. The same belief has been held with the same confidence by generations of reformers, religious, political, economic, educational, and social. Most of them have been allowed to have their way, to tinker with the machine, but without checking the *descensus avernii* of inequality, avarice, violence. We are now invited to remodel the mechanism, on a more extensive scale than ever before and we have a foreboding that the invitation may be accepted. None the less we have the conviction that it is not the mechanism that is at fault, but rather the motive power of human nature, and that the fundamental weakness of all these schemes is their neglect of the human equation. So long as greed is the dominating factor in human relations it will not be possible to lessen the results of greed, no matter how industriously we may work at the nuts and bolts. But for those who find some gratification in the contemplation of phantoms it may be said that Mr. Glasier has evoked an attractive one.

THE MEANING OF SOCIALISM. By J. Bruce Glasier. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

Henry Elizabeth.

Here we have another of Justin Huntly McCarthy's historical stories, told with the easy fluency and the absence of pedantry that are among their greatest attractions.

Henry Elizabeth is the Master of Braginton in Devonshire and he is also a drunkard and a lout. But fate knocks at the door when a traveling party passes through Braginton and Henry Elizabeth finds himself compelled to fight a duel for which he is in no way fitted and falls in love with a lovely lady who henceforth becomes his guiding star.

Henry Elizabeth renounces his drunken sloth and rides to London to find his lady and to take whatever fate may have in store for him. He is an adaptable fellow, and we discover, moreover, that he is a good deal of a man. Presented to Queen Elizabeth, he is so fortunate as to render that extraordinary woman a service, first by saving her life from plotters and then by extirpating a nest of rebels. Indeed his adventures are continuous and we need no forewarning that he will find again the lady who has alike enchanted and redeemed him. It is a readable novel, and we particularly appreciate the picture of Elizabeth, which may or may not be accurate, but that is certainly distinctive.

HENRY ELIZABETH. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: John Lane Company.

Briefer Reviews.

Little, Brown & Co. have published an attractive volume for little children. It is entitled "The Crystal Ball," by Mary D. Gordon, and it is described as the strange adventures of Joan and Jock in the magical Garden of the Sun. Price, \$2.

An admirable little handbook for the dancing aspirant is the "Handbook of Ball Room Dancing," by Paymaster Commander A. M. Cree, R. N., with an introduction by George Grossmith and with many practical diagrams. It is published by the John Lane Company.

An attractively illustrated volume for children comes from Little, Brown & Co. It is entitled "Adventures in Mother Goose Land," by Edward Gowar, with pictures by Alice Bolam Preston. It will be enough to say that little Noel journeys to Mother Goose land and makes new discoveries about the people there. Price, \$2.25.

"Famous Psychic Stories," edited by J. Walker McSpadden (Thomas Y. Crowell Company) consists of reprints of weird narratives by Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edgar Allan Poe, Wilkie Collins, Margaret Oliphant, Montague Rhodes James, E. F. Benson, Ambrose Bierce, W. F. Harvey, Elia W. Peattie, Evangeline W. Blashfield, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, and Isaac K. Funk.

Psychic books come fast, and among the latest is "The Fellowship of the Picture," an automatic script "taken down" by Nancy Dearer, with an introduction by Percy Dearer, M. A., D. D. (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25). Both Dr. Dearer and Mrs. Dearer believe that these communications come from the source indicated in the script itself. It is a belief that the judicious will view with some doubt.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Archibald Marshall, the popular English novelist, who had intended to visit America this year, writes his American publishers, Dodd, Mead & Co., that he will not be able to make the trip, owing to ill health.

Harry A. Franck, whose "Roaming Through the West Indies" is about to appear under the imprint of the Century Company, has just returned to New York, after burying himself for some time in the Canadian wilds. Mr. Franck looks much benefited by his outing and is eager to begin work on a new book to be entitled "Working My Way North."

Antoinette Donnelly, whose new book, "How to Reduce (New Waist Lines for Old)," D.

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Appleton & Co. publish this week, is health expert for the Chicago Tribune, and as such recently took part in an interesting contest. She chose twenty-five fat men and engaged to reduce them in less time than her opponent, Dr. J. D. Robertson, Chicago's health commissioner, could perform a like service for overweight women. Final victory was with Miss Donnelly, and the contest was waged with much spirit.

Virginie Woolf, author of "The Voyage Out" (Doran), is the daughter of Sir Leslie Stephen and the god-daughter of James Russell Lowell. She was educated at home chiefly by her father. Even before the publication of "Night and Day" and "The Voyage Out" she attracted much attention in English literary circles by her articles which appear regularly in the Times Literary Supplement and the Athenaeum.

E. Alexander Powell has just received new honors for his services as a writer. He has been made an officer of the Crown of Italy. At present he is busy on a book relating his recent experiences in the Orient, which the Scribners will publish shortly.

George Barr McCutcheon has temporarily deserted the East to spend six months or more in California. He is at work on a new novel—a mystery story.

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Whose bookcase do my Conrads fill?
And my "Decameron"? I squint
Along my shelves and feel a chill:
"Lavengro" gone! O imbecile
To lend that book! Yes, I am shent.
I'll put your conscience on the grill:
If here are the books that I have lent?

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My "Ocean Tramp"—all gone! Until
Those books come back my heart is flint;
My "Trivia," too—a bitter pill!
Now, by the root of Yggdrasil
I ask where my Max Beerbohm went?
And so I roar, with metric skill,
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To bring them back last week. . . . But still
If here are the books that I have lent?
—Christopher Morley in the Weekly Review.

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Steve Allenwood of the Mounted Police receives orders to undertake a two-year trip to the north in order to investigate the reported murder by Indians of two white traders. Upon his return after almost unbearable hardships he finds that his young wife has eloped with a government official, taking their baby daughter with her. After a fruitless pursuit of the couple, Allenwood returns to the north in order to undertake a search for the strange narcotic plant which he now knows to exist and which, properly used, can be of vast service to the practice of medicine. He takes with him a young white boy and his Indian nurse, whom he had rescued from destitution on the occasion of his first visit. Thenceforth we have the story of his search for the herb under the fiery shadow of the great northern volcano and his ultimate encounter with the man who had ruined his life and the consequent recovery of his daughter, now grown to womanhood. The story is told with exceptional energy by an author who pays to his readers the compliment of thoroughly acquainting himself with the conditions of which he writes.

THE HEART OF UNAGA. By Ridgwell Cullum. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Everyday Americans.

Mr. Canhy, who writes this chatty sketch of the American mind after the war, seems to think that we are all too much alike, too little tolerant of types. That is why it is possible to write of the American mind. It is homogeneous. In certain respects we all talk alike, our newspaper are all alike. The same mind is to be found in the laborer and the farmer, the professional man and the millionaire. If we are not careful it will mean stagnation and therefore "death to the minds that maintain it."

Mr. Canhy deals with the American mind in the course of seven chapters. He treats of conservatism, radicalism, idealism, religion, literature, and the bourgeoisie. On the whole he seems to think that optimism is justified,

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but there must be some radical changes in our thinking. We are overfond of praising the virtues of our forefathers and the wealth of our compatriots. Our diet of ideals is too large and of practices too small. "Our traits," says the author, "are not the fine exclusiveness, the discrimination, the selfishness of an aristocracy. Nor are they the social solidarity, the intellectual democracy, the intolerance of a proletariat. One finds rather individualism in opinion and unity in thought. One finds conservatism in institutions and radicalism in personal ambitions. One finds a solid, though dull morality, a distrust of ideas, a plentiful lack of taste, an abundance of the homely virtues of industry, truth-telling, optimism, idealism, and charity, which, in an age that suits such talents, make a man healthy, wealthy, and, in his own generation, wise."

EVERYDAY AMERICANS. By Henry Seidel Canhy. New York: The Century Company.

New Books Received.

THE PLEASURES OF COLLECTING. By Gardner Teall. New York: The Century Company.

Quaint and curious mementoes of the world of yesterdays.

FORTY YEARS ON THE PACIFIC. By Frank Coffee. New York: Oceanic Publishing Company.

A book of reference for the traveler and pleasure for the stay-at-home.

THE DESPOILERS. By J. Edmund Buttree. Boston: Christopher Publishing House; \$2.

An exposure of the operations of the Non-Partisan League.

THE IDOLATRY OF SCIENCE. By the Hon. Stephen Coleridge. New York: John Lane Company.

An argument that conduct, and not science, is the standard of human values.

TURN ABOUT TALES. By Alice Hegan Rice. New York: The Century Company.

Short stories.

ONE AFTER ANOTHER. By Stacy Aumonier. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25.

A novel.

HUMORS OF A PARISH AND OTHER QUAINTESS. By the Rev. W. B. Money. New York: John Lane Company.

A book of reminiscences.

FOUR GIRLS OF FORTY YEARS AGO. By Nine Rhoades. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50.

For girls.

DOROTHY DAINTY AT GEM ISLAND. By Amy Brooks. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company.

For girls.

A MAYFLOWER MAID. By E. B. Knipe and A. A. Knipe. New York: The Century Company.

A novel.

THE HEART OF UNAGA. By Ridgwell Cullum. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A novel of the Far North.

THE STORY OF JESUS. Selected and arranged by Ethel Nathalie Dana. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

Pictures from famous paintings.

LITTLE HEROES OF FRANCE. By Kathleen Burke. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

On the heroism of French children.

MEMOIRS OF THE COUNT DE ROCHECHOUART.



Translated by Frances Jackson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

An autobiography.

A TALE THAT IS TOLD. By Frederick Niven. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A novel.

THE SHIBBOLETHS OF TUBERCULOSIS. By Marcus Paterson, M. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

A general survey.

THE COMPLEX VISION. By John Cowper Powys. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A system of philosophy.

CANTEENING OVERSEAS, 1917-1919. By Marion Baldwin. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.

A record of work.

A GARDEN OF PEACE. By F. Frankfort Moore. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A melody in quietude.

No DEFENSE. By Gilbert Parker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

A novel.

MAINWARING. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A novel.

THE WASTED ISLAND. By Eimar O'Duffy. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A novel.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE PICTURE. Taken down by Nancy Dearmer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25.

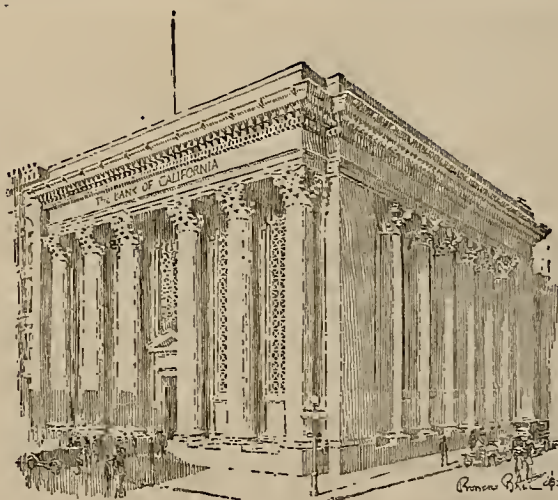
An automatic script.

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE. By W. B. Maxwell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A novel.

THE LIFE OF LIZA LEHMANN. By herself. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

An autobiography.



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REALLY, TRULY GRAND OPERA.

The Frank Healy management has successfully dealt with the stage problem at the Exposition Auditorium by walling off all the space parallel to the front edge of the stage with what looks like stiffened textile; probably hurlap. This cuts off all those aggravatingly useless side seats, and a still further effect of comparative snugness is gained by masking the ceiling with the same fabric.

The stage is thus brought well toward the front centre of the Auditorium, and the audience is proportionately soothed. The element that is missing is, of course, the brilliantly colored curves and the tiers of boxes in an ordinary opera house. Quantities of women honored the occasion by wearing opera costume, but once they sat down their glories were extinguished by being hurried in the dead level.

The performance of "L'Oracolo," with its fine dramatic motive and picturesque Asiatic intrigue, fully sustained the anticipations of the audience, who counted on Scotti's specialty in offering performances of dramatic strength by his general company.

We saw old Chinatown transferred to the stage, with a fine mastery of arts employed to secure the familiar effect. The scene was bizarre, Asiatic, colorful in a random way; just as we remember it before the fire. Ramshackle houses, the dull red of an old brick building with green balconies, brown walls, scraps of orange color flapping on the clothes lines; a painter's picturesque composition, harmoniously colored and dramatically appropriate.

It is midnight, the time of mystery and murder, and Chim Fang, the impassive keeper of a gambling den, dominates the scene. We hear the clamor of excited voices from within echoing the quarrels of the game, and when, occasionally, a Chinese gambler was violently expelled, the scene was so realistic that the full, round, Italian tones of protest gave us a sense of surprise. For Scotti is a masterly constructor of atmosphere, although he can not make Italian voices suggest emergence from a Chinese throat.

Scotti himself is an exceedingly fine actor,

and was excellent in indicating the cunning craft and cold Asiatic villainy of Chim Fang.

So the familiar drama goes on; every one has read the story of "The Cat and the Cherub" or seen it played. And as it is developed we realize that "L'Oracolo" is old-fashioned opera under a Chinese mask. The setting, the acting, the orchestration are all so extremely well done that we believe, for a time, that it is a modern work, but gradually the perception comes to us that Franco Leoni, the composer, had not entered into the modern spirit when he composed the work.

His music does not reach a very high plane, and were it not for the fine voices of the singers the dramatic would overtop the musical interest of the performance. For there is an intensity of suggestion throughout the entire drama of absolutely heartless scheming. Murder is a mere incident. The American policeman passes, remaining absolutely deaf, dumb, and blind, as he regards the impassive figures of the silent plotters, to the throbbing nocturnal drama with which the dark night is permeated.

Marie Sundelius' lovely soprano beautifully expressed the gentle tenderness of Ah Yoe's young love, and Mario Chamlee's virile tenor was well adapted to conquer the vast spaces of the huge Auditorium. Every part was well sung, indeed, and a word of high appreciation is due Giovanni Martini for his fine portrayal of the ruthless Winn Shee, a companion portrait to Scotti's impressive depiction of Chim Fang.

"Pagliacci"—Almost immediately the audience felt the difference musically, for here was the score of a master. "Pagliacci" is one of the finest music-dramas we see on the operatic stage, Leoncavallo having made an almost perfect union of text and tone by writing his own book. So well has he done it that the story always grips at once, and the illusion is strong, more particularly because of the simple-naturalness of the comedy relief.

It is not any too often, nevertheless, that we attain to that feeling in opera, but again the fine histrionic quality which the singers put into their rôles made the tragedy tense and terrifying. The quieter, more impassive Chinese tragedy was quite outshone. Here were desperate emotions, founded on the primal passion, instead of gain, singing madly against the hanks of self-control.

Morgan Kingston's Canio was so richly endowed both vocally and emotionally that the singer carried his audience with him on a high tide of feeling.

Anna Roselle presented a striking conception of Nedda, whom she depicted, unlike the simpler being of birdlike joy we are familiar with, as a passionate but shallowly sensual creature; a Carmen-like being, so carnal in feeling as to account for the murderous frenzy to which her infidelity drove her lover. Her costume, too, admirably expressed the psychology of the character, with its glowings of mingled color and its suggestion of bird-like plumage.

Millo Pico and Mario Laurenti are not, perhaps, counted among the stars of the company, but they are both excellent singers and good actors, and their numbers were thoroughly appreciated by a delighted audience.

Naturally, with such a surprisingly fine ensemble, the choral work was beautifully done, there being no evidence of the choral weakness and disunion often perceived in these difficult numbers.

The orchestration was superbly rendered, under the able baton of Carlo Peroni, and although we will all forget his Italian name, it is but just, in view of the exceedingly fine

dramatic quality of the two performances, to pay our respects to Amando Agnini, the stage manager, although Scotti is the general director.

"THE ACQUITTAL."

Darwin would certainly have enjoyed this play. Who does not like to have his interest titivated by detective mysteries? I mean more particularly when they are in the drama, and we are protected by a thoughtful playwright from running against those snags of human nature that are so unpicturesquely ugly and sordid in the daily-paper crimes.

"The Acquittal" is full of thrills of interest and suspense, and the author—although a new one, apparently Rita Weiman by name—shows an admirable conciseness in handling her dialogue and working up her thrills. Just that one, apparently, Rita Weiman by name—shows so much in four almost monosyllables.

The author, also, refuses to walk in the beaten track. Her device for establishing her premises in the first act and for ushering in a disarming impression of the villain is decidedly clever, the scene by the slangy reporters highly entertaining, and the structure of the play throughout shows good craftsmanship in placing her effects. Also she piques the curiosity, and, when she makes her startling revelation, does it just in time to intensify the dramatic situation.

It is not surprising that George M. Cohan recognized the possibilities of the play and gave it his usual expert, first-class setting. For the company is very good throughout, and the leading rôles are filled by players who are particularly happy in interpreting the author's intentions.

Harold Vermilye, who was made known to the San Francisco public in "A Tailor Made Man," comes on the scene as a brisk, enterprising reporter. Subsequently he develops into or rather is revealed as a detective sluth of the kind that his author-creator never allows to miss a trick. Sherlock Holmes and his lines of successors did, occasionally, run up against something that they couldn't climb over, but Joe Conway, in the shape of an ornery little reporter, was of the unerring kind. He always held a full hand of aces. And the audience likes it.

Mr. Vermilye in "A Tailor Made Man" didn't ornament his horrowed plumes quite so well as Dudley Ayres of the Alcazar, but he does the sang froid act in "The Acquittal" in first-class shape. Also he wins the suffrage of his audience, carrying them sweepingly with him to each triumphant curtain.

Marie Louise Walker supplies the romantic element, being pretty and interestingly repressed in her depiction of the wife's knowledge of the damniog secret. And when Madeline let herself go, and the flood of horror, revolt, and accusing revelation burst forth, the actress revealed herself as mistress of the art of expressing dramatic emotion in a manner to thrill the audience into the appropriate condition of burning sympathy.

Kernan Cripps seems to have tamed his former ebullience and cheerful unction to the more strenuous demands required in a rôle of villainy. He is a better actor than he used to be, and expressed the cornered-rat feeling of a cowardly criminal with great effectiveness.

Mildred Southwick also was required to express volumes of secret knowledge hidden away under an imperturbable exterior, and did her share in creating the illusion that every one was walking on dangerous explosives.

Nine other rôles are required to complete the list; and all are carefully and effectively presented. That makes thirteen all told, but the technical efficiency of the author is shown by her skillful way of manipulating not only the subsidiary people, and utilizing them with an economy of dialogue that is most commendable, but also by the much of meaning that is expressed in the little of words. For instance, like the "Her name is Conway" previously referred to, the remark of Conway about the diminished number of strychnine pellets in the box also conveys an infinity of meaning; a meaning which involves the punishment and suppression of the guilty and the projection of a just faintly indicated romance, which also receives a further suggestion from the brief announcement "My sister"—with a word or two further to deprive the information conveyed of inartistic abruptness.

In fact it is very plain that Rita Weiman has not rushed into play-writing without giving herself a good equipment of stage technic. It is also probable that so clever a technician—for one who seems, from the unfamiliarity of her name, to be a beginner in the field—has done service as a player.

Naturally, being a George M. Cohan production, the performance is stage-directed with great efficiency. There are a number of pregnant pauses in the play that are fairly hursting with significance, but they are extremely well done, every one of them contributing to the state of high tension enjoyed by the audience.

The author has the opening scene begin with a vacant stage, and the final curtain also falls upon an unpopulated scene; one of the

effects which show that she feels no necessity to walk in ruts.

HYGIENE IN THE DRAMA.

Everything gets there eventually, so in "A Cure for Curables" at the Alcazar the business man, nerve-depleted by over-responsibility, the elegant lady enfeebled by too much ardor in the pursuit of pleasure, and others in the chase for health, may find in light, amusing, dramatic shape the application of the doctor's tedious and rarely followed advice; i. e., exercise, fresh air, and plain food.

The play is by Earl Derr Biggers, author of that highly entertaining piece of dramatic in-

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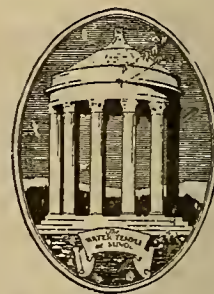


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Neglect of leaking fixtures causes this abnormal condition.

Here is an account which strikingly illustrates this phase of water waste:

	Consumption.	Bill.
March	500	\$1.85
April	500	1.85
May	400	1.61
June	18,300	40.07
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August	300	1.37
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The premises consist of three stores, a soft drink saloon and a pool hall. Since May the pool hall has been to let.

As soon as the enormous June delivery of water was reported by the meter reader, our Service Department made an inspection.

A defective toilet in the vacant pool hall was running at full head, wasting into the sewer some 4000 gallons of water a day!

Our Service Department immediately notified the owner, but he was not equally prompt in acting, as the July registration shows. By August, however, consumption was normal.

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genuity, "The Seven Keys of Baldpate," with the assistance of William Hodge, the well-known comedian. It is really a farce-comedy, since the motive is so farcical, the proprietor of a sanitarium having on his death devised it to a kinsman on condition that the young doctor cures ten patients in thirty days. However, there is no buffoonery in the piece, and perhaps even some simple souls may derive from the wisdom of the young doctor some guidance for themselves, since an entertaining play often makes more impression than dull and unwelcome advice.

Some two dozen players are needed adequately to represent the piece, and there are six or seven new faces in evidence, the Alcazar always seeming to have useful reserves to draw on.

The audience testified much enjoyment at seeing its favorites tackling the nimble boe and rake and setting forth to do field work in pursuit of health, and café-haunters seemed to approve with laughing inconsistency of the regimen of bread and milk served as dinner for the healthfully fatigued toilers.

The play being located in Virginia, the musical programme consisted entirely of old Southern airs, which the audience applauded vigorously. Also they enjoyed the settings, which, as is invariably the case at the Alcazar, were appropriate and picturesque.

The mission of the play is purely to amuse, but since a sanitarium does its full share in serving as the background for romance, the author does not hesitate to allow the young doctor to win a sweetheart from among his patients, thoughtfully selecting for that pur-

pose the one among the women patients who had the least ailment.

There's a villain in the play, too, which kind of stiffens things up, for a short time, into a suggestion of melodrama. In fact the complaisant author allows his play to reflect various passing ripples: the bridge-and-cabaret-jaded devotee, the business man, nerve-worn and testy, the farmer who is yelping for hired hands, the gouty subject who swears chronically, the drunkard who wants to be cured, all pass in turn before the tribunal in front, each winning a passing ripple of amusement.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra's advance concert at the Exposition Auditorium last Saturday night was listened to with that genuine musical appreciation, for which a considerable share of gratitude is due to this trained body of musicians, by upwards of seven thousand people. So long have the instrumentalists worked together that the summer cessation of the concerts fails to mar their admirable tone-work.

The "Leonore" overture of Beethoven, Handel's Largo, two movements of the always loved "Pathétique" and the "Meistersinger" overture were the principal numbers. The "Kol Nidrei," played by Horace Britt, was intensely appreciated, and Edwin Lemare rendered the "Fugue à la Gigue" of Bach on the organ.

The latter part of the programme contained lighter selections, a Johann Strauss number, Mendelssohn's Spring Song, the "Poet and Peasant" overture of Suppe, and some others. The programme was of liberal quantity, but the general audience maintained its attitude of profound enjoyment at the close.

The stand-bys, however, will be glad to have the concerts in the regular place, as some noticed a faint muffledness of tone in certain parts of the house, and others felt that the harmonies showed a tendency to become diffused in the vast spaces. The leader, Alfred Hertz, received a demonstration of warm welcome when he first appeared.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

George M. Cohan's new mystery play, "The Acquittal," has made a tremendous impression at the Columbia Theatre, where on Sunday night it will enter upon the second and final week of its engagement. Harold Vermilye, who will be remembered for his John Paul Bart in "A Tailor Made Man" of last season, appears in the rôle of the young newspaper man, Conway, who takes it upon himself to unravel the mystery of "The Acquittal." There are action, tense situations, and superb acting in this attraction.

The Alcazar Theatre.

The laughter and cheer of "A Cure for Curables," that find expression at the Alcazar this week, will give way next Sunday to the tense emotionalism of "The Hypocrites." It is by Henry Arthur Jones and achieved sensational success when produced in London and New York by the late Charles Frohman. "The Hypocrites" is one of the finest dramatic documents that ever reached the English-speaking stage. In adroitness of construction, in faultless technic, in superb literary quality, as well as in forceful acting opportunities, this simple story of a girl's betrayal and her rehabilitation stands recognized as one of the masterpieces of the modern stage. Its scenes are laid in England, depicting the struggle of a fearless young clergyman and the smug Pharisees who vainly seek to dominate him. There is a picked cast, with Dudley Ayres as the curate of Weybury, Inez Ragan as the wronged girl Rachel Neve, Brady Kline as the master of Plugnet Court, Rafael Brunetto as the lord of the manor, Ben Erway as his profligate son, Emily Melville as the scheming mother, Emily Pinter as the high-minded fiancée, Henry Shumer as the sly, sleek vicar, Al Cunningham as the financial agent, Charles Murphy and May Nannery as the doctor and his wife, Gladys Emmons as the wife of the curate, Walter Belasco and Dorothy Bartley as house servants.

The farcical comedy, new to this city, "Too

Many Husbands," follows Sunday, November 17th. It is by W. Somerset Maugham and was a great success in New York when produced last season by A. H. Woods at the Booth Theatre.

The Maitland Playhouse.

The reorganized Maitland Players, headed by Arthur Maitland and augmented by Miss Mildred Cates, a charming leading woman, and Arthur Allard of Los Angeles, who is to be seen in important rôles during the season, will present "The Typhoon" this coming week at the Maitland.

"The Typhoon" is the story of a Japanese scientist who is studying conditions in Europe. He falls in love with a German woman, who leads him on and finally spurns him. There is a wonderful opportunity for dramatic incidents during the course of the play and they will be made the most of by Maitland and his associates.

Theatre-goers have been charmed with the Galsworthy play, "The Eldest Son," the modern society drama that will come to a close on Saturday with matinee and evening performance.

The Orpheum.

Notable Harry Fox is the Orpheum's headliner for next week. Fox was in vaudeville with the Millership Sisters, with Yanci Dolly, and by himself. His return here will be a sort of home-coming, a week of jollification in the Orpheum. Beatrice Curtis, conceded by Harrison Fisher to be the most beautiful miss on the American stage, is Fox's partner.

Willis Clark, also here next week, is a pioneer in the field of one-act plays. This season his vehicle will be "A Good Bad Man," in which he portrays the middle-aged man of the world.

Earle S. Dewey and Mabel "Billie" Rogers come in "No Tomorrow," a vaudeville oddity, which affords them opportunity for singing, dancing, and dialogue.

Billy Shone's contribution will be a number of songs and stories tied with a thread of an idea. He is reputed to be extremely successful in his line of work.

The Four Harmony Kings, negroes with a sense of harmony and humor, described as "A Symphony in Color," will be another of the next week's Orpheum features.

The Three Lordons will offer an exceptionally clever bar act with different variations from their predecessors. Their unusual tricks will be put over in a comedy vein.

Two prodigies in the seal family are Wastiska and Understudy, noted for their intelligence and the number of amusing feats they perform.

Sheila Terry, headliner of this week, continues. Films and orchestra provide the other ingredients of the bill.

Players Theatre.

The long anticipated opening of the fall repertory season at the Players Theatre, on Bush Street, near Octavia, takes place Friday evening, October 8th. The charming little playhouse has been completely redecorated for the occasion, and Director Reginald Travers promises an auspicious première with a bill of four one-act plays by local authors, each one being a first presentation. "Charity," by Charles Caldwell Dobie, has the following cast: Charles Trowbridge, Jane Parent, Carl Kroenke, Virginia Sciaroni, and Rosetta Baker. "Thieves," a whimsicality by Helen Mitchell, will be interpreted by Carolyn Green, Estelle Loney, Kathleen Rucker, Talma-Zetta Wilbur, Beatrice Bacigalupi, and Madeleine Harrington. "The China King's Daughter" is an extravaganza by Henry Kirk and should prove a novelty, having a cast of real Chinese. Dan Totheroh has contributed a very strong drama of early California entitled "The Breaking of the Calm." In this cast are Hilda Deniville, Carl Kroenke, Harold Weule, Percy McGuire, Joseph Carson Sturgis, and Rudolph Hess.

A request performance of "Richard II" with William S. Rainey is scheduled for Saturday evening.

Monday night marks the first production in San Francisco of Gilbert and Sullivan's light opera, "Ruddigore." The Players have a splendid cast of forty-four people and an augmented orchestra under the direction of George Edwards. The cast includes Miriam Elkus, Easton Kent, Reginald Travers, Mabel Gump, Jane Parent, Benjamin Purrington, Ruth Bates, Harry Coles, Emanuel Rosenthal, and Carolyn Kroenke.

The repertory for the remainder of the week is as follows: Tuesday, one-act plays; Wednesday, "Ruddigore"; Thursday, "Richard"; Friday, one-act plays; Saturday, "Ruddigore."

Seats may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s or at the theatre box-office. A considerable saving is effected by purchasing season coupon books.

Symphony Orchestra.

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will give its first Sunday symphony concert in the Curran Theatre on next Sunday afternoon.



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For this occasion a well-balanced programme has been prepared, which consists of Beethoven's third symphony, the "Eroica," Richard Strauss' symphonic poem "Don Juan," and "Italia," by Alfredo Casella. The latter work, which is new to San Francisco, is a rhapsody on Sicilian and Neapolitan songs.

On the following Sunday, October 17th, the first popular concert will be given. The principal items will be Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, the prelude to the third act of Wagner's "Lohengrin," Saint-Saëns' symphonic poem "Le Rouet d'Omphale," the melodious "Coppelia" ballet suite of Delibes, and Schumann's ever-welcome "Traumerei."

Hub—It seems to me that you come to this office a good deal more than there is any occasion for. Wife—I can't help it, dear. Your manners in the office are so much nicer than they are at home that I really enjoy the contrast.—New York Globe.

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Beginning Sunday, October 10

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"Italia," Alfredo Casella (first time in San
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Prices—50c to \$1. Seats on sale at Sherman,
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Sun., Oct. 17—FIRST "POP" CONCERT.

PLAYERS THEATRE

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Fall Repertoire Season Opens
FRIDAY EVE., OCT. 8TH—8:15 P. M.
With Bill of Four New One-Act Plays

"Charity".....Chas. C. Dobie
"Thieves".....Helen Mitchell
"The Breaking of the Calm".....Dan Totheroh
"The China King's Daughter".....Henry Kirk

Saturday, Oct. 9th, and Thursday, Oct. 14th
"RICHARD III," with Wm. S. Rainey

Mon., Oct. 11; Wed., Oct. 13; Sat., Oct. 16
Gilbert & Sullivan's Opera

"RUDDIGORE"

Cast of 45, including Mabel Gump, Easton
Kent, Miriam Elkus, Reginald Travers,
Len Barnes, Ben Purrington

Tuesday, Oct. 12th; Friday, Oct. 15th
FOUR ONE-ACT PLAYS

Coupons books containing \$30 worth of
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This Week—The Happy Comedy
"A CURE FOR CURABLES"

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VANITY FAIR.

Mr. W. L. George, writing in the New York Tribune, describes his sensations as he approached the coast of America. One's impressions of America are supposed to begin about the fourth day at sea, so that one may be all ready for the interviewer, who will assuredly ask them at the foot of the gangway—that is to say, if the traveler is important enough to have impressions. Mr. W. L. George tells us that he began to arrange his impressions by making judicious remarks to a steward who seemed to him to be the most typical of

Yankees, but who subsequently turned out to be an Irishman from New Mexico. Mr. George broke the ice, so to speak, with some appropriate remarks about the land of the brave and the home of the free, but the steward advised him to keep that sort of stuff in the cyclone cellar until the next Fourth. Democratic institutions, explained the steward, were annual occasions and out of season just at the moment. So Mr. George put his helms hard over and sailed away gayly on another tack:

The brief pronouncement is a little discouraging, so I shift the conversation to women, a ground together more sympathetic and more familiar. "I'm told that I am going to be dazzled by the beauty of the American women."

"I reckon you will. You'll see more live things on Broadway in an hour than you'll have time to break your neck over in a year."

"Oh!" I protest, "I'm not going over with Mormon intentions."

"Better not. You'd have the cops after you if you did!" For the first time enthusiasm enters the steward's voice. "You know, you can't get fresh in the States. Knocking around in London and Southampton as I do, it sort of makes you compare things. One thing an Englishman's got to realize is, America's pure."

"But," I cry, "I've been reading a novel about seamy New York by David Graham Phillips."

"Never heard of him."

"Well, there's Reginald Wright Kauffman."

"Novels ain't true, are they? I don't know why anybody wastes his time over them."

"No more do I," I reply with understanding. "But a stranger must get his impressions when he can, and the little I know about American women I can only get from books."

"American women," repeated the steward meditatively, "they're like the rest. Women are all alike. Some are worse."

"That's rather a cynical view," I remark. "But don't you think the American woman may be different from the others? This boat is full of them, and already I seem to have noticed a seriousness I am not accustomed to in their English sisters, a desire to inform themselves, an interest in literature, and ideas, a keenness which is quite new to me."

"It won't be new long," replies the steward, bitterly. Then, cautiously: "Of course, if you've married an American."

I reassure him. I even make an allusion to the American husband. As he is an Ameri-

can husband this seems to inflame the steward. He evidently has a grievance.

"People come over," he grumbles. "They kinder stick a pin through the American. Like a beetle. And put him in a museum. With a label round his neck: 'American Husband. Guaranteed not to wear and tear.'" I laugh. This does not mollify him: "People in England say to me that the women have it all their own way in America. They seem to think we throw a million dollars into the lap of the old woman and tell her to go out and buy a shirtwaist. That we haven't a mind of our own. That we hang gifts on the Christmas trees. That our way of doing business is to knock at the wife's door and ask, 'Say, Mamie, what do you want me to think?' That's the American husband's programme, according to the English." I protest that he exaggerates. To which he briefly replies: "I didn't start the exaggeration." Then he sketches me the American husband as a man of blood, whose womankind tremble at his frown, who returns from his daily carnage in office or factory demanding to be entertained by pretty faces, good clothes, pleasant gossip, and who is not to be contradicted.

I seem to recognize the type. Can it be universal? Can it be that my vision of the American husband, with a face by Harrison Fisher and a soul by Gene Stratton-Porter, is also an exaggeration? Are all my ideas of America exaggerated? I suggest this to the steward, but he seems conscious of having been libeled in some obscure way. From the heights of his philosophic observation he describes a most unsatisfactory America, where meals, morals, and manners recall those of the Continent I have left behind, where idealism takes its proper place in the train of advantage, where people make pianos and ash trays, as we do; play the first and fill the second, as we do; where railway trains run on wheels, and where cows have four legs. This is most disappointing. Such an expensive journey to find in the New World only the Old World—more so. I won't believe it. America can not be like Europe; she couldn't be so silly. America must be different; she shall be different. To me, Columbia shall be the Gibson Girl. She shall embody all my illusions, even though the steward says one doesn't acquire new ones as one goes on. Is he a wise man, or just a man embittered by his life between two worlds, like a squirrel in a wheel at the mercy of the turbines, between two worlds, and of none? So I leave him. He loads me with no final message. In direct sentences he has said what he had to say, using the word "Yep" only once, and the word "Nup" not at all. Already he is returning to that state of wakefulness which so successfully conceals slumber.

Mr. George confesses that he had made a strong mental picture of what he would find in America. He had read Mr. Arnold Bennett and other veracious writers and he had also called on his imagination:

I have a vision of the hotels I am going to visit, to say nothing of their bills. I rather look forward to the hotels themselves, to their sixty floors, their dancing halls on the roof, their reproductions of the seaside in the basement. But I am nervous when I reflect on the labor-saving bedroom, with its button for fresh air, button for hot air (essential to writers), ice-chest, electric heater, radiator, bed lights, letter chute, and automatic telephone. It is going to be shattering. I know that before I have done I shall try to obtain a small glass of lemonade and find that I have been put through to the governor of California. It is all going to be very modern, as well as very swift. And I'm not wholly modern; I haven't even been up in an aeroplane. And the bill! You've no idea how terrified we are of the American bill. Mr. Arnold Bennett wrote a little book on how to live on twenty-four hours a day, but on how to live on \$24 an hour he maintains, in his delightful book, "Those United States," a regrettable silence. And I understand that I shan't get my boots cleaned for six months. It is going to be very exciting.

I am afraid that part of our vision of America comes through the cinema, and the operator does turn the handle so fast. He opens and closes so many doors simultaneously. He piles before our modest European eyes such costly furs, upon such beautiful women, in such enormous automobiles. Can it be that the cinema exaggerates? Surely there must be an America both sleepy and cheap! As I look at the map and read names such as Concord, N. H., or Greeley, Colo., I tell myself that this modest lettering can not represent a cinematic America. But rumor and the cinema are too strong for us, and there rises before my eyes a vision of the really rich man's home, a combination by Frank Norris and Miss Lillian Barrett. It stands on Fifth Avenue, or on Riverside Drive; it has a forecourt of Byzantine mosaic roofed in Carrara marble. Columns. Fountain. Goldfish. Staircase of wrought iron, from a French Renaissance chateau. Black oak panels, linen pattern, from a ducal mansion in Somersetshire. Drawing room: Walls upholstered in George III brocade, Marie Antoinette's own chairs, Chopin's piano, Omar Khayyam's carpet. You see, we think you very rich. We are also impressed in advance by your achievements in comfort. We imagine the rich American's bathroom: Walls made of plate glass, crystal bath, gold taps. Of course, sixteen appliances for hot water, cold water, scented water, medicated water, Russian bath, Turkish bath, shower bath, needle bath; the others do not occur to my European simplicity. And so on. Beyond the house the garage for the automobiles, the hangar for the planes, the kennel for the late Empress of China's Pekingese, the stable for

the Derby winners. Yes, the European imagination does get some way when it dwells on real American luxury, when it encourages its vision of the Gainsborough in the servants' hall, and of the Velasquez in the kitchen. It creates a picture of America that is a mid-summer madness, a pageant of wealth, energy, and fantasy. It makes ready to meet the roughness of the Virginia pioneer, the sophistication of the aesthetes of Greenwich Village, the octopus struggle of Wall Street, and the reposeful lawns of Harvard and Yale. It creates the American scene in the highest colors. It prepares to enter what Mr. Wells calls the pleasure cities. It figures a country together Oriental and scientific, a dream and a business, too.

Mr. George allows it to be seen in his concluding paragraph that he is already a little doubtful as to the accuracy of these anticipations. Doubtless we shall hear more about this later on.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Pete Horhack claims that the oldest joke is the one about the Irishman who was handling dynamite in a quarry. He let a stick drop, and the whole box went up, taking Mike with it. The quarry boss came around later and said to another Irishman: "Where's Mike?" "He's gone," replied Pat. "When will he be back?" asked the boss. "Well," replied Pat, "if he comes back as fast as he went, he'll be back yesterday."

"Jinks," said the manager of the bank, "there'll be a vacancy at the head office shortly, and I'm thinking of nominating your twin brother for the job." "My twin brother!" exclaimed Jinks. "But—" "I mean the one I saw watching a ball game yesterday while you were at your aunt's funeral," said the manager. "Oh—er—yes," said Jinks. "I—I remember! I—I'll go and hunt him!" "Good!" said the manager. "And don't come back till you've found him."

Mrs. Sutton advertised for a woman to do general housework, and in answer a colored girl called, announcing that she had come for the position. "Are you a good cook?" asked Mrs. Sutton. "No, indeed, I don't cook," was the reply. "Are you a good laundress?" "I wouldn't do washin' and ironin'; it's too hard on the hands." "Can you sweep?" asked Mrs. Sutton. "No," was the positive answer. "I'm not strong enough." "Well," said the lady of the house, quite exasperated, "may I ask what you can do?" "I dusts," came the placid reply.

Ex-Ambassador Walter Hines Page was formerly one of the editors of *World's Work* and, like all editors, was obliged to refuse a great many stories. A lady once wrote him: "Sir—You sent back last week a story of mine. I know that you did not read the story. For as a test I had pasted together pages 18,

19, and 20, and the story came back with these pages still pasted; and so I know you are a fraud and turn down stories without reading same." Mr. Page wrote back: "Madam—At breakfast when I open an egg I don't have to eat the whole egg to discover it is bad."

A medical corps officer chanced upon a negro acquaintance of civil life one day in France. "How do you like the army, Mose?" he asked. "'S'll right so far, cap'n," replied the negro, "but Ah don't know how I'm going to like it when dem Germans shoots at me." "Don't worry about that," replied the officer. "All you have to do is zig-zag." And he demonstrated. The next time the two met the negro was in a hospital. "What's the matter with you, Mose?" asked the officer. "Ah aint sure, cap'n, but Ah think Ah must been ziggin' 'bout de time Ah oughta been zaggin'."

A young fellow who was the crack sprinter of his town—somewhere in the South—was unfortunate enough to have a very dilatory laundress. One evening when he was out for a practice run in his rather airy and abbreviated track costume, he chanced to dash past the house of that dusky lady, who at the time was a couple of weeks in arrears with his washing. He had scarcely reached home again when the hell rang furiously and an excited voice was wafted in from the porch: "Foh de Lawd's sake, won't you all tell Marse Bob please not to go out no moh till I kin git his clo'es round to him?"

As the Londoner sat in the village inn drinking a modest pint and chatting with the local residents, he got on the subject of married life. He advanced the opinion that true happiness was more often to be found in the peaceful country than amid the turmoil of a city. "Well, I aint so sure about that," said one old chap. "But I do know as I sat last night and held my old woman's hands for two hours by the clock." "There," said the visitor in triumph. "That upholds my argument, and shows how much you love her." "Love her!" gasped the old chap. "Why, if I'd a' let go she'd 'ave scratched my bloomin' eyes out!"

The unsettlement of foreign exchange has bred a considerable contempt for foreign currency in the minds of certain Americans. The American father of one Yank who had stayed in France to "clean things up" had established a generous line of credit for him. Friend son began to hit things up rather hard, and in consequence the father received a cablegram reading: "Your son's account already overdrawn one hundred thousand." To which he cabled back to the bankers: "If you mean dollars, send him home; if you mean pounds, tell him to be careful; if you mean those funny little things, let him have all he wants."

A local Cræsus, who has a good rating in the financial directories, recently visited his bank and requested a loan of \$10. "But you have a deposit of about \$40,000!" exclaimed the president of the bank. "Why should you wish to borrow a trifle like that?" Cræsus persisted in his demand and the bank president smilingly gave him a check for the desired amount. "What collateral are you offering?" inquired the president. "One hundred thousand dollars in Liberty bonds," replied Cræsus, drawing an envelope from his pocket. "Here they are. Good-morning." But the president halted him. "Now that the loan has been made in the usual fashion," he said,

"would you mind telling me your object in putting up \$100,000 as collateral?" "Just this," explained Cræsus. "Think how much it would cost me to keep these bonds in a safe deposit vault!"

A workman in a factory received a bad cut on the face. Before they could get him to the doctor's office he fainted. The first thing the doctor did was to pour a large drink of hotted-in-bond down him. The doctor then dressed his wound and the man went his way. But in about a half-hour the man was back at the office with his wife, and as he came in he said: "She won't believe me." "Won't believe what?" exclaimed the doctor. With that the wife cried out, "I've lived with this man too long not to know when he's drunk and been fightin'."

"Good old college days" are not always convenient social assets. A Columbia alumnus recently invited a pretty young woman to dine with him at a restaurant near the campus. "I used to go there when I was at college," he explained. "And I'll show you something of the atmosphere we used to have." The young woman consented eagerly. "Ah," remarked the man as they sat down, "there's the fellow who used to wait on me. Hello, Tony!" Tony greeted his customer effusively. "See?" said the man. "Tony remembers me from the old days." "Sure I remember him, miss," agreed Tony. "He used to come in here every noon with a different girl."

He was a stranger in the town and was obviously looking for an address. But he went about in that half-ashamed way peculiar to shy people as though the mere fact of being a stranger were a crime of the worst description. He was getting hopeless about ever reaching his destination, when he espied a small and ragged urchin standing dejectedly on the curb. To this urchin he made his way and with the hectic flush of shame on his cheeks addressed him almost apologetically: "I—er—want to go to the electric light station," he murmured. The youngster eyed him sourly for a moment. "All right," he said. "Trot along."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Love's Archery.

I have to laugh when people say
Love's the great archer of the day,
And never fails to make a hit,
If so he puts his mind to it.

Love is my friend. I know that he
Knows not a thing of archery,
And never learned the gentle art
Of speeding arrow or the dart.

His reputation old and ripe
As Marksman is the purest pipe.
Indeed, he is no shot at all—
He merely aims, and then we fall.
—John Kendrick Bangs in *Life*.

Quite So.

The movies are an awful bore,
They do not mean a thing to me,
Whenever I go I wax full sore,
And flee.

The "Current News" is so much rot,
The "Thriller" is a mass of frauds,
My roommate likes the vamp a lot,
Ye gawds!

And then sometimes the plot gets rough,
The last long reel is almost through,
And do I like that close-up stuff—
I do!! —Yale Record.

Nailing a Calumny.

Our worthy Puritans, I gather
From reading tough old Cotton Mather
And sifting legend, fact, and rumor,
Were wholly destitute of humor.
A chosen race of pious Grundys,
They duly thanked their God on Sundays
When providential chills-and-fevers
Erased the Redskin unbelievers.
Remorseless Greek and Hebrew scholars,
They were uncompromising collarers
And gloomy headgear, cloaks, and breeches;
But, please!—they did not burn their witches!

As long as Time his pathway trudges
We'll hold against them sundry grudges—
Those joyless, tyrannous fanatics
Who stored grim furniture in attics.
They frowned on sport (though everybody
Was free to take his daily toddy);
Disenters all to them were fakery;
They prisoned, flogged, and banished Quakers;
Yet, while it pleased their sombre fancy
That amateurs of necromancy
Should be high-hanged in hempen hitches,
At least they never burned their witches.

They had their faults, those brave old fellows
Whose iron aspect distance mellowed;
They had no tolerance whatever
For things we justify as "clever";
They held, like some alive at present,
That nothing could be Right and Pleasant,
Yet killed off all their homely ladies
As patently in league with Hades.
Their creed and politics were tribal;
But let us brand the ancient libel
As false as extra curls and switches—
They never, never burned their witches!
—Arthur Guiterman in *Life*.



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STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the *Argonaut*, published weekly at San Francisco, Cal., for October 1, 1920.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. J. Milliken, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the *Argonaut* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher Alfred Holman
..... 207 Powell St., San Francisco, Cal.
Editor and Managing Editor, Alfred Holman...
..... San Francisco, Cal.
Business Manager, Wm. J. Milliken.....
..... San Francisco, Cal.

2. That the owners are: The Argonaut Publishing Company, Alfred Holman, sole owner.
3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

WM. J. MILLIKEN,
(Signature of Business Manager.)
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1920.

(Seal)
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Florence Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alston Williams, and Mr. Henry Swift was solemnized last Thursday evening in Piedmont, Rev. H. E. B. Speight officiating. Neither bride nor bridegroom was attended. Mr. Swift is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Swift of Berkeley.

The marriage of Miss Winifred Braden and Mr. Henry Clarence Breeden took place Wednesday in New York, where they will make their permanent home. Mrs. Breeden is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Braden of Oakland.

Miss Helen Garritt gave a supper-dance last Wednesday evening in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Corbett Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth, Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith, Mrs. Christian de Guigne, Mrs. Moseley Taylor, Miss Annie Peters, Miss Katherine Ramsay, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Gordon Armsby, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. Russell Wilson, Mr. Cyril McNear, and Mr. Frederick Tillmann.

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern were dinner hosts Thursday evening before the Fashion Show, having as their guests Mr. and Mrs. A. Haas, Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Lilienthal, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Haas.

Mrs. Henry Dutton was a luncheon hostess last Thursday, her guests including Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Laurance Scott, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mrs. William Porter, Mrs. Ritchie Dunn, Miss Ethel Cooper, and Miss Marjorie Jesselyn.

Mrs. Georges de Latour entertained at luncheon

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Wednesday, in her party being Mrs. Athearn Folger, Mrs. Platt Kent, Mrs. Arthur Lord, and Miss Maud O'Connor.

Mrs. Selah Chamberlain gave a luncheon last Wednesday at Woodside. Among her guests were Mrs. Henry Breckenridge, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Eli Weil, Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. De Lancy Lewis, Mrs. Cleveland Forbes, and Mrs. Latham McMullin.

Dr. and Mrs. George Ebright entertained a group of friends at dinner Wednesday evening.

Miss Mary Owens of Baltimore was the guest of honor at a bridge-ten given last week by Miss Dorothy Woodworth at the Woman's Athletic Club. Among the guests were Mrs. Horace Clifton, Mrs. Warren Perry, Mrs. William de Witt, Mrs. Ralston White, Mrs. Lawrence Symmes, Mrs. Thomas Simons, Mrs. Daniel Gardner, and Mrs. Austin Sperry.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hume entertained at dinner Thursday evening for Mrs. William Ede, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Burr Eastwood, Mr. and Mrs. George Q. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Nichols, and Mr. Frederick Potter.

Mrs. Henry Dutton was a luncheon hostess Friday, having in her party Mrs. Raymond Welch, Mrs. William Porter, Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mrs. Charles Blyth, Mrs. Moseley Taylor, Mrs. Harold Dillingham, Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Miss Helen Garritt, and Miss Katherine Ramsay.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Howard Allen, Jr., gave a luncheon Sunday in Ross.

Miss Edith Bull entertained at luncheon a few days ago at the Menlo Park Golf and Country Club. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heimann, Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams, and Commander W. H. Lee, U. S. N.

Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith entertained a group of friends at dinner Thursday evening, later attending the Fashion Show. In their party were Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch, Mr. and Mrs.

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Mayo Newhall, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, Miss Helen Garritt, Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, and Mr. Howard Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bradley gave a dinner Thursday evening, when they entertained Dr. and Mrs. Wallace Terry, Mr. and Mrs. William Mein, Mr. and Mrs. John Davis, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters.

Mrs. Moseley Taylor was a luncheon hostess last Thursday, taking her guests later to see the Fashion Show which was held at the Palace for the benefit of the Girls' Recreation Club and the Home for Incurables.

Mrs. Stetson Winslow gave a luncheon and bridge a few days ago, having among her guests Mrs. Rennie Schwerin, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. William McKittick, Mrs. James Cooper, Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Joseph Crockett, and Miss Ethel Cooper.

Mrs. Hope Slater was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Friday by Mrs. Walter Filer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bates gave a dinner recently in Menlo Park, having among their guests Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. William Devereux, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. George Lent, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. De Lancy Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hussey, Mrs. Arthur Lord, Miss Edith Bull, Mr. Frederick McNear, and Mr. Frederick Kohl.

Colonel and Mrs. George Jamison were the guests of honor at a dinner given Friday evening by Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge. Those asked to meet the visitors included Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham, Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Croman, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dutton, Mrs. Ethel Hager, and Mr. Joseph Redding.

Miss Flora Edwards gave a luncheon last Wednesday in Piedmont, complimenting Miss Laura Miller.

Miss Anne Dibblee gave a theatre and supper party Monday evening in honor of Miss Gertrude Clark and Mr. Kenneth McIntosh. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Julia Cutler of New York, Miss Margaret Madison, Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. James Moffitt, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. William Shuman, Mr. Frederick Beaver, Mr. Howard Spreckels, and Mr. Richard McLaren.

Mr. Homer Curran gave a dinner and theatre party Monday night, his guests including Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, and Miss Laura Miller.

Mrs. Whitman Symmes and Miss Anne Weatherbee of New York were complimented at a luncheon given Monday by Miss Maye Colburn. The affair was held at the Fairmont, and those asked to meet the guests of honor were Mrs. William Sherwood, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Geraldine Storey, Mrs. Willard Williamson, Mrs. George Romanowsky, Mrs. James Reid, Mrs. George Beardsley, Mrs. Leroy Linnard, Mrs. Harry Hill, Mrs. Ernest Stent, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Florence Veach, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Helen Horst, Miss Lorna Williamson, Miss Geraldine Lumley, and Miss Louise Janin.

The Late Sam Bell McKee.

There comes into the world now and again men and women in whom the Christ-spirit finds reflection and expression. None know them but are the better for the influences that flow from them. Of such was Sam Bell McKee. In the man—in all his comings and goings throughout the sixty years of his pilgrimage—there was the light of graces that dignify human character. The fortitude that meets the vicissitudes of life unshaken, the courage that quails before no mishap of fortune, the kindness that puts others before self, the charity that seeks and finds good in all, the manly strength that overcomes even pain and grief—these were blended in the character of Sam Bell McKee. There were shadows that might have darkened the spirit of one less vital in mind, less master of himself. His spirit rose superior to them and turned them into sources of moral power.

It is sweet to reflect that life yielded much to this rare man. Public respect and confidence, professional usefulness, a wide and deep friendship—these were his portion as a man among men. Better than all were the sympathy and devotion that blessed all his days within the four walls of home. A. H.

October 6, 1920.

The Doctor's Daughters.

Back in the mid-eighties—thirty-five years ago—there was instituted in San Francisco by the Rev. Dr. Mackenzie, then pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, an organization of charitable women who in compliment to their patron styled themselves the Doctor's Daughters. This organization gives temporary aid to persons in trouble and distress and helps them to help themselves. It takes care in exceptional cases of old and helpless men and women. It sends milk, groceries, meat, and coal where they are sadly needed, and it enlists the gratuitous service of physicians and surgeons in cases of special need. Its work along these lines has been continuous since its foundation and the good that it has done is beyond calculation. Its members give that best of all gifts, personal service. All the work of the society is done by its members and there are no "overhead" expenses. Every dollar placed in the hands of the society is used in the work it has in hand.

The Doctor's Daughters have only one source of income, namely, the charity of the public. It gives no entertainments and makes no attempt to combine fashion and revelry with beneficence. The annual expenses run

between six and seven thousand dollars per year, all secured by voluntary gift.

The society has named October 25th, 26th, and 27th as donation days, appealing to the charitably disposed to make their gifts "as large as your heart dictates." Donations will be received at the White House and the City of Paris or checks may be made payable to The Doctor's Daughters and sent to Mrs. F. C. McCreary, 2020 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco.

The official roster of the Doctor's Daughters is as follows: President, Miss Suzanne McEwen; first vice-president, Miss Jennie M. Blair; second vice-president, Mrs. George B. Somers; recording secretary, Mrs. Fannie C. McCreary; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Robert C. Bolton; treasurer, Mrs. Charles Suydam; directors, Mrs. W. R. Sherwood, Mrs. W. D. Fennimore, Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mrs. Charles H. Crocker, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN SEASON.

At the Berkeley Greek Theatre Under Direction of Professor Hume.

Lovers of the drama who have viewed with dismay the gradual destruction of the public taste by means of the moving picture and the hardly less pernicious influence of the commercially controlled theatre will welcome with something almost more than joy the Shakespearean performances which have been presented at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley during the last few weeks. The undertaking has been to present a group of Shakespeare's English plays, a group which in a way may be called a Falstaff Trilogy. "Henry IV," Parts I and II, have already been given and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" will be produced at the end of next week. It would be difficult to describe the two plays already given in terms too glowing. In these performances Professor Samuel J. Hume has given us not only something intrinsically fine, but he has given us a glimpse of the possibilities of the future. When Professor Hume came to Berkeley a year or so ago to take control of the Greek Theatre it was generally felt that as a community we would be richer by his exceptionally broad experience, but only in these recent Shakespearean productions have we realized what he can and will do for us. He has gathered together—from material for the most part close at hand—a group of artists, who under his inspiration are working brilliantly together. He has utilized the profound knowledge of color possessed by Professor Rudolph Schaeffer, head of the University School of Fine Arts, and the skill in designing of costumes possessed by his pupil, Mr. Norman Edwards, to produce a pictorial setting for his plays which compares favorably with the best work being done anywhere today. And one is not unmindful of Robert Edmund Jones.

The Greek Theatre itself has been treated in a new and strikingly decorative way. The acting of the plays, which after all is the thing even in these days of intensified joy in color and design, has been so good that the impression might well be of a very excellent professional company. To be sure, Mr. Gilmore Brown, the Falstaff (and, by the way, the only man in America to have acted that character in all three plays), is a man of considerable professional experience and the head of a very interesting Little Theatre in Pasadena. His characterization of the rôle is so perfect that one might almost think him the Falstaff that Shakespeare must have known. Professor Hume has done some excellent acting, and no account of the performances could be given without the mention of that brilliant, versatile young man, Irving Pichel, whose experience stretches from Harvard College to the Shubert management (which he left last year to joint Professor Hume in his Greek Theatre enterprise) and which sounds like a history of all that has been most interesting in the Little Theatre movement in America. But for the most part the players are local people. Many are high school or university students.

For the first time since its inception the Greek Theatre has become a living force with a definite policy and a plan for the future. Professor Hume has in prospect a long series of beautiful performances. In the spring there may be a series of Shakespeare's Italian plays, such as "Romeo and Juliet," "Merchant of Venice," and "Two Gentlemen of Verona." There are endless possibilities of new things, with of course repetitions at times, as all the properties have been made by and belong to the university. This includes the costumes so beautifully executed by Constance M. Randall.

All is not yet lost for the art of the theatre here in California if—and this is a most important if—the people living within the sphere of the university shall realize what beautiful and inspiring work is being done in their midst and support it to their utmost now in its beginning, when it is looking to them for its encouragement and its justification. MARY RODMAN PARKER.

BERKELEY, October 5, 1920.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild have returned to Burlingame from a sojourn of several months in Europe.

Mrs. Henry Lund and Miss Beatrice Lund left Wednesday for New York, where the latter will attend school. Mr. and Mrs. Lund have recently taken possession of their new apartment on Hyde Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker have returned from a visit at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Filer have returned to their home in Burlingame for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson Bishop, who occupied the Filer house during the summer, left last week for their home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McIntosh have opened their house on Broadway for the winter months.

General and Mrs. Charles Treat will sail next week for their new station in the Philippines. Since their arrival in San Francisco they have been at the Hotel Cecil.

Miss Anne Weatherbee is again visiting Miss Lorna Williamson, having concluded a sojourn with Miss May Colburn in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George Raymond have arrived from the Ojai Valley to spend several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones.

Miss Mary Jones of Baltimore, who has been visiting Mrs. Selim Woodworth and Miss Dorothy Woodworth, left Wednesday for the Atlantic coast.

The Misses Persis and Janet Coleman have taken apartments at the Hotel Plaza in New York for the winter. They are going East with Mr. and Mrs. Waldo Coleman by way of Banff and Lake Louise.

Mrs. Cullen Welty returned last week from Santa Barbara, where Miss Welty will spend the winter. She has recently entered the Santa Barbara Girls' School.

Mrs. Chauncey Pennoyer and her children have left for Los Angeles to visit Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Morse. They will return next week to Burlingame.

Mrs. Louis Parrott has closed her apartments at the Palace and will pass the winter in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham have taken a house on Jackson Street for the winter.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Kirby Crittenden and Miss Maude Fay returned to town Tuesday from Ross.

Mrs. Percy Morgan will spend the winter at the Hotel Catham in New York. Mr. Percy Morgan and Mr. Jack Morgan have returned to Princeton.

The Misses Dorothy and Sara Collier will leave next week for Monterey to remain for the winter season.

Mrs. Joseph Jayne has taken an apartment at the Hillcrest, where she will remain for several weeks before joining Admiral Jayne in San Pedro.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall and their sons returned last week from New York and Europe.

Mrs. Ashton Potter has decided to remain in New York for the winter. Miss Marie Louise Potter is at Doh's Ferry.

Mrs. John Gill and her children have left for

Redlands after a brief visit in San Francisco with Mr. Frank Drum.

Mrs. John Edward Beale of Santa Barbara is visiting Mrs. George Marye in Washington. Mrs. Beale and Mrs. Marye have recently enjoyed a trip to White Sulphur Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spieker have reopened their town house, after a summer spent in Burlingame at the residence of Mr. John Drum.

Mr. André Lord, who has been spending the summer with his mother, Mrs. Arthur Lord, in California, has returned to New York for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bowles left Tuesday for New York, where they will spend several months before sailing for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Perkins. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Oyster, and Miss Helen Perkins returned Friday from Pebble Beach, where they have been spending the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Oyster will be with Mr. and Mrs. Perkins during the winter.

Mrs. James Murray has joined Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear and Miss Amanda McNear have reopened their Green Street residence for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Mee have left for the Atlantic coast to be gone several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams have returned to town, after having been with Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick in Menlo Park during the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson have reopened their apartments on Powell Street. They have been spending the summer in Los Gatos.

Mrs. James Carolan and Miss Emily Carolan have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

Miss May Colburn has returned to the Fairmont for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. George Choate Kendall arrived Thursday from Santa Barbara to visit Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby Conrad.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Sr., and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., have returned from a trip through the Sierras.

Captain and Mrs. Leslie Shaw, who have been visiting Mrs. George Shreve in San Mateo since their return from their wedding trip, left yesterday for Phoenix, Arizona, where they will pass the winter.

Major and Mrs. Y. M. Marks have returned to the Presidio from a visit in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Eyre Pinckard and Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard, who have been in San Rafael during the summer, came to town the first of the week to remain for the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Clark have reopened their house in town for the winter.

Mrs. John Parrott and Miss Emilie Parrott have returned to San Mateo from their ranch at Chico.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston of Medford, Oregon, have returned to the Palace Hotel, after a brief sojourn in Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitman Symmes have taken apartments at the Cliff Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Athearn Folger will leave today for New York to be away six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery spent the week-end at the Vincent place at Pebble Beach.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb include Mr. Will C. Wood, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Parker, Orange; Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Brown, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Thomas, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Baker, Spokane; Mr. and Mrs. A. F. May, Cleveland, Ohio; Dr. H. B. Montgomery, Pacific Mail physician; Mr. J. E. Miner, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Stephen H. Underwood, Long Beach; Mr. H. J. McMillan, Vancouver, B. C.; Mr. C. P. Rendon, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. Allen Close, San Jose.

Among those registered at the Palace during the past week were Mr. E. J. Engle, Mr. J. H. Keefe, Mr. L. C. Roach, Chicago; Mr. L. C. Deming, New York; Mr. E. O. Faulkner, Mr. George J. Kuhurt, Mr. W. E. Dun, Dr. John R. Haynes, Mr. J. C. Drake, Mr. A. J. Bowen, Mr. W. R. Barker, Los Angeles; Captain and Mrs. W. V. Pruett, Memphis; Mr. W. A. Spinks, Duarte; Mr. P. I. Lancaster, Willits; Mr. Frank B. Silverwood, Los Angeles.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel St. Francis are Mr. Fred L. Hammer, Los Angeles; Mr. L. E. Rosenwald, Las Vegas, New Mexico; Mr. I.

Stern, New York; Mr. Edmund S. Dickey, Baltimore; Mr. John Power, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. F. V. Killian, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Kahn, Mr. F. F. Baldwin, Hawaii; Mr. R. D. Morris and family, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Mr. H. A. Mackey, Philadelphia; Mr. Herbert Lorber, Chicago; United States Senator William J. Harris, Virginia; Dr. and Mrs. G. N. Drysdale, Sacramento; Mr. E. O. Wattis, Ogden; Mr. A. C. Dallach, Chicago; Mr. James F. Wehoh, China.

An Unusual Exhibition at the Palace of Fine Arts.

An exhibition soon to open at the Palace of Fine Arts covers every important school of painting in Europe, including the Byzantine, from the fourteenth century down to and including the eighteenth-century French and English schools. It will contain over one hundred paintings, each representative of its particular artist, comprising notable examples of the great masters of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, German, English, and French schools.

The Italian school will include representative paintings by Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, Angelo Allori Bronzino, Bernardino Luini, Jacopo Palma, Giovanni Francesco Penni, Alessandro Bonvicino Moretto, Lorenzo Lotto, Giulio Campi, and Canaletto.

The Spanish school will contain paintings by Francisco Goya, El Greco, Juan Carreño de Miranda, Sanchez Coello, and Francisco de Zurbarán.

The Flemish School—Pieter Paul Rubens, Anthony Van Dyck, Mahuse, Bernard Van Orley, Quintin Metsys, and Jan Van Hemessen among others.

Dutch School—Rembrandt, Ferdinand Bol, Elbert Cuyp, Jacob Ruisdael, Jan Wijnants, and Jan Davidz de Heem.

German School—Lucas Cranach the elder, Lucas Cranach the younger, Christoph Amberger, Hans Baldung, the Master of Frankfurt, and the Master of Lyvesberg Altar.

English School—Thomas Gainsborough, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, George Romney, John Constable, Joseph Mallord Turner, Richard Wilson, and John Crome.

French School—Jacques Louis David, Vigée LeBrun, Hyacinthe Rigaud, Louis Michel Van Loo, the Le Nain Brothers, Jean Baptiste Simeon Chardin, Jean Antoine Watteau, and Jean Baptiste Greuze.

In scope as well as in high quality of its exhibits, this exhibition of old masters is the most important ever shown outside of New York City.

The collection will be on exhibition for about four weeks. A carefully annotated and profusely illustrated catalogue is in preparation by the director. The exhibition is being sponsored by a committee of patrons and patronesses, public-spirited men and women, who are guaranteeing the very considerable expense involved in bringing the collection from New York to the Coast. As in the case of the Rembrandt and Zuloaga exhibitions, a small admission fee will be charged to help defray this expense.

Fortune-Telling Tea.

Deep down in our hearts, who amongst us has not at some time or other longed to draw aside the curtain and take a peek into the future. Perhaps this is why fortune-telling, in some form or other, has been practiced almost from time immemorial. Crystal-gazing, one form of prophesying the future, made its first appearance in India and from there spread to Europe. Palmistry originated with the gypsies and was used by them for years. The telling of fortunes by cards, of course, did not come into vogue until after the invention of print-

Table Talk

"Jack, this dinner was just wonderful, don't you think?"

"Glad you liked it."

"Doesn't that music make you want to dance?"

"I have it! We'll go up to the Sun Lounge. They have dancing there every Saturday evening."

"How lovely! Nothing can be more delightful. I like to dance in the Sun Lounge. I don't know why—Perhaps, it's the airy roof-garden atmosphere, the wonderful dancing floor, or the music, but the Sun Lounge is such a happy, joyous place to dance in."

"It's nearly nine. 'Come, or we'll miss the first dance.'"



ing. The Orientals have several ways of predicting the future. One of these is by tea leaves. The uninitiated see only a small heap of wet leaves, but to the seer each shape and size of the leaves, together with their position, reveals a romance, riches, travel, or adventure.

At the "Fortune-Telling Tea," next Tuesday afternoon, October 12th, in the picturesque Sun Lounge, the Hotel Whitcomb will have a gifted fortune-teller present to read the future for its guests by means of tea leaves. This is a wonderful opportunity to get acquainted with this charming custom, which is in itself a most fascinating and entertaining pastime.

Bridge-Tea.

The Hotel Whitcomb entertained on Tuesday afternoon with a bridge-tea. A bridge instructor coached new players and outlined the games during the afternoon. The score prize was won by Mr. J. G. Borck. This was the second of a series of afternoon affairs which the Hotel Whitcomb has planned for the season.

"My wife doesn't understand the stock exchange." "What now?" "She went there and they refused to exchange some stock."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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Adèle—Aren't you going to meet that British author—what's his name—at Mrs. Pirrot's? *Vulga*—I hate his hooks, but I suppose I ought to say I've seen him.—*Judge*.

Benham—I don't think you need any more clothes. *Mrs. Benham*—I don't, if you want me to win the prize offered by our society for old-fashioned costumes.—*Kansas City Star*.

Ambitious Author—Hurrah! Five dollars for my latest story! *Fast Friend*—Who from? *Ambitious Author*—The express company. They lost it.—*Kansas Ag. Brave Bull*.

Briggs—Ought a man to give up his strap in a surface car to a lady? *Griggs*—Certainly. If she is young and handsome, he may be forced to cling to her going around a curve.—*Judge*.

"Europe is not at all the same," said one tourist. "Not at all," echoed the other. "For years Europe was on the verge of war. Now she keeps lingering on the verge of peace."—*Washington Star*.

The Professor—A collector, did you say? Did you tell him I was out? *The Factatum*—Yes, sir; but he wouldn't believe me. *The Professor*—Humph! Then I suppose I'll have to go and tell him myself.—*Michigan Gayle*.

"It's a good thing we can't see ourselves as others see us," some one remarked to Whistler. "Isn't it, though," replied the artist. "I know in my own case I should grow intolerably conceited."—*Boston Transcript*.

Little Bay—Mother, are there any men angels in heaven? *Mother*—Why, certainly, dear. *Little Bay*—But, mother, I never saw any pictures of angels with whiskers. *Mother*—No, dear, men get in with a close shave.—*Aggie Squib*.

"Of course there is no such thing as woman's supremacy." "Think not? From the time a boy sits under a street light playing with toads until he is blind and old and toothless he has to explain to some woman why he didn't come home earlier."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Mrs. Flatbush—You know I told my husband I believed that cheap hat he bought me

would bring bad luck. *Mrs. Bensanhurst*—And has it? *Mrs. Flatbush*—Sure! I wore it down to the polls and the man I voted for was defeated!—*Yankers Statesman*.

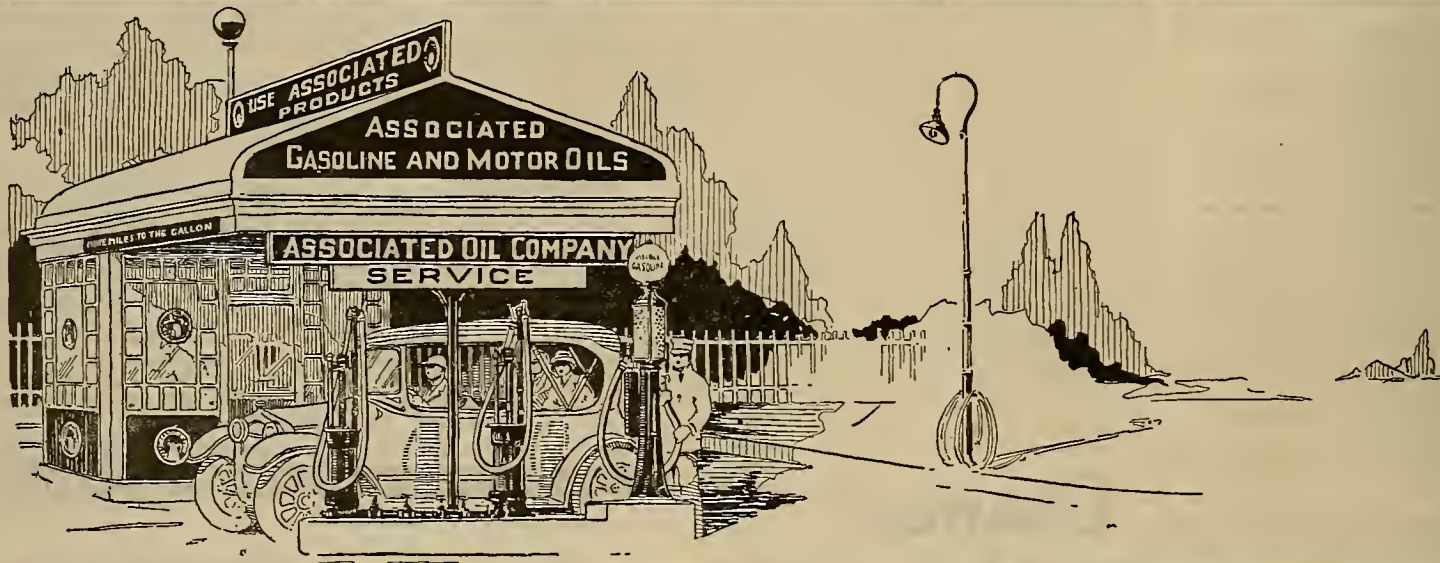
"Did you say my head was 'solid ivory'?" "No, indeed. I never use such language." "What did you say, then?" "I merely remarked that you carried more osseous matter above your shoulders than any other man I had ever met." "Oh, that's different."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Leonidas!" exclaimed Mrs. Meekton, "are you aware that I was reading my essay on politics aloud to you?" "Yes, my dear." "But you went to sleep." "Why not? You re-

moved every problem so completely that I saw no further reason for retaining personal consciousness."—*Toledo Blade*.

"I wish I knew whether my next-door neighbor is going to plant a vegetable garden." "Why are you so anxious to know?" "Because if he is I needn't spend so much for chicken feed."—*Baltimore American*.

"My friend," said the industrious man, "when I was your age I thought nothing of working fourteen hours a day." "Yes," replied the complacent youth, "in those days there were no moving pictures and no golf. What else was there for you to do with your time?"—*Washington Star*.



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VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2273.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 16, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street.
WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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A Painful Incident.

Of course the President in his contention with Senator Spencer has not purposely misstated facts. But Mr. Wilson has a notably short memory and a mind which even in normal health by his own confession operates on a single track. His inadvertences are many. And when he forgets or speaks without reflection he is apt to lose his poise and to spit out things which afterwards call for retraction, for explanation, even for remorse. Then Mr. Wilson is a sick man, under the spell of a distemper whose effects tend to deteriorated mentality. Propriety and pity for infirmity suggest that the mantle of charity be cast over the charge of falsehood that Mr. Wilson has made against Mr. Spencer.

The President's guardians would do well to *viser* his outgivings more closely. It goes without saying that he should not have been permitted to indulge the vulgar impulse to accuse Mr. Spencer of lying; and he should further have been protected against the stupidity of supporting the charge by a dubious stenographic record that gains nothing from the questionable assumption of "official" character and which under analysis tends to support rather than embarrass Mr. Spencer. Somewhere there must exist an authoritative record of the assurances given by the President in the eighth plenary session of the peace conference. And, assuredly, this record will be searched out and made public. So serious a charge will not be permitted to pass without full exposition of the truth. The evidence of a

stenographer without official status will not be accepted as a basis for "closing the incident." Mr. Spencer, whose integrity has been challenged, will not have it so. Mr. Wilson ought not to demand it. The matter is too serious to be regarded as closed while there remain the doubts associated with conflicting testimony. In the meantime the public in charity should remember that Mr. Wilson is a sick man, subject to overexhilarated moods, likewise subject to errors that flow from the habit of thinking in phrases.

Proposition Twelve.

In the long list of matters to be determined by popular vote in the coming election there is a proposal to place in the Constitution of the state a fixed imposition of \$.0012 on each dollar of assessed property, the moneys collected therefrom to go into a special fund for support of the State University. Many arguments are presented in urgency of this proposal. Summed up and boiled down they amount to just this—the university wants the money. Here we pause to say that the *Argonaut* concedes to nobody a more positive interest in the welfare of the university or a greater willingness to supply whatever may be essential to the proper prosecution of its work. After the fundamental requirements of social order, public defense, community charity, and primary education, none other of the functions assumed by the state makes higher appeal than that of higher education. From the earliest days of our statehood its importance has been universally conceded, and it has been supported with a consistency and a generosity not surpassed, if indeed matched, in any other American commonwealth. The magnificent establishment at Berkeley and the expanding roster of its beneficiaries bear witness to the liberality of a state which from its beginnings has appreciated the value of liberal knowledge and made generous provision for its diffusion.

None the less there are objections to the proposal now before the people of California grounded upon principles of enduring authority, principles which above all ought not to be thrust aside in favor of an agency whose first and best product should be respect for fundamentals in the ordering of society. First, detailed provision for support of any state institution has no proper place in the State Constitution. Nothing should be put into a Constitution that is properly subject under pressure of times and occasions to varying considerations of expediency. There are occasions—as now—when the state may and should bestow upon the university exceptional grants of money. There are other occasions when the state must in prudence put limits upon its generosity—as, for illustration, the period immediately following the disaster of 1906. Important as the work of the university is, it would be a mistake to give it a fixed and perpetual mortgage in times good and times bad upon the resource of the state. The university has no moral right to a status so exceptional as to establish it above the vicissitudes of time and circumstance.

Support of the university is but one of many functions assumed by the state. And if there should be imposed in its behalf a fixed charge upon property, then every other state institution could—and would—demand an equally privileged status. The list of functions and institutions that might be expected to make similar appeal is too long for enumeration. It would include every institution, subject, or agency to which the state is a contributor, and the demand would be impossible of denial excepting by a plea impossible of logical justification. If the bar of restraining principle shall be let down in the interest of the university, then it must be held down in behalf of a hundred other interests. When once the limitation of sound rule is

abandoned it is in effect to open flood gates difficult or impossible ever to shut down.

It is desired, say the advocates of the proposed amendment, to make the university "independent." From the standpoint of university administration—unhappily not always practical in its aims or methods—this would be a mighty fine thing. But ought the university, or ought any institution drawing its support from the public, to be independent in the sense of standing exempt from public regulation and control? Ought the people of California to be taxed in support of an institution so loftily placed as to be a law unto itself? Specialists in any sphere, more particularly in the sphere of education, are wont to be under the spell of theory, subject to motives little related to the work-a-day world. And is it right to saddle the work-a-day world with an obligation to support an institution that may ride at any pace it may choose in wisdom or in folly? Is it in keeping with the spirit of the American system that there shall be in the institutions of the state a privileged member or caste, drawing the sources of its life from the public, yet not answerable to the public judgment and will? To these queries there is but one answer—No! Appreciating as it does the values that abide in higher education, understanding as it does the importance of the university in its relations to the welfare of California, generous as it wishes the state to be in support of the university to which it is affectionately attached, the *Argonaut* protests against a proposal that seeks to break down a fundamental rule in government and that would place a publicly-supported institution above stimulative or corrective authority.

It is true that there are annoyances, even embarrassments, in the system under which the university must appeal biennially to the state legislature. It would indeed be "nice" if Berkeley might be free from Sacramento. None the less we suspect that in the long run it will be better both for the university and for the state if Berkeley shall remain in dependence upon Sacramento. No institution of the state has a moral right to independence; and independence, we believe, would tend in the course of years to disadvantage rather than to benefit. There has never been a time when Sacramento, representing as it does the corporate will of the state, has not with a reasonable generosity responded to the appeals of Berkeley; and there never will be so long as the university in its policies and products reflects and answers the public demands upon it and so long as means are available. Surely nobody can wish that even the university should be so placed as to defy public judgment of its usefulness or to command that which the state can not afford to provide.

That the means at the disposal of the regents of the university are not at the present time adequate to the requirements of the system as it is established at Berkeley, every intelligent observer knows. There is need for more house room, for increased appliances, for purchase and care of books, for research, above all for increased salaries of professors. It is neither right nor expedient that unskilled labor should bring a larger reward than the accomplishments and exertions of scholarship. There ought to be, and there must be, immediate enlargement of the resources of the university, but such enlargement should come through processes not inconsistent with fundamental proprieties and principles. We venture to ask is it not possible that some measure of relief might come through readjustments at Berkeley? Has not the system there in some respects run away with itself—gone beyond the requirements of necessity and propriety? Frankly, the *Argonaut* believes that there is need of reforms that would make for good all round. It

the curriculum been so widened as to include much that is non-essential, much that is ornamental, much that makes for entertainment rather than for service? We venture the suggestion that it is no proper function of the university, more particularly of a university drawing its support from the public, to maintain at least some of the courses established at Berkeley. Our sensational newspapers, let it be admitted, may not fairly be taken as truthful exponents of university life, or of anything else. Yet we get in them from time to time reflections of policies, courses, and events at Berkeley far from edifying. Too many incidents, duly portrayed pictorially in the daily press, are illustrative of things which ought not to be associated with the university. Perhaps something could be gained for the serious work and more vital obligations of the university by lopping off things non-essential or mischievous.

Campaign Side-Lights.

That there is a profound breach between President Wilson and candidate Cox is revealed by many circumstances. Its beginnings were in the refusal of the San Francisco convention to take programme from the White House, resulting in a nomination to which Wilson would never have given consent. It was later aggravated by Cox's deposition of Homer Cummings, the President's man in the chairmanship of the national committee, implying a break-away from Wilsonian dictation. Still more recently the presidential resentment was fanned into a fierce flame by Cox's criticism of Secretaries Palmer and Burleson, this being, according to the Wilsonian mind, nothing less grievous than an assault upon the whole Wilson régime. In an effort to smooth matters over Cox last week sent his personal representative, E. H. Moore, to Washington for a conference with the President. Moore spent three days seeking for an audience, but got no further than Secretary Tumulty's office. Finally he was told in a message straight from the sanctum that the President felt outraged over what Cox had said about Palmer and Burleson, and that he interpreted the criticism as personal to himself and his administration. Moore was told that if Cox wanted Wilson's support he would have to come in person and ask for it, and that furthermore he would be required to explain certain matters.

In the meantime Barney Baruch and others who have access to the President put before him the desperate plight of the campaign, laying special stress upon the effect on the Wilsonian prestige if the Versailles covenant should go down to defeat. Thus, under pressure of his personal interest, the President finally mastered his antipathy to Cox to the extent of putting forth the statement that appeared in the press of the country last week. It is to be noted that this statement ignores the candidates and directs its argument exclusively to the league of nations. Other statements are promised, and it is possible that the President may succeed in so far suppressing his rage against Cox as to make personal appeal in his behalf. But it is to be doubted. Wilson has always resented any criticism of himself, of his agents, of anything that he or they have done; and his propensities in this respect have not been softened by illness and the state of mind it has produced. He wants Cox to win the election because Democratic success would sustain the fight for the league of nations; but if there were any path to this consummation that would not include advantage to Cox he would undoubtedly take it.

In truth, the league of nations is about the only issue left upon which Cox has a chance of success. All his efforts to create other issues have failed. First he tried to make scandal of the methods of the Republican Campaign Committee, with the effect of injuring his own cause. He next tried by criticism of Secretaries Palmer and Burleson to divorce himself from the taint of Wilsonism, and that failed. His friends have impressed upon him that he is beaten unless a new angle can be given to the campaign, and the only diversion possible is toward the league of nations. Only by rallying the pro-leaguers is there even a possibility of changing the conditions of the campaign; furthermore, only by rallying the pro-leaguers can campaign funds be obtained. Summarized, active Wilson support can in any way add to the discomfiture under which Cox labors, whereas it is just possible that active support for the league issue might help. Therefore from

now on the personality of the candidate is to be submerged. The party management will play up the league and play down Cox.

How strongly the President feels about the league is made evident, not more by the smothering of his animosity against Cox than by the vehemence of his first campaign statement. He is amazed at the "gross ignorance" and "impudent audacity" of those who question his interpretation of Article 10. Thus it appears that he is still actuated by the passions that were in evidence upon his first return from Paris, and that he has not been able to so master his feelings as to make reference to the matter in moderate and respectful terms. In the charges of "gross ignorance" and "impudent audacity" there is manifest the same intolerance of mind that voiced itself in the hateful phrases of "narrow vision" and "pigmy minds."

Of course, the President is now speaking only to the American audience. But to be logical he should extend the scope of his "amazement" to include several European statesmen of note who, by the same reasoning, must lie under the charge of "gross ignorance and impudent audacity." No less than half a score of the leading statesmen of Europe, including Mr. Lloyd George, President Millerand, and others, have not hesitated to put interpretations of their own on various clauses of the covenant, which interpretations are far from being in accord with those of the President. For example, he has repeatedly declared that the covenant is not in conflict with the Monroe Doctrine. A quite contrary opinion is held by certain British statesmen, who maintain that if any dispute shall ever arise "the league is there to determine it." It is pretty well settled in law that one party to a contract has not the right to put his own interpretation upon its language. In the case of the covenant there are many parties to the contract. Is it not reasonable to assume that in the event of dispute over interpretations of the various clauses of the contract the league itself is to do the final interpreting? Is it not probable that it might interpret the contract in a way that President Wilson has stigmatized as implying "gross ignorance" and "impudent audacity"?

On the other side of the campaign we find Senator Borah following the same tactics in his independent and uncontrolled campaign. And here it is pertinent to remark that Borah is, and has all along been, the inspiring mind in the radical anti-league campaign. Mr. Johnson, Mr. Reed, and others have done more talking, but the fountainhead of the movement worked out through them has been in the senator from Idaho. Borah, it is evident, loves Harding little more than Wilson loves Cox. Thus Wilson and Borah are working to the same purpose, that of thrusting aside and postponing other issues and of placing the whole emphasis of the campaign, so far as it may be done, upon the "solemn referendum." More power to all of them! Let us have an expression from the people, just as we had it in the congressional elections of 1918. We have no fear as to the result. The matter is now before the country in all its bearings. The issue is as well understood as any issue ever can be in a country where the conditions are so extended and diverse. It may be that a majority of the people are willing to surrender some part of our sovereignty to an alien council. It may be that a majority of our people are willing to send our youth to fight in foreign quarrels and to spend our means in contentions in which we can have neither knowledge nor interest. The *Argonaut* does not believe it. But since there are those who do, by all means let the determination be made.

The Issue of the Hour.

Constructive Republican policies after victory are even more important than victory itself. It will matter little that Mr. Harding shall be President if in the presidency he shall not have the support of those who will coöperate with him in reorganizing the government. Today the Republicans have a majority of one in the Senate, if we count La Follette of Wisconsin and reckon upon the continued support of several senators of questionable party loyalty. Those who know the conditions realize the necessity, if Mr. Harding is not to be balked in the purposes implied in his election, of increasing the Republican membership. California is now misrepresented by a Democratic senator. This ought not to be either in good faith or in discretion.

California, a Republican state, committed by varied pledges to support of Republican policies, owes it to her interest and her integrity to support the President-to-be with a Republican senator in the place of Mr. Phelan. All the considerations of time and circumstance support the candidacy of Mr. Shortridge. His loyalty as a Republican is beyond question; his support of Republican measures is an assurance. Failure to elect Mr. Shortridge may result in giving the Senate to the Democrats and of placing it as an obstruction to Republican projects looking to reorganization of the government, with return to constitutionalism as against autocracy in the administration of government.

Prohibition and Disloyalty to Law.

Prohibition we were told was to give us, if not a new Heaven, at least a new earth. It was to make the world sober and per consequence virtuous. It was to empty the jails and to close the asylums. It was to reduce the necessity for and the cost of courts. It was to make the policeman an anachronism. It was to cut down taxes to all but the vanishing point. It was to establish the reign of the good, the true, and the beautiful.

Up to date results have failed to justify the brag. Has anybody observed a reign of sobriety and surcease of crime? Has anybody noted that our jails are closed or our asylums empty? Are we dreaming, or in reality do we read that there is demand for more courts, for more policemen, for more taxes? Is it truth or delusion that we fail to see the good, the true, and the beautiful dominating man and all his doings and that traces of the devil's handiwork are all about?

Apparently there was miscue in the vision of those who were to regenerate the world through prohibition. Apparently they failed to reckon with propensities, habits, and inter-play of interests and resentments. They had their way in the making of a law that conflicts with dispositions inherent in human nature. Now they ought to be able to see that instead of bettering social conditions they have made them worse. Not even the many delinquencies that flowed from the abuses of license measure as one in five to the crimes large and small incidental to the futile law of prohibition. By aiming at too much the reformers have harmed rather than helped the cause of temperance and morality. If there be doubters, let them give their attention day by day to the record of results as they are spread in the newspaper press of the country.

Verily we are becoming a nation of petty criminals. Multitudes formerly strict observers of law have lost respect for law and are void of conscience in defiance of its mandate. Men—and women—who find in the law restrictions upon propensity, habit, and judgment, restrictions without justification in morals, restrictions at odds with accepted standards of individual liberty, regard the law contemptuously and make no scruple of evading it. Thus loyalty to law, loyalty to government which has made the law, loyalty to the morality which rests upon obedience to law, is lost. All of which bodes no good to a system in which law is the presumptive sovereign.

Judicial Salaries.

Among the proposed constitutional amendments to be voted on at the coming election is one increasing the yearly salaries of the justices of the Supreme Court from \$8000 to \$10,000 and those of the justices of the District Courts of Appeal from \$7000 to \$9000. These courts, with altogether twenty-two judges, transact all of the appellate business of this state, now the eighth state of the Union in population, together with a great volume of most important business which comes to them in view of the original jurisdiction conferred by the Constitution. It is unnecessary to say anything as to the importance of the duties of these courts or as to the desirability of giving to the judges a fair compensation. The simple facts with relation to the proposed amendment are that the present salaries were fixed in 1906; that at the time they were fixed they were regarded as only moderate compensation for members of the highest courts of the state; that these salaries have been reduced in purchasing power to less than one-half of their former value; and that whatever reduction in prices may come within the next few years no one can hope that it will be so great as to fully restore the old purchasing power or to make the salaries, even with the proposed 25 per cent. increase,

equal to those of 1906. No one who gives the matter consideration in the light of these facts can have any doubt as to his duty in the matter. The proposed amendment, which is Proposition No. 3 on the ballot, should receive the support of all who believe in the maintenance of an independent and efficient judiciary.

Editorial Notes.

Mr. Clarence Wooster of this city, who has had repeated and close personal contacts with President Obregon of Mexico, discredits reports describing him (Obregon) as of limited knowledge and experience and as speaking only the Spanish language. Obregon, Mr. Wooster says, had traveled widely in the United States previous to his visit here two years ago. He speaks English freely, and so far from being a man of narrow and provincial views, is broadly intelligent with respect to the affairs of the world. All this is much to the good. It will be easier to carry on our diplomatic and other exchanges with a man of intelligence who understands the English language than with the typical Mexican whose mental horizon is limited by the boundaries of Mexico. It is due, no doubt, to the Indian in his blood that leads Obregon in his dealings with American and other foreign diplomats to speak through interpreters. He will no doubt drop this affectation when it shall snit his diplomacy, as it surely will when it comes to close dealing.

It is to be said of Obregon's administration that it begins well. Heads of the various branches of the administration appear to have been chosen discreetly. Several are citizens of Sonora, where they had long been in close contact with Americans and therefore are better qualified than the typical Mexican for intercourse with the American and other governments. Obregon's chief and most immediate problem is to get rid of his three or four hundred "generals," who hang like leeches upon the government, without so offending them as to promote military rebellion. If he can rid himself of the incubus of his military entourage, and at the same time establish a tolerable social order, he will no doubt be able to raise in this country the means absolutely necessary to governmental and industrial rehabilitation.

There would be greater hope of Obregon's success if the Mexican political record, remote and recent, tended more to confidence. In the ninety-nine years that have elapsed since Mexico cast off the Spanish yoke there have been, including Obregon's, seventy-four distinct governments in the country. With the exception of the period of the Diaz administration, Mexican revolutions have averaged more than one per year. Thus the habit of the country is to overturn its government whenever it ceases to be strong enough in a military sense to maintain its hold upon the administrative machinery. Mexico always has been, and must long be, subject to military domination. Peaceful methods are futile in a country where practically everybody is spoiling for a fight. Obregon, as a military man of high prestige, has an obvious advantage; none the less his besetments are many. On the whole it may be said that the chances are against him.

Very obviously the means Obregon so sadly needs can only be found here. No European country has the money even if it had the will; and Japan is out of the question. In the immediate posture of affairs—probably, under any posture of affairs—the Washington government would veto any proposal under which Japan might obtain a financial hold upon Mexico. Practically Mexico's only chance of aid in the form of capital is with us; and it will be the part of wisdom if we shall deal less in remembrance of past grievances than in hope of better things to come. Mexico must have help and it is up to us to supply it—of course under guarantees.

A number of hitherto unpublished letters from Mathew Arnold, Thomas Hardy, George Cruikshank, Du Maurier, Rossetti, Walt Whitman, Robert Browning, and Thackeray have been included in "Frederick Locker-Lampson," a character sketch which the Scribners have just brought out. Locker-Lampson is little known in this country except possibly as a collector, the Rowfant Club in Cleveland being named after his own library. Notes on some of his rarest and most interesting books are included in this volume.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

President Obregon of Mexico.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 12, 1920.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In last week's *Argonaut* is an editorial concerning Mr. Obregon, president-elect of Mexico, in which it is said that until two years ago he was largely ignorant of everything outside of Mexico and that until 1918 he was never in the United States.

Mr. Clarence E. Wooster, whom you know of course, owns, or did own a few years ago, a large ranch in Hermosillo, and he was then in that state for a considerable period of time. He tells me he had some important business transactions with Obregon and became well acquainted with him, and that he then learned from his conversation that he, Obregon, had traveled extensively in the United States and was well informed regarding it. This was some ten years ago. He says Obregon speaks English fluently and impressed him as being a man of affairs and much ability.

Either Mr. Wooster or your informant must be very much mistaken.
Sincerely yours,
LUCIEN SHAW.

The Issue of the Hour.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 12, 1920.
TO THE EDITOR—Sir: If Harding should be elected President, as now seems certain, without a substantial increase over the present Republican majority of two in the United States Senate, it will prove a clog so serious that it can not fail to impede and retard, and might even block legislation vitally necessary to the restoration of the country to a sane and normal basis.

To elect Senator Harding and at the same time refuse to the Republican party a safe working majority in the Senate would be the almost exact equivalent to embarking all of your worldly goods in a great ship in which you were part owner and then to demand that its guidance in a dangerous storm be entrusted to a helmsman crippled by the loss of an arm.

It is for this reason that the choosing of Republican successors to the Democratic senators who come up for reelection this year assumes an importance but second only (and only slightly second) to the presidential election itself.

After the seven and a half years of wanton waste, self-satisfied incompetence, and irresponsible extravagance which Democratic administration has treated the country to and to which it has added continued substitution of the service of the lip for either executive or legislative action; of the promise of empty if high-sounding and specious words for performance, the voters, no matter what their personal feelings towards individual candidates, can not afford the risk of leaving the Democrats in a position to menace Republican legislation.

This senatorial election holds a peculiar and special interest for the voters in California, in that Mr. Phelan both in his recorded votes and in the theories and policies of government of the party to which he belongs, and which he advocates and upholds, not only stands for everything that is contrary to the best interests of the state, but seeks to camouflage his legislative shortcomings and heliefs with the slogan, "Keep California White."

Mr. Phelan's "Keep California White" is but a legislatively posthumous outcry, since it can now only be made effective by Republican legislative action. For four of the almost six years that Mr. Phelan has been senator from California the President, the Senate, and the House were all three Democratic. "Keep California White" was then not only legislatively possible, but probable if Mr. Phelan has properly introduced anti-Japanese legislation and then advocated it with sufficient of eloquence and the intelligent presentation of compelling facts. The need for it was as great then as now, save only for the small question of Mr. Phelan's reelection. Mr. Phelan, however, kept silent and even had to await membership on the Emigration Committee until the Republicans regained control of the Senate.

On the question of the league of nations, with one exception, Mr. Phelan voted to reject the so-called Lodge reservations. In the last vote of all in the long fight to Americanize the league Mr. Phelan voted for the Underwood resolution of ratification, which would have accepted the treaty without change.

Free trade is the official policy of the Democratic party, and while not a member of the Senate when it was enacted, Mr. Phelan endorses and approves the Wilson tariff that the Democrats put into effect on March 1, 1914, a tariff that hears heavily and directly against the interests of California.

This tariff, among other things, reduced the duties on olive oil from 50 to 30 cents a gallon; whale oil, from 8 to 5 cents per gallon; horses and mules and all live animals not specially provided for, from 20-25 per cent to 10 per cent *ad valorem*; barley, from 30 to 15 cents a bushel; cleaned rice, from 2 to 1 cent a pound; hay, from \$4 to \$2 a ton; apples, peaches, quinces, cherries, plums, and pears, from 25 cents to 10 cents a bushel; certain preserved fruits, from 2 to 1 cent a pound; lemons, from 1½ cents to half a cent a pound. The tariff on wool, which California produces, it reduced; that on tobacco and cotton, which California consumes, it either retained or advanced.

From the waters of its streams and from its reluctant hills "the Argonauts" drew the precious metal that first gave to California the name of "the Golden State," a name that development of its wondrous agricultural resources was to perpetuate and make permanent. So universal is the demand that no man or political party can hold an exclusive brief for "Keep California White." If it could come to that, indeed, the Republican party made Chinese exclusion the law of the land almost before Mr. Phelan had time to cast his first vote. The Republican party can far more safely be entrusted to extend this exclusion to the Japanese than can Mr. Phelan and the Democratic party, who and which advocates the erection of a super-state and the possible, even probable, remission to alien decision and control of our foreign policy, our political freedom, and our economic future.

You can "Keep California White" and yet not "Keep California Golden," but you can not "Keep California Golden" and not "Keep California White."

"Keep California White" means both the exclusion of the Japanese and that the Japanese shall not own, control, or in any way exploit the lands of California. "Keep California White" means that we will not and can not compete with the Japanese in the natural domestic markets of California with the product of California lands that are now owned or controlled by Japanese.

"Keep California Golden" means all this and more. It means as well that we will not and can not compete in the natural domestic markets of California with the products of Japan itself, except and unless a protective tariff adds to the cost of these Japanese products the difference due to the lower wage and inferior scale of living in Japan. By not offsetting these differences the Wilson tariff of 1914 favors Japan. This argument applies in greater or less degree to all countries in which the scales of living and wage are lower than ours and whose products the Wilson tariff permits to

compete in its domestic markets with the products of the United States.

You must "Keep California White" if you would "Keep California Golden." The way to insure the one and to make certain the other will be for California to uphold the hands of Warren G. Harding as President by sending Samuel M. Shortridge to the United States Senate.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

AWAKENING ASIA.

By L. Dumont-Wilden in "Revue Bleue."

While Europe is futilely groping toward its own recovery, the immense population of Asia, hitherto considered merely material for exploitation, has begun to move and agitate. Quite possibly this awakening will occasion in the near future the most serious and terrible political problem which the coming generation will have to face. The landing of the Bolsheviks in Persia, the advance of Lenin's troops toward Teheran, have obviously overthrown all the theories upon which England's plans were based. Every one realizes that Lloyd George's reversal of policy and recent friendliness toward the Soviet government are inspired by his fear that Bolshevism will sweep over Asia. It is far from certain, even if we look at the case solely from an English viewpoint, that he took a wise course. Bolshevism is assuming increasingly the aspect of a religion, and like all conquering religions, it will sacrifice everything for propaganda. Therefore it will win a decisive victory if it wins the recognition of a great Western power, and thus opens a channel for spreading its doctrines over Europe. But it is no less true that the fears felt by the English premier are fully justified.

All European powers are threatened by Oriental Bolshevism. But it is England which holds the outposts. That is the country which represents in the eyes of all Asiatics a conquering and exploiting Europe; that is the government which they hope and conspire to ruin and expel. Unhappily, whether we will it or not, and innocent as we may be of complicity in the policy of conquest which inspires this revolt, our fortunes are united with those of our allies. Asiatic Bolshevism seeks first to expel the English, and then all other Occidentals.

It was a master stroke, a manœuvre of genius, for Lenin, when his propaganda was checked in the Occident, to conceive the gigantic plan of employing for his ends Russia's historical function of intermediary between Europe and Asia and of accommodating his chimerical internationalism with that mystical nationalism which unites all the peoples of the Orient in common distrust and dislike of the rule of "European capitalism."

In some of its aspects Bolshevism is well designed to suit Asiatic tastes. Communism is an ancient ideal of the nomad peoples, who can adjust themselves to it far better than sedentary and agricultural nations. The disorder and anarchy which in our eyes are the greatest evils of the Soviet government have been for centuries the normal condition in those ancient homes of nominal despotism. Turks, Arabs, Turanians, Afghans, Persians, and the peoples of the Caucasus, have but a vague and shadowy idea of the state, and we must confess that such a knowledge as they may have derived from their dealings with Western states is not likely to make them love that ideal. But the Bolshevik state, which is a state reduced to atoms, suits their customs and social institutions.

On the other hand, however, Asiatics instinctively rejected Lenin's internationalist doctrines. Lacking consciousness of the state, these people have an over-emphasized consciousness of race and of tribal solidarity. It is solely a desire to liberate their race, their tribe, their religion from the domination of all "Western barbarians" which inspires them to try the venture of a grand revolt against powers which they have hitherto considered irresistible, and of which they now perceive the weakness.

Lenin understands this perfectly. The propagandists whom he sent to Constantinople, Syria, Persia, Asia Minor, and British India have confined themselves to preaching a special phase of national self-determination. Throughout all these regions Bolshevism means to the common people one thing: fight Europe and fight the West.

There has been no more typical illustration of this than the pretended Bolshevik revolution in Baku. At first the shifting of equilibrium in Transcaucasia was supposed to be in favor of Moscow. The truth is that the Tartars of Azerbaijan merely used the Soviet formula to emphasize their break with Europe. They found the Russian word convenient to designate their solidarity with the Turkish nationalists in Anatolia, with whom they are united by racial bonds. Reports coming independently from different sources, fragmentary though they be, all go to show that the object of this movement, and the goal which it seeks, is the erection in Transcaucasia of a great Mussulman state, to be a satellite of Turkey, with territories extending from the Caspian Sea to the vicinity of Kars and Erzerum—a state essentially anti-European.

That is far indeed from being a Bolshevik idea; but it does not preclude the possibility, and indeed probability, that Lenin really instigated the overthrow in Baku; for Bolshevik policy in the Orient has adopted all the traditions of Asiatic Machiavellism. That is at

man at Moscow was dreaming of one thing only; to create the greatest possible embarrassment for the Western nations.

Like all founders of religions, Lenin is perfectly capable of employing very practical opportunism in the service of his dreams. It matters little to him that Azerbaijan will ally itself with Turkish nationalism rather than with Russian Sovietism. For the time being the main thing is to multiply universal disorder, that a new order may be born. Asia is at the present moment a centre of disorder and a focus of anarchy; Asiatic passions are an additional resource in his hands. Everything brings grain to his mill: the loyalty of the Anatolian peasant toward his padishah, the hopes of the Arabians embodied in an Emir Faysal, and the bitterness of the educated Mussulmen of Damascus and Cairo, eager to revenge themselves for the manifold humiliations they have suffered from the West.

Albeit nationalism, rendered more ardent by its wounded pride, inspires all the peoples of ancient Turkey, there is in every one of them a radical-extremist group, constituting a powerful minority. Undoubtedly the Turkish nationalists, and their leader, Mustapha Kemal, still hesitate to commit themselves fully to a Bolshevik Asia, and cling as yet to the declarations of the Congress of Sivas, which are limited to asserting the integrity of national Turkish territory within the limits occupied by the Turks at the date of the armistice. They are fighting for a single thing: the independence of their fatherland. But they, too, are willing to employ any reinforcements which offer. The Bolsheviks in their own country, as well as the Arab, Egyptian, or Hindoo proselytes to this belief, offer that reinforcement; and these radicals, animated as they are by an extremity of passion, utilize the ardor of the conflict to lead a more conservative element further than they intended.

Upon this Lenin bases his hope. The list of lands where Mohammedan Bolshevism has active propagandists continues to extend. They embrace Siberia, Russian Turkestan, Chinese Turkestan, Afghanistan, Bokhara, Khiva, Persia, Caucasus, India, Thrace, Anatolia, Syria, Albania, Egypt, Arabia, and even to some extent Algiers, Tunis, and Morocco. The centre of the movement is in Tashkent, in Turkestan, where Enver Pasha, his heart bursting with hatred, is laboring hand in hand with the delegates of the Soviets. That is where plans are being worked out for a general confederation of the Mussulman peoples. Turkish politicians and generals, whose fortunes were ruined by the war, Muscovite anarchists, Persian nationalists exasperated by the English treaty, Oriental adventurers of every race are carrying thither their passions and intrigues. A Mussulman and revolutionary mysticism is being developed, which is captivating even the minds of the young intellectuals of Damascus and Beirut, men who have been educated in our own schools and speak French and English with admirable correctness—men who seem almost like ourselves, but remain in the depths of their hearts true sons of the Prophet.

From one end to the other of the Oriental world imaginations are at work. We may fancy that these people have been finally subjugated by our force and prestige; but time does not count with the children of these ancient lands. What do a few years, or even a few centuries, mean for a continent which has seen Babylon, Nineveh, Elam, and Bagdad pass away? Even while witnessing the decadence of Islam, these people have always believed that their day of vengeance would come. Now they think it has arrived, or is about to dawn.

Possibly the most disquieting aspect of this situation is the extension of the movement in India. There, too, the emissaries of Mussulman Bolshevism have started their propaganda. We have already seen what profound discontent the threat of depriving the Sultan of Constantinople caused among the Mohammedan Hindoos. The English occupation of their sacred city has added to their irritation.

Of course, England still has ample military forces to hold these vast territories, even though revolts may break out at isolated points. But the officers who are returning from these regions are not overconfident. The native army is unreliable. The common soldiers, and above all, the officers of Hindoo blood do not show the same respect for their English superiors as heretofore. It is becoming increasingly difficult to enlist English troops to serve in India. Before the war there were plenty of recruits. Soldiers liked the prestige which they enjoyed in India; and the promise of an easy billet attracted many to the service. But as an officer just returning from Bombay recently said: "The situation has changed entirely since the new labor legislation in Great Britain. Men now work less in Manchester factories and earn more than they do in the Indian regiments. We can not keep our quotas filled; furthermore, the troops already out there have no hope to being relieved, because the new recruits at home are being sent to Ireland or to Egypt." Let us admit that Downing Street has reason to be seriously worried. That is the first indication of the progress of Bolshevism in the Mohammedan-Asiatic world, which is already distracting the attention of England from the Rhine.

Still farther east the problem assumes a different aspect. Lenin may have employed many Chinese mer-

cenaries in his red guard, but we have no evidence that his doctrines have made serious inroads into the yellow world. Nevertheless the latter is agitated by an anti-European movement with a more distant objective, but an equally dangerous intent. There, likewise, the battle cry, "Asia for the Asiatics," has turned every one's head. But this movement dates further back. The Boxer revolt in 1900 was an explosive manifestation of hatred of the white race, which has been repressed, but never extinguished. Since that time Chinese capitalists have been buying up little by little many European enterprises, and if for the moment national sentiment is more anti-Japanese than anti-white, we should not delude ourselves with the idea that we are loved. The scornful treatment which the Chinese delegates received at the peace conference, where their claims to Kaiochow did not even receive a hearing, has embittered public sentiment in their country, and that indignation is equally strong in the north and in the south. The educated youth of China who started the revolution, and who have adopted our ideas with a literalness that is at the same time juvenile and Oriental, are eagerly awaiting an opportunity to disembarrass their republic of all the restraints upon its sovereignty which our enterprises in the Far East represent. Happily for us, this purpose is for the moment secondary. The immediate enemy is Japan, which has seized Shantung by main force.

Apparently the Japanese are ambitious to play the same part in the yellow world that Prussia played during the nineteenth century in the Germanic world. Up to the present China shows no disposition to permit these pretensions, and the empire of the Mikados has not found a Bismarck competent to arouse and concentrate the hatred of the yellow race against the white race in the way the great Prussian chancellor aroused and concentrated the hatred of Germany against France. But what may happen tomorrow? Hitherto Japanese imperialism has been inspired by the narrowest egoism. However, a change is always possible. Perhaps that country will see the light, and understand that a more generous and liberal policy in relation to Kiaochow may win the favor of China, and enable Japan to enjoy still greater advantage as guide and counselor to that still unstable and troubled country.

Certainly, though, this moment has not yet arrived. For the time being Tokyo seems intent upon an even more definitely aggressive policy than heretofore, as we have evidence in Siberia.

Japanese penetration of that country commenced in 1918, when two cruisers anchored in the Bay of Vladivostok. It is true that they were accompanied by French, English, and American vessels. Their rôle was to be limited to protecting the Allied residents and preventing the military supplies accumulated at that port from falling into the hands of the Bolsheviks. But it soon became evident that the Japanese had other designs. Seven months later, when troops were landed, their contingent was far the largest. It was speedily reinforced, and on the pretext of protecting the railway, it advanced as far as Irkutsk. There was no obvious reason for this, but the most plausible pretext was to protect the anti-Bolsheviks. Admiral Kolchak, at first victorious and later defeated, always enjoyed the favor of Tokyo; but in such a way that one never was quite certain whether the government there was better pleased by his defeats or by his victories.

When Kolchak was eliminated and the English, French, Americans, and Czecho-Slovaks were returned to their own countries, the Japanese were the only ones left in eastern Siberia. At once their policy became more brutal, their armies more numerous, their occupation more effective. It is evident to the whole world that we are face to face with a vast Japanese imperialist and military operation. That country has taken advantage of Russia's collapse to seize what European opposition prevented its obtaining at the Portsmouth peace negotiations.

Are we dealing here with a direct and permanent occupation—a true conquest? That is hardly probable. Japan is, as a matter of fact, not strong enough to embark on such an adventure. Its domestic situation is precarious. A social movement which may become dangerous is making itself felt. The Shantung matter is not adjusted. Korea is in constant revolt. The United States, adding rapidly to its powerful fleet, regards with distrust every threat of Japanese expansion. But then, what does the military and political policy of Japan in Siberia mean?

The plan is merely to create a buffer state for the present between Japan and Bolshevik Siberia. This buffer state is to embrace the territories which Japan is unable to assimilate either politically or economically, but which it can keep under its indirect control, even though Russia should recover and again become a member of the community of European nations.

So we have Asia adopting a new attitude toward Europe. In fact, all of those who have lived long in the Orient have heard rumors of the existence of a secret society, of whom a large number of Japanese and Chinese statesmen are members, the purpose of which is to keep "Asia for the Asiatics." Among our countrymen residing in the Orient are many thinking men who know the yellow world well. These are accustomed to say sadly that within possibly a few decades it may become difficult, if not impossible, for us French,

English, and Hollanders to retain control of colonies among people who will hardly deign to accept the status of dominions.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Maxime Leuret, a Swiss, is in America on a walk around the world, during which he earns his own way. Since his start in 1914 he has worn out 102 pairs of shoes.

Albert Rose, a dockyard worker in Chatham, England, has retired after fifty-six years' service. Rose claims he was never late and never lost an hour during his long service.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is a hard and systematic worker. She does her own typing on a portable machine. She observes strict office hours and keeps her typewriter humming until tea-time.

The former Crown Prince of Germany is becoming tired of his little island. He has asked for permission to return to Germany or, failing that, to be granted a different residence in Holland.

Miss Mary O'Reilly is the first woman to hold the office of assistant director of the United States Mint. In the absence of the director, she has charge of the manufacture of gold and silver coins. Approximately 700,000,000 coins pass through her hands every year. She receives a salary of \$3400 annually.

There is no woman in the United States better known than Mrs. Catt. Like Senator Harding and Governor Cox, she has had editorial experience, having assisted her husband in editing a daily newspaper in an Iowa town. When Mr. Catt died his wife took a position as advertising solicitor. Probably she set type, and she knew all about the business end of journalism.

H. G. Wells and Robert Nichols, the young soldier-poet who visited America a few months ago, are reported as members of a party of workers who have gone to Prague to labor for the welfare of the league of nations. Nichols has brought out a new volume of poems and is nearing the completion of a play, which is eagerly awaited. Wells is, of course, working on a novel.

José Gomez is nationally and popularly decreed the king of bullfighting. He came from bullfight stock. His father before him was a famous slayer and his brothers today stand matadors in his reflected glory. It is said of Gomez that he gained fame earlier than any other of his kind. He was said to have been born a bullfighter rather than to have acquired the art. His father was a celebrated torero of gipsy stock. His elder brother Rafael (El Gallo) is another famous sword. All his sisters married bullfighters. Working up through the ring apprenticeship the young Gomez became a matador—a sword—at the age of seventeen. He was the youngest matador on record.

J. A. Waldron, editor of *Judge*, is said to be given to hobbies. Though the one of truancy from school and the like early pranks have long since been outgrown, Mr. Waldron numbers about two dozen favorite pastimes in his list of preferred amusements during leisure hours. One of these is for reading. All his life good books have fascinated him. Another is a fondness for making friends with men in the national service, and he is particularly strong for the navy Jackies. Still another of his hobbies is Shakespeare. Shakespeare raw, fried, or broiled, but never roasted, for he is too great an admirer to have any one say anything against the poet. This leads to a monumental piece of work which Mr. Waldron has added to the enormous amount of existing Shakesperiana. Having been brought, about thirty years ago, to certain deductions from some personal research work on the great English playwright, Mr. Waldron followed this up with a careful analysis of the Murray Dictionary which gives the development of English for centuries, and from that proved his opinion that Shakespeare was as great a language creator as he was an author.

Augusto M. Leguia, president of Peru, is a self-made man. For the politically powerful, socially perfect cultured man who is today fashioning the destinies of Peru started out in life without a cent, in a family of no prominence and living far from the capital. Born in the little northern town of Lambayeque in 1863, his first schooling was that afforded by the village licee. Even then he demonstrated his Napoleonic abilities as a leader. His favorite study was mathematics. By tactics understood only among small boys he contrived to make mathematics the favorite study of every pupil in the school. Some black eyes obscuring the features of his schoolmates were never satisfactorily explained to the reverend padre in charge of classes; they were all accidental. But even then common sense and persuasive ability, backed by quick decision, usually won without recourse to heavier weapons. At fifteen Augusto Leguia left Peru for Chile and completed his earlier studies in private schools of Valparaiso. Perhaps of all Peruvians Leguia knows Chile best and is most capable of interpreting Chilean character, motives, thoughts, and plans; at least this is the reputation he enjoys in South America. And in Peru at least he is considered an infallible oracle on the subject of what Chile is about to do at any given moment.

A SINGER AND HER FRIENDS

Liza Lehmann Tells the Story of Her Life Before the Public and at Home.

Mme. Liza Lehmann tells us in the opening words of her autobiography that she was born in London on July 11th—well, several hundred years ago. Her father was a naturalized British subject and he came from Hamburg. Her mother was Scotch, the daughter of Dr. Robert Chambers. Mme. Lehmann was taken to Italy as soon as she was old enough to travel and she spent the first years of her life there, speaking Italian before any other language. Liszt was a particular friend of her parents, often dropping in for his favorite dish of bacon and eggs, and while this was being prepared he would play his newest compositions or rhapsodize in an inspired manner. The author tells us that her father was anxious that she should become a painter, and for a short season she actually attended classes, drew from casts, and had private lessons in perspective. But it was music that lured her the more strongly:

My pianoforte lessons, however, were a source of pure misery to me at this time—in fact, I was given up by one of my first teachers, dear old Henry Bird, as a hopeless case. In after years at how many, many classical concerts have I not sung to his sympathetic accompaniment! But piano technique did not interest me until my imagination was appealed to. As it fell out, the day I was pronounced "hopeless" my parents were dining out, and my father happened to sit next to the well-known pianist and teacher, Mme. Alma Haas. To her he unburdened his parent's chagrin, and she sympathetically offered to hear me. A last chance! My mother cast aside the careworn copies of Clementi and the like, with which I had been wrestling for months, and instead taught me a romantic little piece by Schumann. On the appointed day we presented ourselves for the ordeal. Mme. Haas made me play the Schumann piece twice, and then I heard her slow dictum, and the Delphic oracle was never listened to with keener anxiety: "No—I should not call her unmusical."

While the author was quite a young girl she was taken to sing before Jenny Lind, whose usual manner, she says, was by no means affable. Her Puritanism was of the stern and unbending kind, and she was deeply religious almost to the point of bigotry. Once she made the young Liza put her hand on her chest to note her power of breath control. It was phenomenal. Her chest seemed like an iron safe. Another early acquaintance was Verdi, who once invited the Lehmann family to dinner and served them with a fish about a yard long and decked all down its spine with red camellias. Verdi roared with laughter when Alma Lehmann refused a glass of wine on the ground that it made her cold down the back:

After the gorgeous repast Verdi took us into his bedroom, a cosy little apartment hung with green rep curtains, where he kept his piano hidden. He explained to us that he was so tormented with people who wanted to sing to him or to play to him that he was driven to this device! He insisted, however, that I must sing to him, and, after much pressure, I reluctantly did so; and I hope exercised discretion in that I made no attempt at his own florid music, but merely confined myself to a few old Scotch songs which he had never heard, and which seemed to interest him greatly.

The author tells us that when her mother's health had so far improved as to make possible a residence in London the family took a house in Cromwell Road and later on in St. John's Wood, where they continued to live "until I abandoned my career as a singer, became human, and married." Here it was that she met Bret Harte and received Rubinstein as a frequent visitor:

It was at Ahercorn Place that we saw a good deal of Bret Harte, who lived in the same neighborhood, and who formed the habit of dropping in to tea on Sundays. I remember that he affected very tight patent leather shoes, but they in no way interfered with the brilliant hanter he exchanged with my mother, who never failed in repartee.

An incident occurred while we were still in Cromwell Road, by which I shall always remember that house. My parents gave one of their celebrated music parties, of which Rubinstein, an old friend of theirs, was to be the hright particular star. Stanley, of "Darkest Africa," was also present, rather smileless, but paying much attention to a pretty widow; and the ill-starred Oscar Wilde, then at the height of his popularity, was among the guests.

After dinner Rubinstein played divinely, and several distinguished singers of the day sang. Then, by a kindly meant, but evil inspiration, Rubinstein, who knew I had been studying, asked me to sing! Knowing perfectly well, as I did, that I was still far from being ready for such an ordeal before the cream of artistic London, and prompted by my mother, who, seized with panic, whispered something to the effect of, "Refuse—and don't give way!" I did refuse, with such grace as I could muster. Poor papa! It was too much for him! I suppose he thought it was going to be a case of my mother's lack of courage all over again with me—all study and no results—and instantly he made up his mind to make a firm stand. In an ominous undertone he declared: "Unless you sing, I go to bed." This was, of course, in an aside to me, and it never entered our heads that he would dream of carrying out his threat and leave his guests. But as I, quite limp by now, still hung back I suppose he thought that, having threatened me, he must act up to it; so he left the room and walked upstairs!

The author tells us that her mother was always desperately critical of her singing. Sometimes she would come home from a concert after meeting with a rapturous reception to find her mother sitting up to receive her with: "Well, if that's the way you are going to sing, my advice is—give it up!" The elder lady was naturally of an impatient temperament, but she was always patient with her singing pupils and she had the inestimable gift of tact, which reminds the author of a good story:

An aspiring young diplomat was being questioned as to his

suitability for some position within the gift of the Foreign Office. Asked to state his experience and qualifications, he said:

"I have no experience; hut, as to qualifications, I have, sir, the priceless gift of tact. Allow me to give you an example. Last week-end I was stopping at a country house, and, when I went into the bathroom, imagine my discomfiture at finding a lady already in the bath! She had forgotten to lock the door. Did I lose my head? I did nothing of the kind. I merely howed and said, 'Sorry, sir,' and vanished."

History does not relate whether the Foreign Office was sufficiently impressed to employ this valuable youth.

In illustration of another kind of tact—that which is swift to retrieve a faux pas—I think the following that I overheard at a soiree at the Rubinstein Club in New York ranks high: He—Say, look at that old Guy Fawkes in pink satin with a parouet in her hair!

She (frigidly)—That is my mother.

He (roaring)—Ha, ha, ha! is that so? But you should just see mine! ! !

Mme. Lehmann spent the first two years of her married life at Pinner, where her heaviest duty was to comb her Angora cat and to keep house for a perpetually pleased husband, who even forgave the home-made teacake on which he broke on eyetooth. At Pinner she was in the immediate vicinity of her sister, Mrs. Barry Pain, of the W. S. Gilberts, and of Maude Valerie White, in whose company she first learned to cycle:

At Pinner, by the way, she and I tried to become expert cyclists. I remember her telling me that the great "tip" was to have the saddle so low that when you fell off you hadn't far to go! But, in spite of this precaution, I am afraid neither of us made a great success of it. I was always nervous of meeting cattle in the road. In fact, my husband used to say that the appearance of a single cow in the landscape sufficed to send me and my bicycle into the ditch.

One day W. S. Gilbert met me on my "wheel," and said he never was more surprised in his life—in fact, he added somewhat profanely, if wittily: "You might as well expect to meet the Virgin Mary on a bicycle!"

Mme. Lehmann tells us of the work that she did for the stage. She wrote incidental music for H. B. Irving, and this was followed by a romantic light opera, "The Vicar of Wakefield." David Bispham had confided to her his ardent desire to portray the Vicar in song, and so the work was produced with the aid of Laurence Housman, the librettist, and Arthur Boosey, the publisher. This led to an unfortunate dispute with Mr. Housman, who had been too busy to undertake any excisions or revisions and who had therefore given his *carte blanche* to do anything that was found to be necessary. None the less he was intensely annoyed when he found what had been done, even threatening an injunction to restrain the performance. But the threat was disregarded and the opera was produced with much success. The *Daily Chronicle* printed the following description:

Not only has the production of the new light opera, "The Vicar of Wakefield," been marked by the disavowal of authorship by the writer, Mr. Laurence Housman, but it has been rendered unique by an episode which is happily rare in theatrical history—the expulsion of its author from his private box on the first night.

The story as related by Mr. Frank Curzon to a *Daily Chronicle* representative last night was to the effect that his secretary came to him to complain of a gentleman in one of the boxes, who had "laughed derisively" during one of the moments of sentiment in the first act.

"Neither he nor I," said Mr. Curzon, "was aware that it was Mr. Laurence Housman in the box until we found by reference that it was the complimentary box, a ticket for which we had sent him. Mr. Housman—whom I had never met before—has prevented the hook of words being sold in the theatre, and has hindered the production of the play.

"I went to the box and told him he must leave the theatre. Mr. Housman intimated that he did not intend to leave, entirely ignoring the fact that he was there as my guest.

"I'll give you five minutes to go out," I said, adding something to show I was in earnest, and," concluded Mr. Curzon, "that was his cue for the exit."

Mme. Lehmann undertook various American concert tours, by which she means recitals of her compositions sung by a quartet of singers accompanied by herself. She spent a week in San Francisco and was much interested in the remains of the fire, which were still in evidence. Then came the trip to Florida:

By an error of management, said to be unavoidable, we visited Florida at a rather inauspicious time, namely, during Christmas week, when the big hotels were practically empty, and everything was in a state of preparation for the influx of visitors due to arrive in the first weeks of the New Year. So in these parts our audiences consisted to an unusual extent of "darkies," whose high spirits had to be kept in check by white policemen! That the conditions were somewhat rough may be gathered from the following notice which was conspicuously displayed on the walls and in the wings of the theatre where our entertainment took place:

PERFORMERS TAKE NOTICE

WE ARE PLAYING TO LADIES AND CHILDREN AND YOU WILL DO THE MANAGEMENT A FAVOR BY CUTTING OUT ANY DOUBLE ENTENDERS, THE WORD DAMOTTEN OR ANYTHING SUGGESTIVE.

It is natural that the author should have something to say about the American woman. The climate, she remarks, is dry and it is therefore difficult to preserve the complexion, but when nature gives out art steps in, not crudely, but with much discrimination and judgment, generally quite defying detection:

This art may, of course, be pursued to extremes. I remember an American woman once coming into the train in which I and my party were traveling—it was somewhere in the Middle West. She appeared a perfect vision, with a rose-leaf complexion, exquisite hair, and the figure of a goddess—a feast for weary eyes. However, when night came she proceeded in public, and without embarrassment, to divest herself of her beauty. First her entire head of luxuriant tresses was removed and laid on a seat of the carriage; next the aforesaid rose-leaf complexion was transferred with face-cream on to a handkerchief; and lastly, a considerable portion of the figure of a goddess was carefully abstracted and rolled up. All this was done quite frankly and unconcernedly—in

fact, when some of my party showed their interest in the proceedings, she gave them all her secrets with the utmost good nature, explaining exactly how it was done, and furnishing them with the addresses of the various stores from which they could, for so-and-so many dollars, obtain the wherewithal to become goddesses, should they so desire. She told us she had been in the "beauty trade," but had now married a millionaire and retired; but, like many other people who retire from their professions, she evidently found some difficulty in giving it up.

Mme. Lehmann received an invitation from Mr. Landon Ronald to a professorship at the Guildhall School of Music and accepted it after some hesitation, and this leads to an amusing story of a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Ronald:

Some time before the war, my husband and I were asked to dine *en famille* with Mr. and Mrs. Landon Ronald. Mrs. Ronald had provided a delightful menu, as is her wont; two maids waited upon us, and so absorbed were we in doing justice to the viands and in discussing various interesting matters that we scarcely noticed the clumsy waiting of the second parlor-maid until Mrs. Ronald apologized for it, rather elaborately. I thought, saying she regretted having made the experiment of engaging a totally inexperienced parlor-maid from the country. "I see now why we have been invited," I laughingly answered—"it is a case of trying it on the dog!"—and, after thus having our attention drawn to it, we certainly did begin to notice that the vegetables were being handed to our right ear-lohes, the wine was being poured on to the tablecloth instead of into the glasses, and so on. Finally the second parlor-maid fled from the room, doubled up with what appeared to be uncontrollable hysterics—and, as she fled, I really looked at her for the first time, and said: "Poor girl!—do you know, her profile reminds me of Irene Scharrer."

And then suddenly it dawned on me that a hoax had been played on us (though it was not the 1st of April), and I cried "It is Irene Scharrer!" And it was; and she promptly returned, in cap and apron, to finish dinner with us.

Incidentally we have a story of the late King Edward:

The late King Edward was always very kind to my father, and bought several of his pictures, besides sitting to him for the pencil drawing now in the British Museum. I remember a charming little incident characteristic of his noted geniality and kindness of heart.

One summer at Homburg, when I was quite a girl, my father and I were sitting in the park under the trees, listening to the orchestra. It was evening, and growing rather dark. King Edward presently arrived and made his way to a seat a few rows in front of us. Recognizing my father, he smiled, and made a friendly movement with his hand; hut, alas! papa, who was rather short-sighted, did not perceive it. In vain I whispered, "Look, papa, the King—over there—against those trees on the right." My poor father kept peering in the wrong direction, till at last the cheery royal voice rang out, "I'm over here, Mr. Lehmann!" and the difficulty was overcome.

The book ends with the opening of the war. The author tells us that her husband immediately offered his services and did much good work in commanding naval guns during the London raids:

My eldest son, Rudolf, was then seventeen years old. He and his younger brother, Leslie, both went to Selwyn House School, Broadstairs, and from there they went on to Marlborough College. Rudie was just leaving Marlborough and wanted to join up at once; but, much to his chagrin and to my thankfulness, this had to be postponed for about a year, as an attack of measles had left him with a slight affection of the heart. This, however, yielded to treatment, and indeed nature had endowed him with an excellent constitution. None the less the delay chafed his young spirit terribly, and he insisted on my taking him again and again to be examined by a heart specialist. He was so anxious to be pronounced "fit" that he always insisted on walking at a snail's pace, for fear of making his heart beat faster and postponing the longed-for pronouncement. I can see him still, *creeping* along Clarges Street!

Mme. Lehmann died about two weeks after completing her memoirs, "full of a magnificent courage," says her husband in an afterword, "and with the perfect serenity of one already quit of the dross of this world."

THE LIFE OF LIZA LEHMANN. By Herself. With many illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5.

How can an honest man who lays claim to normal intelligence walk up to the voting booth with a clear head when he can hardly breathe for the election literature that is crammed into his pockets, and this at a time when the fatherland is suffering as never before from paper shortage? Where can a man who loves peace and quiet go so as not to be pestered by these everlasting showers of pamphlets, each proclaiming the virtues of its candidate and its party? Our politicians should go to London, and there they can see, under a glass case in the British Museum, a model of an election bulletin. It was in the year 19 A. D. one Lucius Popidius was a candidate for the position of *ædilis* (magistrate). This was the sole and only campaign document his party issued: "See to it that L. Popidius is made *ædilis*. He deserves it!" Oh peace that was Rome's in those days!

Radium being incomparably more costly than gold naturally has to be carefully guarded, and a special safe for this most precious of metals is possessed by the British Radium Corporation. The safemaker had, like Caesar at Alesia, to face his defences both ways. To defy burglars' tools he had to have walls of steel, and to keep the radium emanations from escaping he had to construct an interior cage of lead, lead being practically the only metal not penetrable by the rays. Another difficulty to be overcome was the construction of a door that would prevent the loss of emanations when it was opened. Valves are fixed in the door, through which tubes of mercury can be passed for the collection and storage of the emanations.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending October 9, 1920, were \$161,400,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$158,000,000; a gain of \$3,400,000.

In its weekly comparative statement of condition made public Saturday, October 9th, the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco reports an increase of \$5,597,000 in total gold reserves over the reserves of last week.

Total gold reserves this week are reported at \$159,637,000, of which amount \$66,768,000 is held by banks within the Twelfth Federal Reserve District, as against \$56,037,000 for the week ended October 1st. Total reserves are reported at \$160,183,000, as against \$154,623,000 last week.

The total of bills on hand, reported at \$231,574,000, is \$4,041,000 less than the total

volume of outstanding credit may be anticipated. Meanwhile, through the shifting of credits and through the facilities of the Federal Reserve system, pressure on the banking facilities of particular sections is being distributed throughout the banking system and the strength of the credit structure as a whole is absolutely sound and unimpaired.

"A number of factors have facilitated the improvement in the credit outlook. As the continued improvement in transportation permits more normal movements of commodities, the mobility of credits is gradually being restored. Progress is being made in the liquidation of commodity stocks and loans against them. While the downward trend of prices involves current difficulties, it is a movement toward greater rather than less stability in both the credit and the general business situation, since it tends to reduce the pressure on banking facilities and at the same time to stimulate the large potential demand for goods which increasingly high prices had impaired. In contrast with the movement in progress a year ago, therefore, the general trend of business conditions within the United States is in the direction of increasing soundness and stability.

"During the period of August 16th-September 15th money rates in the New York market have been without much fluctuation. Commercial borrowings in the open market continued at a firm level of 8 per cent. Call loans on securities ruled at about 7 per cent. with a moderate upward movement about the first of September, since when they have again declined from a basis of from 6 to 7 per cent. Extensive operations of the Federal treasury, including the issue and retirement of a large volume of certificates of indebtedness and the collection of the third quarterly installment of income and profits taxes, have had little influence on money rates. Near the close of the period quotations for time money on collateral of securities became somewhat easier, although the volume of business done continued small.

"The improvement which bond market experienced during the preceding month has continued through the current period. Investment buying of corporate and particularly of railroad securities has been good and the price trend has continued upward.

"A number of new corporate and railroad security offerings have been floated successfully, notable among them being the \$25,000,000 issue of ten-year 7 per cent. bonds by the New York Central Railroad Company. Interest has been centered chiefly, however, on the flotation of the \$100,000,000 French government loan, issued in preparation for the retirement at maturity of the Anglo-French loan. This issue, bearing 8 per cent. interest, maturing in twenty-five years, and containing provisions for annual redemptions after five years at 110, was quickly oversubscribed, with a gratifyingly wide distribution among investors."

Refunding of the Liberty Loans at maturity will probably be necessary, according to the National Bank of Commerce in New York. In the current issue of its magazine, *Commerce Monthly*, the bank points out that this is indicated by the relatively early period within which the bulk of our public debt falls due, together with the demand for tax reduction and the uncertainty as to repayment of the advances made to the Allied governments.

"The policy which has been followed in American war loan financing will make necessary large refunding operations," the bank states. "From the treasury point of view this may have its advantages, for it may be possible to issue some of the refunding loans at lower interest rates. In so far as lower rates can be secured, the policy will have justified itself. In any event the optional maturities in effect between 1927 and 1947 give the treasury a satisfactory control over debt payment during that period."

In discussing the relation of taxation to debt reduction, the bank says:

"It should be observed that the marked trend of American fiscal policy toward direct forms of taxation within the past decade reduced the probability of rapid debt payment. After the civil war, while a high tariff was incidentally piling up huge surpluses in the treasury, debt payment even at high premiums seemed a desirable means of returning to circulation money then locked up in treasury vaults. Because the tax burden was then only indirectly felt, these recurrent surpluses were endured; now that the burden is in the main direct, it can hardly be expected that collection of revenue beyond the ordinary needs of government will go unchallenged, or that the payment of a debt which can be postponed will be generally regarded as one of the ordinary needs of government."

As a result of the coal shortage which menaces the world only the United States and Great Britain are assured of sufficient fuel to operate their industries at capacity during the coming winter, according to Joseph A. Broderick, vice-president of the National Bank of Commerce in New York. In an article on the

international coal trade in the October issue of *Commerce Monthly*, the bank's magazine, he points out that although eventually a balance will be reached between demand and production, this can not be hoped for in the near future. Neither shipments from new and remote fields nor the increased use of fuel oil and other substitutes will solve the problem for the present.

The article indicates that at the present rate of monthly receipts not a single importing country in Europe or South America is receiving a supply which is even approximately adequate. France is now receiving coal at about two-thirds the rate which would be necessary to assure operation of French industries at capacity; Italian receipts are about three-fifths of the estimated necessary amount; Netherlands is receiving only one-third the amount of coal required by its industries, and Norway is receiving approximately one-half. The situation is no better in the case of the other chief European and South American buyers in the international market.

"Only two countries of the world, the United States and the United Kingdom, today have reasonable assurance of sufficient coal to operate their industries at capacity during the coming winter," Mr. Broderick says. "In order to attain this security a definite limit has been placed upon the amount of British coal available for export, and in the United States exports have been automatically held in check by measures taken to assure domestic supplies. The fuel problem is the foremost question facing the industry of every country of western Europe, except the United Kingdom. It is also to the fore in a number of countries outside Europe, chiefly those countries of South America which have heretofore been dependent on imported coal.

"The international coal trade is entirely dominated by the United Kingdom, Germany, and the United States. Not only is the coal supply of importing countries now dependent upon the mines of these three countries, but there is no prospect for years to come of important additions from other sources to the amount of coal available for the export market. The recent emphasis placed upon small shipments from new and remote coal fields has been entirely out of proportion to their relation to the issue. A similar overemphasis has also been placed on the proposed use of substitutes. Regardless of what the more remote future may hold, the present fuel problem will not be solved by the substitution of fuel oil for coal. The production of electricity from water-power necessitates elaborate installations at a time when capital is costly and difficult to secure, and extensive water-power projects require years for completion. Wood and peat are but poor substitutes for coal, and for many uses lignite likewise is highly unsatisfactory. Modern industry has been built on coal, and it is dependent on adequate supplies for its maintenance.

"The total shortage of coal in the international market is only a small part of the difference between actual production and probable output had the war not occurred, but when measured in terms of the effect on the countries which are suffering this shortage it is acute, and the only hope of meeting it lies in the productive capacity of the United Kingdom, the United States, and Germany."

According to threshing returns the general harvest throughout the Dominion is greater in volume than that of last year by 21 per cent. The yield of wheat is approximately 267,000,000 bushels; of oats, 496,000,000 bushels, and of barley, 63,000,000 bushels. The corresponding figures in 1919 were as follows: wheat, 193,000,000 bushels; oats, 394,000,000 bushels, and barley, 56,000,000 bushels (says the Canadian Bank of Commerce in its September monthly commercial letter).

At the end of the last fiscal year Canada's favorable trade balance was \$175,000,000, but since then, for the four months ending July, the excess of imports has amounted to \$124,000,000 and customs receipts in August indicate no diminution of imports as compared with July. Canada, therefore, approaches the season during which exports attain their greatest volume with an adverse balance. So far the harvest season has been a favorable one, and hopes are materializing of a yield of field produce considerably above the average. Of grain and its products there will be a substantial increase in the amount available for export. For the twelve months ending July, grain and wheat flour exports represented 22.7 per cent.; in 1919, 20.7 per cent., and in 1918, 31.4 per cent. of the total. The maintenance of the volume of such staple exports as these and meats may be looked for, with a material gain in dairy products, living animals, tobacco, and flax. For our forest products, in which is included paper, and for certain minerals, notably asbestos, the demand remains firm. Generally, the outlook as to the volume of exportable merchandise is satisfactory.

On the other hand, there does not appear to be any sign of our imports diminishing.

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From the United Kingdom imports for the twelve months ending July amounted to \$191,000,000 as compared with \$75,000,000 in the previous twelve months. The low value of the pound sterling may furnish some explanation of this growth, but, while dollar exchange has been high, purchases from the United States have also increased substantially. These, for the twelve months ending July last, amounted to \$881,000,000, as compared with \$695,000,000 in 1919. Similarly purchases from Cuba increased from \$4,350,000 to \$30,500,000. Of particular commodities imported, there is a decided increase in breadstuffs, cotton, flax, furs, hides and skins, leather, iron and steel, rubber, silk, sugar, automobiles, wood, and wool. The extraordinary increase in sugar imported is partly accounted for by the increased volume of the exports into which sugar largely enters. During the fiscal year ending March last the value of sugar products exported was \$30,000,000, as compared with \$3,200,000 in the previous year. Other imports, however, such as rubber, ve-

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hicles, iron, and steel, are not offset to so great an extent by increased exports of these commodities or others in the making of which they are an important factor. It might also be mentioned as indicative of the character of many purchases made, that the increase in the value of diamonds imported within the fiscal year is 257 per cent., or from \$1,250,000 to \$4,470,000. It is thus obvious that the consumption in Canada of costly imported goods continues. While the exports of the remaining months of the year will be in increased volume, their value, in view of falling prices and of increased production in other countries, may not exceed that of the imports sufficiently to cover interest and other charges for services due abroad.

Adverse balances were usually met, prior to the war, by borrowings abroad which could be effected at the rates of interest relatively low as compared with those current in Canada. The situation is now, however, reversed by the high rates of interest prevailing in Great Britain and the United States, in

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for the previous week. The total of earning assets also show a decrease from last week, being \$245,413,000, as against \$249,321,000. Total resources and total liabilities are reported at \$449,841,000.

Gross deposits are \$161,191,000, as against \$162,377,000, and as against a total of \$252,516,000 in Federal Reserve notes in actual circulation last week \$254,380,000 are in circulation now.

The National Bank of Commerce in New York has the following to say in their October commercial monthly about money and markets and the credit situation:

"The credit situation has continued, during the period ending September 15th, to evidence in a substantial measure the improvement which had become apparent a

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month ago. There has not, it is true, been any easing of credit. Banking loans have increased in response to seasonal needs; there has been no relaxation in commercial money rates; and little change in this situation can be expected until the major requirements of the crop-moving season have been met. Nevertheless, substantial progress has been made in overcoming the difficulties in the credit situation.

"Harvesting and marketing of large crops are being financed adequately and without undue strain on banking resources. While loans are now expanding in response to seasonal needs, as these seasonal requirements are liquidated a considerable reduction in the

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consequence of which it has been found more profitable to dispose of our securities in Canada. In the case of Great Britain the unfavorable state of the market is aggravated by the low rate of sterling exchange. On the other hand, in order to effect sales in the United States, Canadian securities must be offered at prices to yield the purchasers not less than 7½ per cent. It can not be expected, therefore, that borrowings abroad will

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adjust our trade balance, nor does it appear that consumers as yet are disposed to curtail their demands for imported goods, particularly from the United States. In the face of such conditions the premium on New York funds is likely to continue, though such favorable factors as the placing of American capital in

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Canada and the bringing in of capital by immigrants and tourists must not be overlooked.

McDonnell & Co. recently issued a small booklet containing valuable information about corporation bonds and the business situation after the civil war and after the world war. The booklet also contains a list of the most attractive corporation bonds in railroads, equipments, utility bonds, industrial bonds, foreign government bonds, and United States

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government bonds. A copy of the booklet can be had on request at their office, Market Street and New Montgomery.

Recently national banks in at least three states have added the words "trust company" to their title by permission of the controller of the currency, and have been granted trust powers by the Federal Reserve Board. In view of the precedents now established and the fact that many banks "already have availed themselves of the privilege of exercising trust powers coextensive with those of state institutions," much interest, in the opinion of *Finance and Industry* (Cleveland), attaches to these questions: "Will national banks generally find it advantageous to change their titles so as to better advertise their privilege to perform fiduciary functions? What would be the probable effect upon state institutions exercising trust powers?" The Ohio financial weekly discusses the subject as follows:

"Prior to September 26, 1918, national banks might be granted permission to act only in limited trust capacities, as trustee, executor, administrator, and registrar of stocks and bonds. On this date an amendment to the Federal Reserve Act authorized and empowered the Federal Reserve Board:

"To grant by special permit to national banks applying therefor, when not in contravention of state or local law, the right to act as . . . guardian of estate, assignee, receiver, committee of estates of lunatics, or in any other fiduciary capacity in which state banks, trust companies, or other corporations which come into competition with national banks are permitted to act under the laws of the state in which the national bank is located."

"National banks are required by law to use the word 'national' in their titles. This would always distinguish between national and state institutions, even though exercise of trust powers and use of the words 'trust company' in the names of national banks became general. But the casual observer there would be less distinction, as regards title, between the two classes of institutions. Some bankers thought this might tend to shift from state banks to national banks some of the trust business now transacted by the former.

"However, attention apparently is centered more largely upon new business possibilities. It is recognized that the trust field has by no means been covered. This is particularly true in this state, where the fiduciary powers of both state and national banks were limited in important respects until enactment of the Ohio Banking Code a little more than a year ago.

"With national as well as state banks in the field, advertising trust functions through their titles as well as by other means, the belief was expressed that the activities of trust departments of all banks would be greatly extended. The public would be more apt to take trust business to banks if many more such institutions were equipped, as their names indicated, to handle it.

"While only one national bank in Ohio has added the words 'trust company' to its title so far as known, many have been granted permission to exercise trust powers. At the Federal Reserve Bank of Cleveland it was learned that up to June 30, 1920, fifty-seven national banks in this state had been granted such powers. Since that time many applications had been received and a number acted upon favorably. The larger national banks

predominated among those granted or seeking trust powers."

The Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company in connection with their participation in the new issue of Canadian National Railway twenty-year 7 per cent. debenture quote from an article in the *Wall Street Journal* on Canadian securities:

"Canadian securities, including government and corporation issues, have maintained a comparatively stable position throughout the war and since, both in Canada and in the United States, where a large amount is held. This reflects the skilled handling of Canadian government financing during the war and the relatively strong financial position of the country when it emerged from the conflict.

"During the war Canada issued war loans amounting to \$2,353,995,650, of which approximately \$2,000,000,000 is outstanding. It also advanced to European countries \$340,350,843, as follows: Great Britain, \$202,605,094; Great Britain (advances chartered banks), \$100,000,000; France, \$5,519,047; Roumania, \$22,273,467; Belgium, \$1,734,295; Greece, \$8,118,940.

"On March 31, 1920, gross debt of the Dominion of Canada was \$3,014,483,774, of which \$1,078,537,461 constituted revenue-producing debts. During and since the war Canada has floated six loans aggregating \$1,050,000,000, all of which was largely oversubscribed.

"Unlike the United States and other countries, the government of Canada by arrangement with bankers and Stock Exchange members stabilized prices of government war loans, with the result that for most of the time these loans sold near par. Recently the committee fixed the prices of the war loans as follows:

Maturity.	Old Price.	New Price.	Yield.
1922.....	99	98	6.38%
1923.....	99	98	6.14%
1927.....	99½	97	6.00%
1937.....	99½	96½	5.88%
1937.....	101	98	5.68%
1924.....	98	97	6.27%
1934.....	96	93	6.24%

"Canada gold 5 per cent. bonds, issued in 1917, are payable in the United States as well as Canada. They are selling in New York on a 6.40 per cent. basis.

"Now that more than half of Canadian railroad mileage is under government control and rates have recently been increased, the securities of these companies are likely to become unusually popular both in Canada and the United States. In May of this year Canadian National Railways sold \$15,000,000 fifteen-year 7 per cent. sinking fund equipment trust certificates through local bankers. These bonds were offered to the public at 99 and interest to yield about 7.10 per cent. They were quickly absorbed by American investors and are now selling close to par.

"Canada will not do any borrowing this year, according to Minister of Militia and Defense Guthrie, in a recent interview published in the *Wall Street Journal*. This will leave the field open for extensive corporation financing and some choice issues may be floated in this country."

E. H. Rollins & Sons and the National City Bank are offering a block of the Government of Newfoundland 5½ per cent. gold bonds at 85¼ and interest, to yield 6.90 per cent. Principal and interest of these bonds are payable at the option of the holder in United States gold coin in New York City. Newfoundland is the oldest colony of the British Empire, having come into England's possession in 1497. It has a population estimated at 250,000.

Offered by the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company, \$124,234 City of Astoria, Oregon, 6 per cent. improvement bonds in denominations of \$500, price 99, to yield 6.05 to 6.82 per cent.

Astoria, county seat of Clatsop County, is situated at the mouth of the Columbia River. It is the third largest city in the state and second in commercial importance, occupying one of the most advantageous positions on the Pacific Coast. It is headquarters for the Columbia River salmon fisheries and the centre for great lumbering operations. Other important industries are dairying and stock-raising.

Astoria is a modern city and a jobbing point of importance. It has bank deposits aggregating \$8,000,000. Astoria has expended over \$3,000,000 on harbor improvements and terminal facilities. Its harbor is the most important between Puget Sound and San Francisco. Astoria's municipally-owned water system has always been on a paying basis. Water revenues exceed operating expenses, water bond interest, and sinking fund requirements.

The Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company announce the addition of Mr. Otis H. Clark to their staff. Mr. Clark has been with the bond department of the California National Bank of Sacramento for the past three years, and will represent the Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin

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A Kansas lawyer comes forward with a proposal that Congress be cut down to one house and that each state have but one representative. This body would then merely frame alternative laws to be submitted to the people for referendum.

A monument to Wilbur Wright, "first to fly in a heavier-than-air machine," has been unveiled at Mans, France, where the inventor spent many weeks experimenting with flying devices.

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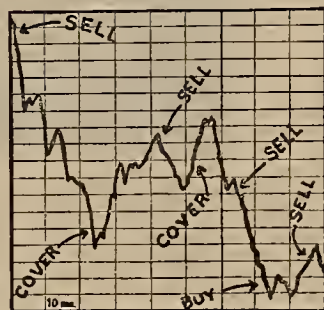
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A History of Italy.

Mrs. Trevelyan was doubtless aware of the difficulties that confronted her when she began to write her history of Italy. She intended to cover a period of some seventeen centuries, that is to say from the time of Diocletian to the formation of the present kingdom. Presumably she had in mind some such volume as she has now given to us, a volume of about 600 pages. Now there are only two ways in which such a history can be written. Either it must consist of little more than a chronological table of events, or there must be a choice of some definite line of advance to the exclusion, or nearly to the exclusion, of all others. Now the history of Italy is the most eventful that the race has yet given to us. Italy was not only the mistress of the world in the political sense. She was also its leader in religion, art, music, and letters. She may be likened, not only to a chain of mountains, but to many parallel chains of mountains. The historian must choose which line of crests he will traverse unless he is prepared to produce a work that shall be monumental in size.

Mrs. Trevelyan has chosen the political line, with occasional deviations where the presentation of her subject seems to demand it. But even here the condensation is necessarily so great as to obscure what may be

called the heart of the nation and to the exclusion of many of what may be called the imponderables. For example, we should like to know the effect upon the mind of the people of the barbarian invasions, the invasions of the Lombards and the Byzantines, of the civil wars, and of the internecine disunities that gradually gave way before the forces of unification. It is in no disparagement of the work that these omissions are noted. They were inevitable in any single volume of portable size. Mrs. Trevelyan probably knows as much of the history of Italy as any one living. It has been her life study. And perhaps it would be ungrateful to regret that she has not written half a dozen volumes instead of one, so that she might show us, not only the mountain peaks, but the valleys between.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ITALIAN PEOPLE FROM THE BARBARIAN INVASIONS TO THE ATTAINMENT OF UNITY. By Janet Penrose Trevelyan. With twenty-four illustrations and six maps. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Theodore Roosevelt.

At a time when the biographer seems to be losing all sense of limitation we may congratulate Mr. Pearson on the 159 pages in which he is content to tell the story of Roosevelt's life. It is not, of course, a true biography, but it will be accepted as such by many busy people who will be satisfied with so good a summary of chief events and with a

modesty of panegyric that is as rare a biographical virtue as brevity. Mr. Roosevelt, says the author, ought not to be compared with Lincoln. "There has been no character in our land like Lincoln; he stands alone. What we can say of Roosevelt, now, is that he was admired and beloved by millions of his fellow-countrymen while he lived; that his was an extraordinary and entirely different character from that of any of our Presidents; and that upon his death thousands who had opposed him and bitterly hated him but a few years before were altering their opinion and speaking of him in admiration—with more than the mere respect which custom pays to the dead."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By Edmund Lester Pearson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

Interior Decoration.

That we are slowly emerging from barbarism is proved by the demand for such books as this. It is true that its appeal will be to the righteous rather than to the sinners, who will still revel in the domestic atrocities that shine and glitter and that carry pretense upon their unblinking fronts. But the heaven will work. It is working already. Our house interiors are, if not more beautiful, at least less ugly, and there are those among us conscious of possessing no taste who are anxious to acquire it.

This fine volume contains no Ten Commandments of interior decorating, but it gives us some fine examples of the art from which the intelligent reader may come to grips with his own vague aspirations. Here we have a history of decorating and a discussion of the various decoration epochs such as Renaissance and Baroque. Then we have a presentation of modern tendencies and hints as to their proper application, nor must we forget the valuable chapter on Color and Color Schemes. The authors do not profess to tell us how to decorate a house, but they tell us how many beautiful houses have been decorated, while allowing us an insight into principles that will prove the safest of all guides.

THE PRACTICAL BOOK OF INTERIOR DECORATION. By Harold Donaldson Eberlein, Abbot McClure, and Edward Stratton Holloway. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Briefer Reviews.

A particularly attractive verse book for children is "The Imp of Mischief," by Olive Chandler, with illustrations in color by Rachel Marshall. The verse is of good quality, the pictures are vivid, and the text is in hold type. The book is published by E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$2.

"The Young Citizen's Own Book," by Chelsea Curtis Fraser (Thomas Y. Crowell Company), describes in easy, chatty style for boys just how the various branches of our public affairs are managed—with the "why" of a good many things that even older citizens of voting age are prone to forget.

"The Business Man's English," by Wallace Edgar Bartholomew and Floyd Hurlbut (the Macmillan Company), is intended to impart a knowledge of how business should be transacted and also "to insure the understanding of the English of business through the introduction of an unusually large number of exercises that deal directly with business situations." Oral English also receives prominent treatment.

The Century Company has published "Jimmy Bunn Stories," by Henry C. Walker. Jimmy Bunn, the rabbit, is the central character of the book and the present-day fables and folklore tales in which he takes part are told with much charm and originality. They are full of fun and humor that appeal to the healthy normal youngster, and they frequently point a moral in such kindly fashion that small ears take it in with no effort.

"The Blue Pearl," by Samuel Seville, Jr. (Century Company), is a story with its setting in the woods of the great Northwest. A group of Boy Scouts are challenged to overcome obstacles and meet the most extraordinary dangers, this time the prize being a marvelous blue pearl worth \$50,000. The challenge is accepted, and the narrative of the Scouts threading the primeval forests on the trail of the blue pearl makes a story of interest.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company has just published two books by Inez M. McFee. The first is entitled "Boy Heroes in Fiction" and the second "Girl Heroines in Fiction." The former contains sketches of Little Gavroche, David Balfour, Oliver Twist, Jim Davis, David Copperfield, Jim Hawkins, and John Halifax. The latter includes Little Dorrit, Maggie Tulliver, Ellen, Little Nell, Eppie, and Cozette. The sketches are well written and well illustrated.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The cable dispatches announcing the death of Egerton Castle, the distinguished English novelist and playwright, have come at just the time when D. Appleton & Co. are issuing his and his wife's latest novel, entitled "John

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Seneschal's Margaret." It is unknown as yet whether or not this is the final work from the pens of the Castles, but there is reason for the many admirers of these writers congratulating themselves over the fact that it is one of their very best pieces of fiction.

Doubleday, Page & Co. announce for early publication the reminiscences of Melville E. Stone, who for the past twenty years has been general manager of the Associated Press. No one has been more intimately in touch than he with the events of the last quarter-century, and with the men both in this country and in Europe who are behind events.

That the author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," and many other favorites has been very ill will be keenly regretted by the many thousands who have come to love her through her charming books. They will be glad to know that her health is improving every day.

"I found 'gay life' in New York immensely and soherly respectable," writes Sir Philip Gihbs in "People of Destiny," his new book, just brought out by the Harpers. "One could take one's maiden aunt into the heart of it," he continues, "and not get hot by her blushes. In fact, it is the American maiden aunt who sets the pace of the fox-trot and the one-step in dancing rooms where there are music and afternoon tea."

Mrs. Rinehart has two successful plays now running on Broadway in which she collaborated with Avery Hopwood, "Spanish Love" and "The Bat." Her new play, "Bab," is expected shortly.

The hurried launching of lifeboats from disabled vessels is usually attended by confusion and danger. An Eastern shipyard worker has devised a new method of lowering the boats that carries them forty feet away from the ship's side, lays them on an even keel, and gives them a forward impulse. The small boat, instead of hanging in davits, rests in a cradle supported by three parallel inclined arms, which are pivoted near the water line and guided by cables attached above.

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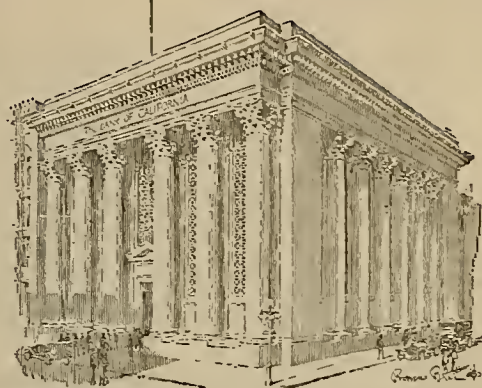
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Proportional Form.

It is strange that so little attention has been given to the laws of proportion and of periodicity that govern nature. This may be due to the fact that they are so inimical to the theories of chance that have obsessed the scientific mind, for there can be no greater mistake than to suppose that science pursues the truth with a single eye. But that is a matter that need not now be discussed.

Samuel Colman, N. A., and C. Arthur Coan, LL. B., first attracted attention by their book, "Nature's Harmonic Unity," and now they give us further studies of the same problems. Why does nature geometrize, so to speak? Why is she unvarying in her attention to number, assigning whole departments of herself to the threes, the fives, and the sevens, playing her endless harmonies with her curves, ellipses, eccentrics, and spirals? The same geometric precision is to be found in the tiniest seashell and in a solar system. Sound, color, and heat obey the same laws and are periodic. Even the chemical elements arrange themselves into octaves and the "lost canon of proportion" owes its only secrecy to its universality.

The authors have written an admirable and a beautiful book. Without indulging in immature theories they show us something of the laws of number and of proportion that prevail everywhere, something of the great kingdoms of nature that are dominated by geometry. No one can read it without a stimulation of his sense of mystery and perhaps there can be nothing more useful than this to a world whose illumination has always something of the devilish in it.

PROPORTIONAL FORM. By Samuel Colman, N. A., and C. Arthur Coan, LL. B. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Garden of Peace.

It is a comfort to know that there is peace somewhere, even though it be only in Mr. Frankfort Moore's garden. Assuredly it seems to be a most peaceful place and its creation the most peaceful of avocations. Mr. Moore tells us all about it in a book that seems at first glance to be alarmingly large, but that is so beguilingly written as to prove quite short. Mr. Moore is too good a writer to bore us with his garden by telling us of nothing else. Quite an assortment of nice

people are to be found in the garden, and there are also ruminations about other gardens and about the art of gardening from earth's earliest ages until now. Mr. Moore's book gives us a distinctly peaceful feeling, although we have a foreboding that it will not last.

A GARDEN OF PEACE. By F. Frankfort Moore. With illustrations. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Devil's Paw.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim gives us fair warning that "the characters in this story are entirely fictitious, and bear no relation to any living person. Where, for the development of the plot, persons bolding public offices are mentioned, these are entirely imaginary creations." Perhaps the warning was a necessary one. There were undoubtedly pacifists in England during the war and there can be no doubt that the extreme labor men were willing enough to fall into the German trap and to coerce the government into a premature and disastrous armistice. Since no one knows quite what went on in the horrid medley of pacifists, spies, plotters, traitors, and emotionalists we may admit that Mr. Oppenheim's guess is as good as another's. But we wish that his characters were more virile. They are a rather musby lot.

THE DEVIL'S PAW. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

New Books Received.

SOCIAL SCANDINAVIA IN THE VIKING AGE. By Mary Wilhelmine Williams, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Scandinavians at the time of their greatest influence.

THE SAGA OF THE SEVENTH DIVISION. By Helen Emily Forbes. New York: John Lane Company. An elegy in blank verse.

THE WISDOM OF AKHNATON. By A. E. Grantham. New York: John Lane Company. A drama of ancient Egypt.

JAPAN'S FOREIGN POLICIES. By A. M. Pooley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

How Japan has become the Germany of the East.

RETURNED EMPTY. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75. A novel.

SHE WHO WAS HELENA CASS. By Lawrence Rising. New York: George H. Doran Company. A novel.

NIGHT AND DAY. By Virginia Woolf. New York: George H. Doran Company. A novel.

THE BRIDGE OF KISSES. By Berta Ruck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.75. A novel.

THE AIRPLANE SPIDER. By Gilbert Murray. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1. The story of Laura the Tarantula Spider.

A BOOK OF THE SEVEN. By A. B. Bradley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. With sixteen illustrations in color by J. H. Buxton.

MODERN TRAVEL. By Norman J. Davidson, B. A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$5. A record of exploration, travel, adventure, and



sport in all parts of the world during the last forty years derived from personal accounts by the travelers.

IN THE MOUNTAINS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. A novel.

SONGS OF DOGS. By Robert Frothingham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. An anthology.

THE DEVIL'S PAW. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. A novel.

ADVENTURES IN MOTHER GOOSE LAND. By Edward Gower. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.25. For children.

LITERATURE IN A CHANGING AGE. By Ashley H. Thorndike, Ph. D., L. H. D. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.

The influence upon literature of industry, democracy, and science.

THE STORY OF OPAL. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press; \$2.

The journal of an understanding heart.

THE PRINCIPLES OF ESTHETICS. By De Witt H. Parker. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co. A series of lectures delivered at the University of Michigan.

FAMOUS PSYCHIC STORIES. Edited by J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Tales of the unseen.

THE CRYSTAL BALL. By Mary D. Gordon. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2. For children.

SONGS OF THE DEAD. By Margaret Napier. New York: John Lane Company. A volume of verse.

COME SEVEN. By Octavus Roy Cohen. New York: Dodd Mead & Co.; \$1.75. Negro stories.

PROBLEMS OF POPULATION AND PARENTHOOD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$10. Second report of and chief evidence taken by the National Birth-Rate Commission, 1918-1920.

SONGS OF HORSES. By Robert Frothingham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.65. An anthology.

LABOR IN POLITICS OR CLASS VERSUS COUNTRY. By Charles Norman Fay. Cambridge, Massachusetts: The University Press.

Considerations for American voters.

HANDBOOK OF BALL ROOM DANCING. By Paymaster Commander A. M. Cree, R. N. New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated by diagrams.

THE AMERICANIZATION OF EDWARD BOK. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. An autobiography.

ADVICE AND OTHER POEMS. By Maxwell Bodenheim. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$1.25. A volume of verse.

WHEN THE BLOOD BURNS. By E. W. Savi. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. A novel.

JIMMY BUNN STORIES. By Henry C. Walker. New York: The Century Company. For the young.

THE BLUE PEARL. By Samuel Scoville, Jr. New York: The Century Company. A boy scout story.

EARLY PERSIAN POETRY. By A. V. Williams Jackson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25.

From the beginnings down to the time of Firdausi.

EVERYMAN'S CHILD. By Sophie Irene Loeb. New York: The Century Company.

The problem of the dependent child.

THE WORKERS AT WAR. By Frank Julian Warne. New York: The Century Company. The industrial war in America.

ON A RANCH. By Grace May North. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.75. For the young.

LIGHTING THE HOME. By M. Luckiesh. New York: The Century Company. An aid to interior decoration.

SAMUEL LYLE, CRIMINOLOGIST. By Arthur Crabb. New York: The Century Company. A detective story.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE. By R. F. Pettigrew. New York: Boni & Liveright.

A discussion of the more important phases of

the development of imperial policy in the United States.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS TIME. By Joseph Bucklin Bishop. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

As shown in his letters. With illustrations.

IN THE HOUSE OF ANOTHER. By Beatrice Mantle. New York: The Century Company. A novel.

BOYS' BOOK OF MODEL BOATS. By Raymond F. Yates. New York: The Century Company. How to build and sail a model boat.

WHAT'S ON THE WORKER'S MIND. By Whiting Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. By one who put on overalls to find out.

THE PURPLE HEIGHTS. By Marie Conway Oemler. New York: The Century Company. A novel.

THE GULF OF MISUNDERSTANDING. By Tancred Pinocchet. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.50.

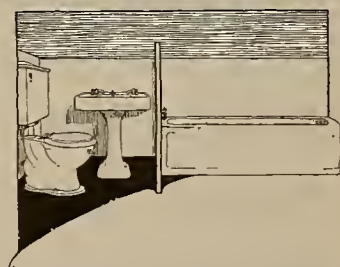
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THE BUSINESS MAN'S ENGLISH. By Wallace Edgar Bartholomew and Floyd Hurlbut. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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CHARACTER AND OPINION IN THE UNITED STATES. By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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"THE TYPHOON."

Mr. Maitland having, with great presence of mind, fired the job-for collection who showed in "The Admirable Crichton" that they couldn't act, has got things reorganized in his company and this week is giving a very creditable performance of "The Typhoon." This play, it will be remembered, was a starring vehicle for Walker Whiteside. It is a play of Continental authorship, the writer a Hungarian, Melchior Lengyl by name. Walker Whiteside has a taste for the melodramatic, and anyway nearly all English translations—whether British or American—of Continental plays do injustice to the original by suppressing or transferring features which might be supposed to bring blushes to the cheek of supposititious innocence. Therefore there are, presumably, slight deviations from lifelikeness in "The Typhoon" which the Hungarian Lengyl may not be responsible for.

As a high-class melodrama "The Typhoon" is unquestionably very striking. The transplantation of the Japanese motive to Occidental drama, the mingling and the interrelations of the Occidental and the Oriental types, and the development of the murderous brainstorm in Tokerao's self-sacrificing and patriotic soul are all very effectively indicated. Also, the character of Helena the courtesan, disagreeable though it is, has that aspect of life-likeness which, although in this case antagonistic to the sympathies, adds an exotic interest to the play.

Mr. Maitland has done some highly commendable work in accomplishing a Japanese atmosphere, there being six Japanese characters in the play, all given with due Japanese effect.

Mr. Maitland himself plays the part of Tokerao, the Japanese patriot, and, except for his height and the un-Japanese length of his legs, his conception was more than satisfactory and his submergence in the rôle successfully achieved. His players carefully suppressed their native American traits in the six rôles of the polite, impassive little Nipponese. Mr. Richard Lancaster in the rôle of the wise, astute old counselor-in-chief to the group of Nipponese being particularly acceptable.

The part of Helena Kerner, the perverse and high-tempered beauty who was Tokerao's mistress, was entrusted to the new leading lady, Mildred Cates, whose work was so conscientiously undertaken that she gave the

proper impression of a very improper and unmanageable individual: a being something like a high, shrewish, nasty gale blowing over a fine landscape—the beauty of the self-sufficient daughter of joy being representative of the landscape.

The new leading man, in the character of the impetuous artist Lindner, who so violently execrates the impassive men of Nippon to their very faces, did really good work, making the character stand out in stronger lines than with the Whiteside production: the which greatly consoled the Smythe mourners; and the remainder of the company did so well that they atoned for the unfortunate week already referred to.

The Maitland Theatre is newly decorated. What extravagance, for the green crepe walls still looked fresh and unfaded. But blue velvet has supplanted the green, and the little theatre looks very sumptuous.

"WAY DOWN EAST" AT THE CURRAN.

We've all seen it, of course, in the spoken drama, and have no difficulty in recalling its rather labored comedy and old-fashioned melodrama. We say to ourselves, therefore, "For goodness' sake, why is Griffith taking up with 'Way Down East'?"

But that film genius knows just what he is about. He knows well the drawing capacity of a familiar name, and as "Way Down East" has always been very popular with a large section of theatre-goers he is well aware that he can rely on their curiosity to see their favorite handsomely, or at least completely, presented as a picture play.

So there they are, blissfully happy with all the dear old melodramatic situations made enormously effective with a wider setting. "Old Homestead" New Englanders, a suggestion of "Shore Acres," the "Hazel Kirke" incident of throwing out an innocently-wronged girl in a terrific storm, the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" incident of crossing the ice. Ah, there we have it!

Beautiful as the earlier farm and rural life pictures were, as soon as we came to the storm—and they do make superb photographs of storms for the picture plays—we knew why the astute Griffith had fixed his weather eye on this play. It was the wild storm and the girl's flight to the Connecticut River full of ice floes in which Griffith recognized the great pictorial possibilities.

The storm is a good, old-fashioned nor'easter and no mistake. We see the terrific movements of the tempest: when the hapless victim is thrust forth by the self-righteous old squire—for it is the kind of gale that no one can stand against—and Anna, as with bent head she struggles along, falls repeatedly. Then by gradual degrees the pictures flashed upon the screen show us the slow and painful progress of the fugitive to the river.

And such wonderful pictures there are to depict the storm! The air is full of a strange, ominous, sleety whiteness, through which we sense the beat and throb of the tempest. There is something awe-inspiring about such manifestations of nature's power, for the shriek and clamor of the gale are duly suggested, and the camera man—we can imagine what an expert a Griffith camera man must be—has in a series of splendidly successful pictures shown us old Mother Nature in a cold, deadly, yet violent and murderous rage.

The whole series, however, leads up to the culminating pictures depicting Anna traveling over the boiling surface of the great, wide, impressive river from one ice-floe to the other, the wild white foam swirling and the hungry waves reaching up like cruel claws to seize and tear.

How in the world they manage it all I would very much like to know. Lillian Gish couldn't really have periled her expensive, movie-star life in the thrilling way she seemed to in those pictures. Why, the thing actually seemed real. One wanted to weep from sheer excitement, and I never saw a picture-play audience roused to such demonstrations of emotion. And there was the hero-man as well—played by Richard Barthelmess, who looks like a pretty girl, only he is more self-conscious—pursuing, with courageous solicitude and at the risk of his precious young life, the poor fugitive over those perilously rocking ice-floes until she was caught up with, gathered in the arms of the young athlete, and, on an even more dangerous and exciting trip, brought to safety.

For this part of the picture play alone "Way Down East" is well worth seeing, for the fans can not fail to capture those thrills and spinal quivers which are to them as a rare dish to a gourmet. Besides all these rich and rare excitements they threw in a lot of extras; a city dancing party, for instance, which amounted to a fashion show. No, nobody can get ahead of D. W. Griffith. In an intensely interesting leaflet he tells of the large engineering staff busy for two months during the ice-break upon the river, and bless us, but the man actually offers to furnish auditors to prove the expenditure of \$800,000 necessary to picture the scenes staged on

that mighty tide. But we all believe it without proof.

STANDARD DRAMA AT ALCAZAR.

It is a particularly interesting week at the Alcazar, there being presented there "The Hypocrites," a well-known play by Sir Henry Arthur Jones. This gives us an opportunity to admire anew the careful construction of a Jones play, and, as they have just withdrawn Galsworthy's "The Elder Son" at the Maitland Theatre, to compare the old-fashioned and the more modern view of how to treat the woman wronged.

Jones, always a conservative and vigorous moralist, believes in only one alternative: make the man right the wrong by marrying the girl. In "Hindle Wakes," another famous standard play put on at the Maitland some weeks ago, as in Galsworthy's "The Elder Son," we see the application of the idea that this is not necessarily a solution, for in both these plays the girl affronts the conventional idea by turning down her tardy wooer and electing to remain free.

However, Jones' conservatism is more acceptable to general opinion, and his sturdy scorn of hypocrisy in the clerical and upper classes meets with more general approval, more particularly as there is no solution offered to a problem by the two more modern authors, while Jones' solution is the good old-fashioned one, enthroned in tradition: cure wounded honor by a probably unhappy marriage.

Jones, however, meets that situation by making the unappealed love of the young offenders against society a strong bond to draw them together again, the scene in which the lover flings cold calculation to the winds and claims the self-sacrificing victim being one that is charged with a quality of thrillingness that makes every pulse beat faster. It is not only the romantic satisfaction of seeing love vindicated, but of feeling a militant joy at seeing the base conspiracy of the worldly hypocrites overthrown and the young lover recovering his sense of manliness and of protection to the poor stray he was going so cruelly to disavow and discard.

The company, as always happens in plays of the kind, made a particularly good showing. The cast was strengthened by the presence of Emelie Melville, who, in the rôle of the mother, acted with star-like authority and distinction. Dudley Ayres was more forceful and impressive than he generally has opportunity to be in the rôle of the curate who roused to militant might when wrong threatened. Inez Ragan was obliged to be monotonously sad as the wronged girl, and Ben Erway, who is a bright youngster and a versatile, played the rôle of the young lover very acceptably. Henry Shumer also made a good appearance as the worldly and self-indulgent Vicar, and the remaining ten rôles were filled in a particularly creditable manner, the opening performance going with noticeable smoothness and finish, showing more than usually careful preparation.

SCOTTI GRAND OPERA CONCERT.

Last Sunday night at the Exposition Auditorium they spilled out caskfuls of vocal riches from Scotti's collection of human gems. For really they did seem like gems of humanity, all those handsome, gifted young people, their enthusiasm untarnished by time, the brilliancy of their voices undimmed by overuse, and their faces characterized by the freshness and charm of youth.

There was Ruth Miller, the coloratura soprano, who sang "Una voce poco fa," her notes pouring forth in a shower of crystal. Pretty gowned, a picture to look at, a delightful voice, one thought what riches! How good is destiny to this lavishly endowed young being.

Two favorite daughters, Francisca Peralta (Phyllis Parlington) and Doria Fernanda (Fernanda Pratt), also won the warm approval of the large audience. Two full-throated, deep-bosomed, Juno-armed, strong-voiced young women they are, gifted by the gods with personality, beauty of voice, and the ability to please, they won such salvos of applause, Francisca Peralta with an aria from "Aida," Doria Fernanda with one from "La Favorita," that they were forced to grant repeated encores; when we discovered that the two Junos were just natural, simple girls, full of girlish pleasure at giving pleasure.

Anna Roselle sang the Micaela aria from "Carmen" delightfully, showing in her dramatic delivery of the song the irrepressible instinct of the born actress.

Mario Chamlee, a black-haired Latin of the Latins, in his full, melodious voice sang the pathetic tenor swan song from "La Tosca," throwing in a sob or two—which I think we can dispense with—and then as a contrast delighting the audience with "La donna e mobile."

Greek Evans gave the "Toreador" and the always loved "Mandalay," pleasing, but not quite so mightily as the rest, and there was

a "La Gioconda" duet, sung by the two powerful voices of Jeanne Gordon and Francesca Peralta, while Ruth Miller, Doria Fernanda, Mario Chamlee, and Greek Evans gave the "Rigoletto" quartet, the four fine voices pouring out the music with that delightful, youthful spontaneity which was a characteristic of each number.

The popular character of the music was maintained in the orchestra pieces, the opening number, the "William Tell" overture, serving as a sort of appetizer, while the *tour de force* was the ballet music from "Faust," part of which had to be repeated.

It was a delightful occasion, and as many of the most important artists did not appear,

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it gives us some idea of the splendid personnel of Signor Scott's general company. For he is an impresario who, we might say, conducts a traveling Metropolitan Opera House company, the standards of the famous New York institution being adhered to in every respect because he has only choice artists from that company, securing their services while the New York house is closed.

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The Columbia Theatre.

George White's "Scandals of 1919" comes to the Columbia for a two weeks' run, commencing with Monday night, October 18th. It has broken box-office records in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago. The production is an elaborate one in sixteen scenes and two acts filled with satirical references to the current news issue of the day. Every variety of dancing, tuneful and catchy music, and an endless chain of hits will make the production one of special interest to those who love elaborate revues. The distinctive cast of comedians, singers, and dancers includes Grace Cameron, Jack Edwards, Duke Rogers, Helen Wilson, the White Way Trio, Blanche Boone, Victor Cranc, James Buckley, Wallace Sharpless, Irene Rogers, Jeanne Collins, Irene Watson, Irene Grey, Fred Cady, Elizabeth Hopkins, and others. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

The Curran Theatre.

Messrs. Lee and J. J. Shubert are sending to the Curran Theatre for an engagement of two weeks, commencing Monday night, James McIntyre and Thomas K. Heath, undoubtedly the most famous character comedians in the world. Their vehicle is a big musical extravaganza called "Hello, Alexander," and no excuses are offered for declaring that this work is a legitimate descendant of "The Ham Tree," in which the favorite comedians appeared with astonishing success for several seasons. Heath impersonates the pompous and optimistic Harry Jones, proprietor of the Ever Ready Minstrels, and McIntyre the glib and always hungry Alexander, of lively stable memory. McIntyre and Heath require no introduction to San Francisco playgoers. They have established for themselves places in

the annals of the stage quite as secure as the pages earned by Mansfield as Baron Chevalier and Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle through their origination of character types faithful and unique. "Hello, Alexander," has been written by Edgar Smith and Emily M. Young, with lyrics by Alfred Bryan and music, of which there are twenty-one numbers, by Jean Schwartz. The dancing numbers have been staged by Allan K. Foster, and are said to comprehend several entirely new to the stage. The cast of principals is an imposing one, and affords evidence that McIntyre and Heath feel secure in their honors, for among the names of players in their support are those of Homer Dickinson, Gracie Deagon, Vivian Holt, Lillian Rosedale, Mabel Elaine, Dan Quinlan, Earl Rickard, Dorothy Moore, Dan McNeill, Doris Wayne, George Youngman, Phyllis Ray, Arthur Yule, and Chic Barrymore. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The Alcazar Theatre.

The versatility of the New Alcazar company finds striking illustration when it passes next Sunday from the emotional drama, "The Hypocrites," to the mystery thrills of "The Dummy," a comedy-melodrama of detective activities, which ran for an entire season in New York. It is the work of Harriet Ford and Harvey O'Higgins, authors of "The Argyle Case," "On the Hiring Line," and other popular plays. Thrills, mystery, and laughter are blended in depicting the adventures of a New York messenger boy, who is employed by a detective agency to find and protect the child of a divorce-seeking couple who has been kidnapped by crooks. Ben Erway will have fine opportunity in the messenger boy role that Ernest Truex scored in so decisively. Dudley Ayres and Inez Ragan are the misunderstanding couple upon the brink of divorce. Emily Pinter is the humorous, kind-hearted wife of the crook, who has custody of the youngster and is torn between greed and maternal sympathy. Brady Kline is Spider Hart, the master crook, and the cast includes Rafael Brunetto, Henry Shumer, Al Cunningham, Charles Murphy, Frederick Green, Walter Belasco, and other melodramatic experts.

To follow October 24th is the farcical comedy, "Too Many Husbands," that ran all last season at the Booth Theatre, New York, when produced by A. H. Woods. The witty Somerset Maugham is the author. Every hook reader has keenly enjoyed his "The Moon and Sixpence."

The Maitland Playhouse.

Another of George Bernard Shaw's well-known dramas, this time "Mrs. Warren's Profession," is to be presented at the Maitland Playhouse on Stockton Street this coming week by Arthur Maitland and the members of his company.

Arthur Maitland has succeeded in surrounding himself with a cast of professionals that can interpret the plays selected for his theatre. The results of his endeavors are performances pleasing to the ear as well as staged to suit the eye.

Both Arthur Allard and Mildred Cates have made friends for themselves with the Maitland audiences and will be strong favorites as the season progresses.

"The Typhoon," that strong Japanese play made famous by Walker Whiteside, is being produced, with the closing performances for Saturday matinee and evening.

The Orpheum.

Anatol Friedland, known primarily as a popular composer, whose songs have been heard in the far corners of the world, comes as next week's Orpheum headliner with one of the most elaborate revues that ever has graced a vaudeville stage. Anybody and everybody has sung, played, or whistled "My Little Persian Rose," "Dream Girl," "Shades of Night," and the nearly one thousand other hits for which he is responsible. In vaudeville Mr. Friedland is proving as popular as his songs. Each song is acted, has a special setting, with appropriate prelude and a capable company. As principals Mr. Friedland has Sonia De Calve, Lucille Ballantine, Neil Mack, and Violet Weller.

Nelson Story and Elsie Clark should prove phenomenally successful with their entertain-

ing instrumental and singing number, which they bill under the title of "Songs."

"Georgia On Broadway" will be the title of Maude Powers and Vernon Wallace's new act.

Lee Rose and Kathryn Moon will have an effective routine of song and dance. Miss Moon is pretty, dainty, and attractive. Mr. Rose is a dancer of more than usual ability. Between feats Tuck and Clare will joke. Their "Tunes and Twists" is a combination of patter, gymnastics, and contortion.

Charles Henry's pets will be a distinctive act. The feats performed by these dogs are said to be nearly supernatural.

Harry Fox with Beatrice Curtis will remain next week. The one other holdover are the Four Harmony Kings.

"Way Down East."

Through special arrangements made by the management of the Curran Theatre, "Way Down East," D. W. Griffith's screen masterpiece, will open at the Savoy Theatre, Market and McAllister Streets, tomorrow night for a limited engagement.

Since the opening of the seat sale at the Savoy the indications are that "Way Down East" will enjoy all the popularity it had during its fortnight at the Curran. "Way Down East" cost more than \$800,000 to produce and occupied a year in filming. The climax of "Way Down East" provides a thrilling rescue of the heroine from the dangers of an ice jam, a scene said to be without peer on stage or screen.

Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, Kate Bruce, Burr McIntosh, Lowell Sherman, Mrs. Morgan Belmont, and other notables of the cinema world make up the cast of "Way Down East."

Symphony Orchestra.

Next Sunday, October 17th, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will give its first popular concert in the Curran Theatre, beginning at 2:45 o'clock. The programme consists principally of favorite light classics, although two new numbers will also be included. Of these the "Coppelia" ballet suite of Delibes, while well known to music lovers, has never been played before under Mr. Hertz, as the complete score has not been obtainable. Another new number is the "Aubade" of Luigini, a delightful little piece for woodwinds, French horn, and harp. Other items announced are Weher's overture to "Eury-anthe," Saint-Saens' symphonic poem "Le Rouet d'Omphale," the familiar "Wedding March" of Mendelssohn, Liszt's "Love's Dream," and the ever-beautiful "Traumerel" of Schumann. The programme will close with Wagner's Prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin."

On the following Friday and Sunday the second pair of symphony concerts will be given. The symphony announced for these concerts is the D minor of Cesar Franck. It will be followed by the "Mozartiana" suite of Tchaikowsky and Erich Korngold's "Overture to a Drama."

The notable revival of "Rohin Hood" sent on tour by Ralph Dunbar comes to the Columbia Theatre following the George White's "Scandals of 1919." It is said to be an exceptionally well-sung revival of the popular opera.

Among the coming attractions for the Columbia are "Rohin Hood," "Listen Lister," "Tiger Rose," "Three Wise Fools," Robert Mantell.

Bimini, the Fountain of Youth.

It may not be generally known that Bimini, that small West Indian isle so conveniently situated in the Atlantic off the Florida coast, was at one time thought to contain the Fons Juventutis (fountain of youth). It was conquered and explored by the early Spaniards for no other reason than this—they fancied they had learned from the half-understood speech of savages in Hispaniola that the wonderful fountain to drink from which made a young man out of an old one flowed there.

The legend of a fountain of youth had persisted from the first utterance of that lie by that famous liar, Sir John Mandeville, who so successfully hid his identity that nobody knows whether the author of his "Bok" was a man or a syndicate. It has been proved that there was no Sir John Mandeville. Whoever the writer was, he stole the story from Marco Polo, who said he got it from another mythical personage, Prester John. It ran from the twelfth century to the sixteenth, and it may be running yet.

Juan Ponce de Leon, who seems to have disliked the thought of old age, always felt hopeful of finding this fountain on the Asiatic coast, which he thought, like the discoverers before him, was what we now call Florida. He had heard, or thought he had, the Indians talk of a marvelous fount which they located in Bimini, and he sought and obtained permission to go and annex this island to Spain. This was in March, 1513. He explored Bimini carefully, but did not discover the fountain,



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and then transferred his search to the larger island that he supposed Florida to be.

Four hundred years have gone by and the search for youth—temporary, if not permanent—is again being made in the pretty little island, where it is easily found, travelers from a bone-dry country, aver, in bottles.

Fifty-four thousand one hundred and eighty Smiths served Uncle Sam in the war. In a statement just issued by the War Department it is announced that all the Smiths that served in the army, navy, and marine corps would be able to recruit each of fifteen regiments to a strength of 3600.

Argentina has a cute way of recognizing large families. When a seventh son is born to an Argentine family the president of the republic automatically becomes the godfather.

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VANITY FAIR.

At a time when all causes have their champions, when every impoverishment is the signal for a "drive," it seems strange that nothing has yet been done for the poor Hapsburgs. Nearly a hundred members of this ancient family are now in Switzerland as a result of certain European unpleasantnesses of which some faint reflections have appeared in our daily newspapers. Now these Hapsburgs are penniless. From causes that it might be indelicate to indicate they were compelled to leave their homes with precipitation, and to abandon the domains from which they have drawn their revenues for nearly eight hundred years. The censorious will doubtless say that these Hapsburgs should have saved something from their continuous and lucrative incomes, that the proverbial rainy day should have been kept in mind, and that by a little financial prudence they might have saved themselves from the present predicament. That, of course, is true, but then who would have supposed that an eight-hundred-year job would come to an end so suddenly? Which of us would have acted differently under the circumstances? Does it become us to throw stones at the poor Hapsburgs? There is a good deal of breakable glass in our own houses, and we ourselves can hardly be said to have made a fetish of thrift. It would go hard with some of us if we were to lose our jobs as the poor Hapsburgs have lost theirs.

Let there be no recriminations in this matter. Let us lend our shoulders to the task and decide in what way we can best help the Hapsburgs. At the present time they are taking situations in Switzerland, some as governesses, some as maids. There is no mention of the male members of this illustrious family, but we may suppose that they are supervising. Now it is to be feared that the Swiss are lacking in appreciation of the aristocratic benefits thus brought, as it were, to their doors. They have basked under the shadow of royalty for so many years, they have been so hedged in with kings and emperors, that familiarity has brought with it something like contempt. A governess in Switzerland receives the wages of a governess, and she can claim no additional emoluments on the ground that she is also an archduchess. Nor will the imperial purple be allowed in any way to compensate for a certain stupidity for which the Hapsburgs have been justly famed. As a matter of fact the Hapsburg duchess is sometimes in danger of being "fired" for incompetence just as though she were a human being.

Obviously this is a case for American intervention. Our best families have now an

opportunity that may not occur again. One might put it on strictly utilitarian grounds by pointing out this possible recruiting ground for the domestic help of which there is so grievous a dearth. But this would seem a waste of good material that might be better employed. After all, there are only about a hundred of these Hapsburgs, and what are they among so many? Probably there is not one among them who can boil an egg, or who would not feel that dusting the piano was an arduous day's work. But surely they might be received as decorative and permanent guests by some of our best families, who would thus have a chance to improve their manners by an intimate study of the best models. The Austrian court was the most aristocratic in the world, and its manners the most perfect. Consider the advantage of having an archduchess about the house, constantly under observation, and always on tap, so to speak, as an *arbiter elegantiarum*. There would be no further discussion about the intricacies of etiquette. A glance at the archduchess would show us in a moment whether we ought to shuffle the dinner fork from hand to hand or hold it firmly and continuously in the left hand, and how an orange may be eaten with decorum and distinction. She would be a sort of perpetual manual of etiquette and her *obiter dicta* would be final and unchallengeable. The family so fortunate as to possess a Hapsburg would assume an undisputed rank in the community. It would be regarded as a sort of court of last appeal. It would have atmosphere. The social radiance emitted by its little tame Hapsburg would penetrate from the houndoir, whatever that may be, to the nursery, the schoolroom, and the kitchen. It would mollify and ameliorate, soften and assuage.

The number of Hapsburgs is limited. Thank heaven for that. Excluding those who were lucky enough to carry off enough swag to live upon, there are probably not more than enough to supply the chief cities of America at the rate of one apiece. Those who do not make early application may have to put up with something below the rank of archduchess, a Hapsburg truly enough, but not quite of the *crème de la crème*. That would be unfortunate and never enough to be deplored. It is true that there are a certain number of German royalties who might be available at a pinch, and while they might shed a certain éclat on the strength of their rank, it might be unwise to regard them as mentors of manners. The Austrian court always held its nose, so to speak, when it was entertaining German royalties, who were never considered as quite to the manner born. Cities of the third and fourth rank might be content with a German princeling or even a Russian, but the larger centres, anxious for real distinction, should make early application and secure a Hapsburg. The supply is limited and no orders received after a certain date can receive attention.

Take it by and large, it must be said that these little grandees have come through their ordeal fairly well. We know some plain, everyday citizens who have made the welkin ring at the loss of their fortunes, raising hands to high heaven in passionate protest against the mysterious judgments of fate. But we have heard no complaints from the Hapsburgs and there have been no complaints from the Russian aristocrats. So far as we have been allowed to know, they have accepted their lot with a certain amount of manfulness that commands respect. They have hunkled down to work and they have done so with dignity. It may easily be that for the first time in their lives they are learning what it is to be happy. Whether their liberated peoples are also on the road to happiness remains to be seen. At the moment they appear, many of them, to have lapsed into a frenzy of barbarism and cruelty far worse than anything ever charged against the Hapsburgs and the Romanoffs. But that of course is of no importance so long as the world is made safe for democracy.

A Paris dispatch to the *Sun* and *New York Herald* says that "the American system of holding presidential elections is not favored by French merchants, who are greatly chagrined by the fact that American tourists in France are hastening home to vote. A month ago it was almost impossible to get accommodations in the larger hotels, such as the Ritz, the Crillon, the Grand, and the Rhin, but managers of these places now say they will have no difficulty providing the most elaborate suites after the first week in October, as their American clientèle, with the exception of a few permanent residents, insist they are not going to lose their vote at home."

"Naturally this is hitting the pocket-hooks of the 'de luxe' merchants, who count upon American dollars to rebuild their trade, which was practically at a standstill during the war." Moreover, the exodus of Americans from Paris is apparent as soon as one enters a theatre, a café, or walks along the boulevards, which last month were thronged with American sightseers who yielded to the temptation

to see the Parisian risqué productions and partook of the seductive aperitifs.

"Now their clientèle consists of habitués, with the sad-eyed fillettes wondering how long it will be before the generous Westerners returned to restore the cheer in their unprofitable existence."

"On the other hand, the tourist agencies are well pleased, as they look on the home-going Americans as advertisements for French resorts and battlefields. Big firms like the American Express Company, Cook's, and the steamship agencies are crowded daily by persons seeking staterooms in steamships for the United States. As a result of this home-bound rush the price of transportation is soaring sky high, ordinary first-class passage in some cases costing as much as 3500 francs, not counting the tax of 10 per cent. recently imposed by the government on tickets and incidentals, such as steamer chairs, visés of passports, and gratuities."

"Apart from pleasant memories which Americans are taking home with them from France, however, they also are carrying unprecedented quantities of gowns and hats and even men's clothing, which can be purchased here for about half what it costs in New York. One Rue de la Paix milliner admitted that his sales to Americans since last April had exceeded his total sales of 1913. Modistes have reaped an unanticipated harvest, firms like Molyneux, Paquin, Worth, and Mercier reporting recently that they were unable to fill all their orders because of lack of trained employees."

FORTUNES IN FOXES.

Wearers of furs who like to have the hope encouraged that they may continue to wear them (at a price) in spite of the rapidly diminishing supply of suitable fur-bearing wild animals may, perhaps, gain a modified comfort from the following contributed by a correspondent to the *London Daily Mail*:

"On Prince Edward Island, the smallest province of the Dominion of Canada, black foxes are being reared in captivity for their fur with very great success. Fortunes are being made in a single season, and chartered fox companies pay dividends of from 300 to 400 per cent. annually."

"Black foxes have always been on the island in a wild state, and about the year 1900 a poor farmer thought of securing a pair of black foxes alive and rearing the young ones in captivity. He had marked success and carried on a very profitable business for nearly ten years before it leaked out that he had made a fortune."

"Several men then tried it with startling success; the news became general, and the country went 'fox' mad. Live foxes were in such demand that options were taken on unborn pups, and in 1913 prices ranged from £2400 to £3000 a pair. One proved pair of breeders was sold for £7000, the highest price ever paid."

"Now in 1920 the industry has developed on different lines. Live foxes are not bringing as much as pelts are. The world's supply of fur is growing smaller each year. Russia is out of the market, the Great West of Canada and the United States are being settled and depleted of wild fur-bearing animals, and fur-buyers are turning to Prince Edward Island to supply their ever-increasing demands."

"One usually pictures a ranch as a place of hundreds of acres in extent, but a model fox ranch covers only about three acres of woodland, the whole inclosed within a ten-foot fence of boards on the north and west sides and fine mesh wire on the south and east."

"To the casual observer the wire looks like ordinary chicken wire, but it is really much stronger, as a fox can easily bite through ordinary chicken wire."

"Foxes are great hurrowers, so to prevent them from digging themselves out a trench is dug about two feet deep and two feet wide, and wire is laid along the bottom and up the side, and the trench refilled with earth. This forms a safe fence, because foxes always start to dig at the foot of an obstruction, and in so doing come upon the wire buried in the bottom of the trench."

"In each pen there is a small house, and inside this a large box which serves as the den, to which a curved runway or chute gives the foxes admittance. In this den the young are born, and the mother does not allow them out until they are about three weeks old. During that time the rancher must wait in patience and not attempt to find out how many pups have been born, for if alarmed or disturbed the mother fox kills her young. During the pup season no one is allowed near the ranch except the rancher. When the puppies are about a month old they are quite tame to the rancher, but on the approach of a stranger they will rush to their hiding places."

"The profits in the industry are astounding, but when it is reckoned that a female fox produces a litter of from four to eight pups each year and continues to do so for about

eight years it is easily seen how fox companies pay their huge dividends."

Englishmen were men of leisure in the slow-moving seventeenth century, and their gregarious instinct made the coffee houses popular, with new and fashionable rendezvous springing up all over the city. The first known advertisement of coffee in the press occurs in No. 1 of the *Public Advertiser* for the week of May 26, 1657, and reads quaintly and comprehensively: "In Bartholomew Lane, on the back side of the old exchange, the drink called coffee, which is a very wholesome and physical drink, having many excellent virtues, closes the office of the stomach, fortifies the heat within, helpeth digestion, quickeneth the spirits, making the heart lightsome, is good against eye sores, coughs or cold rhumes, consumption, heartache, dropsy, gout, scurvy, king's evil, and many others, is to be sold in the morning and at 3 o'clock in the afternoons." In 1662, Pepy's Diary, that bottomless mine of information about manners, tells that Charles II, attended by the Duke of York and suite, were present at the acting of a play called "Tango's Wiles," or "The Coffee House," which the diarist curtly criticises as "the most ridiculous and insipid play I ever saw in my life."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A Scot was taken out of the train at Willesden for being drunk and disorderly. He had got into bad company, he said. "Bad company—how?" the magistrate asked. "Well, sir, ye see, I had two hoattles o' speerits in ma hag, an' a' the ither men in ma compairtment wis teetotal."

Walter and Harry, the twins, were saying their prayers. After they had finished Walter exclaimed: "Mamma, I don't want Harry to say his prayers when I do." "Why not, Walter?" asked his mother. "Because," he replied, "how do you 'spec' God can hear us both at the same time."

"Mamma," asked seven-year-old Charles, who was studying the Bible lesson, "what is the difference between high church and low church?" "I know," exclaimed his little five-year-old sister. "Well, what's the difference?" asked their mother. "One says 'Awmen' and the other says 'Amen,'" she replied.

"Well, professor," inquired the young musician, "how do my compositions please you?" "Why, I think," responded the older man, "that they may perhaps be played when Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer have been forgotten." "Really?" exclaimed the young musician in ecstasy. "Certainly, but not till then," remarked the other.

Harry Carey, the picture star, is about as affable a chap as one would care to meet, but once in awhile he does get peeved, and this is most likely to occur when the company is on location and is in a hurry to get the work done and return to the studio. Not so long ago the Carey company was on location in the north country, but instead of finding sunny weather it was cold and cloudy. This was bad enough, but the explosion came in the tiny

restaurant when the chatty waiter remarked: "The rain will be here in a minute or two, sir." "Who'n'ell wants rain!" thundered Carey. "I didn't order any. I'm waiting for eggs—sunny side up!"

The children in the Sunday-school class were getting restless, and the teacher, to divert them, asked all who wished to go to heaven to stand up. All rose except one little girl. "Don't you want to go to heaven, Jennie?" asked the teacher. "Yes'm," was the response, "but I know mother doesn't want me to go just yet."

Johnny and Jimmy were at a party and being away in a corner at supper-time, they were not looked after very well. They managed to get some jelly and bread and butter, but no spoons. "How shall we eat our jelly?" asked Jimmy. "Balance it on your bread and butter," said Johnny. "I tried that," retorted Jimmy, "but it won't stay on; it's too nervous."

In spite of the fact that there was a notice on the gate—"No Admittance Except on Business"—a hoy one day entered a timber yard and stood gazing round him when the foreman approached and asked what he was doing there. The youth replied, "I'm just looking 'round." "But," said the foreman, "there's nothing to see." "No," said the youth, as he quietly walked away, "but there's a lot to saw."

The conversation around the long dinner-table ended, as do most conversations nowadays, with the subject of spiritualism. The guests and the members of the family gave their opinions as to whether or not the dead could communicate with the living, but it remained for "Sweet Sixteen" to present the only original thought on the subject. "It's hard enough for me now to keep up my correspondence," she said. "When I die I want a rest."

A motorist had been haled into court and when his name was called the judge asked what the charges were against the prisoner. "Suspicious actions, your honor," answered the policeman who had made the arrest. "Suspicious actions?" queried his honor. "What was he doing that he seemed suspicious?" "Well," replied the officer, "he was running within the speed limit, sounding his horn properly, and trying to keep on the right side of the street, so I arrested him."

Before the army draft blew Sam Johnson away from his pleasant job as chauffeur in Jackson, Mississippi, that city represented to him all that was metropolitan. Sam came back not many weeks ago from a tour of duty in a labor battalion in France, however, with new standards of comparison. His employer, questioning him about his travels, asked him how he liked New York. "Well, boss," he said, "I don't like New York so much. Hit aint nothing like Jackson." He paused a moment and added, "But Paris, now, Paris hit do favor Jackson."

Things are altered nowadays, aren't they? And people have altered with them, as one householder recently found out. Hearing a suspicious noise in the middle of the night, he stole downstairs and found a burglar husily collecting spoons and things in the dining-room. "Look here!" roared the master of the establishment, fiercely. "What are you doing in my house?" "Your house?" retorted the midnight visitor coolly. "Is it your house? I

thought you only rented it." "So I do!" exclaimed the other, taken by surprise. "But—" "Well, don't be so high and mighty, talking about your house," snapped the burglar, as he opened the front door and stepped out into the darkness. "Good-night."

"There isn't much I don't know about the English language," boasted the long-haired man in the club. "I'll test you," a friend picked him up quickly. "I'll dictate a paragraph to you." With an assured air the hoaster seized his pencil, but his jaw dropped as he heard: "As Hugh Hughes was hewing a yule log from a yew tree a man dressed in clothes of a dark hue came up to Hugh and said: 'Have you seen my ewes?' 'If you will wait until I hew this yew tree I will go with you anywhere in Europe to look for your ewes,' said Hugh."

P. G. Wodehouse, the novelist and wit, was talking about the Anti-Tobacco League. "They have taken our wine and our beer away from us," he said, "and they threaten to take away our tobacco. The modern woman, however, will walk there. An anti-tobacco friend talked so eloquently at the house of a friend of mine the other day that a young municipal reformer rose and said solemnly: 'My wife gave me a box of a hundred magnificent Egyptian cigarettes last night. I smoked one of them, but I now see so clearly the evil of smoking that I am going to go straight home and throw the rest into the fire.' The reformer's young wife then rose in her turn. 'I'll go home with him,' she said and added, smiling brightly on the assembled guests: 'My intention is to rescue the ninety and nine.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

The Painful Earth.

What a horrible world it is getting to be—
Nothing but cranks and "efficiency"!
Nothing for fun
In the world is done,
But each solemn fool
Has some brand new rule
For putting the sad old earth to school.

The prig and the prude and the ass eugenic
Turn all to class-room or to clinic,
And woe to him
With no purpose grim,
But who dares to play,
In this serious day,
And laugh and grow fat in the kind old way!

With hutton and hadge and with uniform,
The hushoddes strut and swarm,
And poke and pry,
With prurient eye,
Lest too gay the dance,
Or the new romance
Be too much like what they read in France.

To take the laugh out of human laughter
Is what these solemn owls are after;
It's up to you,
Or they'll take it too,
And one by one
All our joys be gone,
The way of the grape and the mastodon.

—Richard Le Gallienne in Judge.

Romance.

Far, by a sunlit, summer sea
She dwelt on love and faith and hope—
Her right name was Penelope
But neighbors called her Penelope.

Fair as a violet was she,
That grows beside the mossy stone,
Or that wind-flower, anemone—
The farmers call it anemone.

She danced like down along the lea,
She danced like foam along the shore,
A daughter of Terpsichore—
Whom hoi polloi call Terpsichore.

Alas! One day she went to see
A circus—heard the raucous dope
Of that accursed callopie
Which most folks call the callopie!

That very night this maid did flee
With the Big Show to dance and loaf;
Sure, such a sad catastrophe
Might well be called a catastrophe!

Now as a modern trovatore
She dances to the callopie;
O hapless child of Terpsichore,
O airy, fairy Penelope!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Old Business Sale.

An almost forgotten word and a business long ago abandoned in America are brought to mind by the sale of the Tontine Building reported in the real estate transactions in New York City recently. It stands at the intersection of Wall and Water Streets, a substantial twelve-story structure that some two decades ago replaced the original Tontine Building, built about 1794, which for generations was a centre of the commercial and shipping life of the city.

In a period when life insurance was a good deal of a gamble tontine was immensely popular, and correspondingly profitable for the companies that sold it. A policy had no "surrender value." The gain accruing from lapsed policies was supposed to be passed to the credit of the other insured persons—and

lapsed policies were the rule rather than the exception. The arrangement was adapted from the original tontine scheme practiced even by governments in the finance of the Middle Ages, in which several persons agreed to contribute to a pool, the last survivor taking all. The "deferred dividend" plan followed the tontine method of insurance, but as came out in the Hughes investigation, this proved to be a gamble hardly more advantageous to the average policyholder than the old form—in the course of the revelations it was characterized as a "solemn fraud."

"This line in your hand," said the girl who had studied palmistry, "indicates that you have a brilliant future before you." "Is that so?" queried the dense young man. "Yes," continued the maid, "but this other line indicates that you are too slow ever to overtake it."—Boston Transcript.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Gertrude Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Clark, and Mr. Kenneth McIntosh was solemnized at noon Saturday in St. Luke's Church. Mrs. Dearborn Clark was the matron of honor and the other bridal attendants were Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Julia Cutler, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Margaret Madison, and Miss Aileen McIntosh. Miss Elizabeth Lent and Miss Edna Lapbam were the flower girls. Mr. Dearborn Clark was the best man. The ushers were Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. James McIntosh, Mr. James Moffitt, Mr. Leroy Nickel, and Mr. George Montgomery. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh will reside on Vallejo Street. Mr. McIntosh is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McIntosh.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight gave a reception

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and dance Friday evening to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker, Miss Helen Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Scott, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Moseley Taylor, Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, and Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin.

Mrs. Henry Dutton gave a luncheon last Tuesday, her guests including Mrs. Granville MacGowan of Los Angeles, Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mrs. Anson Hotaling, Mrs. William Porter, Mrs. Ritchie Dunn, Miss Maud O'Connor, and Miss Maude Fay.

Mrs. Hoyt Perry gave a bridge-tea last week, having among her guests Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., Mrs. Russell Shade, Mrs. Ralston Page, Mrs. William Kent, Jr., Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mrs. George Pinckard, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. Robert Coleman, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Ger-

trude Clark, Miss Alice Hanchett, Miss Lucy Hanchett, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Amanda McNear, and Miss Margaret Madison.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller gave a dance Saturday evening for Mr. Robert Miller, those asked to the affair having included Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. George Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heimann, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Katherine Ramsay, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Anne Peters, Mr. Homer Curran, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Frederick Beaver, Mr. Orel Goldarcena, Mr. Eldridge Buckingham, Lieutenant John Lusk, U. S. N., Mr. George Howard, Mr. Robert Bowles, and Mr. Leroy Nickel.

Miss Dorothy Crawford gave a musicale and tea Monday afternoon, some of those present having been Mr. and Mrs. James Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Uda Waldrop, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moore, Mrs. Edward Corbet, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Alice Hanchett, Miss Josephine Moore, Miss Lucy Hanchett, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Jean Seales, Miss Maude Fay, Miss Mary Bernice Moore, and Miss Hilda Van Sicken.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones entertained at dinner last Thursday evening.

General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett gave a dinner a few evenings ago for Miss Anita Vergis of Tacoma and her fiancé, Colonel Richard Derby. Among the guests were Major and Mrs. Philip Wales, Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. William Vergis, Major Garesché Ord, U. S. A., and Mr. Earl Derby.

Miss Julia Van Fleet entertained at luncheon last Saturday, complimenting Miss Eleanor MacGowan of Los Angeles.

Miss Lawton Filer gave a luncheon last week at the Francisca Club in honor of Miss Gertrude Clark. The guests included Mrs. Walter Filer, Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Geraldine King, Miss Julia Cutler, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, and Miss Margaret Madison.

Mrs. Butler Breeden gave a luncheon Sunday at the Burlingame Club, complimenting Mr. and Mrs. George Choate Kendall of Santa Barbara.

Miss Laura Miller was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Saturday at the St. Francis by Mrs. William de Fremery. The guests included Mrs. Harry Miller, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Barbara Seson, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Katherine Seson, and Miss Barbara Kimble.

General and Mrs. John McDonald gave a dinner Tuesday evening at Alcatraz.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bentley were hosts at a dinner-dance Friday evening, when Miss Katherine Bentley made her debut. The affair was held at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club, those in the party having included Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Barbara Kimble, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Barbara Seson, Miss Katherine Seson, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Orel Goldarcena, Mr. William Magee, Mr. Claude Kennedy, Mr. James Moffitt, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. Grant Black, Mr. Harry Magee, Mr. Kenneth Walsh, Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Porter Seson, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Geoffrey Montgomery, Mr. Gregory Harrison, Mr. Dean Dillmann, and Mr. James McIntosh.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker gave dinner Friday evening, with their guests later attending the reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin gave a dinner in Burlingame Friday evening.

Mrs. Denman McNear was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Thursday by Mrs. Albert Evers, those asked to greet the matron having included Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Mrs. Harold Fletcher, Mrs. Howard Naffziger, Mrs. Ward Mailiard, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Dorothy Woods, Miss Dorothy Woodworth, and Miss Marian Leigh Mailiard.

The Doctor's Daughters will hold their annual donation days on October 25th, 26th, and 27th. On the board of directors are Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. Watson Fennimore, Mrs. William Sherwood, and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Comyn gave a supper-dance Friday evening at the Palace.

Mrs. Henry Bothin was a luncheon hostess Monday, her guests including Mrs. Porter Ashe, Mrs. Francis Loomis, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt.

Miss Florence Veach gave a supper-dance Monday evening for Mrs. Prentiss McKevitt of Sacramento. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. J. D. Peters, Miss Rosario Moran, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Constance Hart, Mr. James Jackman, Mr. Orel Goldarcena, Mr. Grant Black, and Mr. Edward Maltby.

Miss Anita Vergis of Tacoma was the guest of honor at tea over which Mrs. Richard Derby presided Tuesday, those who received with the hosts including Mrs. William Courtney, Mrs. E. B. Everts, Mrs. Hunter Liggett, Mrs. Thomas Stoddard, Mrs. Douglas Brookman, Miss Marian Huntington, Miss Evelyn Palmer, Miss Betty Maltby, and Miss Florine Brown. Among the guests were Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Colonel and Mrs. Ira Haines, Colonel and Mrs. Walter Fitch, Major and Mrs. Austin Parker, Major and Mrs. George Gillis, Captain and Mrs. Frank Helm, Mrs. J. L. Laine, Mrs. Clinton La-

Montagne, Mrs. Ernest Folger, and Mme. Emertio Ruano.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank King entertained at dinner Tuesday evening, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Livermore, and Mr. and Mrs. Clement Miller.

Mrs. John Phillips of Boston was the honored guest at a luncheon given Tuesday by Mrs. Hasket Derby, those in the party having included Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. Willis Walker, Mrs. William Denman, Miss Laura McKinstry, and Miss Mary Lansdale.

Miss Florence Veach gave a dinner Wednesday evening for Miss Anne Weatherbee of New York. Her guests were Miss Calla Hale, Miss Helen Foster, Miss Lorna Williamson, Miss Frances Murphy, Miss Katherine Murphy, Mr. John Hale of Marysville, Mr. J. Almada, Mr. William Veach, Mr. Gerald Hardy, and Mr. Robert Rathbun.

Miss Elizabeth Ashe gave a supper Tuesday evening, complimenting Mrs. John Phillips of Boston.

Pianologue-Tea

Hotel Whitcomb announces a "Pianologue Tea" for Tuesday afternoon, October 19th, in the picturesque Sun Lounge.

True descendant of the ballads that strolling singers sang in the middle ages, the pianologue has many charms for the listener. Perhaps this is because, like the old ballads, it is naive or subtle, sublime or humorous, but always close to the heart in its appeal and simplicity.

Seated at the piano on the occasion of this "Pianologue Tea" will be an artist whose work is rich with the surprise and variety of the unexpected both in recitation and melody. Mildred Aronz has earned an enviable reputation for her delightful pianologue entertainment. From 2:30 to 4:30 Miss Aronz will render some of her choicest selections for the pleasure of Hotel Whitcomb's guests.

Captain Bairnsfather.

Paul Elder is bringing Captain Bairnsfather, world-renowned humorist and cartoonist, author of "The Better 'Ole," to San Francisco to entertain San Franciscan and Oakland audiences with his inimitable sketches and wit. Instead of the conventional lectures, Bairnsfather will simply talk about the humorous side of some interesting topics of the day, and as a speaker he displays the same genius that is apparent in his cartoons. To illustrate his remarks he will draw humorous sketches on the stage and some of his best-known cartoons will be thrown on a screen. Elder announces that he will speak in San Francisco at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, Thursday evening, December 2d, and at the Oakland Auditorium, Friday evening, December 3d.

Alexander M. Robertson.

Alexander M. Robertson's fiftieth year of bookselling and publishing in San Francisco is to be celebrated at a dinner given in his honor by the Booksellers' Association of San Francisco Bay Counties on the evening of October 30th, at 7 o'clock, at the Palm Room of the Hotel Bellevue, No. 505 Geary Street, San Francisco.

Robertson was publisher for Amrose Bierce, Joaquin Miller, Louis Alexander Robertson, Peter Robertson, Charles Warren Stoddard, Daniel O'Connell, and other writers who were Californians by birth or adoption.

Tea Series Popular.

Wonderful romances, future heiresses, reunions, and all sorts of great adventures were discovered on Tuesday afternoon at the fortune-telling tea held in the Sun Lounge of the Hotel Whitcomb. This is the third of the popular series of original teas which the Hotel Whitcomb is giving every Tuesday afternoon.

According to the *Dry Goods Economist*, Miss Sarah Moulton, member of an old and respected family, was the first saleswoman in America and her employment in the early '60s by Benjamin Franklin Hamilton in his store in Saco, Maine, aroused so much indignation that the Hamilton establishment was boycotted. The *Economist* is in error, declares Richard Spillane in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. Long before Sarah Moulton was born; in fact, before George Washington was elected President a saleswoman was behind the counter in a little shop in what now is Park Row, New York, not far from the present site of the Tribune Building. She sold cookies and all sorts of odds and ends, while her husband, with whom she had come from Germany, bought pelts from trappers and laid the foundation for one of the largest fortunes in America. She was not boycotted, and neither was her husband, so far as history discloses, for she was Mrs. John Jacob Astor the first. And probably there were some saleswomen who antedated Mrs. Astor in American business.

A young Norwegian of Washington, D. C., formerly in the United States army, sought naturalization recently, but could get no one to identify him. Then he thought of his finger-print record at the War Department, and this soon got him his citizenship.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern have opened their home in town for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. James Langhorne left Monday for Montreal to visit Mrs. Chilton Howard.

Mrs. Warren Smith and Miss Dorothy Smith have arrived from New York and will spend several weeks with Mrs. James Otis before returning to their home in Guatemala.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Miss Marie Louise Winslow returned Saturday from New York and Europe. Mr. Oxnard will come to California at the close of next week.

General and Mrs. Charles Treat, who have been staying at the Hotel Cecil since their arrival from Texas, will sail Monday for their new station in Honolulu.

Monsieur Maurice Cassenave, a member of the French High Commission during the war who visited in San Francisco two years ago, is in Southern California with Mr. and Mrs. William Workman of Los Angeles. Monsieur Cassenave will come to San Francisco this month.

Mrs. James Bull returned the first of the week from Santa Barbara, having come north to meet Commodore Bull upon his arrival from Boston.

Judge and Mrs. William Hunt have taken apartments at the Cecil Hotel for the winter.

Mrs. Matilda Esberg has reopened her town house for the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry St. Goar and Miss Helen St. Goar have returned from a trip to Catalina.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Ehrman will leave within a few days for Portland to visit Mr. Charles Ehrman.

Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Tower of New York have come to California to make their permanent home and have taken the house of Mrs. Nathaniel Wilshire in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Courtney and Mrs. Edgar Park have returned to Santa Barbara after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. George Choate Kendall who are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Barnaby Conrad will leave next week for New York en route to France. They will spend the winter abroad.

Baron and Baroness Van Eck, who have been spending the summer at the Norris Davis residence in San Mateo, have reopened their town house for the winter.

Major and Mrs. Louis Brechmin are visiting in San Francisco en route to their new station in Arizona. They spent the week-end in Saratoga with Major and Mrs. Charles Norris.

Admiral and Mrs. Albert McCormick and the Misses Cora and Nellie McCormick have returned to Berkeley from Riverside.

Mrs. William Hitt of Washington and her brother, Mr. Blaine Elkins, who are visiting in Southern California, will come to San Francisco next week for a brief visit.

Mrs. Herbert Moffitt returned Friday from New York.

Mrs. Silas Palmer and Mrs. Voorhies Bishop sailed Thursday from New York for France to be away three months.

Mr. and Mrs. James Schwabacher will return the end of October from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Ackerman have returned to San Francisco for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Riley and Miss Jeanette Riley are en route to their home in Nice, France, after having passed the summer in California with Mr. and Mrs. Charles McIntosh.

Mrs. Daniel Jackling has returned from a trip to Minnesota. Mr. Jackling and Dr. Herbert Moffitt have left on a hunting trip.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent will leave for Europe in December to be gone indefinitely.

Mrs. Harold Dillingham, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, will leave next week for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bourne will return in November from Ireland, where they have been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent.

Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan and Miss Eleanor MacGowan, of Los Angeles, have re-

turned south, after a brief visit in San Francisco. Mrs. Edgar Preston has returned to town for the winter.

Mrs. De Lancey Lewis has returned to Menlo Park from the southern part of the state.

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Alfred Montgomery arrived last week from Honolulu and are staying with Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Smith in Piedmont.

Mrs. Oliver Dibble left Sunday for Klamath Falls, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Scheeline have gone to New York for a sojourn of several weeks.

Miss Geraldine Graham of Santa Barbara has gone to Los Angeles to visit her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pollock. Mrs. Graham is in New York.

Miss Margaret Madison and Miss Helen Pierce have gone to Santa Barbara for a sojourn of several weeks.

Mrs. George Pope and Mrs. Moseley Taylor left Tuesday for Boston, where they will remain for the winter.

Major and Mrs. Austin Parker sailed Wednesday for Manila, where the former has been ordered for station.

Mr. Christian de Guigné, Jr., is en route to France to visit Mr. de Guigné, Sr., and Vicomtesse Elie de Dampierre.

Dr. and Mrs. John Phillips have left for their home in Boston, after a fortnight's visit in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin have closed their home in Ross and have returned to town for the winter.

Mrs. J. G. Kittle and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dibble have opened their town house for the winter season.

Miss Jean Howard has left for the Atlantic coast, where she will attend school.

Miss Eleanor Spreckels has entered Miss Finch's school for the fall term.

Mrs. Prentiss McKevitt of Sacramento is the house guest of Miss Florence Veach.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis P. Hobart have taken possession of their new home at 2512 Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hitchcock Morley of Santa Barbara have closed their Montecito place for the winter and have taken one of the Willis Polk houses on Mason Street beside the Fairmont.

Registered at the St. Francis recently were Mr. Carl Stanley, Del Monte; Mr. John Bartholomew, Scotland; Mr. Harry Fox, New York; Mr. Fred W. Swanton, Los Angeles; Mr. John Cowan, Salt Lake City; Mr. Lloyd Greppin, Mr. William H. Stewart, Los Angeles; Mr. King C. Gillette, New York; Judge R. L. Johns, Arrowhead, Nevada; Mr. William Camp, Mr. Thomas L. Martin, Chicago; Mr. Clyde M. Graves, Yokohama; Mr. C. S. Robinson, Manila; Mr. Thomas Cochrane, New York; Mr. W. H. Brodie, Wellington, New Zealand; Mr. and Mrs. John Kirk, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Richardson, New York.

Among the recent arrivals at the Whitcomb were Captain J. N. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Berkman, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Lauritzen, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Watchinger, St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Weaver, Turlock; Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Margie, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thompson, Lodi; Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Lee, Stockton; Mr. C. E. Fette, Santa Cruz; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Keen, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Hough, Bakersfield; Mr. L. S. Anderson, San Pedro; Mr. Clark H. Shaw, Long Beach; Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Hall, Piqua, Ohio; Mr. John Dumblo, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Winn, Kansas City, Missouri.

Recent Palace arrivals are Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, New York; Lady Gilbert Parker, London; Mr. and Mrs. John Aspegren, Dr. Albert H. Ely, New York; Mr. H. Y. Chai, Shanghai; Mr. Ben C. Day, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Himrod, Shanghai; Mr. P. S. Dulin, Pasadena; Captain J. L. Blain, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. H. Harwood, New York; Mr. George A. Whitely, Ely, Nevada; Mr. H. H. Van Loan, Los Angeles; Mr. Charles Donlon, Oxnard; Mr. Don Fiske, Seattle; Mr. Stanley Brock, New York; Mr. J. W. Briggs, Leeds, England; Dr. Malcolm Douglas, New York; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Sartorio, Los Angeles.

There are two men in the United States who have incomes of \$3,000,000 a year, according to the Internal Revenue Bureau, and about 20,000 are classed as millionaires. Half the 4,000,000 men who filed income-tax statements reported incomes of not more than \$2000.

Cochran County, Texas, on the great "staked plains" has a population of only sixty-seven in its area of 869 square miles, but the great herds of cattle that feed on the plains take care of quite a lot of outside population.

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KEEPING CHIEFS FRIENDLY.

By her successful protection of the caravan routes France has earned the gratitude of the people of the regions that border on the great Sahara. Many of these great trade caravans are literally moving cities. They sometimes consist of 12,000 camels, to say nothing of horses, donkeys, sheep, and goats.

As showing the constant effort that the French officials make to establish friendly relations with the natives it may be mentioned that several times each year the commandants of the French posts along the edge of the Sahara organize *fantasias* in honor of the Arab sheiks of the region. The sheiks come in to attend them, followed by great retinues of turbaned and splendidly mounted retainers, and with the same enthusiasm with which an American countryside turns out to see the circus.

Races with valuable money prizes are arranged for the visitors' horses, and before the sheiks leave they are presented with ornate saddles, gold-mounted rifles, and sometimes with crosses of the Legion of Honor.

In return for this hospitality they willingly agree to capture and surrender certain fugitives from justice, to warn the more lawless of their tribesmen that the plundering of caravans must cease, to furnish quotas of recruits for the native cavalry and to send in for sale to the remount department a large number of desert-bred horses. Most important of all, they go back to their tented homes in the desert immensely impressed with the power and the generosity of France.

Not content with these manifestations of friendship, the French government makes it a point to invite the native rulers of the lands under its control to visit France occasionally as the guests of the nation. Escorted by French officers who can talk to them in their own tongue, these colonial visitors in their outlandish costumes experience the delights of Paris, are dined by the president of the republic at the Elysée Palace, receive the freedom of the city at the Hotel de Ville and finally return to their own lands friends and allies of France for the rest of their lives.

By a network of small oasis garrisons and desert patrols, recruited from the desert tribes and mounted on the tall, swift trotting camels known as *mehari*, France has made the Saharan trade routes, if not as safe as Fifth Avenue or Piccadilly, certainly very much safer for the lone traveler than certain streets of Chicago and Paris.

It has long been the fashion to hold up the Northwest Mounted Police as the model for all constabulary forces, just as it has been the fashion to extol the English as the model colonizers, but when you consider the smallness of their numbers, the vastness of the region which they control, and the character of the climate and its inhabitants, it is contended that the blue ribbon in this regard



"Your Bridge party here in the Sun Lounge last Friday afternoon was a perfect success. Every one enjoyed it immensely. I know I did."
"I am so glad."
"Did you see Miss de Lorio?"
"Yes. Wasn't she perfectly charming in that crepe meteor gown with that stunning beaded drape?"
"She is a woman who knows how to dress. Will you have another cup of tea?"

Afternoon Tea in the
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SAN FRANCISCO
J. H. van Horne, Mgr.

should go to the lean, brown-faced, hard-riding camel men who have carried law and order into the furthestmost corners of the great Sahara.

Australia is having a battle with the prickly pear. It was imported some years ago for the sustenance of a bug from which cochineal, a dye ingredient, was made, but rapidly spread beyond control. The rabbit did the same thing in Australia and had to be rounded up.

The United States Legation at Prague now is quartered in the Schonborn Palace, which was purchased for \$50,000.

Facts!

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Those people never read a newspaper from one year's end to the other." "That doesn't matter; they've engaged a maid who's lived in about every family on the block."—*Baltimore American*.

"Gableton tells a funny story of how he shortchanged a taxicab driver." "The infernal liar!" "Ah! You know Gableton?" "No, but I know taxicab drivers."—*Kansas City Star*.

Mr. Langsuffer—If I pay the rent you're asking I won't have enough left to keep the wolf from the door. The Agent—The janitor will see to that. Wolves are not allowed in these apartments.—*Judge*.

"All that the motion picture lacks is the mere matter of human speech." "Well," replied Mr. Stormington Barnes, who never will forget the palmy days, "that's all a deaf and dumb asylum lacks."—*Washington Star*.

"What did Poe's Raven mean by saying 'Nevermore'?" "I don't know, but I know what he would mean if he were sitting on a hush now in 1920, and realized he could never again go on one."—*Baltimore American*.

Clerk of the Shore Hotel—Five dollars, sir, for room with bath. Farmer Harrower (after consultation with his wife)—But we don't want no room with a bath. We're goin' to wash in the ocean every three or four days.—*Judge*.

"Josh," said Farmer Cornstossel to his son, "I wish, if you don't mind, you'd eat off to yourself instead of with the summer boarders." "Isn't my society good enough for them?" "Your society is fine. But your appetite sets a terrible example."—*Washington Star*.

"Do you say that your hens 'sit' or 'set'?" asked the precise pedagogue of the husy housewife. "It never matters to me what I say," was the quick reply. "What concerns me is to learn, when I hear the hen cackling, is whether she is laying or lying."—*Farm and Fireside*.

He—I suppose when all women vote the party managers will have to put handsome men on their tickets for candidates. She—What makes you think women will demand handsome men to vote for when you look at the kind the most of them marry?—*Baltimore American*.

"Has your son gone into business yet?" "No," said Mr. Grabcoen, "but I'm inclined to be lenient with Jack and let him loaf for

several years if he wants to." "Why so?" "He got through college without getting engaged to a chorus girl, smashing his automobile, and joining the Glee Club."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Young Mr. Smiers says he is wedded to his art." "Indeed! I shouldn't have judged from his pictures that he was even engaged to it."—*Boston Transcript*.

Rendix (boarder from city, viewing splendid new taurine car in Farmer Seedlum's stable)—I say, Seedlum, this is an infinitely better proposition than the little rattling machine you had last year. Farmer Seedlum—But it aint mine, Mr. Rendix. I aint got no

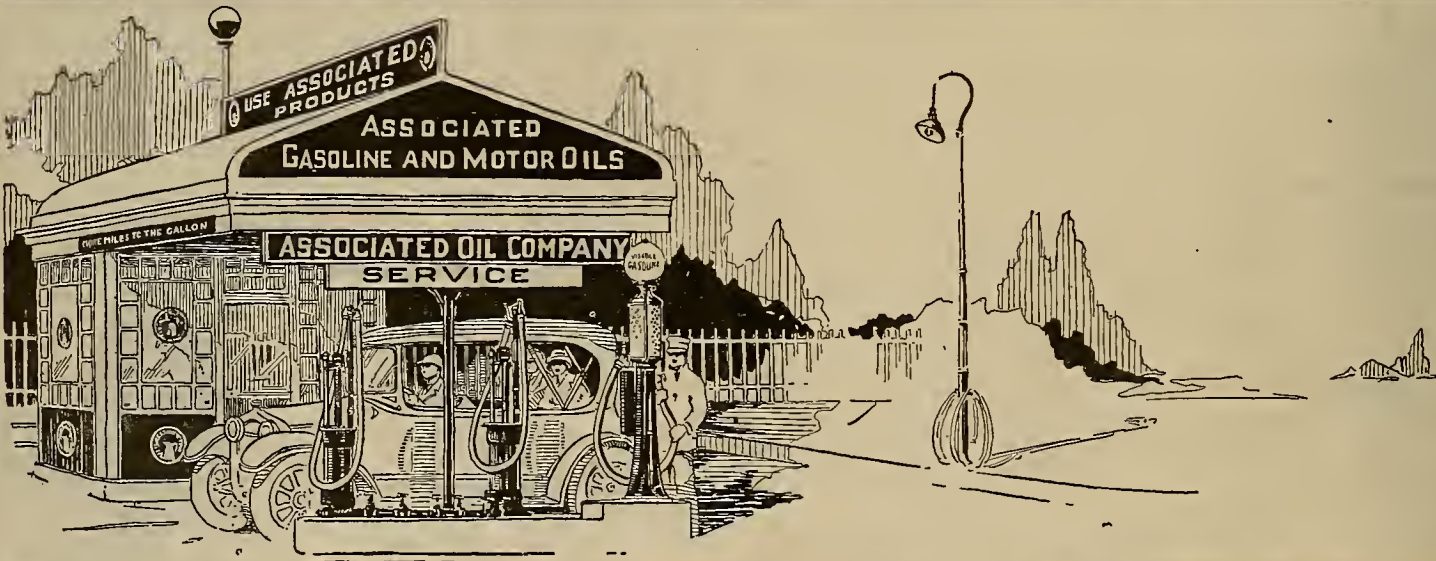
car any more. Such things as gasoline, oil, and tires got so plum high I just couldn't afford keepin' no car. This 'ere new one belongs to Jackson, my hired man.—*Loleda Blade*.

"How come you to get that gang of city fellers to come out and spade up your farm?" inquired Clem Jeter of the grizzled old farmer. "When I drove by there a while ago they was a-spadin' all over the place." "Well, I wasn't feelin' like workin' myself," replied the g. o. f., "so I sorta insinuated down at the postoffice tuther day that I had seen a feller hurrying something that looked like a gallon of likker tuther night."—*Barber County (Kansas) Index*.

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Golden Gate and Divisadero
Scott and Fell
4th Ave. and Geary
3d and Brannan
Columbus Ave. and Grover Place
Post and Mason
Fifth Ave. and California
Mission and Spear
Post and Larkin
Mission and School St. (Colma)

OAKLAND
Broadway and Water
21st and Broadway
25th and Telegraph
35th and Foothill Boulevard
14th and Harrison
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25th and Broadway
12th and Webster
East 19th St. and Park Boulevard
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SAN RAFAEL
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BURLINGAME
Park Road and Peninsula Avenue
(State Highway)
SAN MATEO
3d St. and State Highway
HAYWARD
A and Boulevard
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SUNNYVALE
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SAN JOSE
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Alameda and Wilson Ave.
1st and Margaret Sts.
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Market and San Carlos Sts.
5th and Santa Clara
FRESNO
Broadway and Kern Sts.
Broadway and Stanislaus Sts.
A and Fresno Sts.
Broadway St. and Ventura Ave.
Divisadero St. and Van Ness Ave.
SACRAMENTO
12th and I Sts. 13th and L Sts.
2d and L Sts. 16th and K Sts.
10th and O Sts. 30th and P Sts.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2274.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 23, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains. Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

Forty-Fourth Year.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Japanese and the Land.

Regarded practically, nothing could be more futile than to protest the pending measure relative to alien (Japanese) ownership of land to come before the voters of California in the forthcoming election. Public sentiment is all one way. The affirmative vote will probably register in the ratio of ten to one. Public sentiment, too, has the rights of the case. There are many reasons why the lands of California should not be permitted to pass into the hands of an unassimilable race. None the less we are going at a right thing in a wrong way. The matter is properly one that should be determined, not by state action, but by the national government. That the situation is what it is—that we are in the way of action tending to make ill feeling where ill feeling is not necessary—is due to the dereliction of the Washington administration. If Secretary Colby or the President had given any kind of assurance of a prompt and thoroughgoing course California would patiently have waited. It is because the Washington authorities have fumbled with the question and failed to satisfy the just demand of California that local sentiment here has been aroused to the point of independent action. Mr. Phelan's personal politics, too, has had a sinister part in creating the present unfortunate condition. His party has been in control of the government during the larger portion of his senatorial service.

Mr. Phelan did nothing in the matter of Japanese immigration. It is only now, in connection with his campaign for reelection, that he has become active, even though the conditions are such that his activity is practically meaningless as tending to definite results. If anything is to be done by the national government it must be by the new administration, which by every omen is destined to be under the Republican party. Thus it is to the Republican party that California must look for relief; and the logic of the situation is that California should send to the Senate the Republican candidate, Mr. Shortridge.

The British Strike.

The significance of the British coal miners' strike becomes apparent only when it is regarded in perspective. This calls for a back-look. British industry has long been sustained upon a basis of cheap labor. The rule has been universal in its application. It has made cheap goods and it has carried them to the ends of the earth in successful competition with countries like our own where labor is better paid. The industry upon which every other industry depends is that of coal mining. Coal, regarded as a reservoir of power, has been and continues to be the motive force in the life of the country, the first essential factor in its activities—in brief, the foundation of all material things. There is not an industry in Britain, barring that of a limited agriculture, that is not dependent upon coal. Ocean commerce is likewise dependent upon coal. There is no phase of British life that is not dependent upon coal. That there should be prosperity in British industry and comfort in British life it has been deemed necessary to hold down the price of coal; and to this end wages and all else entering into the cost of coal have been subjected to the severest grinding-down process. In this industry, the very cornerstone of national welfare, wages have been lower, conditions of labor harder, the general status of things narrower, than in any other department of British life.

Prior to 1914 there had been on the part of British industry in general, and more particularly on the part of mine workers, a sense of inequities involved in the relatively low rates of labor as against the relatively high profits of commerce. If labor was not precisely ready for a revolt, it had reached the degrees of understanding and resentment that precede revolt, due to the fact that its efforts have yielded only a bare subsistence upon narrow standards of living, and allowing small provision or none at all for old age. Upon this situation the war came. And with it the need of speeding up every British industry, particularly coal mining, upon which every other activity was dependent. The draft upon the coal mines was enormously increased to support the munition industries, to transport troops, and, above all, to keep the immense defensive Allied fleet upon the sea. It became necessary, too, to supply countries—notably France and Italy—which had previously drawn their fuel either from domestic fields or from Germany. To support the activities essential under the war conditions wages in every sphere were largely augmented. In coal mining the wage rate was more than doubled, and special bonuses were added to stimulate output. For the full period of the war coal mining, along with many other things, enjoyed advantages never before experienced or dreamed of.

When the war ended there came back to their homes large numbers of men, including many thousands of coal miners, who in their war experiences had gained wider views of things, and whose ideas of individual opportunity had been vastly enlarged. To the forces of organized labor into which they entered they gave new aims, new ambitions, new spirit. Today the position of labor in Britain is far different from what it was before

the war. It is no longer content with conditions as they were formerly. It demands higher wages, shorter hours, advanced standards of living. It declines to be sweated in the interest of production and commerce. It sees no advantage in British predominance in industry if such advantage must be sustained at the cost of the laboring masses—a cost reflected in the lowest endurable standards of living.

Very early last year—1919—organizations representing the coal miners of Great Britain formulated a series of demands and put them up to the government. They included something like double the wages paid before the war, shorter hours of labor, better housing, better school facilities for children, efficient organization of medical service, etc. To give greater force to these demands the coal miners entered into alliance with the transportation (railway) workers and with the "dockers," a strong organization of what we would call longshoremen and water-front workers. As thus organized, the combination became immensely potent. It could have shut down every factory, stopped every wheel, tied up every ship. It could have starved England in a month, and it threatened to do it unless concessions should be made. The government, while it did not lose its head, was aroused. In a series of conferences it pledged investigation and reasonable concession, and upon this understanding the men, who in large numbers had quit work, took up their tools again. The demands thus presented a year and a half ago have been under investigation and consideration. There has been some concession, but there has been no general adjustment satisfactory to the coal miners. In the meantime they have become angry and sullen, and although paid increased wages for shorter hours of work have ceased to put forth the old productive energy. Reports vary as to the decline of efficiency, but in one measure or another it is universal. The demands upon which the present strike is based include wage rates and conditions that will advance the price of coal to something like double the old price. It would of course vastly burden the industries of the country and it may make many forms of manufacture impracticable. It will surely lay a heavy hand upon overseas commerce, since it must largely increase the cost of operating steamships. The government has proposed to yield at most points, provided the men will engage to maintain old-time standards of production—in other words, if they will give an efficient day's labor for a day's pay. To this the men will not agree. They present their demands, offering no assurances, and declare that they will not return to work until all are granted.

The situation is serious enough, but there is the menace of a still more serious condition if the transport workers and the "dockers," whose sympathies were with the miners last year, shall again coöperate with them. Up to the latest reports—we write on Wednesday—the transport workers and "dockers" have held aloof, under what inspiration we may only guess, since no statements covering the point have been made. Presumably they are loath to join in a movement that would imply a tie-up of all industry—nothing less than a national calamity.

The homogeneity and the discipline of the British race, in conjunction with its basic common sense, have pulled it through many a crisis and it will assuredly find a way out of this one. But conditions are not what they were and they will never again be what they were. British labor will not accept that which has been its portion in times past. It will not yield its energies under conditions that have held it to merely endurable standards of life. The national energies, including commerce, will have to adjust themselves to a basis of higher costs with better social conditions of labor, even though in the process something—or very much—

be lost to the national prestige in industry and commerce.

The Issue of Vivisection.

In the matter of the anti-vivisection measure now before the voters of the state there is instruction in what the baseball world styles the "line-up." On the affirmative side we find a very considerable number of humanely-inspired persons, mostly women, who view the issue sentimentally and, we suspect, without serious study of all its phases. In the name of mercy they appeal for a law to prevent experimental practice upon living organisms in the name of science. They insist that there is no value in pathological or physiological experiments on living animals, and that nothing that could not otherwise be learned has ever been derived from vivisection. They allege that gross cruelties are practiced in laboratories of the state in the name of science and that these acts have a debasing effect alike upon experimenters and upon students under their instruction.

On the other side of the issue we find the highest authority in medical science. The medical fraternity is practically unanimous in opposition to the measure. It insists that the notable advance in modern sanitation and modern medicine and physiology has rested upon animal experimentation. It cites that without the knowledge gained through vivisection it would not have been possible to make the progress illustrated in modern practice against the scourges of smallpox, typhus, typhoid, cholera, diphtheria, plague, yellow fever, malaria, and other diseases not so prevalent and fatal. Modern surgical operations, it is declared, and the protection of mothers from child-bed fever would be impossible but for experiments on animals. It is further argued that the measure is unnecessary special legislation urged upon prejudice and misinformation. It is pointed out that the existing laws of California are sufficient to control any abuse. It is denied that cruelty to animals is practiced in the laboratories of the state. It is alleged that anaesthetics are always used upon animals in the laboratories in exactly the same way that they are used by surgeons in the operating room. These statements are made upon the highest authority.

Scientific experts, representing the medical profession, make appeal for veto of this anti-vivisection measure. They insist that it relates to the welfare of the state in the broadest sense. Much, they declare, has been learned of the causes of disease and disease processes, but much remains to be learned. If there is to be understanding and control of many forms of heart and kidney diseases, diabetes, cancer, tuberculosis, and nervous diseases there must be continued experimentation. If we are to have trained physicians and surgeons there must be permission to observe processes and conditions that can only be developed by laboratory instruction in connection with living animals.

The weight of authority is clearly on the side of those who oppose this measure. It is apparently a case in which a mistaken but kindly sentiment stands against scientific judgment and the dictates of common sense.

The Issue in Nevada.

The arguments that support the candidacy of Mr. Shortridge in California apply with identical force to the candidacy of Mr. Oddie in Nevada. In all human likelihood Senator Harding is to be President of the United States after the 4th of March. If his administration is to be effective in correcting faults and reforming abuses that are only too patent he must have the aid of a supporting Senate. The Republican margin in the Senate now is at the vanishing point. If in the forthcoming election the Democratic party should hold the majority then Mr. Harding's hands would be tied. It is not too much to say that his election would be all but meaningless as related to constructive reforms. The national government would be a house divided against itself.

Nevada is represented in the Senate by a Democrat, Mr. Henderson, who is a candidate for reelection. In her own interests, more important still in support of the Harding administration, Nevada should substitute Mr. Oddie for Mr. Henderson. Many citizens of Nevada, whose votes ought to count in the coming election, are now in California on errands of business or under other motives. All such owe it to their state and to the coming administration to go home and cast their votes for Mr. Oddie. It is due that every influence that may

possibly be exercised in behalf of Mr. Oddie should find energetic and prompt expression. The issue is of tremendous importance. The balance of votes in Nevada is narrow. No man who has a vote or who may influence a vote has the moral right to be neglectful of what is plainly a serious duty.

Fresh Demands for Enforcement of Prohibition.

Upon the frank admission that enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment is not effective, "particularly in communities not in sympathy with the law," the Enforcement Bureau has prepared a series of requisitions to be put up to Congress. Demand will be made:

(1) *For an increase of approximately 100 per cent. in the appropriation for enforcement.* The appropriation for the current year under which the bureau is now working was for \$4,500,000. If the demand shall be granted the next appropriation will be for approximately \$9,000,000.

(2) *For an increase in the personnel of the field force of practically 100 per cent.* At the present time the bureau has in its service 1800 men and women. If the new demand shall be granted the force will be increased to 3600.

(3) *For purchase by the government of all the whisky now in bond, to the end that it may be dispensed under more rigid rules.* The amount of whisky in bond is approximately fifty millions of gallons. Its value would have to be determined; and it is presumable that those who hold it would demand current prices. At this rate fifty million gallons of whisky at wholesale would be worth approximately three hundred millions of dollars.

(4) *For legislation limiting the number of concerns permitted to purchase liquor at wholesale.* This would open the door to the multiplied abuses of favoritism. Political considerations would inevitably figure in disposal of licenses and thus make a new and colossal scandal.

(5) *For amendment to the Volstead Act, taking enforcement machinery entirely out of the hands of local authority and placing the power to make appointments in the hands of officials at Washington.* The effect of this would be to add enormously to the machinery of administration politics.

(6) *For heavier penalties for the illicit manufacture of liquor.* This would call for enlarged addition to the personnel of the forces at the hands of the revenue office and could not fail to work out in many forms of scandal.

(7) *For passport regulations, designed to make the operation of bootleggers across the Canadian and Mexican borders impossible.* This would mean the imposition of annoying and expensive restrictions upon all travel between this country and Canada on the north and with Mexico on the south. It would subject the millions whose occasions now require them to pass beyond the national boundaries to annoying and expensive formalities, and it could not fail to work out in limitation of legitimate international trade both north and south.

It is possible that the next Congress may be as timid and subservient as was the last, but we doubt it. The Volstead Act was carried, not upon conviction of its propriety, but through fear of political reprisals. Time has demonstrated to the members of Congress that the sentiment of the country is not favorable to prohibition in its radical forms. It has also shown that there are political hazards the other way round. All this being true, the proposed legislation is likely to encounter a less subservient state of mind in Congress.

We venture the prophecy that Congress will not double the appropriation for enforcement, that it will not augment the forces of spies and busybodies under the prohibition bureau, that it will not authorize the expenditure of three hundred millions of dollars to set up the government in the whisky business, that it will not create a situation in which some dealers shall be penalized in the interests of others, that it will not centralize the machinery of enforcement at Washington, that it will not place heavier penalties upon the manufacture of liquor, that it will not further burden the traveler with new and onerous passport regulations.

Editorial Notes.

Hard upon the ending of the grape harvest comes announcement from Washington that a "ruling" has been made under which, without license or payment of

a fee, two hundred gallons of wine may be made by anybody for family consumption. True, the grape harvest is ended and the product disposed of, but the announcement comes in time to be helpful in turning the Italian vote of California toward the candidate of the party by whose authority the concession has been made. The politics of it is a bit crude, but there is no reason why it should not be effective—unless our Italian friends are able to distinguish a hawk from a handsaw.

We have heard a good deal in times past, and continue from time to time to hear much, of "judge-made law." Whatever may be the grievance associated with this method of law-making, it is not more subject to criticism than a system very much in vogue at Washington in connection with the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. It is a cold, dull week when we do not have some modification or interpretation by departmental authority. On the whole we believe the intelligent part of the public would prefer law made by judges who know something of legal principles than by department clerks.

There is embittered outcry on the part of the Prohibition Enforcement Bureau that its work is a failure because so many of its agents turn out to be scoundrels open to bribery. It is undoubtedly true that a very large proportion of the spies and busybodies now in the service are bribable. What else could be expected? Does anybody suppose for a moment that men can be had for this service who are not bribable? Clean, high-minded and uncorruptible men are not subject to employment in the kind of work the Enforcement Bureau has in hand.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

OUT OF HIS OWN MOUTH.

Review of Governor Cox's Utterances in His "Swing Around the Circle."

SAN FRANCISCO, September 15, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir:

Though I be righteous, mine own mouth shall condemn me: Though I be perfect, it shall prove me perverse.

On July 9th, following his now celebrated interview with President Wilson, Governor Cox made the following statement:

"We agreed to the meaning and sufficiency of the Democratic platform and the duty of the party in the face of the threatened had faith to the world in the name of America."

The Democratic nominee having by this interpretation reduced the power of the Senate to function under the Constitution to the originality and initiative of a rubber stamp, the Democratic President stepped cheerfully to centre and gave a Wilsonian direction to Governor Cox's pronouncement:

"I found that he" [Governor Cox], caroled the President, "and I were absolutely at one with regard to the great issue, the league of nations."

Now the Democratic overlord of Ohio would just as soon he killed for a sheep as a lamb, so in his letter of acceptance on August 7th he put everything he had on the ball and swallowed that "at one" whole by emphatically stating of the league, "As the Democratic candidate I favor going in," and of the treaty, "The first duty of the new administration clearly will be the ratification of the treaty."

With the campaign in swing Governor Cox now began to still further ascend those lofty heights of altruism and idealistic thought upon which the President has assured us they stood "absolutely at one" by giving his interpretation of our duty under Article X.

At South Bend, Indiana, on August 20th, Governor Cox said:

"The Republican leaders will know just how close I am to the truth when I say that the minimum fund demanded is \$15,000,000."

At Canton, Ohio, on August 22d, still pursuing this lofty line of interpretative though not original argument, he stated: "If by silence they [the Republicans] admit their guilt, the evidence will be produced."

In the meantime, however, the Honorable Franklin Delano Roosevelt had been doing a little league interpreting of his own at Butte, Montana, on August 18th:

"As a matter of fact," quoth the shy and modest F. D., "the United States has about twelve votes in the assembly. Until last week I had two of them myself and now Secretary Daniels has them. You know I have had something to do with the running of a couple of little republics. The facts are that I wrote Haiti's constitution, and if I do say it I think it is a pretty good constitution."

Shades of Sairey Gamp and "Tim" Campbell's, "What's the Constitution between friends?"

Lest the proletariat might not understand the twelve votes thus generously given us F. D. explained that Haiti, Santo Domingo, Cuba, and Panama, and the republics of Central America would give their free and independent votes in the assembly to the United States or some one would know the reason why.

For some occult reason known only to himself Mr. Roosevelt did not include either Mexico or Japan in his roster of our future assembly votes.

When word of F. D.'s interpretation reached him Governor Cox evidently felt that when it came to explaining the league Mr. Roosevelt's mind did not run with his and decided to dispose of the explaining at one fell swoop, and so in Pittsburgh on August 26th he shot the works and spent a full three hours producing his proofs of Republican corruption.

For some reason these proofs didn't seem to register as high in convincing contents as did those of the justly celebrated fifty-one barrels which had helped him to the nomination in San Francisco, so Governor Cox at New Haven the next day produced for a couple of hours more.

F. D. on the Pacific Coast, however, had a bunch that if he

would heat the barrier with what he had left of lucid explanation of the league he'd better get busy, so at the St. Francis on August 23d he had told the world that:

"The tariff as an issue in the campaign is a joke. I hadn't planned mentioning it in my speeches, but I never know when I get up to speak what I am going to say."

Colonel Harvey insists that in this last sentence is to be found the most convincing proof that "many a true word is spoken in jest" that has ever been advanced.

In obedience to the dictates of good taste at the Ohio State Fair on September 1st Governor Cox abandoned politics and the league and confined himself to agricultural problems.

"The gentleman who spent eight months in Germany," elucidated the governor, "told me that just as soon as the indemnity was allotted Germany would go back to work."

This masterly exposition of intensive farming refers to the treaty of peace signed by President Wilson at Versailles and in which after taking away from Germany about one-half of the \$65,000,000,000 that she possibly possessed when she signed the armistice, then further obligated Germany to give to the Allies \$25,000,000,000 in bonds to be redeemed out of Germany's future earnings. If Germany should ever succeed in redeeming these bonds the Reparation Commission was authorized that "further issues by way of acknowledgment and security may be required [from Germany] as the commission determines from time to time."

At Battle Creek, Michigan, on September 4th, Governor Cox made a masterly answer to a question about the league: "You and your kind," insisted the governor, "and Lodge and his kind glorified the sickness of President Wilson."

At Walla Walla, Washington, on the 11th, the production at Pittsburgh apparently not having attained the hope-for popularity, the governor added to its dialogue "the present symptoms strongly indicate that somebody ought to be sent to the penitentiary."

In medical parlance Will H. Hays was strongly indicated.

At this juncture a firm and helping hand was held out to Governor Cox. His explanations of the covenant had so clarified the understanding of the voters that "Maine went bell bent" by over 65,000 majority Republican.

At Boise, Idaho, on the 14th, after stating that "the result in Maine is no surprise," the governor again produced and made the Republican ante \$30,000,000 instead of the original and heggarily fifteen millions.

At Oakland, on the 18th, in dealing with the dual navy yard problem in San Francisco Bay, the governor made answer as to whether he was for "America First."

"Germany first," thundered Governor Cox patriotically, "was the slogan of the Kaiser." To he for America first is to conspire "to create racial hatred and differences."

Without the additional dotting of an i or crossing of a t this literally translates into unqualified approval of the hyphen and the advocacy of other allegiance than that owed by the American people to the government of the United States under the Constitution.

At San Diego, on the 20th, Governor Cox again and instructively drew on his experience as a farmer as follows:

"If Senator Newberry hadn't been put on the Foreign Relations Committee by Henry Cahot Lodge we would have had a league of nations."

"I am for a tariff on lemons and made a speech in favor of a tariff on lemons in Congress in 1909."

This and what follows is reminiscent of a Maine farmer who supplied his better half with a lemonade heavily lined with arsenic. When the lady set down the glass half emptied he stirred up the contents and again handed it to her with the remark, "The best's at the bottom, my dear."

The best was indeed at the bottom, for the governor then assures his hearers that "the Monroe Doctrine is safeguarded by the Hitchcock reservations."

This is distinctly an item of news, since the great leader of the Democrats (whom Governor Cox himself has assured us that when he is translated will at once step into a niche alongside of Jefferson and Lincoln) has always insisted that the covenant not only absolutely safeguarded the Monroe Doctrine, but actually strengthened it as well by according it international recognition.

On September 21st the Republican National Committee pointed out, first, that Governor Cox had never mentioned lemons while in Congress, and second, that Senator Newberry had never been a member of the Foreign Relations Committee.

The 22d and 23d were mainly devoted by Governor Cox to explaining what he really had meant in his San Diego speech.

By the 24th, at Puchito, the governor was, however, in form again and charged Hays with sending so-called "scouts" ahead to queer his speeches with the newspapers, and for full measure charged his opponents with "preaching a creed of hate."

On the 27th, at Cheyenne, he charged Senator Harding with being "a brewer who is apologizing for his holdings." Senator Harding once owned two shares of stock in a brewery in Marion which he originally subscribed for in promotion of a local industry.

During the remainder of his tour Governor Cox added to his constant and unsupported charges of Republican corruption, charges against Palmer and Burleson for their administration of the justice and postoffice departments, and at Wichita answered a query with, "My friend, Wilson isn't running for President this year. Cox is running for President."

"I charge! I charge! I charge!" has so interlarded his every speech that Governor Cox may he said to have charged across the country and back again in similar manner and with identical results to those attained by the famous ten thousand men that the noble Duke of York marched up the hill one day—and then marched them down again.

To charge is delightful, easy, and so convenient, but when on November 2d the collector calls on Governor Cox with his little hill it will prove another and a sadly different story.

"You need not be told," said Abraham Lincoln in his historic speech at Cooper Union in 1860, "that persisting in a charge which one does not know to be true is simply a malicious slander."

JAMES G. BLAINE.

A Word of Appreciation.

DEL CARMEN, PAMPANGA, P. I., September 14, 1920.

ARGONAUT PUBLISHING COMPANY—Gentlemen: Enclosed you will find my personal check for \$10 covering the renewal of my subscription to the Argonaut for two years.

I have been an interested reader of your paper for nearly twenty years and have been happy to count myself a subscriber for the past twelve. Your attitude on public questions always appears to me to be the correct one and your "progressive-conservatism" in discussing matters of public interest is refreshing, the more so at this time, when the whole world seems to be at the mercy of Bolshevism and all the other "isms" with which we are afflicted.

While we Americans in the Philippines are unable to express our choice at the coming presidential election, many of us are on Harding's side, as we feel that he is level headed enough and sufficiently willing to consider the opinions of those qualified to give them on the vital questions with which the American people are at this time confronted to assure us of the type of administration which our country will be so sorely in need of during the next four years.

Permit me to wish you continued success in the field of

journalism and to assure you that the weekly arrival of the Argonaut in this part of the world is hailed with joy by your subscribers.

F. RINTON HIND.

A FRIEND OF JAPAN.

Colonel Irish Reviews Various Phases of the Japanese Issue.

OAKLAND, October 18, 1920.

EDITOR OF THE ARGONAUT: Your reproduction of the article by L. Dumont-Wilden is a proper supplement to articles skimming the same subject by Mr. James G. Blaine and Sidney Coryn. They all focus the sun-glass on one point and purpose, the hunting of Japan around the world by hue and cry. This has made it seem necessary that these writers shall praise the statesmanlike wisdom and genius of Lenine and the "master strokes" by which he appeals to the disorder and insanity of the world.

Look westward, over the curve of the earth, and what appears on that vast horizon from Saigon to the mouth of the Lena River? China, splendid in her physical power, surpassingly rich in her unused natural resources, but divided in spoken language from hakka to cantonese, in chronic internal war, with a government weak, defenseless, and corrupt. Beyond that to the Ural boundary a red welter of murder, theft, and anarchy, invoked and sustained by the "genius" of Lenine. On all that long frontier, from near the equator to the Arctic Ocean, Japan is the only country with a stable government, equipped for offense and defense, that can function. Japan was our friend in peace and our ally in war, yet the American press, especially in California, daily holds up Japan to the hatred, prejudice, and contempt of our people. No slander is too base, no lie too satanic, no malice too rancorous, for the press to use against that country and its people who are legally domiciled here.

Pretextuous writers are sleepless in this malignant task, and your readers have access to their work in your columns.

A bill of particulars is too long for use. M. L. Dumont-Wilden sees something sinister in the presence of Japan in eastern Siberia. Why? Any one who knows Siberia and is not charmed by the genius of Lenine knows that it would be beneficial to civilization and to the world's peace and order if Japan spread her sovereignty over Siberia from the channel of Tartary and seas of Ochotsk and Bering to Lake Baikal. Why should Americans object?

Our press daily sheds salt and crocodile tears because Japan administers the Shantung peninsula, and is sore grieved because there is the grave of Confucius! But no tears were shed when Germany forced China to give the Shantung peninsula to the Kaiser, and we moistened no handkerchiefs when the grave of Confucius was trampled by the hard heels of German soldiers. Japan drove Germany out of China, and by public law and the practice and custom of the ages subrogated to all German rights in the Shantung peninsula.

Japan enfranchised China to enter the war on the side of the Allies, which she would not have dared do with Germany seated in the Gibraltar she had built at Kaiochow.

Our newspapers want our government to demand that Japan say when she will give up Shantung! Suppose Japan should demand that we say when we will give up the Philippines! Her right to demand is as good as ours.

Recently columns have appeared in our local press on the iniquity of letting Japan administer the Caroline and Marshall islands, and demanding that they be given to us! By three ways may sovereignty extend over territory—by discovery, conquest, and purchase. The Portuguese discovered those islands. The Emperor Charles V took them for Spain by conquest. At the end of our Spanish war Germany bought them for \$4,000,000, and Japan took them from Germany by conquest. Where does our claim to them appear in that chain of title?

Following the policy of attacking Japan for everything she does, our press has teemed with comment as ignorant as it is vicious on Japanese occupancy of the north half of Saghalien Island. How many writers of these attacks know or care about the history of that island? It was always part of the Japanese archipelago. In 1875 Russia stole it from Japan and peopled it with convicts and exiles. Japan at that time was not equipped to defend herself. Russia had only a thief's title to the island until, by the treaty of Portsmouth, the south half was taken back by Japan and Russia was given title to the north half. Now that "inspired genius" Lenine has torn up and abrogated all treaties made by the Czar, including the treaty of Portsmouth, and Japan has taken possession of the north half of Saghalien, as is her right.

The policy of all this abuse of Japan appears to be that we should keep her from expanding in Manchuria, Mongolia, and Siberia, in order to make her a weak and inferior power, lest she become our enemy.

Is it not a more far-sighted and wiser policy to help make her the strong Asiatic power and keep her as our friend? The report of our Department of Commerce on our trade with all Asia and Oceania shows that for the eight months of this year ending August 31st we sold American goods of the following values:

To Dutch East Indies.....	\$ 34,995,550
To China.....	96,311,017
To Australia.....	73,054,230
To British India.....	65,744,078
To the Philippines.....	61,090,161
To Japan.....	328,663,681

So Japan bought of us within \$2,531,355 as much as all the rest of Asia and Oceania. Being our best customer, do the directors of American commerce think this constant jackdaw abuse of Japan is wise?

I hope that China will cease to make futile faces at Japan, and instead will follow her example and organize her abundant power to defend her territory and reform the sordid corruption of her government.

JOHN P. IRISH.

At the start of the reconstruction work in the devastated coal region about Lens, France, the French were taught by several disasters that the retreating Germans, before flooding the mines, had concealed along the walls unnumbered "booby traps." Consequently, in order that the divers, charged with preliminary inspections, may "look before they leap," the government recently purchased from England an interesting apparatus for submarine photography. Lowered down the flooded shaft, this apparatus illuminates a ten-foot zone; then, as switches are pressed at the mouth of the shaft, it photographs simultaneously each of the four walls.

During nineteen months 126,000 persons were killed in automobile accidents in the United States. This included 21,000 children. Estimates place the death rate higher than battle rates of the recent war, and show an average of a death every thirty-five minutes.

DR. BUTLER AND THE LEAGUE.

Nicholas Murray Butler in the address delivered by him at New London, Connecticut, on October 16th, usefully reminds us that there are only two real issues of the present campaign. Indeed, he might have said with equal accuracy that there is only one, since the second of his two issues relates in general terms to the perpetual rivalries of the Democrat and Republican parties and their respective capacities in the field of domestic government. The one definite and distinctive feature of the coming election is "the relation which the people of the United States are to bear to other nations, and to those movements of political and economic opinion that are common to civilized peoples throughout the world." This means, of course, the league of nations and the attitude of the government of the United States toward the aftermath of war and toward the great movement for world peace which is yet to be shaped and fashioned by the wisdom of the nations.

It is proper, says President Butler, that the government of the United States should take the lead in the promotion of international coöperation. It is fitted for such a task by its own judiciary system, designed for the limitation of governmental powers and for the settlement of controversies between individuals and the state. It would have done even more than it has done for the cause of international peace but for the constant distrust of Germany, unable to believe that any judge could act with impartiality in a suit to which his own country was a party. None the less the American idea of peace by arbitration had made steady progress. President McKinley through the agency of John Hay had instructed the American delegates to The Hague Conference of 1899 to propose a plan for an international arbitral tribunal, and the plan was adopted. The work was continued by President Roosevelt, who submitted to arbitration the Pious Fund case, which was then disturbing the relations between the United States and Mexico. The great principle of arbitration had thus been firmly established. It would certainly have led to international justice. It might have been applied to the great war but for the cynical contempt of Germany. It was full of the happiest auguries for the future. It had been applied and it had worked. An International High Court of Justice was actually in sight, the Hague Conference having expressed its approval of a plan which was definitely under consideration by the great governments of the world. The war did not prove the project to be a failure, seeing that it was still in the formative stage. Indeed the war was the best of all reasons why, at the conclusion of the struggle, it should at once be brought to definite accomplishment. This would have been the end sought by a real statesmanship, which would have availed itself of the road already opened rather than seeking other and untested paths at a time when fresh perplexities should have been avoided rather than courted. President Butler points this out in terse and unanswerable phrases:

Following the quick establishment of a just peace, the whole world, the vanquished as well as the victors, the neutrals as well as the combatants, should then have sat down to study the problem of so organizing international coöperation and so framing international policies as to make any repetition of the holocaust of 1914 and the following years highly improbable. Nothing would have been more natural than to begin at the point already reached at the two Hague Conferences, to make use of the experience there gained, and to build upon the foundations there laid. Great Britain, France, Italy, as well as the smaller nations among the Allies, are all believed to have been ready to adopt these policies. Why, then, were they not followed? The answer is that the government of the United States, speaking by the President, who designated himself as the chief American plenipotentiary at the peace conference, insisted upon a different course. It was the President who insisted upon turning his back upon the work of his predecessors in office and beginning again in a new direction.

The speaker was rigidly restrained in his utterance. He left his auditors to draw their own inferences from statements of fact so lucid as to preclude uncertainty. President Wilson had two courses open to him. He might have continued and completed the great work for international peace so auspiciously begun by his predecessors. He chose to begin a wholly new plan, conceived without reflection, born suddenly into a maddened world, and projected as part and parcel of the treaty which it encumbered and entangled. This procedure was not, said the speaker, a triumph of statesmanship. On the contrary it was "a blunder of the first magnitude and is chiefly responsible for the unhappy events of the past two years, for the outbreak of a dozen minor wars, for the delay in economic reconstruction, and for the feelings of despair and despondency that have settled down over so much of the world."

The interests of the world demanded that the treaty be formed and signed without delay and that nothing be allowed to intervene. A large number of senators had urged this course and had recommended that the league be reserved for future consideration. But the President closed his eyes and his ears to the dictates of obvious prudence. In terms of contemptuous denial—Dr. Butler calls it cynical contempt—he announced that the treaty and the league should be so entwined as to be inseparable. He reversed the steps that had

taken in Paris during his absence, blocked the negotiations for peace, and proceeded to carry out his own plans. Dr. Butler doubts if Europe had any enthusiasm for the league. But Europe wanted to please the United States. Europe believed that the President represented the United States. How could Europe be expected to follow the course of political events in the United States or to understand the significance of the election and of the action of the Senate? Dr. Butler says:

Despite the warning, clear and unmistakable, given by the people at the elections for senators and members of the House of Representatives held in November, 1918, the President and his associates continued to assure the governments and the peoples of Europe that the United States as a whole favored his policies and would support him in his endeavors. Close observers of American political opinion knew that this was not a correct statement, and that if repeated and accepted it was bound to lead to disaster. It did. Great Britain, France, and Italy all assented to various provisions in connection with the peace settlement and with the league which they did not themselves approve, in order, as they thought, to please the people of the United States. They woke from their dream only to find that they were roundly abused for having themselves led the American plenipotentiaries to support a plan for the aggrandizement of the Allied nations. The situation would be comic were it not so tragic. European peoples hear themselves vigorously attacked for having overreached the United States when they thought they were doing precisely what the United States desired.

Dr. Butler presents to us a novel and disquieting view of the dispute now being waged around the league of nations. He tells us that its support proceeds in large measure from those who see in it a stepping-stone to the internationalism that is now being advocated in so fearful a way by Russia. The league of nations as at present constituted implies a super-government and this, in its turn, means the subsidence of nationalism and the sweeping away of national boundaries in favor of an internationalism without boundaries:

Two widely different sets of proposals are brought forward to meet this situation. The first has as its ideal the breaking down of national boundaries, authorities, and distinctions, and the building up of an internationalism without nations, to rest upon the uncertain economic foundations offered by the conflicting purposes and desires of those who participate in industry. This is the goal of the group now in control of the Russian government, and it is the goal of many of those who in various countries are most eagerly supporting the covenant for a league of nations. This is not because that covenant contains any explicit recognition of their aims and their point of view, but because to their thinking it is a step in the direction in which they would like to move, since it lays a foundation for what they hope could speedily be converted into a super-government. Given a council or an assembly, sitting in a foreign capital, clothed with authority to make recommendations essentially political in character to all the nations of the earth, and it will become more difficult with each passing year to prevent that council or assembly from adding to its power, from taking advantage of opportunities to extend its authority, and from finally laying its hand directly upon what we have always held to be the internal policies of nations. Mark the fact that all this is just as true of other nations as of the United States. In explanation of the fact that the strongest resistance to the plan for the league has come from the United States, it may be said that here perhaps that plan has been taken more seriously than elsewhere and subjected to more minute and more critical scrutiny. Surely the British, the French, the Italian, and the Japanese peoples, to mention no others, would be just as sensitive as are the people of the United States in regard to any proposal that would appear to place upon them a moral obligation to use their armies and their navies, their economic power and their financial influence, at the behest of an international council or assembly, even if their own national representative in such council or assembly should have failed to veto the action of his colleagues.

Internationalism without nations is a contradiction in terms and a wild and perverse dream. Nations represent real and natural groupings of human beings, growing out of bonds of race, of language, of faith, of economic interest, and of political and social opportunity. They are not to be wiped away as with a sponge by the soothing phrases of those whose ideals are so misty and whose hold upon facts is so insecure that they are dangerous visionaries and disturbers of the world's comfort and progress.

Dr. Butler sees no reason why there should not be a league of nations which would be of the most effective kind while avoiding all the faults of the present proposal. A statement of the American view would certainly receive sympathetic acquiescence from the European powers and within a short time there would be an association of nations in which the United States could cheerfully join. But there would be no super-government in such an association. There would be no foreign control over armies and navies and no interference with domestic policies. Then we should have a codification of international law and the creation of an International High Court of Justice. The area of justiciable questions would be extended, and even non-justiciable questions might be approached in reasonable and peaceful ways. The Republican party will not take any reactionary steps in this matter of the world's peace. Dr. Butler in conclusion expresses himself as confident that when the reins of government shall pass into Republican hands on March 4th next the ripest wisdom, the widest experience, and the best talent which the country affords will be called upon to assist in shaping those policies which shall hasten a solution of the people's problems and a meeting of the people's needs. No party, no government, can accomplish the impossible, but the Republican party may confidently be trusted to open in 1921 a new era in the history of our country, and to make powerful and permanent contribution to the cause of international peace and concord and to the advancement of the world's satisfaction and happiness without in any way lessening the control of the American people over their own policies and acts, and without in any

way bending or breaking the Constitution of the United States, the sheet anchor of our ship of state.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 20, 1920.

OLD FAVORITES.

Little Breeches.

I don't go much on religion,
I never aint had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful of things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets,
And free-will, and that sort of thing;
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along—
No four-year-old in the country
Could beat him for pretty and strong.
Pearl and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight;
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker,
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket,
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses,
And left the team at the door.
They sneered at something and started—
I heerd one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Brecches, and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we roused up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,
Of my fellow-critters' aid—
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

By this the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheep-fold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Whar they shut up the lambs at night,
We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white.
And thar sot Little Breeches, and chirped
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm,
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child
And bringing him to his own
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the Throne. —John Hay.

Hymn to the Night.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed-for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

That the remote ancestors of the American Indians may have lived in Spain in prehistoric days is indicated by some very remarkable discoveries of rock paintings that archaeologists have made at El Bosque, in the hilly country north of Alpera, a Spanish town about half way between Albasete, situated in the plains of La Mancha, and Alicante, on the Mediterranean. Anthropologists also say that these discoveries throw a fresh light upon the life of prehistoric man in southwestern Europe during the Magdalenian period of the great ice age. These Paleolithic tribes, when not compelled by the rigor of the climate to find their dwellings in caverns where they obtained protection against both the intense cold and the attacks of ferocious animals, lived under rock shelters on the sides of valleys.

Before the war the tourist industry was one of the chief trades in Palestine, as the stream of Christian visitors brought tens of thousands of dollars annually to the Holy Land. The Jews who are at present in Palestine believe that the British mandate will result in a large increase of this lucrative business.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

King Albert of the Belgians is touring South America as the guest of the nations. He is now in Brazil.

Eugene Arceau, French giant, is a recent arrival in New York. He stands eight feet six inches tall, weighs 308 pounds and can lift an ordinary-sized man easily. He has not announced as yet what business he will pursue in this country.

It has just been revealed that the recent secret donor of \$1,000,000 to the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra is Edward William Bok, one of the millionaire owners of the *Ladies' Home Journal* and fifty years ago a penniless young emigrant from Holland.

Peter Vidovitch, registered as a charity guest at the New York municipal lodging-house, died on a pauper's cot. Then it was discovered that he owned Liberty bonds, jewelry, money, and mining claims totaling \$125,000.

Harriett May Mills is the candidate of the Democratic party for secretary of state in New York. She is the first woman ever to receive the nomination for this office, and a vigorous campaign is being made to bring to her support women voters of the Empire State.

Marie Novokova, Julia Lateuskova, Valsta Stepanova, Marie Doskova, and Marie Redsinkeva arrived recently on the transport *Sherman*. The University of Prague has sent these scholarship winners to the United States for study. The scholarships were offered to Czecho-Slovakia by Vassar College.

Miss Retta Pam of New York is enthusiastic about airplanes. She frequently goes by seaplane over the Hudson from New York to the beautiful Sleepy Hollow Country Club for a day's golfing. This seaplane trip is popular with others, also, and is a sample of the increasing popularity of this mode of travel.

Hugh Gibson, American minister to Poland, is planning to return to that country, after a leave of absence in the United States. Mr. Gibson was former secretary of the United States legation in Belgium, where he endeavored to save the life of Edith Cavell, martyred British nurse. He is a Western man.

The Countess Ganna Walska, Russian actress, was recently secretly wed in Paris to Alexander Smith Cochran, New York's wealthiest bachelor. She was a great favorite in Petrograd. Her husband, Baron d'Eingorn, a captain in the Russian army, was killed during the war. The countess has played on the American stage. Mr. Cochran is a sportsman with an international reputation. He is said to be worth more than \$50,000,000.

Emir Feisal, who within the last few months, after for a time ruling as king, has been chased out of Syria by the French, is the son of King Hussein of Hedjaz, the shereef of Mecca. After he had received a twentieth-century education in Constantinople he became an official of the Turkish government. But this was more through necessity than because of choice. Neither Feisal nor his father had much in common with the Turk or Turkish rule. In 1914 they saw a chance to break with the British régime and they immediately took advantage of it.

Lady Essex, widow of the Earl of Essex, whose death occurred in 1916, is soon to become the Duchess of Connaught, according to New York dispatches. Her engagement to the Duke of Connaught, uncle of King George of England, is the first instance in which an American woman has become betrothed to a member of the British royal family. Lady Essex was formerly Adèle Grant of New York. The Duke of Connaught was christened Arthur William Patrick Gilbert, the third son of Queen Victoria, and as the governor-general of Canada became well known in this country.

It was because when he was a sign painter he was a good sign painter that Seymour M. Stone came to be a painter of royalty and of the great people of Europe and America. His career is a perfect exemplification of the old copy-book axiom of the sure reward that comes from doing well the duty that lies nearest to one's hand. A collection of his paintings was shown a few weeks ago in the famous Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, and there still are wagons being hauled about the streets of Chicago that bear the faint marks of his brush. Seymour Stone was born in Chicago, one of five children in a family that knew the pinch of poverty. At the age of ten the boy was forced to shoulder part of the burden of supporting himself and the other children. He alone of the five manifested artistic ability; and, as the nearest approach to the ambition that was nearest his heart, he got a job as a wagon painter at 50 cents a day. In the meantime he spent his evenings at an art school, working far into the night. Finally he went to Europe and now, after fifteen years' absence, Seymour Stone returns to his native land with the reputation of being one of the greatest living portrait painters. Among those who sat for him were the Princess Marie Alexandra Reuss of Bradenburg, a descendant of Catherine the Great; Princess Wittgenstein of Bavaria, sister-in-law of the Queen of the Belgians; the Viscount de Faramond and Viscountess de Faramond and their son; Admiral Richelieu, and many others.

EDWARD BOK, AMERICAN.

A Noted Editor Tells Us What America Has Done for Him and What He Has Done for America.

Mr. Edward Bok explains how it comes that he writes his autobiography in the third person. Edward Bok, editor and publisher, has a personality quite apart from the Edward Bok who writes this book. Their taste, their outlook, their way of looking at things, are wholly at variance. Indeed the real Bok had great difficulty in hiding himself behind the editor of the *Ladies Home Journal*. Sometimes in the early days he would break through and reveal himself, but gradually he learned to subordinate his real self to the *alter ego* who presided over the editorial offices. For such reasons it has seemed proper that the autobiography should be in the third person in order that "Bok" may be appropriately handed from the outside, as it were.

Of the first days of Bok's arrival in America from Holland and of his struggles with a new world and a foreign language the book may be allowed to speak for itself. Among his earlier employments was that of stenographer to the Western Union Telegraph Company, which had just passed into the hands of Jay Gould. But the position, for many reasons, was an undesirable one and the author tells us that he decided to resign:

The day before he was to leave the Western Union Telegraph Company the fact of his resignation became known to Mr. Gould. The financier told the boy there was no reason for his leaving, and that he would personally see to it that a substantial increase was made in his salary. Edward explained that the salary, while of importance to him, did not influence him so much as securing a position in a business in which he felt he would be happier.

"And what business is that?" asked the financier.

"The publishing of books," replied the boy.

"You are making a great mistake," answered the little man, fixing his keen gray eyes on the boy. "Books are a luxury. The public spends its largest money on necessities: on what it can't do without. It must telegraph; it need not read. It can read in libraries. A promising boy, such as you are, with his life before him, should choose the right sort of business, not the wrong one."

The author's early career as a journalist brought him into close contact with many of the leading men and women of his day and among them was Henry Ward Beecher. As a letter-writer he was a constant wonder. He never wrote a commonplace letter. There was always himself in it—in whatever mood it found him:

It was not customary for him to see all his mail. As a rule Mrs. Beecher opened it, and attended to most of it. One evening Edward was helping Mrs. Beecher handle an unusually large number of letters. He was reading one when Mr. Beecher happened to come in and read what otherwise he would not have seen:

REVEREND HENRY WARD BEECHER—Dear Sir: I journeyed over from my New York hotel yesterday morning to hear you preach, expecting, of course, to hear an exposition of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Instead, I heard a political harangue, with no reason or cohesion in it. You made an ass of yourself.

Very truly yours,

"That's to the point," commented Mr. Beecher with a smile; and then seating himself at his desk, he turned the sheet over and wrote:

MY DEAR SIR: I am sorry you should have taken so long a journey to hear Christ preached, and then heard what you are polite enough to call a "political harangue." I am sorry, too, that you think I made an ass of myself. In this connection I have but one consolation: that you didn't make an ass of yourself. The Lord did that.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Mr. Beecher seems to have been something of a disciplinarian, if we may judge from a story related by Mr. Bok. On one occasion he was annoyed by the décolleté dress of a young girl, a member of his family, and one of her friends who was staying with her. As Mr. Beecher and the author were going upstairs there was the sound of a rush, the gas was quickly turned low, and two white figures sped into one of the rooms:

"My dears," called Mr. Beecher.

"Yes, Mr. Beecher," came a voice from behind the door of the room in question.

"Come here one minute," said Mr. Beecher.

"But we can not," said the voice. "We are ready for bed. Wait until—"

"No; come as you are," returned Mr. Beecher.

"Let me go downstairs," Edward interrupted.

"No; you stay right here," said Mr. Beecher.

"Why, Mr. Beecher! How can we be? Isn't Edward with you?"

"You are keeping me waiting for you," was the quiet and firm answer.

There was a moment's hesitation. Then the door opened and the figures of the two girls appeared.

"Now, turn up the gas, please, as it was," said Mr. Beecher.

"But, Mr. Beecher—"

"You heard me?"

Up went the light, and the two beautiful girls of the box stood in their night-dresses.

"Now, why did you run away?" asked Mr. Beecher.

"Why, Mr. Beecher! How can you ask such a question?" pouted one of the girls, looking at her dress and then at Edward.

"Exactly," said Mr. Beecher. "Your modesty leads you to run away from this young man because he might possibly see you under a single light in dresses that cover your entire bodies, while that same modesty did not prevent you all this evening from sitting beside him, under a myriad of lights, in dresses that exposed nearly half of your bodies. That's what I call a distinction with a difference—with the difference to the credit neither of your intelligence nor of your modesty. There is some modesty in the dresses you have on: there was precious little in what you girls wore this evening. Good-night."

Mr. Bok tells us why it is that scarcely five out of every hundred of the young men whom he knew made any business progress. They were not interested. It

was a case of a day's work and a day's pay. It was not a question of how much one would do, but how little one could get away with. And of course self-conceit went with it, and of this we have an instance that might be matched almost anywhere at the present day:

Another youthful clerk in the Scribner retail book store, unconscious of the customer's identity, waited one day on the wife of Mark Twain.

Mrs. Clemens asked the young salesman for a copy of Taine's "Ancient Régime."

"Beg pardon," said the clerk, "what book did you say?"

Mrs. Clemens repeated the author and title of the book.

Going to the rear of the store, the clerk soon returned, only to inquire: "May I ask you to repeat the name of the author?"

"Taine, T-a-i-n-e," replied Mrs. Clemens.

Then did the youthfulness of the salesman assert itself. Assuming an air of superior knowledge, and looking at the customer with an air of sympathy, he corrected Mrs. Clemens: "Pardon me, madam, but you have the name a trifle wrong. You mean Twain—not Taine."

Mr. Bok's connection with the Scribner's gave him the opportunity to acquire many of the details of the publishing business which were to stand him in such good stead later on. Also it brought him into contact with celebrities. Mark Twain was a frequent visitor to the retail store, and occasionally he would wander back to the publishing department:

Smoking was not permitted in the Scribner offices, and, of course, Mark Twain was always smoking. He generally smoked a granulated tobacco which he kept in a long check bag made of silk and rubber. When he sauntered back to the Scribner store, he would generally knock the residue from the bowl of the pipe, take out the stem, place it in his vest pocket, like a pencil, and drop the bowl into the bag containing the granulated tobacco. When he wanted to smoke again (which was usually five minutes later) he would fish out the bowl, now automatically filled with tobacco, insert the stem, and strike a light. One afternoon as he wandered into Bok's office, he was just putting his pipe away. The pipe, of the corn-cob variety, was very aged and black. Bok asked him whether it was the only pipe he had.

"Oh, no," Mark answered, "I have several. But they're all like this. I never smoke a new corn-cob pipe. A new pipe irritates the throat. No corn-cob pipe is fit for anything until it has been used at least a fortnight."

"How do you break in a pipe, then?" asked Bok.

"That's the trick," answered Mark Twain. "I get a cheap man—a man who doesn't amount to much, anyhow: who would be as well, or better, dead—and pay him a dollar to break in the pipe for me. I get him to smoke the pipe for a couple of weeks, then put in a new stem, and continue operations as long as the pipe holds together."

Mr. Bok will be listened to with respect when he talks about women's magazines. Men, he thinks, should edit them because of the business qualifications that are essential. The field was wide open when he entered it in 1889. There was no good magazine for women, and, moreover, there was no magazine personality before the public. The editorial "we" was supreme, and therefore there was opportunity for some editor who would project his personality through the printed page:

He saw, too, that the average popular magazine of 1889 failed of large success because it wrote down to the public—a grievous mistake that so many editors have made and still make. No one wants to be told, either directly or indirectly, that he knows less than he does, or even that he knows as little as he does: every one is benefited by the opposite implication, and the public will always follow the leader who comprehends this bit of psychology. There is always a happy medium between shooting over the public's head and shooting too far under it. And it is because of the latter aim that we find the modern popular magazine the worthless thing that, in so many instances, it is today.

It is the rare editor who rightly gauges his public psychology. Perhaps this is why, in the enormous growth of the modern magazine, there have been produced so few successful editors. The average editor is obsessed with the idea of "giving the public what it wants," whereas, in fact, the public, while it knows what it wants when it sees it, can not clearly express its wants, and never wants the thing that it does ask for, although it thinks it does at the time. But woe to the editor and his periodical if he heeds that siren voice!

Mr. Bok was successful in his negotiations with President Harrison for a series of syndicated articles on "This Country of Ours," and on one occasion he tells us he was called to the White House for a conference. During the course of the interview the President offered him a cigar:

A cigar! Bok had been taking his tobacco in smaller doses with paper around them. He had never smoked a cigar. Still, one can not very well refuse a presidential cigar!

"Thank you," Bok said as he took one from the President's case. He looked at the cigar and remembered all he had read of Benjamin Harrison's black cigars. This one was black—inky black—and big.

"Allow me," he heard the President suddenly say, as he handed him a blazing match. There was no escape. The aroma was delicious, but—Two or three whiffs of that cigar, and Bok decided the best thing to do was to let it go out. He did.

"I have allowed you to talk so much," said the President after a while, "that you haven't had a chance to smoke. Allow me," and another match crackled into flame.

"Thank you," the editor said, as once more he lighted the cigar, and the fumes went clear up into the farthest corner of his brain.

"Take a fresh cigar," said the President after a while. "That doesn't seem to burn well. You will get one like that once in a while, although I am careful about my cigars."

"No, thanks, Mr. President," Bok said hurriedly. "It's I, not the cigar."

"Well, prove it to me with another," was the quick rejoinder, as he held out his case, and in another minute a match again crackled. "There is only one thing worse than a bad smoke, and that is an office-seeker," chuckled the President.

When Mr. Bok visited England he went to see many of the celebrities there with a view to securing magazine articles from them. Among them was the Rev. Charles L. Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland." Dodgson was a shy and retiring man, devoted to mathematics and reluctant

to be identified with the famous teller of stories for children:

When Bok explained that one of the special reasons for his journey from America this summer was to see him, the Oxford mathematician sufficiently softened to ask the editor to sit down. Bok then broached his mission.

"You are quite in error, Mr. Bok," was the Dodgson comment. "You are not speaking to the person you think you are addressing."

For a moment Bok was taken aback. Then he decided to go right to the point.

"Do I understand, Mr. Dodgson, that you are not 'Lewis Carroll,' that you did not write 'Alice in Wonderland'?"

For an answer the tutor rose, went into another room, and returned with a book which he handed to Bok. "This is my book," he said simply. It was entitled "An Elementary Treatise on Determinants," by C. L. Dodgson. When he looked up, Bok found the author's eyes riveted on him.

"Yes," said Bok. "I know, Mr. Dodgson. If I remember correctly, this is the same book of which you sent a copy to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, when she wrote to you for a personal copy of your 'Alice.'"

Dodgson made no comment. The face was absolutely without expression save a kindly compassion intended to convey to the editor that he was making a terrible mistake.

"As I said to you in the beginning, Mr. Bok, you are in error. You are not speaking to 'Lewis Carroll.' And then: 'Is this the first time you have visited Oxford?'"

Mr. Bok had much difficulty in securing aid from England on account of the absence of copyright laws. This difficulty came to a head in the case of Sir Arthur Sullivan, who complained that his compositions were not only stolen, but changed:

The next opposition to Bok's plans arose from the soreness generated by the absence of copyright laws between the United States and Great Britain and Europe. The editor, who had been publishing a series of musical compositions, solicited the aid of Sir Arthur Sullivan. But it so happened that Sir Arthur's most famous composition, "The Lost Chord," had been taken without leave by American music publishers, and sold by the hundreds of thousands with the composer left out on pay-day. Sir Arthur held forth on this injustice, and said further that no accurate copy of "The Lost Chord" had, so far as he knew, ever been printed in the United States. Bok saw his chance, and also an opportunity for a little Americanization.

"Very well, Sir Arthur," suggested Bok, "with your consent, I will rectify both the inaccuracy and the injustice. Write out a correct version of 'The Lost Chord'; I will give it to nearly a million readers, and so render obsolete the incorrect copies; and I shall be only too happy to pay you the first honorarium for an American publication of the song. You can add to the copy the statement that this is the first American honorarium you have ever received, and so shame the American publishers for their dishonesty."

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is the chapter on feminine nature, a topic on which the author has certainly the right to speak with authority. He tells us of his crusade against Paris fashions and of its failure:

Bok called upon the American woman to come out from under the yoke of the French couturiers, show her patriotism, and encourage American design. But it was of no use. He talked with women on every hand, his mail was full of letters commending him for his stand; but as for actual results, there were none. One of his most intelligent woman-friends finally summed up the situation for him:

"You can rail against the Paris domination all you like; you can expose it for the fraud that it is, and we know that it is; but it is all to no purpose, take my word. When it comes to the question of her personal adornment, a woman employs no reason; she knows no logic. She knows that the adornment of her body is all that she has to match the other woman and outdo her, and to attract the male, and nothing that you can say will influence her a particle. I know this all seems incomprehensible to you as a man, but that is the feminine nature. You are trying to fight something that is unfightable."

"Has the American woman no instinct of patriotism, then?" asked Bok.

"Not the least," was the answer, "when it comes to her adornment. What Paris says, she will do, and blindly and unintelligently if you will, but she will do it. She will sacrifice her patriotism; she will even justify a possible disregard of the decencies. Look at the present Parisian styles. They are absolutely indecent. Women know it, but they follow them just the same, and they will. It is all very unpleasant to say this, but it is the truth and you will find it out. Your effort, fine as it is, will bear no fruit."

Still more disconcerting was his campaign against the aigrette. He showed the torture that it involved to the mother heron and he appealed to the women of the country to discountenance a practice involving such slaughter of the most beautiful of birds:

He waited for results. They came. But they were not those for which he had striven. After four months of his campaign, he learned from the inside of the importing houses which dealt in the largest stocks of aigrettes in the United States that the demand for the feather had more than quadrupled! Bok was dumfounded! He made inquiries in certain channels from which he knew he could secure the most reliable information, and after all the importers had been interviewed, the conviction was unescapable that just in proportion as Bok had dwelt upon the desirability of the aigrette as the hallmark of wealth and fashion, upon its expense, and the fact that women regarded it as the last word in feminine adornment, he had by so much made these facts familiar to thousands of women who had never before known of them, and had created the desire to own one of the precious feathers.

Bok could not and would not accept these conclusions. It seemed to him incredible that women would go so far as this in the question of personal adornment. He caused the increased sales to be traced from wholesaler to retailer, and from retailer to customer, and was amazed at the character and standing of the latter. He had a number of those buyers who lived in adjacent cities privately approached and interviewed, and ascertained that, save in two instances, they were all his readers, had seen the gruesome pictures he had presented, and then had deliberately purchased the coveted aigrette.

Mr. Bok is proud of his Americanization, and he says so in unstinted terms. None the less we can hardly evade the conviction that he has done as much for his adopted country as his adopted country has done for him.

THE AMERICANIZATION OF EDWARD BOK. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$5.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending October 16, 1920 (five days) were \$161,500,000; for the five days ending October 18, 1919, \$165,800,000; a decrease of \$4,300,000.

In its comparative statement of condition at the close of business on Friday with that of October 8th made public Saturday the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco reports an increase in gold reserves amounting to \$5,301,000. Total gold reserves this week are reported at \$164,938,000, of which amount \$53,448,000 is held by banks within the Twelfth Federal Reserve District as against \$66,768,000 held by the banks a week ago.

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Total reserves this week are \$165,358,000, as against \$160,183,000 last week.

The total of bills on hand is now \$223,305,000, as against \$231,574,000 last week. Earning assets are \$237,100,000, as compared with \$245,413,000 on October 8th. The total reported for resources and liabilities is \$456,292,000.

The total of gross deposits is reported at \$165,827,000, as compared with \$161,191,000. As against a total of \$254,380,000 in Federal Reserve notes in actual circulation last week, there are \$256,213,000 in circulation now.

The effective manner in which shippers are cooperating in the railroad campaign to increase loading and thus safeguard the car supply is illustrated in a report just issued by the Southern Pacific Company showing that

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for the month of August this year alone, as compared with August, 1919, over 2400 more cars were made available by improved use of equipment on the part of the public.

The Good Railway Service Association, comprising shippers and public-spirited citizens in almost every community in California, is given credit for helping to make the campaign successful.

The markets during the last two weeks continued to be dominated by the downward price tendency of commodities and materials, this especially applying to the industrial list. Generally speaking, the rails were strong and were merely held stationary when industrials were declining. At times it was apparent that an attempt was being made to feel out rail issues, but their resisting power was great. This was especially noticeable during the last two or

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three days of September and the first few days of October, when there appeared to be considerable profit-taking on rails, with all offerings quickly absorbed, and the general price tendency upward rather than downward. It was apparent that had the rails been relieved of the pressure brought on them by the weakness of the industrial list they would have scored substantial advances.

To some extent oils shared in the weakness of the industrial list, and were subjected to spasmodic raids by the bear element, which insisted that oil prices must go down in company with other commodity prices.

Students of the oil situation do not believe that this reasoning is sound, but that oil will continue to grow more valuable because usage of crude and refined oils is increasing more rapidly than is its production.

Although money rates remained uniformly at 7 per cent. for call loans, money was not plentiful, and some analysts have regarded Federal Reserve reports of the last two weeks as not having shown proper improvement. It must be recalled, however, that a few months ago a possible financial crisis was feared for this time, and that extraordinarily heavy demands upon money for crop moving are now being made. That the Federal Reserve banks have shown some gain in the face of these demands may be regarded as remarkable, and no longer is there any fear of anything like a panic.

Reports throughout the country as to the labor situation showed that for the first time since 1917 labor was becoming more plentiful throughout the West. In the East a number of concerns which had suspended, or practically suspended, have resumed operations at part or full capacity, but despite this, unemployment in the East apparently increased during the last two weeks. Part of this is due to the influx of immigrants at the rate of about 5000 daily, thus adding materially to the available supply of unskilled or semi-skilled labor. Coincidentally with the news of the increase of unemployment comes the gratifying word that production per man employed is beginning steadily to increase.

While monetary requirements will be heavy for some time to come, the market is apparently in line to feel more cheerful in anticipation of several pending important events.

First, election time is rapidly approaching; all indications apparently point to a sweeping Republican victory, and this is inclined to hearten industry in general.

Second, indications are that the government will very soon authorize immense loans to the railways to enable them to fulfill immediate needs for financing maturing note issues, and much new equipment needed to handle the commerce of the nation. During the last four or five years, while industry and population have been showing steady growth, the railways have practically stood still in the matter of transportation facilities, and now they must catch up. Placing of these loans will mean immense sums of money immediately available for the purchase of materials and distribution in wages, and retirement of maturing railway obligations will release funds for use elsewhere. Equipment companies will probably have their hands full for some time.

The consensus of opinion among the most prominent financial analysts of the nation is that the industrial list approximately has sufficiently discounted future conditions for some length of time, and that while it may be erratic temporarily, it is beginning to show genuine investment bargains which profitably may be acquired on any further breaks. On the other hand, these same analysts believe that public utilities should show considerable strengthening, as all declines in prices of commodities, materials, and wages directly increase their earnings; and that rail stocks and bonds have not much more than started their climb upward toward their proper levels.

For years railroad securities have been in the doldrums, and now for the first time since the early construction days are receiving the benefit of government aid and support, rather than being handicapped by onerous restriction. The government's experiment in railroading evidently proved to it that the railways have dependent upon them the growth and prosperity of the entire nation; that in order to be in position best to serve that growth and prosperity, they must be maintained at a high rate of efficiency; that no institution can be or will be maintained unless its maintenance is made reasonably remunerative to those who have combined to pool their money, time, brains, and energy in such enterprise.

Summarizing the general market, it appears that the securities of American railroads apparently present greater opportunities, because of elemental conditions, than any other class of securities before the American public today.

One effect of the floating of foreign bond issues in this country with high rates of interest—like the \$100,000,000 8 per cent. French loan which was so quickly oversubscribed—will be to depress Liberty Bond prices even below present levels. This warn-

ing has been given out officially at Washington and is mentioned in a dispatch appearing in the New York Commercial, from which we quote:

"The invariable tendency of bond prices, it was explained, is to sink after a loan of such proportions is put upon the market. To obtain funds for purchase of new high-interest-bearing bonds many investors are forced to throw bonds bearing lower interest upon the market.

"Periods of tight money and high interest rates, such as the present, it was asserted, are invariably accompanied by depression of all old issues of bonds. An unprecedented number of foreign securities are, it was pointed out, now being peddled on the American market.

"Regulation of such foreign securities is actually in the hands of private banking firms.

"The United States government, it was pointed out, is entirely out of the money-lending business and is in no way responsible for any foreign issues in America. This makes it all the more necessary for the average investor to exercise great caution."

There is a mass of what might be termed undigested securities represented on the New York Stock Exchange. The number of new companies listed on the exchange within the last year or so probably has never been equaled in several years' time. Besides there has been any number of so-called war industrials that after selling at negligible prices for years prior to the great conflict became subject of riotous advances on account of sudden and marked prosperity. Many of these concerns have paid handsome dividends, and it is only natural that the declining market, like the last receding wave, leaves more and more driftwood on the bank as it sinks lower and lower.

Most of the Street turned very bullish on industrials following the demonstration the day after the Wall Street bomb outrage, and now that last month's averages are being broken there is a good deal more selling taking place for the account of recent buyers. Some very good specialties may probe their lowest depths long before the general average of industrials has reached the bottom, and the market may be watched for bargain opportunities in this respect.

But as declining prices of commodities affect industrials bearishly it affects the public utility issues very bullishly. Railroads and power companies and gas, electricity, and traction corporations have all suffered extremely during the last six years on account of the rising tendency in everything they had to buy. Their situation was so serious that government and state commissions generally have granted generous rate increases. Now that expenses of operation are coming down, these public utility concerns, whose securities should be among the most favored investments in our whole list, are coming into their own again, and we have a rather unique market phenomenon where one side of the list is going down and the other side is going up. There is such a mass of high-class investment offerings, however, that the so-called standard rails may not be expected to do much in the market for some time, but meanwhile the low-priced rails, which may be classed as prospective dividend-payers, are attracting the attention, not only of the speculator, but of banks and investment interests generally. Stocks like Western Pacific, St. Louis and San Francisco, St. Louis and Southwestern, Colorado and Southern, Rock Island, Southern Railway, Pittsburgh and West Virginia, Big Four and Nickel Plate, among others, have very definite bullish possibilities. Indeed, the imaginative bull may easily see prospects of 50 to 100 per cent. profit on the average in this list of stocks if all goes well within the next year or so.—The Trader.

Increased productivity of labor, already evidencing itself, according to Detroit manufacturers, and becoming more pronounced each week, is one of the brightest spots in the industrial situation.

With an epidemic of price-cutting sweeping the country, manufacturers declare they are depending upon two factors to make these decreases good business. They are lower prices of raw materials and increased production on the part of labor.

The first factor is already a reality. But it is to increased production that the manufacturers are looking for decreased manufacturing costs. Many straws show in which direction the wind of labor is blowing.

One large employer of labor in Michigan says: "There is no decrease in wages, but there is a great difference in my field. Formerly I had to steal men from other concerns, and take whatever men I could get. Now I can pick good men who come to us for work. The result is better work and lower costs."

"Labor is coming to realize that there can come a time when its attitude reacts upon itself," said the assistant general manager of one of Detroit's largest industrial concerns. "I believe that since the war industrial employees have not been 60 per cent. efficient.

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In addition, they were independent of orders, taking offense and leaving the job upon the slightest occasion. Today the attitude is different. There are signs that the men are actually performing their duties in an efficient manner. They want to hold their jobs. There is coming competition for the jobs; and they are beginning to realize it."

Some manufacturers state that there seems to be a better class of labor available than in the past. One manufacturer says that a decided increase of individual efficiency in his plant resulted from a change from closed to open shop policy. The following statements were made by manufacturers in the stove and drop-forging lines:

"We find that at present conditions are much better in our business, owing chiefly to closer supervision and a better class of workmen, which was brought about by the fact that we have not had such a large labor turnover recently as we had some time ago. We still

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find it hard to procure skilled labor, but apparently common labor is more plentiful.

"During September of this year, with the same working force as last year, we find a 20 per cent. production betterment."

An automobile accessory manufacturer, speaking for himself and others in his line, said:

"We note a slight increase in the productivity of individual workmen. The reason for this is that in many departments changes have been made from week-work to piece-work. In all departments in the factories where the change has been made the output is entirely satisfactory, but the output on time labor is fully 30 per cent. below normal."

Unemployment is generally considered a sign of hard times, yet the opinion of experts is that in most lines winter business will be good. Detroit, like the rest of the country, is disturbed by the uncertainty of the price reaction, but that this condition will gradually disappear is the general belief.—The Iron Age.

A business panic in this country would be

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chargeable to gross inefficiency and dereliction of duty on the part of business men and bankers under the improved banking system now in force, it was declared recently by James S. Alexander, president of the National Bank of Commerce in New York. He spoke at the Waldorf before the eleventh annual convention of the American Manufacturers' Export Association. Answering the charge that bankers fail to cooperate with business in times of financial stress, he said that the action of the banks in conserving credit was the best cooperation they could extend under recent financial conditions.

The country's credit structure was never better built than it is today, he said, and in view of the elasticity given business conditions by the Federal Reserve System, the country need never see another panic. Principles governing the domestic situation, particularly the duty of banks to readjust the credit situation when necessary, apply with especial force to the export trade, he said.

He also expressed the belief that American manufacturers should market raw rather than finished products to Europe if a sound basis is to be laid for equalizing the existing adverse trade balances.

"The peak of credit expansion must soon pass," he said, "but this does not mean that there are ahead of us many serious and necessary adjustments. There must be established stable price levels so that business can be conducted on a basis of confident judgment rather than of guess and speculation. There must also be adequate production, primarily in the more substantial lines of goods, so that we shall not continue to live on a narrow hand-to-mouth margin which is responsible for unstable prices. We must conserve credit so that there will be ample funds for long-time investments to provide for the rehabilitation of essential permanent equipment, railroad building and repair, and necessary housing construction.

"With these necessary readjustments before us, I believe the duty of the banks of the country is clear. It is their duty to interpret the needs of business in view of these foregoing considerations. Since the banks touch all phases of industry and business, they are able to obtain a broader view of the total business situation than is the individual business man, whose enthusiasm or anxiety over his own line may obscure his vision to the greater need and even to his own best interests.

"The banks have seen clearly the necessity of conserving our credit resources lest the financial structure of the country should become overexpanded and weakened. They have seen, too, the need of production, price stability, and adequate transportation. They have realized that our business energies must not be diverted from these requirements. Seeing these things clearly, it has been their responsibility to act in accordance with them.

"Therefore, I believe that it is due to a misconception or to failure to give due weight to fundamental facts if business feels that there has been any tendency on the part of the banks to fail to cooperate with it to the fullest extent in the present business era. Seen in its true light, the attitude of the banks has been the only true cooperation possible. Any other attitude on their part would have been non-cooperation, making more difficult the period of readjustment and recovery to normal, stabilized business, which is what we all want.

"The considerations applying to the attitude of banking in cooperating with business apply with especial force in connection with our foreign trade. International business is in a particularly active period of transition and adjustment. During the war period the ratio of our foreign trade to our total domestic trade has undergone violent changes, foreign business occupying for a time an abnormal importance. There was also produced an abnormal balance of foreign indebtedness in our favor.

"Just what ratio between our foreign trade and our domestic trade may come to be established as normal it is impossible to say at present. But it can be said that a closer approximation to equilibrium between our export and import trade must be expected, whether that be brought about through a decrease of our exports, an increase in our imports, or both.

"If a marked recession in our export trade should prove to be one of the corrective

factors tending to stabilize international trade, it is my belief that such a recession should be accepted as economically sound and that we should not incur the dangers of seeking to stimulate by artificial methods the volume of our foreign trade. Where there is a real demand for our goods there will be a real market. It is the business of the banks to finance goods for real markets. It is not their business to attempt to maintain expanded foreign trade when it becomes manifest that there is not the continued economic basis for that expansion.

"We must not finance our foreign trade on a basis that will perpetuate overexpansion in our domestic banking credit. The great bulk of Europe's debts to us is in the form of long-time credits or of commercial credits which it seems impossible to realize on at once. This is a serious element of non-liquidity in our credit structure. If it is necessary to readjust our domestic credit situation, our foreign trade also must be subject to that necessity. The liquidity of our commercial credit structure should be a chief concern. Therefore it is one of the preeminent duties of the banks to encourage a return as fast as possible to reciprocal foreign trade in equilibrium financed by liquid credits."

Mr. John R. Edminson, vice-president of the William R. Staats Company, returned Monday from an extended Eastern trip, which included a visit to Boston to attend the annual convention of the Investment Bankers' Association of America. Mr. Robert Hanley of E. H. Rollins & Sons' San Francisco office, Mr. Robert Hunter of the Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company, and R. B. Barr of Cyrus Peirce & Co. also attended the convention.

A strong California syndicate is offering \$1,250,000 Los Angeles Shipbuilding and Drydock Company 8 per cent. serial gold bonds, due 1921-1930. The bonds are secured by first closed mortgage, subject only to leasehold provisions, upon all the company's properties, which have been appraised at \$4,844,623.

The company owns and operates a modern and thoroughly equipped shipbuilding plant, situated on sixty-nine acres of well-located water-front property at San Pedro, California, held under an advantageous lease from the City of Los Angeles. In addition the company owns the largest drydock on the Pacific Coast between San Francisco and the Panama Canal.

The William R. Staats Company heads the syndicate, which also includes Blyth, Witter & Co., the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Company, and the Security Trust and Savings Bank of Los Angeles.

Construction work has been resumed on the Calaveras dam of the Spring Valley Water Company and by Christmas time will have been carried to such an extent as to double the present capacity of the reservoir.

The Calaveras dam, which is located in the mountains of the Coast Range midway between the Niles Cañon and Mt. Hamilton, now impounds four billion gallons of water. The work now being executed will increase the storage capacity of the reservoir to eight billion gallons. The Calaveras reservoir will thus rank as the second largest reservoir of the San Francisco water supply system, Crystal Springs being first.

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reservoir will contain sixty billion gallons of water, more than twice the combined capacity of all the present reservoirs of the water supply system.

William R. Fitzgerald & Co., foreign currency and bonds, with main office in Boston, Massachusetts, and offices also in Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Duluth, and Pittsburgh, recently opened an office in the Phelan Building, San Francisco. The Western representatives of the firm are Mr. R. F. Vau Meter and Mr. F. L. Brown. William R. Fitzgerald & Co. make a special feature of foreign currency and bonds.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

One After Another.

Mr. Aumonier has given us another of those sincere and unsensational novels with which his name is associated, a novel of heredity and environment. Three generations are simultaneously on his stage. First we have old Purbeck, owner of "The Duchess of Pless," an eminently respectable public house in Camden Town, London. We do not usually associate publicans with a sort of stern Puritanism and a rigid ethical standard, but here we have the combination, and one by no means unknown in the older countries. Old Purbeck had married a southern woman who had taken to drink amid her dreary surroundings and he had thrown her out after she had given him two children, a boy and a girl. The girl, Laura, inherits something of her mother's disposition, but she has temperament without sunshine and passion without love. The son is commonplace without either the unending virtue of the father or the romanticism of his mother. Toward the end of the story we have the third generation, and once more we seem to see the double and blended strain of old Purbeck and his Spanish wife through the environment of a modernized world. We are by no means sure that heredity thus shows itself, and indeed the author himself leaves it to inference throughout a story that unfolds itself placidly and with comprehensive thoroughness.

ONE AFTER ANOTHER. By Stacy Aumonier. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Learned Ladies.

How very learned they were, these women of the seventeenth century. They put us all to shame, and in a sense they contradict our complacent claims to educational advance. But education in those days was something that had to be coveted and demanded. The

women of the great houses might remain as ignorant as they pleased or they might become as learned as they pleased. An aptitude for study seems usually to have been encouraged and aided, and all the resources of the world of learning were at the disposal of the aspirant if only she could pay for them. But there was no general tender of education to the world of women at large. Education as a universal beneficence had hardly been thought of. But none the less the woman who sought education was highly esteemed if only on the ground that it conduced to her improvement as wife and mother. Colonel Hutchinson, we are told, fell in love with his future wife when he saw her Latin books, and the Marquis of Halifax wrote to his clever daughter, "You must be very undexterous if when your husband resolves to be an Ass, you do not take care he may be your Ass."

Myra Reynolds in thus devolving into the intellectual attainments of our great grandmothers has done a careful and a conscientious piece of work. If our great-grandmothers had only known how interesting they would be to us they might have left us a fuller record of their doings and their ambitions, but Miss Reynolds has gone far to make good the lack.

THE LEARNED LADY IN ENGLAND, 1650-1760. By Myra Reynolds. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Everyman's Child.

Miss Loeh is president of the Child Welfare Board of New York City and she now writes this book in the hope of interesting the community at large in a work that she rightly considers to be of the first importance. Thanks to her industry, we now know what is being done for the dependent child, and, more important still, what is not being done.

Miss Loeh does not believe in the institution which perhaps is often the nearest ap-

proach to hell that we have devised. She sketches for us the hoarding-out system devised in Scotland and approves of it. But the welfare of the child must be safeguarded by laws. The guardians must be fit for their task and there are thousands of families to whom it would be a joy to have children to care for, irrespective of the emoluments. The hoarding out of dependent children is almost unknown in this country, but it is certainly the simplest solution of a problem that should lie close to the heart and conscience of the nation. Miss Loeh has done a commendable work in thus bringing the matter to general attention.

EVERYMAN'S CHILD. By Sophie Irene Loeb. New York: The Century Company.

Irish Folklore.

There are two ways in which the folklore of a people may be presented. The first way is that of the superior person who talks much and loftily of credulity and superstition. The second is from the far more tolerable standpoint of sympathy and understanding. And indeed there is no conceivable reason why we should reject the concurrent testimony of large numbers of people as to what they have seen and heard because those people happen to be illiterate. The sight and hearing of illiterate people is quite as good as the sight and hearing of the literate, and probably better. Their veracity is quite as great, and probably greater.

Lady Gregory and Mr. Yeats write sympathetically of the folklore of Ireland. That is to say they make a proper allowance for credulity and superstition, but they give credence to the substantial residuum. Lady Gregory's plan is to make a verbatim report of the experiences related to her in the language of the narrator and Mr. Yeats adds copious notes by way of interpretation. They regard these narrations, not as the infant lisps of superstition, but as evidence, and indeed there is no reason why they should not be valued quite as highly as the now innumerable outpourings of the psychic researcher. Indeed we find it by no means difficult to believe that the illiterate mind may be more closely in touch with certain departments of nature and able to see more deeply into them than the educated mind whose corresponding faculties have been studiously paralyzed by materialism. We do not deny the scent or sight of a dog because the dog knows nothing of the binomial theorem. If the dog did know anything of the binomial theorem its eyes and ears would probably be useless for the chase.

But these matters need not be discussed here. It is sufficient that Lady Gregory has thought it worth while to give us these two volumes of carefully collected evidence and that Mr. Yeats has thought it worth while to give us his appreciative and believing interpretations.

VISIONS AND BELIEFS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND. Collected and arranged by Lady Gregory, with two essays and notes by W. B. Yeats. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Brief Reviews.

The latest addition to the Larson Books is "Concentration," by Christian D. Larson (Thomas Y. Crowell Company). So many of the New Thought books seem to be no more than an elaboration of ancient truisms set forth in the guise of new discoveries.

A late addition to the Psychic Series now in course of publication by Henry Holt & Co. is "After-Death Communications," by L. M. Bazett, with an introduction by J. A. Arthur Hill. There is a tiresome monotony about these books of psychic evidence. They are all precisely alike and it may be said that they give a new and unsuspected terror to death.

Among books for children special mention should be made of "The Spartan Twins," by Lucy Fitch Perkins, with unusual illustrations by the author. It belongs to the Twin Series of eleven volumes, and those who want something better than the drivel so often furnished for children will find it here. The Houghton Mifflin Company is the publisher and the price is \$1.75.

"Indian Old-Man Stories," by Frank B. Linderman, with illustrations by Charles M. Russell (Charles Scribner's Sons), is another series of old War Eagle's tales. Here the old chief's audience learn "Why the Weasel Is White," "Why Our Sight Fails with Age," "Why Children Lose Their Teeth," and hear around the lodge-fire the beautiful story of Quo-too-quat and the adventures of Looks-at-the-Stars, Strikes-and-Kills, and other heroes.

"The Third Book of Stories for the Story-Teller," by Fanny E. Coe, contains an assortment of illustrated stories for children by such authors as Andrew Lang, Howard Pyle, Abbie Farwell Brown, David Starr Jordan, S. R. Crockett, Elihu Burritt, and Dallas Lore Sharp. It need not be said that it is admirable in every way. Nothing could be better for children. The book is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, \$2.

"Nuova," by Vernon Kellogg, is the story of a bee who rebels against the habits of the

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bee community and even insists upon knowing things. From this it will be seen that Mr. Kellogg has a good basis for pointing the moral and adorning the tale, and this he does in a way delightful to children, and not without edification to their parents. The book, which is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, is charmingly illustrated. The price is \$2.25.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

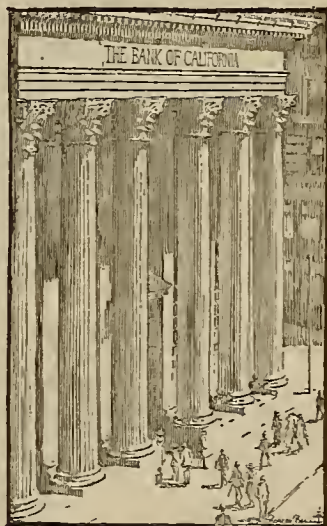
N. C. Wyeth, the artist, is responsible for the admirable illustrations which distinguish the new Scribner edition of Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" The work is edited by Jacqueline M. Overton, librarian and author.

Word comes that Ambassador Brand Whitlock's "Belgium," published by D. Appleton & Co., is being placed in the university and municipal libraries of Belgium as a permanent and authoritative source book for future generations on the subject of the German occupation. The minister of arts and sciences, Mr. Destree, and the Belgian multi-millionaire philanthropist, Mr. Solvay, have been instrumental in this, and they have also added to the collections others of Mr. Whitlock's works, including "Forty Years of It."

When he was last heard from, Isaac F. Marcossow was in the heart of the Belgian Congo, making the long trip from Elizabethville to Boma, the mouth of the Congo River. He is probably the first American journalist to make this trip along Stanley's trail. Mr. Marcossow was the guest of General Smuts at Cape Town, and was also the guest of the Rhodesian government at Bulawayo. He expects to return to America late in the autumn. His latest book, "Adventures in Interviewing," has just been published in England, where it has duplicated the success it achieved in America.

Sir Philip Gibbs, author of "Now It Can Be Told," that story of the conduct of the war which was "not passed by the censor," had an article in a recent number of the New York Times which has started a controversy of considerable proportions among students of contemporary history, and which is in line with the ideas of his new book, "People of Destiny," which the Harpers have just published. The article opens with the sentence "Europe is dying," and goes on to say that without the moral and material support of America, the final crash must come soon.

A report comes from Paris that Monsieur Anatole France, one of the few remaining great literary figures of the last generation, now in his seventy-seventh year, is about to be married to Mlle. Emma La Prevotte.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Lincoln Play.

Encouraged, possibly, by the success of the Drinkwater play, which so beautifully enshrines the image of Lincoln as a great national hero, Thomas Dixon in "A Man of the People" places the great humanitarian in a light in which he is seen closely and intimately, and made deeply lovable to the hearts of his countrymen.

Since experienced theatre managers have never learned the secret of what makes a play acceptable to the public until it is placed before them, so the mere reader of "A Man of the People" may not pretend to greater wisdom. But it seems as if no man of sensibility could see the piece played without realizing anew, with a swelling heart, what mighty trials tested the spirit of our great national martyr, and how grandly he rose above them.

The play contains three acts and a prologue in which is portrayed a most pathetic picture of the passing of Lincoln's mother, and the anguish of the boy whose spirit receives from the soul of the dying woman the illumination of a great purpose.

The play in subsequent acts portrays the firmness with which Lincoln adhered to his policy when the fortunes of the Union were at their lowest ebb, and in some of the scenes, possibly, there may be too much of a political complexion for the average auditor. There are passages that smack of the oratorical in the lines of the Jefferson Davis rôle, but the author never fails to make an appeal to feelings or hero worship that are pleasurable because they seem to help in righting old wrongs done in those troublous times to the patient, self-sacrificing spirit of the nation's chief.

An effective close is accomplished by identifying Sherman's Atlanta victory with Lincoln's political triumph, and in a very brief epilogue we hear the words of Lincoln's sublime second inaugural speech.

A MAN OF THE PEOPLE. By Thomas Dixon. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.75 net.

War Poems.

We offer instinctive hospitality to the poems of a soldier dead on the field of battle. How Vernède met his fate is told in an introduction by Edmund Gosse, and after reading the introduction we turn to the poems

with an access of sympathy. They are good poems, not only because they are technically accurate, but because they are vibrant with sincerity.

WAR POEMS AND OTHER VERSES. By R. E. Vernède. New York: George H. Doran Company.

New Books Received.

FLOWERS IN THE GRASS. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

A volume of verse.

"BROKE." By Edwin Brown. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

The experiences of a man without a dime.

THE GREEN GOO'S PAVILION. By Mabel Wood Martin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A novel of the Philippines.

THE TRAIL HORDE. By Charles Alden Seltzer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

A novel.

THE LONG DIM TRAIL. By Forrestine C. Hooker. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A novel.

YOUTH AND THE BRIGHT MEDUSA. By Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A book of stories.

THE SANOMAN'S MOUNTAIN. By Louis Dodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A story for large persons to read to small persons.

ERSKINE DALE. By John Fox, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A novel.

PERIWINKLE'S ISLAND. By Edith L. Elias. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

For the young.

SEEING THE FAR WEST. By John T. Faris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

With 113 illustrations and two maps.

PINOCCHIO. By C. Collodi. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.50.

Gift edition, with fourteen illustrations in color by Maria L. Kirk and page decorations.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN'S OWN BOOK. By Chelsea Curtis Fraser. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

A personally conducted tour through the machinery room of our government.

A POOR WISE MAN. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: George H. Doran Company.

A novel.

AFTER THE DAY. By Raine Bennett. Boston: The Stratford Company.

A collection of post-war impressions.

AGNUS DEI. By Nancy Campbell. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

A little volume of verse.

LITTLE FOLKS TRAMPING AND CAMPING. By Anna Blunt Morgan. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.75.

For the young.

THE IMP OF MISCHIEF. By Olive Chandler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

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MINSTRELSY PLUS GIRLS.

At the Curran they are presenting the Lee and J. J. Shubert show, headed by McIntyre and Heath, called "Hello, Alexander." It is, of course, a girl show, because it is impossible to imagine a musical extravaganza without girls. So they have the usual concomitants: a runway on which bare legs disport their knee-dimpled charms, choruses (not very well sung), dances (extremely well done), and some scenes of old-fashioned minstrelsy brought down to date. One of the handsomest stage effects is the black and white minstrel show, in which the minstrels are splendid to behold in black and white satin, while tiers upon tiers of girls behind them, also sumptuously arrayed in a rich blend of the two contrasting colors, harmonize with a black and white background.

McIntyre and Heath are true to the type familiar to us; Heath playing a burly black autocrat over a hectorated subordinate. They are just as good laugh manufacturers as ever, and what a reproach is their distinct and deliberate enunciation to such gabblers as those who opened the show, and presumably indulged in the delusion that the audience knew what they were talking about.

There are a number of specialists in the company, Brazil and Griffin being very strong in respect to dancing and able coadjutors in the minstrel scenes. Dickinson and Grace Deague also specialized amusingly, the woman being surprisingly plausible as a child of eight. Mabel Elaine is a live wire as a dancer, although too vulgar in her style to please, and the girls—all young and many of them very pretty—changed their elaborate costumes constantly and coquetted from the

runway, some of them jumping down into the auditorium and powdering the blushing countenances of the flattered males while they warbled "Pretty Baby"—wasn't it?—although it really doesn't matter.

The piece is as formless as is usual in entertainments of this kind, but it is probably all the more liked by the t. b. m., who surrenders himself to a state of joyful hypnosis when there are songs, jokes, dances, and youthful shapeliness on the stage.

CROOKS AND DETECTIVES.

In "The Dummy" as seen at the Alcazar Harriet Ford and Harvey O'Higgins have, as usual, contrived a comedy that is highly entertaining. It depicts the inner workings of a kidnapping gang, and we even see the kidnapped tot—golden-haired daughter of a millionaire—being carefully guarded by the gang, which is represented as having sense enough to know that the child must be treated kindly. In fact the authors, while giving us an ample supply of melodramatic thrills, have been wise in adhering to a tone of probability throughout. We are shifted by turns from the counsels of the detectives to the counsels of the thieves, and enjoy the effect of reality gained by depicting the latter as being, like Shylock, very much of a muchness with the rest of humanity in the essentials.

Ben Erway must be a happy lad this week, for he is "the dummy"—in other words he plays the principal rôle—and he has made good. "The dummy" is a messenger boy of Bowery experience and vernacular who yearns to be a detective. The yearning is well founded, for the youth turns out to be a born sleuth, in spite of some natural crudities and hesitations. Mr. Erway looks and acts like a boy, and the Bowery vernacular comes trippingly from his tongue. Also, he is very heedful of his expressions and keeps well in the character, and is very promising in the comedy touches.

The next most important rôle—or rôles—is that of the "Spider"—boss of the kidnapping gang—played appropriately by Brady Kline—and his good-natured, good-hearted, easy-going wife, who was suitably represented by Emily Pinter, who made her toughly likable and natural.

Rafael Brunetto played the detective chief, and made a step forward in the second act by successfully portraying a detective's feigned still tipiness covering a sleuth's secret vigilance; and after aggravating us in the previous act by his besetting sin of speaking too rapidly, and rarely making the salient syllables prominent, he showed us that he can speak slowly, for he did.

The leading lady and man had insignificant rôles, representing a mere millionaire and millionaireess. This is Inez Ragan's last week, so I suppose it is good policy to let a disappearing member of the company fade away invisibly to other fields and pastures new, so as not to conflict with the welcome to the new arrival.

"MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION."

This play is the third one written by George Bernard Shaw, and, like many of the Ibsen plays, it has had a long life of misconception

and a struggle to hold its own against popular prejudice.

And yet this is the play of a sternly castigating moralist, an exhorter, who has undertaken to show that Great Britain's capitalistic system of exploiting the working classes had developed a worm-eaten condition at the heart of a magnificent empire. It was partly, also, Shaw's socialism lifting up its voice. But it really seems like a joke on the stodgy police authorities who have repeatedly suppressed this play when one sees it again and realizes what a justifiable crusade it preaches against vice; the inevitable vice that results when youth, with red blood in its veins, is paid starvation wages.

Of course Shaw, with his irrespressible sense of humor and his inability to escape from treating any theme with levity, antagonized public sentiment before the public knew him. Many, no doubt, thought that that famous speech of Mrs. Warren's in which she justifies herself to Vivie was the author's justification of her career. The play then had not been so widely discussed and interpreted and people did not know that Mrs. Warren was a sentimentalist who after a long career as the proprietress of a chain of dubious "hotels" on the Continent proposed to herself the luxury of leading a respectable life in England with a grown-up daughter educated to be a lady to bear her company. But it was not to be. Shaw—reputed corrupter of public morals, in reality the clear-sighted reformer—points out by inference that Mrs. Warren, like Mrs. Tanager, could not escape from her past and that her own daughter, a whip of scorpions in her hand, was the instrument for her punishment. At the same time we can but see what drives girls such as she was and "Aunt Liz" into the only avenue of escape from groveling poverty and a toiling life of dull endurance.

Things are different now and the world is topsy-turvy. The upper classes in England tremble before the growing menace threatening from below. But if the thinking few—among whom Shaw was numbered—had in the far past been heeded, conservative England, which we can but hope and believe will weather the tempest, would not now be rocking perilously in the gale.

"Mrs. Warren's Profession" is a most absorbing play. To be sure it has its faults, the long arm of coincidence being too obviously employed and the author never becoming really serious in his treatment of a tremendous theme—for there are terrible things envisaged in the play—except during the final interview between mother and daughter. However, Shaw has probably had more public attention centred on his play because it is so wittily written than if he had made it a more consistently serious work of art.

Mr. Maitland was absent from the cast of six characters, but the men in his company gave a good account of themselves, Mr. Alford, the leading man, although tripping occasionally in his English, being successful in giving to that sad rascal Frank Gradner—who so well understood Mrs. Warren because she was a kindred spirit—the permanent mood of the universal scoffer. Mr. Richard Lancaster is quite an imposing figure, but his make-up did not indicate the mixture of boulder and blackguard in Sir George Croft's composition, although in other respects the actor was in the part. Mr. Miller is always dependable in utility rôles, and Mr. Horton also played a subordinate part with due effectiveness.

As to Mrs. Warren, while I had no expectations whatever the play is such and the actress is such that Caroline Howard came through. She played with honest directness, she is a player who never slights her words, and her appearance and robust voice and style of speech allowed us the illusion. Similarly Mildred Cates, who is either a poor study or slights her work, was Vivie to us in spite of numerous lapses of memory. That boyish something about her, that directness that Vivie inherited from her mother, was indicated by Miss Cates, who is palpably too immature an actress to have done it all by technique. But I should judge that the girl has ability, and anyway, like Caroline Howard, she came through. So if any one wishes to get a conception of a famous play and the methods of a famous reformer of social conditions he may chuckle over the Shavian wit, be somewhat appalled at what the Shavian candor makes us face, and if he understands it he can not but respect the Shavian aims.

AT THE PLAYERS.

The promised season of repertory is now under way at the Players Theatre, a bill of four one-act plays having been selected for the opening night, with the Gilbert-Sullivan opera, "Ruddigore," and "Richard III" in alternation. Soon there will be "Fedya," "Hamlet," and "Julius Cæsar."

All of the one-act plays are by local authors, and are presented by such effective succession on the bill as to accomplish a fine dramatic climax.

"Thieves," by Helen Mitchell, although

played in declamatory style, only claims to be a whimsicality. It represents an Everywoman who isn't much worth fighting for, but Gossip, Discontent, and Sin struggle to get possession of Zoe, and a miracle-play moral evolves. The six characters are played with youthful zest, and one feels tickled on a programme of this kind to see so many of the lesser lights have a chance. For that is what the Players Club is for.

"Charity," by Charles Caldwell Dobie, is a cheerful comedy trifle that provides plentiful occasion for laughter. Nevertheless there is a serious motive, which is that true "charity begins at home"—the same being driven in by showing how a needy church janitor with poverty and sickness on his heartstone is

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neglected by the self-righteous group that is absorbed in raising money for foreign missions. Charles Strowbridge plays the janitor with a sympathy that shows imagination working to image the silent, suffering, patient victim of hard times; and the general group were successful in handling the comedy element of the piece and awakening appreciative laughter.

"The Chinese King's Daughter," by Henry Kirk, is an exceedingly interesting number on the programme because, except for one rôle—that of the old queen, very well and intelligently played by Mrs. John Cuddy—the players were all Chinese; Americanized Chinese. For it seems that these young people have their own dramatic organization and at periodic intervals give plays; whether or not

occasionally in the Chinese language I do not know.

How strong is this urge to act, of which we outsiders who have it not know nothing. These young people—Jing Fung, Ging Tow, May Oi, and so forth—are yielding to this healthful impulse to throw aside Oriental impassivity and give themselves ardently to the delight of dramatic expression. And their work is most commendable.

For some reason that is rather odd when we think how repressed the Orientals are and how carefully tutored in veiling their inmost souls—from the Occidental, at least—this group seemed more composed and unself-conscious in their task of histrionic expression than would a corresponding group of young Americans.

"The Breaking of the Calm," by Dan Totheroh—at least that is the way it is spelt on the programme—is a very striking and successfully dramatic piece. If it had not yet won its way elsewhere it will. It represents a group on a becalmed vessel who are suffering from short rations. Food is being stolen, and the roused feeling bodes ill for the thief. The author has dated the play in the '50s in order to account for the becalmed state of the vessel and the inability to summon aid. He has accomplished atmosphere, a tense mental condition all around, and the sense of impending tragedy. The players, their imagination profoundly affected, are thoroughly up to doing their task well. Hilda Deniville, with her clear features and dense black hair, and her expressive indication of a luxurious, self-indulgent, unscrupulous siren, fills the conception. Joseph Carson Sturgis as the silent, implacable Chinese whose wife has died of starvation finely suggests avenging destiny without uttering a word. The Lascar boy, as played by Rudolph Hess, screamed in a manner to make chills run down one's spine. And the other three—Messrs. Kroenke, Weule, and McGuire—ahly completed the dramatic group, Mr. Kroenke deporting himself with just that touch of authority and anxious responsibility appropriate to the captain. The piece makes a fine dramatic culmination to the lighter ones, its merit being such as to indicate a career of triumph in the numerous "Little Theatres" of the country.

THE ORPHEUM.

This week's bill begins with a dog show, the cute little animals having been trained to pose in tableaux, if you please. They appear in a series of groups which make a sentimental appeal and caused gurgling ecstasy from dog lovers.

All the rest of the performers were two-legged and some of them bare-legged. For there is a "revue," in which pretty girls disport as bare-legged dancers, while Anatol Friedland's songs are sung by a sweet-voiced tenor.

Rose and Moon do more dancing, and very good dancing it is, though they do not shine as singers.

The Curtis-Fox act, however, seems to be merely a vehicle in which to exhibit the indubitable prettiness of Beatrice Curtis, who is billed as "the most beautiful miss on the American stage," Fox doing a monologue stunt.

Powers and Wallace pleased in a sentimental sketch in which there is a flirtation rapidly developing to a bride-and-groom scene, and Elsie Clark made her narrative songs "get over" in a turn which manifestly pleased the audience.

So did the "Four Harmony Kings," in a genuine ducky quartet, in which they gave the "Old Black Joe" style of songs and a jazz act full of African exuberance.

Tuck and Clare are badly in need of better pater, but nobody could question the quality of their contortioning, which is wonderful, even if it is unpleasant to look at.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The Savoy Theatre.

"Way Down East," D. W. Griffith's supreme spectacle, is certainly popular at the Savoy Theatre, after a record-breaking engagement at the Curran. Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, Kate Bruce, Burr McIntosh, Lowell Sherman, Mrs. Morgan Belmont, and other notables of the cinema world make up the cast.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

The second and final week of George White's "Scandals of 1919" will give theatre-goers a limited time in which to see one of the most enjoyable of musical revues. There are two acts and sixteen scenes crowded with action and color. Grace Cameron's specialties please immensely and so does the work of the blackface star, Duke Rogers, whose "Oh, Solo Mio," is immensely popular. Jack Edwards' dancing has a style all its own and reminds one at times of George M. Cohan. Helen Wilson is equally nimble-footed. Fred Cady, Irene Gray, Elizabeth Hopkins, Comedian Victor Carne, and the White Way Trio are all seen and heard to fine advantage.

The next Columbia Theatre attraction will be Ralph Dunbar's revival of the ever-popular comic opera, "Robin Hood," opening Monday night, November 1st.

The Curran Theatre.

McIntyre and Heath are filling the Curran Theatre in their latest show, "Hello, Alexander." The Messrs. Shubert have given these famous comedians the best possible show. Heath impersonates the pompous and optimistic Henry Jones, proprietor of the Ever Ready Minstrels, and McIntyre the glib and always hungry Alexander, of lively stable memory. Sunday will be the beginning of the second and last week of these favorite comedians.

The Orpheum.

Of considerable import in the announcement of next week's bookings at the Orpheum is the fact that Roger Imhof, Hugh Conn, and Marcelle Coreene will be included among the headliners. "In a Pest House" will be their offering, the same with which they caused tears of laughter last year.

"In a Pest House" depicts the pests which flock into a small hotel to disturb the comfort of the weary traveler. Among the pests are a nurse who insists on doctoring everybody and a bellboy of somewhat advanced years who never misses an opportunity for a tip.

"Flirtation" will prove a fascinating subject in the comedy which bears that name and which will be presented by a capable company headed by Dorothy Van and Frank Ellis as well as Al Garbelle. "Flirtation" is a comedy incident in the lives of a small group of co-eds.

James Mullen and Anna Francis in "I Get What's Left" will bring back old memories to theatre-goers. One-half of the team will, at least, for it is the same James Mullen who worked with Allan Coogan. His new partner, Anna Francis, is a thoroughly charming young woman.

Muriel Morgan and Minnie Kloter, who will present "A Few Songs and Sayings," are attractive in their own personalities. Theirs is a 100 per cent. act.

Lou Reed and Al Tucker will greet local audiences in "Full o' Pep." They play, dance, and sing at the same time.

James and Etta Mitchell, whose offering is called "Fun in the Air," are responsible for a revolution in gymnastics.

Herman and Shirley, who will present a surprising comedy novelty, "The Mysterious Masquerader," have just returned to America after a two years' trip through England, France, South Africa, and Australia.

Anatol Friedland, noted headliner, will continue his revue of music, song, and dance.

The Alcazar Theatre.

"Too Many Husbands," to have first San Francisco disclosure at the Alcazar next Sunday, was acclaimed "a riot to wise audiences" when A. H. Woods produced it last season at the Booth Theatre, New York. One reviewer was of the opinion that "had all the comedy writers and farce writers in America collaborated they could not have turned out as skillful a piece of stage literature without having something in it that would give offense."

This, too, despite the fact that the first two acts are in the bedroom of Victoria, a capricious, temperamental young matron who married two majors, close pals, believing that the first had been killed at the front. Somerset Maugham, whose "The Moon and Sixpence," has been read by everybody, wrote this comedy, and makes the Enoch Arden theme wildly hilarious. The fascinating Victoria is a comedy rôle that affords splendid opportunity for the introduction of Miss Elwyn Harvey, the new leading woman. Dudley Ayres and Ben Erway are the two husbands, with Brady Kline as a prospective third, Emelie Melville the garrulous mother, Emily Pinter a professional co-respondent, Al Cunningham the solicitor, Dorothy Bartley the manicurist, Latilie Ward Davis the maid, Edna Close the nurse.

"The Argyle Case," to follow Sunday, October 31st, is a big cast melodrama of twin mysteries, murder, and counterfeiting, by Harriet Ford and Harvey O'Higgins, in co-operation with Detective William J. Burns, each development being worked out according



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About "Robin Hood."

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The seat sale opens Thursday, October 28th, at the Columbia. The engagement begins Monday, November 1st.

There will be an exhibition of paintings by Geoffrey Holt at the Taylor Galleries, 318 Stockton Street, from October 24th to November 24th. Mr. Holt has paintings of several of the missions and the deserts of California and Arizona.

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TOMORROW—2:45 p. m.

PROGRAMME

1. Symphony, D Minor.....Cesar Franck

2. Suite, "Mozartiana".....Tschaiikowsky

3. Overture to a Drama.....Erich Korngold

(First time in San Francisco)

Seats on sale Sherman, Clay & Co., hours 9 to 5, and at Curran Theatre after 10 a. m. on day of concert.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A dusky chauffeur who recently brought the frame of a big truck from Detroit to Youngstown rode part of the way sitting on the gas tank, but the seat was so hard he soon became tired of it. "Ah don't see how you could stan' it, Henry," a friend observed. "Stan' it," Henry replied. "Mah goodness, dat's jes what Ah couldn't do nothin' else hut."

Ruth was fond of apple butter spread on her bread, the thicker the better. Recently she made her first visit to the country. After several days she said to her hostess, "Didn't you have any apples to feed your cows this year?" The puzzled farmer's wife inquired, "Why do you ask that?" "'Cause," came the reply, "I don't see any apple butter."

Returning home from the dentist's, where he had gone to have a loose tooth drawn, little Raymond reported as follows: "The doctor told me 'fore he hegan that if I cried or screamed it would cost me a dollar, hut if I was a good hoy it would be only 50 cents." "Did you scream?" his mother asked. "How could I?" answered Raymond. "You only gave me 50 cents."

The wife of a wealthy man had occasion to call in the help of a new floor-polisher. "Do you understand your business thoroughly?" "All I ask, madam, is that you inquire for yourself at my last situation. On the floor of the large drawing-room alone five persons broke their limbs during last winter, and one lady slipped down the grand staircase. It was I who polished the floor and the stairs."

Aunt 'Liza waddled into the bank almost out of breath. "Look-a-heah, Mistah Bankah, I wants twenty-five dollahs, an' I'se got to have it right today." "Why, what in the world, Aunt 'Liza, makes you in such a hurry for twenty-five dollahs?" "I'se got to pay some stohage." "Got to pay some storage?"

What do you have to pay storage on?" "Aw' quit foolin' wid me, Mistah Bankah, an, lemme have dat twenty-five dollahs. I'se got to pay de stohage on my husban'. De sheriff's got 'im stohed in jail, an' I got to pay de stohage hefo' I kin git 'im out. Cotton pickin' time is gittin' close by, an' I needs dat niggah in mah business!"

A little fellow sat on a doorstep crying bitterly. Passers-by tried to console him, but without avail. Presently a sympathetic old lady came along. "What's the matter, little hoy?" she asked. "Got my few pants covered with dust," sobbed the hoy. "But they're clean now, dear," continued the lady. "I know they are," wailed the lad. "Then why do you still cry, child?" "'Cos mother wouldn't let me take 'em off when she heat the dust out."

Jones approached the young lady assistant and inquired: "Keep music machine records?" "All kinds." "Got any loud ones?" "Plenty of them." "I want the loudest one you have." "March, waltz, song, or what?" "Anything so long as it is loud." "What's the idea?" "My wife wants it to put on the machine when she has to leave the room so that the folks will have to stop talking until she returns, and she won't miss any of the gossip."

A neighbor, seeing the seven-year-old daughter of a geologist playing with a he-dragged hut cherished kitten, asked what her pet was called. "Well," replied the precocious youngster, "that depends. Father calls her a segregation from an intrusive magma of doubtful genesis; mother refers to her as the basement complex; sister Helen insists that she is a typical example of secondary impoverishment; hut I just call her my dear little kitty."

One of the tellers in a Columbus hank says he has a customer, a teacher, who is the wittiest thing yet. "We make it a practice to give out new hills whenever we are able to send the old ones hack to the government," said the teller, "and once when this customer

appeared I apologized that I was unable to give her new bills, and asked her if she had any fear of microbes." "I don't really think there are any on this money," said the teacher; "no microbe would attempt to live on my salary."

"This is rather a curiosity," remarked an artist who was entertaining a lady in his studio. As he spoke he produced a small hut exquisite painting. "It is nice!" gushed his visitor. "I was out in the country one day," he went on, "and had all my materials with me except a canvas. But I was so keen on painting this scene that I took out my handkerchief, laid it upon my case, and painted the picture." "Dear me!" exclaimed the lady. Then a look of horror came over her face as she went on: "But you'll never be able to wash all that paint out of it."

A rural dorky in Georgia, of little experience in traveling, presented himself to the ticket agent at the railway station and inquired the price of transportation to Macon. "Three dollars and forty cents," said the agent. "Oh!" exclaimed the dorky, "dat shore is high! I'd rather walk." And off he started. He had not proceeded very far when the train came along, whistling as it neared the station. "Yo' needn't whistle fo' me," muttered the dorky as he trudged along. "I made yo' an offer oncet an' yo' wouldn't take it. So yo' kin go on, train. I aint a-comin' wif yo'."

Tony Grismick, a Kansas City grocer, was arrested by Lee Nelson, food inspector, after a housewife had complained Grismick sold her some antiquated eggs. The grocer pleaded not guilty in police court. "Is any one here a judge of good and had eggs?" Judge McCombs asked, after hearing the evidence. No one responded. Nelson, who was prosecuting Grismick, toyed with an egg above the judge's desk. "I guess we had better give Tony the benefit of the doubt, and—" began the judge. He was interrupted by a loud "pop." Nelson had dropped the egg. "You're fined \$25!" shouted the judge.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Other Times and Manners.

We used to make the eagle scream
With sentiment sublime;
We used to buy five-cent ice-cream
All through the summertime;
We used to work eight hours a day,
And maybe nine or ten;
We used to try to save our pay
And let it work again;
We used to hold in favor slight
The "dude" in soft repose;
We used to think it impolite
To see a lady's hose;
We used to reprehend a word
Whose origin was low,
And say that it should not be heard,
Not even in a show;
Fame's favorites we held apart
From ordinary cares;
We used to talk about "their Art"
And not their home affairs.
No doubt "whatever is, is right."
We must not feel distress
If we're "uplifted" to a height
That causes dizziness.
We'll bravely aviate; and yet
As distant days we view
We can't help feeling some regret
For things we used to do.
—Philander Johnson in Washington Star.

Company.

I'm in a fair way to go mad,
For round about me golfers sbriek,
And I can't understand, I'll add,
The golfing creak.

My eyes get brassie when they broach
That subject. Each one of the clan
Just seems to me, on his approach,
A bogey man.

I can not foursome to be still,
For they are under such a thrall
That, lacking audience, they will
Address the hall.

What's that? You say you're weary, too,
Of all this golfiac hot air?
Comrade in pain, I welcome you—
Just putter there!

—Berton Braley in Life.

An Agricultural Problem.

Eavesdroppers are said to hear little that is of benefit to themselves or any one else, hut occasionally one overhears a bit of conversation that tends to prove otherwise. In the lulls of interest during a baseball game recently two young men were discussing work, and especially work in the country.

Much was said that was enlightening about the conditions under which farm labor earns its bread, hut, and occasional ice-cream, hut the man who was most against the farm said: "No, sir! You don't see a companionable girl from one week's end to the other; most of the farm workers are foreigners and not the kind you want to waste your time with; the people in the village look down on us and the girls are all grabbed by the city boys who drive out in their cars every evening; we are regarded as 'hicks' and can sit on the fence

and whistle. Even at church we are more or less patronized and it doesn't look good enough to me to coax me out again. What's the use of earning good money if you haven't any girl to spend some of it on?"

This is an angle of the agricultural problem that has not been discussed, hut it sounds as though the man had something in his argument to explain partially the reluctance with which the worker approaches the farm. A pretty girl to dress up for and to take riding in the modern substitute for the old-fashioned huggy is a hoy's privilege whether he is on the farm or works in a city office. If this lack of the girls is to stand in the way of tilling the fields and meadows, some ingenious organization will have to stir itself into coaxing, cajoling, or bribeing the desirable girl into transferring her attentions to the farm.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Mary Crocker Alexander, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Alexander of New York, and Mr. Sheldon Whitehouse, son of Mr. William Whitehouse, was solemnized last Thursday in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York. A reception followed at the Alexander residence.

The marriage of Miss Katherine Curtis Magee and Captain James Casey, Sixth Infantry, United States Army, was solemnized in the army chapel at Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Georgia, October 4th. Mrs. John Creed was the matron of honor and Major Creed the best man. The bride is the granddaughter of Mrs. James M. Curtis of San Francisco.

The debut of Miss Alysse Allen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Allen, was held last Friday in the San Francisco Golf and Country Club. Among the guests were Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Virginia Chadbourne, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Margaret Cheney, Miss Fran-

Dihllee, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Dihllee, Mr. and Mrs. George Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Greene, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Kiersted, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart White, Miss Anne Dihllee, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., Mr. George Montgomery, and Mr. Paul Kennedy.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy celebrated their wedding anniversary Saturday at a small dinner-dance which they gave in the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

Mrs. William Hearst complimented a group of the old friends of the late Mrs. Phoebe Hearst at a luncheon Monday at the St. Francis. Among those present were Mrs. Benjamin Wheeler, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Hiram Johnson, Mrs. Gailard Stoney, Mrs. Charles Slack, Mrs. William Sesson, Mrs. Florence Pfingst, Mrs. Charles Chapman, Mrs. Frederick Sanborn, Mrs. John Swift, Mrs. Philip Brown, Mrs. Lane Leonard, Mrs. Charles McKenna, Mrs. Fremont Older, Mrs. J. F. Neylan, Mrs. Ray L. Wilbur, Mrs. John Galen Howard, Mrs. John Merrill, and Mrs. A. L. Macdonald.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page gave a reception last Sunday at their home in Belvedere in honor of Mrs. Willard Otis of Panama. Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Page assisted them in receiving. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Leland Lathrop, Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Hellman, Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. George Harry Mendell, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. John Mailliard, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Mrs. William Tubbs, Mrs. Charles Buckingham, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Miss Mildred Rogers, Miss Lena Blanding, Miss Marian Leigh Mailliard, and Mr. Orel Goldaracena.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dodge celebrated the first anniversary of their marriage with an informal reception last Sunday afternoon. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mr. and Mrs. Carson Ricks, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart McNab, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Ola Willett, Mr. Bliss Rucker, Mr. Arthur Devlin, Mr. George Herrmann, Mr. Charles Bandmann, and Mr. Lorin Tryon.

Complimenting Mrs. Hayden Cole of St. Paul, Mrs. Walter Boardman was a tea hostess Monday. Among her guests were Mrs. Howard Naffziger, Mrs. George McNear, Mrs. Thomas Bullock, Mrs. William Ophuls, Miss Edith Slack, Miss Johanna Volkman, and Miss Louise Bullock.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne gave a dinner Tuesday in honor of Mr. Mather Richardson of London.

Mrs. Butler Breeden was hostess at a dinner to sixteen guests last Tuesday in the Burlingame Country Club, when she complimented Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild, who have recently returned from abroad.

Major and Mrs. Edward Huber gave a dinner last week at their home in the Presidio. Their guests were Colonel and Mrs. Julian Benheim. Major and Mrs. George McClellan, Major and Mrs. Calvin Cowells, Mrs. Theodore Lamson, and Major Edwards.

Mrs. Robert Bentley was a tea hostess Friday at the Clift Hotel. Receiving with her were Mrs. Stanley Powell, Mrs. William Sesson, Mrs. Arthur Sharp, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Katherine Sesson, Miss Barbara Sesson, and Miss Elizabeth Magee.

Miss Anne Weatherbee was the guest of honor at a luncheon at which Mrs. Leroy Linnard entertained last Thursday. The guests included Mrs. Philip Brown, Mrs. Carson Ricks, Mrs. Katherine Mackall, Mrs. George Romanovsky, Mrs. Geraldine Storey, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Lorna Williamson, Miss Edith Fullerton, Miss May Colburn, and Miss Katherine Mackall.

Mrs. Hays Smith was a luncheon hostess Thursday at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner last Thursday, when she entertained Mr. and Mrs. William Hearst, Captain and Mrs. Frank Helm, Mrs.

Charles McKenna, Mrs. Charles Chapman, Mr. Philip Paschel, Mr. Jeremiah Coffey, and Mr. Edward Davis.

Mr. Donald Lewis gave a buffet supper Tuesday in his apartments at Stanford Court.

Complimenting Miss Laura Miller, Mrs. Frank Stringham gave a tea Wednesday at her home in Claremont. Among her guests were Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Herbert Hall, Mrs. Jack Okell, Mrs. Alfred Ghirardelli, Mrs. Blair Brooks, Miss Dorothy Grissim, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Dorothy Cawston, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Allison Stone, Miss Lorna Williamson, Miss Juanita Ghirardelli, Miss Florence Veach, and Miss Doris Rodolph.

Mrs. William Rheem gave a luncheon Saturday at the Claremont Club in honor of Miss Virginia Smith. Among the guests were Mrs. Thomas Greer, Mrs. Theodore Rethers, Jr., Mrs. Frank Moller, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Dorothy Dukes, Miss Dorothy Grissim, Miss Alice Goodfield, Miss Juanita Ghirardelli, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Doris Rodolph, Miss Elizabeth Allen, Miss Hope Somers, Miss Dorothy Cawston, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Hatherly Brittain, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Elva Ghirardelli, Miss Margaret Webster, Miss Elizabeth Moore, and Miss Katherine Maxwell.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Hayden are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter.

The Late Major Warner.

Major Murray Warner, who was stricken on the Presidio golf field on the 2d instant, dying shortly thereafter, had an honorable record both in civil and military life. He was an officer of the navy in the Spanish-American war. He was active in the work of protecting the foreign settlement at Shanghai, China, at the time of the Boxer rebellion. He was vice-president of the American Association of China. He held, during the several years of his residence in China, many important professional commissions. Major Warner became associated with the army as a constructive quartermaster in 1917, and his service during the war was active and important. At the time of his death he was stationed at San Francisco on General Liggett's staff, in charge of utilities of the Western Department.

Major Warner was married in 1904, in Shanghai, to Miss Gertrude Bass of Peterboro, Vermont, who survives him.

The Maitland Playhouse.

"The Faith Healer," by William Vaughn Moody, is to be given this coming week at the Maitland Playhouse on Stockton Street. It is a great drama and should be particularly pleasing to patrons of the Maitland.

Though Moody was said to have been at his best in "The Great Divide," there is a touch in "The Faith Healer" that is unexcelled. It is the story of a character to whom, somewhat mysteriously, comes the power of healing. Eventually he settles in a Middle Western farming locality, where he performs his miracles. He falls in love and discovers to his dismay that as his love increases his healing powers are fading. The woman, however, is able to recover for the faith healer that which he has lost.

Moody was recognized by literary critics as one of the foremost American poets and dramatists and his early death came as an irreparable loss. Mrs. Moody is making arrangements for the portrayal of "The Faith Healer" on the screen.

For the remainder of the week George Bernard Shaw's satirical drama, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," played in New York so successfully by Henry Miller, is on the boards.

Loan Exhibit Catalogue.

The catalogue of the Loan Exhibition of paintings by old masters in the Palace of Fine Arts is a book of real value. Besides a list of the pictures on exhibition, it contains commentaries upon the periods represented, with information concerning the individual artists. Mr. Laurvik has given many weeks of labor to the preparation of this book and no expense has been spared in the illustration or the printing, both of the highest order. The catalogue is from the press of Taylor & Taylor. It is so much more than an ordinary catalogue that it is worth permanent hindering and preservation.

Harvest Tea.

To celebrate California's harvest of grains and fruits, Hotel Whitcomb announces a "Harvest Tea" as the next special tea event in the Sun Lounge. In American history harvest festivals have figured prominently as occasions of joy as meaning prosperity for the coming year. At the "Harvest Tea" on Tuesday afternoon, October 25th, in the Sun Lounge of Hotel Whitcomb, Miss Bernadine Holdridge will give a harvest programme of old-fashioned readings and selections in costume. Those who have enjoyed Miss Holdridge's work on this Coast, in the East, and on the Chautauqua Circuit last year will need no further introduction. Another special feature of this occasion will be the Harvest menu with its choice dishes made from California's harvest-time products.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Page and Mrs. Willard Otis have returned from a trip through the southern part of the state. Mrs. Otis will sail for Panama about November 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe and their daughters have closed their Menlo Park home and have taken a residence at Broadway and Steiner Street for the winter.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury and Miss Peggy Pillsbury have returned from Boston, where they have been visiting the former's father, General Charles Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred de Ropp have closed their home at Trona and have gone to Englewood, New Jersey, where they will reside in future.

Mrs. John Tallant has taken a house in Palo Alto for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz will leave October 27th for New York. They will sail November 3d for Paris to spend the winter abroad.

Mrs. Paul Wegeforth has arrived from Coronado. She is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton in Menlo Park.

Commander and Mrs. M. E. Manly have gone to Coronado, where the former has been detailed for the next three years.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn and Mr. and Mrs. Daulton Mann have returned from New York, where they have been for the past six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Morley have come up from Santa Barbara for the winter and have taken a house on Mason Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chapman returned Tuesday to Los Angeles. They will come north again next month to make their permanent home in San Francisco and on this occasion they will be accompanied by Señora Ygnacio Sepulveda.

Mrs. Hayden Cole returned Friday to St. Paul, after a several weeks' visit in this city with Dr. and Mrs. Walter Boardman.

Mrs. Willard Sperry has arrived from Panama and is visiting Mrs. James Sperry in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Montague are in Los Angeles, where they are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning.

Sir Frank and Lady Popham-Young, who left San Francisco for the south a few weeks ago, have decided to spend the winter in Los Angeles instead of going abroad.

Mrs. Richard Pierce, Miss Helen Pierce, and Miss Margaret Madison are sojourning in Santa Barbara. They will return to this city next week.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barr McCutcheon are en route to New York, after having passed the summer in California. The last days of their stay in this state were passed in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wilson have returned from Belvedere and have taken a home on Pacific Avenue for the winter.

Mrs. Walter Martin returned last week from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin have returned from Santa Monica to their home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Maconday Moore is spending several days in Pebble Beach.

Major and Mrs. Joseph Leiter of Washington

are visiting Colonel and Mrs. Colin Campbell in Santa Barbara.

Miss Jennie Blair and Mrs. Alexander McCallum have arrived in New York from France, where they have been spending the summer.

Mrs. J. B. Wright left Sunday for the Atlantic coast.

Mrs. Conger Pratt and Miss Louise Boyd sailed last week for France to remain until after the first of the year.

Mrs. Joseph Grace of Santa Rosa and Miss Geraldine Grace will come to San Francisco in January to remain for the rest of the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breeden have returned to New York from their wedding trip. They will reside at the Hotel St. Regis.

Mr. and Mrs. Platt Kent have gone to Los Angeles for a brief sojourn.

Major and Mrs. Victor Morrison will sail in November for the Philippine Islands, where the former has been recently ordered. Before their departure they will visit Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park in San Mateo.

Mr. Andrew Carrigan, Sr., left last week for New York.

Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman returned last week from San Diego and is with Judge and Mrs. Harrison.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell will return to town the close of the month from Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. William Heppenheimer, whose marriage took place in New York a fortnight ago, are spending a portion of their wedding trip at Mr. Cyril McNear's country place on the Russian River. Mr. Heppenheimer passed the last summer here with Mr. McNear. His bride was Miss Frances Ruxton of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Hudnut will leave soon for New York to remain until the spring, when they will sail for France.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour have come from Rutherford for the winter. They have taken Mrs. J. L. Laine's residence on Broadway.

Mr. Eugene Lent and Miss Frances Lent have gone to New York for a brief sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Symmes of New York left Thursday for the East, after having spent the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White in Mill Valley.

Mrs. Eugene Freeman has returned from a trip through Southern California.

Mr. Lewis Bradbury of Los Angeles is passing a few days in San Francisco.

Mrs. William Tevis is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis at Santa Monica.

Mrs. Richard Heimann is in Los Angeles visiting her mother, Mrs. Esther Larned.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Rawlings in Lima, Peru, has been leased for the winter by Commander and Mrs. Paul Fitzsimons.

Registered at Hotel Whitcomb are Mr. W. A. Gillespie, Philadelphia; Judge W. H. Washington, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. Harry O. Henderson, Anaheim; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Jacobson, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Dawson, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Healy, Monte Rio; Mr. and Mrs. L. U. Grimes, Merced; Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Armand, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Ashbury, Santa Rosa; Mr. and Mrs. G. E. George, Sacramento; Mr. D. J. de Boer, The Hague, Holland; Mr. F. E. Farrow, Yosemite; Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Clark, Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Barnett, New York; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Stanley, Los Angeles.

Players Theatre.

A hit has been registered by the powerful Tolstoy drama, "Fedya," which has been added to the repertory at the Players Theatre. William S. Rainey as the man who finds the true nobility of his character only in his degradation gives a striking portrayal of the Barrymore part. The excellent supporting cast contains, among others, Kathleen Rucker, Talma-Zetta Wilbur, Estelle Loney, Hilda Deniville, Percy McGuire, Harry de Lasaux, Miriam Michels, Louis Steiger, Frederick McNulty, Virginia Sciaroni, Richard Leonard, Leslie Freeman, Boyd Oliver, Jean Unger, Joseph Carson Sturgis, and Frederick Hirschler. The colorful production of "Richard III" receives its next-to-last production this year on Friday night, the 22d, and on Saturday night, the 23d, Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore" will be sung. The cast includes Miriam Elkus, Reginald Travers, Mahel Gump, Easton Kent, Benjamin Purrington, and Len Barnes. On Monday night the now famous Players' production of "Hamlet" will be revived with William S. Rainey as Hamlet. The repertory for the rest of the week is as follows: Tuesday, four one-act plays; Wednesday, "Fedya"; Thursday, "Ruddigore"; Friday, "Hamlet," and Saturday, "Ruddigore."

Doctor's Daughters' Donation Days.

The Argonaut is asked to remind the public that Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of the coming week are the days designated by the association of "Doctor's Daughters" as donation days, in support of their work. It should be understood that the Doctor's Daughters are not, as the name might imply, daughters of physicians, but that it is the name of a society of charitable women who maintain an establishment for old people in this city and who visit and provide relief for the sick and afflicted. Donations will be received at the White House and at the City of Paris. Miss McEwen, president of the Doctor's Daughters, will be at Nathan & Dohrmann's on the dates named to receive donations personally and to make any explanations that may be desired. Miss Jennie Blair, vice-president, who is usually active in the affairs of the association, is unfortunately not in San Francisco at this time.

Coming Events.

Frank W. Healy announces that he has hooked Charles Hackett, Metropolitan Opera House tenor; Raoul Vidas, Roumanian-French violinist; Louis Graveure, Belgian haritone, and Mme. Frances Alda, Metropolitan Opera House soprano, for concerts in San Francisco, Stanford University, Oakland, and Fresno.

Charles Hackett is an American tenor who came to the Metropolitan Opera House last year direct from the world-famous La Scala Opera House of Milan. In Italy the critics termed Hackett a new "Mario," proclaiming him "a true master of bel canto." No other operatic tenor at present before the public can sing the music of Mozart, Gluck, Franz, or Caccini with the high standard of Hackett.

Raoul Vidas is the name that has attracted the attention of music lovers of two continents. Born in Roumania, Vidas is, however, a product of France. As a type of her training and culture he brings to America a vital message from the sister republic. Under the management of Charles L. Wagner, Vidas made his American debut in New York on November 10, 1918, and fourteen New York newspapers proclaimed his debut a triumph. Boston and Chicago hailed him with equal enthusiasm.

Louis Graveure, the Belgian baritone, is so far ahead of other haritones on the concert stage as to seem a representative of a different art. Mr. Graveure is a master vocalist, the possessor of a voice of exceptionally velvety and lovely quality, which he uses with an art that is as remarkable as it is rare.

Like a tree that grows and blossoms is the career of Frances Alda, soprano. Her art unfolds new beauties as the years pass. No singer that ever appeared upon the concert platform is a harder worker than Frances Alda. Her career in opera is a record of brilliant successes, her popularity with the great Metropolitan audiences grows steadily. Her remarkable popularity in concert makes it necessary for her to make hundreds of appearances each year in concert, and it is a fact that wherever Mme. Alda has appeared her manager never fails to receive requests for return engagements. The very capable Maurice Eisner will be at the piano for Raoul Vidas and Seneca Pierce for Charles Hackett.

Symphony Orchestra.

The second concert of the Sunday symphony series will be given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in the Curran Theatre tomorrow afternoon, yesterday's programme being repeated. The symphony will be Cesar Franck's D Minor. This will be followed by the "Mozartiana" suite of Tschai-kowsky, and Erich Korngold's "Overture to a Drama."

On the following Sunday, October 31st, the second popular concert will be given in the Curran Theatre, when a new work will be presented in the "Vasantasena" suite of Halvorsen. Other numbers to be offered are the "La Dame Blanche" overture of Boieldieu, Tschaiowsky's Italian Caprice, the famous intermezzo and barcarolle from "The Tales of Hoffman," and Debussy's charming collection of little piece entitled "The Children's Corner." The programme will close with the ever-popular "William Tell" overture of Rossini.

The Loring Club.

The first concert of the forty-fourth season of the Loring Club is announced for the evening of Tuesday, October 26th, at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

Among the compositions for men's voices



"By George! hut these gingerbread muffins taste good."

"Just like those Mother used to make, aren't they?"

"They surely are! That reminds me though of a time just after I was married. Always fond of gingerbread, you know, and asked my wife to make some. She did hut it didn't taste like Mother's."

"We know the rest. You told her so."

"Yes, and say, the North Pole door was open for a week."

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J. H. van Horne, Mgr.

are the stirring settings by Charles Villiers Stanford of three poems of Henry Newhold, entitled respectively "Sailing at Dawn," "The Middle Watch," and "The Song of the Sou-wester" for haritone soloists and chorus of men's voices, with accompaniment of strings and piano, the soloists being W. J. Molitor and R. H. Ward, together with Edward German's "Rolling Down to Rio" for chorus of men's voices with accompaniment of strings and piano, and the negro spiritual, "Deep River," as arranged for chorus of men's voices with similar accompaniment following the transcription of this spiritual by Coleridge Taylor.

Among the other numbers for men's voices included in the programme are three choruses from the cycle entitled "From Every Zone," by Arnold Krug, and also two movements from Mendelssohn's "Festgesang" and Wallace A. Sahin's "The Long Road."

In the accompaniments the club will have the assistance of strings and piano, Hother Wismer being the principal violin and Frederick Maurer at the piano. The concert will be directed by Wallace A. Sahin.

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"I can see the tips of your ears, dearie." "Well, what of it?" "Is that an accident, or are ears coming back gradually?"—*New York Globe*.

Mrs. Neurox—Do you have any trouble with your servants? *Mrs. Worbucks*—Not unless they start something first.—*Buffalo Express*.

"There's a story in this paper of a woman that used a telephone for the first time in eighty-three years." "She must be on a party line."—*Notre Dame Juggler*.

"And is \$10 all you are offering for the return of your wife?" "Every cent." "No one will bring her back for that paltry sum." "I know it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Mr. Pester—Eight hundred dollars for a fur kimono! I won't stand for it. Who ever heard of a fur kimono? *His Wife*—It's something new this season. It's an Eskimono.—*Kansas City Star*.

"Did you meet any movie stars while you were in California?" "No," replied the cheerful tourist, "but I met a waitress in a restaurant who said she was going to be one."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

First Professor—It provokes me when I think that I can't have a bottle of liquor to celebrate my birthday. *Second Professor*—I could get along without it on birthdays if I could have it on other days.—*Brown Jug*.

"The lips should move when you are supposed to be speaking. Now in this scene you denounce your husband, so let your jaws work." "All right," responded Pauline Perfection. "Gimme a wad of gum."—*Film Fun*.

The Mistress—I find you've been wearing my best gown. That must never happen again. *The Maid*—Certainly. Members of my set would never think of being seen in the same evening gown twice.—*Baltimore Sun*.

"I have become convinced," remarked young Mrs. Torkins, "that there is no chance for brains these days." "What has convinced you?" "Charley knows more about horses than anybody I ever heard talk. But the horrid racetrack people won't let him make a bit of money."—*Washington Star*.

"What," asked the lawyer of the expert witness, "leads you to conclude that the defendant in this case is crazy?" "Well, for one thing," replied the expert, "he's a golf player

and talks nothing but golf." "Hold on," interrupted the judge, "I'm going to have that answer stricken out."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Doctor—You have been at death's door, and only your strong constitution has saved you. *Patient*—Remember that when you send in your bill.—*Dollos News*.

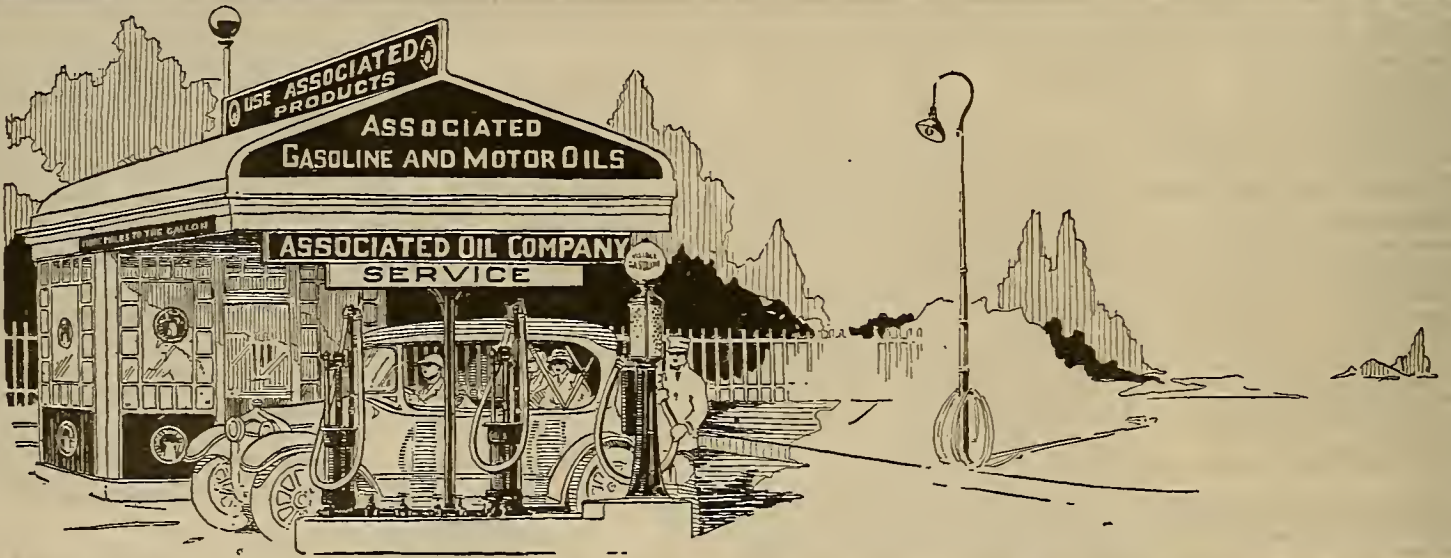
"So Freddie is engaged to that homely Dystiller girl, eh? What's he marrying her for, her money?" "S-sh! When prohibition came in old man Dystiller was left with three million gallons on his hands that she'll inherit some day."—*The Home Sector*.

Assistant—We can not reissue that film, that's certain. *Movie Magnate*—Why not?

Assistant—It contains a department store scene, with signs of real, bonest-to-goodness suits, reading: "S25—Extra Pair of Pants Free."—*Film Fun*.

"Clothes do not make the man," observed the Sage. "Maybe not," commented the Fool. "But you'll notice how other men dodge you when you are looking seedy."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"Fancy your getting married again, Mrs. Smale. I hope you have done wisely." "Yes, mum; I reckon. Yew see, I 'ave so much washing to take 'ome now, if I 'adn't got 'e I should have been forced to buy a donkey, sure 'nough."—*London Tatler*.



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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2275.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 30, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street.
WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Harding and Shortridge.

Senator Warren G. Harding in a letter addressed to the assistant to the national chairman and Republican state chairman writes as follows with regard to the senatorial election:

"The platform of the Republican party as enunciated at Chicago covers a large range of governmental interests and policies. To the carrying out of these policies and a practical execution of the reforms suggested we are pledged as a party and as individual and official members of it. Committed to this programme we will need, not only Republican executives, but a Republican majority in both branches of Congress. We would be helpless to effect our purposes without both. It is my earnest hope that the electors of California will commission Mr. Shortridge as senator of the United States. I am assured that he is in every way worthy and qualified to fill the office to which he aspires and for which he has been nominated by decisive vote at the free and open primaries of our party. And it is also my hope that California will send in its congressional delegation as many Republicans, united in our faith, as possible."

These are timely words and of a kind to sink deeply into our political consciences. A vote given to Senator Harding for the presidency and withheld from Mr. Shortridge for the senatorship is a vote that goes a long way to stultify itself. The balance of the parties in the Senate will be a

close one. Eliminating the few men who call themselves Republicans, but who are actually eccentrics and who will act as such, the margin of Republican safety is likely to be a narrow one. If Mr. Harding should find himself with a hostile Senate, even with an unreliable Senate, the Republican policies will be thwarted at every turn and the Republican administration will be embarrassed almost to the point of impotence. At other and less critical times we may allow expression to personal preferences and to the considerations that arise from intimacy and local affiliations, but no such factors should weigh now. If we are to have a Republican administration—and it is certain that we shall have one—we must have also a Republican Senate, and one whose actions will be definite and certain. The issues are too grave for inconsistencies that at other times may be tolerable. A vote for Harding should under all circumstances imply a vote for Shortridge.

Next Tuesday's Choice.

Senator Harding's strength has increased steadily with the progress of the campaign. He has displayed nearly every good quality that should mark a presidential candidacy, and without any of that mere manoeuvring for advantages that is usually the mark of the meaner and weaker men. There has been no trace of those electioneering "policies," that readiness to set the sails to shifting winds, that indicate insincerity and ignorance. He has allowed no personalities to lower the note that he set for himself. Confronted with the momentous questions of the day, he has invariably displayed, not only a comprehension of their import and their bearings, but a disposition to solve them in the light of strong common sense and of the wide duty that he will owe as President of the United States alike to the nation and to the world. He has had innumerable opportunities to be "clever." He has chosen rather to be wise. But of Mr. Cox it must be said that he has been neither clever nor wise. He has not been even dignified. And he has shown on more than one occasion that he has not even that knowledge of current events, of the obligations of the league of nations for instance, that should follow from the casual reading of a country newspaper. A presidential candidate who is capable of saying that the Fourteen Points are embodied in the league, whereas they are not even remotely hinted at, shows in the first place that he has not read the covenant, and secondly that the elements of statesmanship are wholly lacking in him. But valuable space need not be wasted on the deficiencies of Mr. Cox. Fortunately he has attended to that matter himself.

The country at large, unless we are much mistaken, is now fully awake to the real issue of the campaign. The issue is not the league of nations nor the sad mess of proposals, counter-proposals, and reservations in which we have become involved. These things are important, but there is something far more important. The national vote next Tuesday will determine, not as to the merits of Article X, but as to whether this country is to pass for some further and undetermined period under a rule of Wilsonism, or whether it shall now revert to the constitutionalism upon which it was founded. All other questions are dependent and subordinate. Almost it may be said that they will solve themselves by the direction thus set for them. Wilsonism means a continuation of the governmental purgatory through which we have passed and to which we assented reluctantly and under the stress of war. It means the instant and constant abrogation of the ancient rights of free speech and free act under which we were born, and whenever it shall suit the will and the interest of an autocrat so to abrogate them. It means that to be unprepared alike for peace and for war becomes a national policy. It means taxation up to and beyond the limits of our endurance, not that we may rightly do some worthy thing, but that there

may be an extension of those financial profligacies inseparable from government by mean men and vain men and ignorant men. It means that this country is to find systematic representation abroad, not by its wise men, but by its Creels, its Hapgoods, its Herrons, its Bullitts, and its Steffens, men whom a true political sagacity would seek to punish rather than to reward. It means that favor and preferment shall henceforth be won, not by capacity nor virtue, but by flattery and subservience. It means—and it is said regretfully—that at any moment there may be a resumption of those literally awful policies that fanned the red flames of Bolshevism throughout the world, that recklessly incited the ignorant masses of Europe to set the torch to their social systems, that did not hesitate to appeal to nations over the heads of their government, and to encourage by missions and by negotiations the most murderous forms of chaos and anarchy that the world has ever known. The indictment might be a much longer one. It might contain as many counts, and grave counts, as there have been weeks in the life of the Administration. It might echo the words of Mr. Hoover in his recent speech at Indianapolis, when he said: "To have obstinately held up the peace of the world for eighteen months with its fearful cost to ourselves and millions of helpless people; to have rejected the opportunity of amicable adjustment of differences as to methods; to have projected the issue, which, with intelligent coöperation, would never have existed, into the presidential election, is the greatest failure of American statesmanship since the civil war."

And so it may be repeated in all earnestness that this election is to decide the issue between Wilsonism and Constitutionalism, between Caesarism and Democracy. We have awakened to the fact that in the first bewildering days of our war we saw the instant crumbling away of well-nigh everything that we have called Americanism in government. We saw how frail were its foundations, how unstable its structure. We accepted a dictatorship as a temporary expedient and because we were literally incapable of doing otherwise. The war has been over for eighteen months, but the dictatorship has remained, unabashed in its aims, obstinate in its purposes. If we shall allow to it another four years of life it will be rooted so deeply as to be well-nigh indestructible. While all the nations of civilization are extending their base and enlarging their liberties it will be said of America that she alone set back the hands upon the dial and willingly adopted that very autocracy that we fought against and that is being discarded by the nations that we might have led.

The Death of MacSwiney.

The death of Mayor MacSwiney will doubtless appeal to the emotionalism which now plays so large a part in human affairs to the detriment of reason and of orderly government. We shall be told that another star has been added to the constellation of Irish martyrs. There will be a new and more passionate outpouring of protests. Mayor MacSwiney will be enshrined as one who gave his life for the cause, as the latest victim of oppression and tyranny.

The fame of the martyr seems to have fallen upon evil days. For Mayor MacSwiney was not a martyr in any tolerable sense in which that word has ever been used. He was not deprived of his life by any force external to himself. He took his own life. He was sentenced by the law to a short term of imprisonment after a fair and orderly trial, just as thousands of other persons are sentenced all over the world. He was accused of actions that are universally admitted to be crimes, and that would be punished as crimes in America or anywhere else. No one has impugned the manner of his trial. No one has asserted that he was innocent of the charges brought against him. He was notoriously guilty, and he was proud of his guilt, and so were his friends. That he deliberately decided to

take his own life by starvation was an act of suicide, and it was none the less an act of suicide because it was the result of fanaticism. The law was responsible for the term of imprisonment, and for nothing else. It did not will MacSwiney's death. It willed him to live. It did everything that was humanly possible to save his life, and it regarded his death as a calamity. To speak of MacSwiney as a martyr is to use a term that has no relation to the facts, however gratifying it may prove to our emotionalism. To maintain that the government ought to have liberated MacSwiney in order to prevent him from taking his own life is a contention intolerable to justice and fatal to law. It means that any prisoner may secure his freedom at any time by the simple expedient of refusing to eat. Should we liberate Mr. Debs, for example, if he refused to eat? Of course we should not. But Mr. Debs is doubtless just as sincere as was Mayor MacSwiney. And it may be said that the offenses committed by Mr. Debs were almost insignificant compared with those of which Mayor MacSwiney was guilty, although he is receiving a very much more severe punishment. MacSwiney was found guilty of having under his control a secret governmental cypher, which is a grave offense in all civilized countries. He was known to be a leader in an organization that presumed to pass sentences of death upon individuals hostile to it, and that carried out those sentences by murder. His punishment was light and lenient. To order his release because he refused to eat would have been suicide of another kind, the suicide of the law and of the government. It would have been a charter to crime, an invitation to anarchy and chaos.

There can be little doubt that the British government has ahead of it a period of storm and stress in relation to Ireland, and the situation will now be aggravated. To a large extent the crisis is due to administrative stupidity in years gone by. A moderate movement that might have been satisfied in a moderate way has now become an extremist movement almost indistinguishable from civil war. The demand for Home Rule has now become a demand for complete separation, and the most violent passions on both sides have been unleashed. When Lloyd George invited the Irish people as a whole to determine on a system of government that would be acceptable to them and pledged himself to grant it he performed one of the few acts of real statesmanship to be found in the history of Irish administration. But it failed. The conference could agree upon nothing, and what was intended as an act of conciliation did no more than give a new impetus to that variety of Bolshevism that called itself the Sinn Fein. The situation has now become deadlocked with a campaign of crime on the one side and of a sometimes ruthless repression on the other. That the British government will grant independence to Ireland is unthinkable. It can no more do such a thing than we could permit the secession of the Southern States. Great Britain can not endure the existence of an independent and a bitterly hostile people almost within sight of her western coast. It would mean her own destruction in the event of another foreign war just as it would have meant a German victory in the war that has now ended. She can not hand over the men of Ulster to the financial mercies of her enemies. The British Empire might just as well dissolve itself on the spot as permit a secession that would be followed by certain ruin and that is advocated exactly for that reason. No sane mind believes that Ireland could maintain herself as an independent state and against the fierce internal discords that have devoured her for centuries.

And it may be said with equal truth that no sane mind wishes for the dissolution of the British Empire nor for any addition to its perplexities at a time when it is the sheet anchor of decent government in Europe, Asia, and Africa. It has its defects. It has committed grave errors. What government has not? But its dissolution would mean anarchy over a large part of the globe. It would mean the unleashing of a hundred racial hates, and with what result upon ourselves there is no need to indicate. If British government has largely failed in Ireland it has certainly not failed elsewhere, as witness the almost incredible spectacle of Boer generals in command of British armies, a Boer general as prime minister of a British colony, and another Boer general high in the conclaves of the empire. Nothing but the most dangerous political irresponsibility, nothing but treason against the peace of the world, would now desire a weakening of the greatest of the old world forces making for stability and good government, and at a time when stability and

good government everywhere—here as elsewhere—are threatened by perils unprecedented in the history of the race.

Our Local Issues.

The ballot paper to be presented to the luckless voter next Tuesday will represent the science of government reduced to the burlesque. He will be invited to express opinions on some forty-eight legislative proposals. If the citizen is exceptionally well informed and with exceptional leisure he may be actually competent to vote on some half-dozen of them. No human mind could compass them all, nor anything like all. Most of them are of far-reaching import, and it may be said that the true import is usually out of sight—their promoters have seen to that. They comprise some of the niceties of law, finance, property, education, and taxation. The average voter has hardly even heard of most of them, and he will not hear of them until he glances at them—usually with disgust, we suspect—on the ballot paper. But every illicit interest that expects to be served by these proposals will be on hand in full voting force and it may be said that every illicit interest is busily trading with every other illicit interest on the principle of "you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours." It is only the honest voter who will not know what to do. There will be no uncertainty among the rogues, and their name is legion.

The *Argonaut* has been asked for its advice as to these forty-eight proposals. It must respectfully decline, except in general terms. Citizens should vote only for those changes that they thoroughly understand, and if this advice be taken the vote will be an extraordinarily low one, as it should be. On all other proposals they should vote "No." Every blank should be filled.

As has already been said, the average citizen will view this ballot paper with disgust. He will wonder how we came to be led into such a folly, such an abortion. It will indeed be fortunate for the state if he learns henceforth to distrust the blandishments of the political charlatan who pretends to have the millennium in his pocket and who is doing no more than follow the highly profitable trade of the demagogue.

The system has, of course, broken down and it must be discarded. The average citizen—small blame to him—is no more qualified to determine the intricacies of finance, taxation, and education than he is to extract his own teeth or remove his own appendix. We have proceeded on the theory that expert skill is needed in every branch of human endeavor—except the art of government, the most difficult of all arts. We call in a physician to treat a headache and we make sure that he is duly qualified and authorized. But any voter whatsoever, no matter how ignorant or how perverse, may give his sapient opinion on intricate points of government involving the happiness and even the lives of thousands without any more preparation than a hand-bill pushed into his letter-box.

American government was established on the representative principle, and we have never yet deviated from it without paying a heavy cost. That system intended that we should elect men recommended by their experience and capacity and whose general political ideals were in accord with our own. It intended that we should then leave to those men the framing of our laws subject to such general guidances and checks as were furnished for that purpose. If we elected bad men the remedy was in our own hands. We could always elect good men. Had we adhered to that wholesome plan we should now be spared the sorry sight of many and many a voter who will hurry to the polls on Tuesday to vote on forty-eight propositions of which they have never before heard and that are utterly beyond their comprehension. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of government.

The President and France.

The President's note to the French government demanding information as to its alleged communications with Senator Harding has a medical rather than a political interest. The French government is not at all likely to commit a breach of the proprieties in this respect, and indeed no such breach would be involved in a discreet attempt to ascertain the opinion of a man who is now a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and who is about to become President of the United States. Nothing is more likely and nothing is more reasonable than that the French government should take steps to inform itself on the foreign policies of the immediate future with which it will be so

vitaly concerned. It is an open secret that French officials are pursuing somewhat dilatory tactics in their foreign relations until such time as Republican policies shall have opportunity to disclose themselves.

But has the President himself always been "honorably mindful" of the government's "international obligations and punctiliously careful to observe all the proprieties of international intercourse"? It would hardly seem so. Did he not publicly appeal to the Italian people over the heads of their representatives and so commit a breach of the proprieties—one might say of the courtesies—without a parallel in diplomacy? It might further be asked if the President's message to the Italian people was not somewhat responsible for the tide of Bolshevism now sweeping over Italy? Did he not publicly state that a military party had gained ascendancy in France, an assertion that was not only untrue, but that was curiously rude. Neither Italy nor France took any notice of these breaches of decorum, although they would have been justified in doing so, and in the most energetic way. Not only did the President throw a torch into the Italian powder magazine, but he went out of his way in a letter to Senator Hitchcock dated March 8, 1920, to charge Italy with imperialistic designs and to compare those designs with the designs of Germany that had been thwarted just as he intended to thwart the designs of Italy. Anything more carefully calculated to wound it would be hard to imagine. Both France and Italy were too dignified to resent such real insults as these, but the President is so unmindful of the glass house in which he lives that he hastens to throw a stone at France for a reason that exists only in his own imagination.

France, of course, has denied the sending of any authorized representative to Senator Harding. None the less it is so open a secret as not to be a secret at all that she has taken steps to ascertain Senator Harding's opinions. She would be foolish not to do so. It is equally well known that there have been many other unofficial conferences, not only with Senator Harding, but with Senator Lodge and others on the reservations to the league. Why should there now be this sudden storm in a teacup?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A Word for the League.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Some people simply can not wink: their efforts to do so merely result in a synchronous hating of both eyes. One organ is inhibited from acting apart from the other. And there are unfortunate people whose minds can not function apart from their emotions. In politics their judgments simply can not act apart from their partisan and personal attachments and aversions. They may honestly try. But they will inevitably come out at the end of a campaign just where the party managers knew from the outset they would come out and so confidently wrote them down as fixed party assets.

But such persons are not likely to be readers of the *Argonaut*, and in accepting the hospitality of its columns I feel I may talk in as friendly a way to a political opponent as I should expect to do at his fireside and expect as fair a hearing.

My friend and I should probably find ourselves in initial agreement that neither of the men of whom one must soon sit in the presidential chair is big enough to fit the seat where Washington and Lincoln sat, or come anywhere near filling it. And we should probably also agree that these men do not differ so greatly in their hulk that we may not make our choice on the basis of the issues they represent.

At this stage of the campaign we could hardly differ as to what is the one great issue—not the league of nations only, but the large question of our relation to some concert of nations to preserve the world's (not merely our own) peace. Both candidates have committed themselves to some such concert.

My friend and I would agree that if Mr. Cox is elected he will have to make more liberal concessions than Mr. Wilson would accept to get the Senate to approve the league of nations with whatever reserved rights. He would not fight to the last ditch for Article X or any other. And his election would show such popular demand for the league that the Republicans would hardly care to refuse liberal terms offered by Mr. Cox, who would have every practical incentive to "put over" the league covenant in some form. I think my friend would agree, therefore, that a vote for Mr. Cox would be a vote for the covenant.

But my friend would note that Mr. Taft says a vote for Mr. Harding would be also a vote for the league in some form. Against this opinion of Mr. Taft—always an optimist—must, however, be put the more confident assertion of Senator Johnson that a vote for Harding is a vote to turn our back on the league in toto. He has publicly rebuked Mr. Taft for calling in question the sincerity of Mr. Harding, who in his Des Moines speech said he had "turned his back" on the league, seeking, not its "interpretation," but its "rejection." My friend on the other side of the fireplace and I would have, therefore, to think out, not whether Mr. Taft or Senator Johnson is correct as to what Mr. Harding would like to do, but what he could do. And this is the really practical question. What could Mr. Harding do as leader of the party to whose united support he must look for his success as President and as a presumable candidate for renomination in 1924?

If my friend there desires the adoption of the covenant, with or without Article X and some other questionable parts, he may puff his panetela with unwonted vigor, but he will probably concur with me in believing that if Mr. Harding should submit to the Senate the league covenant in any recognizable form he must face much the same menace of party rupture that froned him last June. And the antagonism of the bitter-enders would certainly be not less a divisive force because of their feeling that Mr. Harding, in turning his face and not his back to the league, had acted in bad faith,

having secured their support during the campaign by promising what he would not have lived up to. To run the risk of such personal antagonism, if not of party rupture, would require the courage of a Roosevelt; and my friend would hardly claim that Mr. Harding is at all Rooseveltian. So my Republican friend would probably agree with me that a vote for Mr. Harding is a vote against the league in toto.

But my friend may say, "Grant that Mr. Harding would have to scrap the league, he is pledged to try to get a substitute for it, an 'association' of some kind." That this would be no easy or assured undertaking my candid friend would readily admit. Mr. Harding would find the nations no longer late comrades in arms, disposed to carry into peace the give-and-take spirit that had won for them a wonderful common victory in war, but each engrossed in its particular problems, some of which arraign their interests against those of their late comrades. It is not at all certain that they, or any large number of them, would scrap their first pact for a new one. It is much more likely, my friend may agree, that any such new pact which they would be willing to make would be so cumbered and complicated by reserved rights and special provisions as to make its practical working extremely doubtful. We should want to Americanize it, the British to Anglicize it, the French to Gallicize it, and if the Germans were made charter members they might wish to Prussianize it. I presume my friend would admit the likelihood of all this and recognize its hazards.

Moreover, I think he would admit that if it is not to arouse the dangerous antagonism (as it certainly would occasion the opposition) of the bitter-enders, whose aversion to any kind of political league with other nations seems to be as bitter as ever, any such compact must be so limited in scope and powers as to be hardly less incapable of much good than it would be of any harm. That Mr. Harding would be disposed to favor such narrowed and slightly-empowered pact may be inferred, my friend may concede, from the rather slight interest Mr. Harding has shown in the whole matter. In an assumedly unguarded moment he characterized involving ourselves in any international movement for peace as "nosing around" in what, as the expression must connote, is not essentially our business. It would be ungenerous, if not unjust, to Mr. Harding to hold him too closely to an unguarded expression; yet even his guarded utterances have much the same implication.

My friend may not go so far as Senator Lodge went during the war (before the league had got into politics): "The great nations must be so united" that "a country desiring war" would know "that the force which the united nations place behind peace is irresistible"; but he will, I think, agree that it would hardly be worth while placing behind peace a force that could very safely be resisted even by a powerful nation "desiring war."

Finally, I do not think my broad-minded friend over there would for a moment contend that his intense dislike for one of the framers of the league covenant should properly determine his attitude toward that or any similar compact itself. If my friend were on the shore where a life-boat was being manned and he, a stalwart oarsman, were asked to take the stroke-oar and go out to save a nearly exhausted man struggling with the waves, he would not afterwards think very highly of himself if he held back because he disliked one of its builders. He is much too broad-gauged to do that. And however far from pleased he may be with some of the lines of the boat and with its breadth of beam, he assuredly would not, if it was the only boat at hand and the only one it might be possible to get, seek to scuttle it. Far from that, my level-headed and big-hearted friend would, I am sure, jump in, not deterred by the measure of hazard attending all brave acts, and do the big thing in the big way he would be glad to remember he had done. W. H. McDUGAL.

Obligations Implied in the League.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 23, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: From the beginning the league of nations has never waxed in strength with the American people, but has waned. Its present standing with the voters will be known on November 3d. Whatever that proves to be will be greater than its deserts. Nine out of ten who vote for it on November 2d will have done so from an honest, if carefully cultivated, belief that if the United States join the league universal and lasting peace must immediately follow.

It is a repetition of the phenomena of the election of 1916, and holds even less of truth. Then the slogan "he kept us out of war" returned Woodrow Wilson to the White House because of an honest, if carefully cultivated, belief in the voters' minds that he would continue to do so.

The optimistic and alluring promise of its preamble that "the high contracting parties * * * in order to achieve international peace and security * * * agree to this covenant of the league of nations" at once translates itself into accomplished fact for those who, because they wish to believe and do not understand, accept words for deeds and promise for performance.

Of these, must be the eighteen well-meaning California women who recently telegraphed Senator Harding:

"The league of nations is a fact. It is functioning and accomplishing its purpose, * * * consequently we propose to urge the election of your opponent on that basis and regardless of party lines."

So, too, and about as effectively may a three-weeks-old babe that breathes and digests its food be said to be "functioning and accomplishing its purpose."

There are so many objections to our joining the league, aside from its proven ineffectiveness, that to detail the would be to carry altogether too many coals to Newcastle, however much Newcastle may need them in perilous and unhappy times. The fight for and against, however, has concentrated on Article X, of which President Wilson is the acknowledged author, and which in dangerous part reads:

"The members of the league undertake to respect and preserve as against aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the league."

The principal disputed point is this. If we join do we or do we not under Article X solemnly, absolutely, and irrevocably commit ourselves to take up arms to protect any and all other members of the league whose territory may be invaded?

Here is what President Wilson had to say on this point in his recent appeal to the voters of America to support the league:

"There is nothing in the covenant which in the least interferes with or impairs the right of Congress to declare war according to its own independent judgment as our Constitution provides."

On August 19, 1919, at the White House, President Wilson discussed the covenant at length with the Committee of Foreign Relations of the Senate. In the course of the conference a question was answered as follows:

Senator Knox—Suppose that it is perfectly obvious and accepted that there is an external aggression against some power and suppose it is perfectly obvious and accepted that it can not be repelled except by force of arms, would we be under any legal obligation to participate?

The President—No, sir; but we would be under an absolutely compelling moral obligation.

The President at another point explained, "Now a moral

obligation is of course superior to a legal obligation and, if I may say so, of greater binding force."

This being so, if the occasion should arise would not Congress (no matter what its legal rights "as our Constitution provides") then be "under an absolutely compelling moral obligation" to declare war? Would not that moral obligation be even more compelling, since to refuse could but result in forever besmirching the national honor of the United States and damning for all time the reputation of the American people for fair and square dealing?

If you, like the President, concede "an absolutely compelling moral obligation" can you still hold to the belief that the league will be (any more than the President was) able to "keep us out of war"?

The President at this conference, in answer to a question by Senator Harding, insisted that the league would prevent war:

"If it had been known," stated President Wilson, "this war was coming on, her [the United States] moral judgment would have concurred with that of the other governments of the world and if Germany had known there was a possibility of that sort of concurrence she would never have dared to do what she did."

That the President meant by this that the moral judgment of the United States had from the beginning of the war been with the Allies and against Germany he additionally proved by the following colloquy with Senator McCumber:

Senator McCumber—Do you think that if Germany had committed no act of war, of injustice against our citizens, that we would have gotten in this war?

The President—I do think so.

Senator McCumber—You think we would have gotten in anyway?

The President—I do.

The following excerpts from public speeches of President Wilson show the President's interpretation of the "moral judgment" of the United States upon specified dates:

August 19, 1914: "The United States must be neutral in fact as well as in name during these days that are to try men's souls. We must be impartial in thought as well as in action, must put a curb upon our sentiments as well as upon every transaction that might be construed as a preference of one party to the struggle before another."

December 8, 1914: "More than this proposed at this time, permit me to say, would mean merely that we had lost our self-possession; that we had been thrown off our balance by a war with which we have nothing to do, whose causes can not touch us."

July 23, 1915: "The government of the United States and the imperial German government are contending for the same great object; have long stood together in urging the very principles upon which the government of the United States now so solemnly insists. They both are contending for the freedom of the seas."

January 31, 1916: "Your interest, your sympathy, your affection, may be engaged on one side or the other, but it is your duty to stand off and not let this nation be drawn into the war."

May 27, 1916: "With its causes [the war's] and its objects we are not concerned. The obscure fountains from which its stupendous flood has burst forth we are not interested to search for or explore."

December 20, 1916: "I take the liberty of calling attention to the fact that the objects of the statesmen of the belligerents on both sides are virtually the same, as stated to their own people and to the world."

"Words are air, a deed talks louder than a solo played on drums."

JAMES G. BLAINE.

What of the 30,000?

PALO ALTO, October 26, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Four years ago most thoughtful Americans felt and the Administration knew (as has since been proved) that the entrance of the United States into the war was inevitable. Yet in the face of this the Democratic party boasted that their candidate for reelection to the presidency "had kept us out of war," and with that shameful slogan gained the day. The women of California (we are sadly unable to forget) were held responsible for furnishing the narrow margin of votes which turned a seeming defeat into victory; but taking the country as a whole, there can be no doubt that it was chiefly the pacifist sentiment which made the reelection of Woodrow Wilson possible. Nevertheless within six months of the election the inevitable had happened; the conscience of America had triumphed over blindness, cowardice, and hypochondria—America was in the war.

There is more than a suggestion of parallelism between the present presidential campaign and that of 1916. Now, as then, President Wilson's policies are strongly opposed by at least an important part of the American people; now, as then, the Democratic party has made an issue of one of those policies already defeated by the logic of events. In other words, the Democratic candidate is again running practically on a dead issue, as Senator Harding has pointed out.

Will the women of California be deceived again? Will they seek with Cox to turn back water which has already flowed under the bridge—to reopen the controversy which has kept our foreign relations in the air these many months, and which would not be settled, but rather embittered, by the election of another Democratic President? Or will they have the courage with many of the best minds in the country, to follow Harding in his rejection of "the impossible" and his purpose to "unite America in a practical plan?"

Those who are willing to face the facts know that the repudiation of a scheme worked out by a few statesmen around a table at Paris is not going to "break the heart of the world." A real league of nations—something more than the old diplomatic and military alliances of governments—must spring from the demands of the people and rest on their support. This is the sort of league which Harding and those who go with him are seeking. Will not the 30,000 decide, after all, to join them?

RUTH TANGIER SMITH.

Josef Stopak, American violin star, who recently made his American debut at Carnegie Hall, New York, is a young American who has passed his twenty-one years entirely in America, serving with distinction in the army for over a year. His musical training has been received in New York and during the last few years under the artistic guidance of Jacques Thibaud, the great French violinist. Stopak considers Thibaud his only real instructor and on his side Thibaud predicts that Josef Stopak will prove quite the most interesting of the young violinists now before the public.

The Bank of England will soon occupy modern banking quarters, which will replace probably the most antiquated bank facilities existing in a civilized country.

Spitzbergen, a large island in the Arctic regions of Europe, is attracting the eyes of oil-hunters, evidences of petroleum having been discovered there.

CHRONICLES OF FROISSART.

That mediæval Pliny, Sir John Froissart, who died five hundred years ago, was a man of good health, good spirits, and fine character, whose Chronicle, a vivid and faithful picture of things done in the fourteenth century, has never been challenged. No more graphic account exists of any age; no historian ever brought to his task more patience and fidelity. Sir John traveled wherever men of action were to be found; he made friends of them all and he accurately recorded what they told him. In his eagerness for truth he once made a three-months journey on horseback in order to interview a knight who could give him an unprejudiced and non-partisan account of a battle in Flanders.

The courts of England, France, Denmark, Aragon, and Navarre were always open to him. He was Clerk of the Closet to Queen Philippa, secretary to King John of France, the pet of King David of Scotland, the companion of King Richard II of England and King Peter of Cyprus. He knew Chaucer and Petrarch; among his friends were the Black Prince, the Duchess of Brabant, Robert the Hermit, Gui de Blois, the Duke of Berry, Gaston Phoebus, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, the Douglas clan, the Earls of Fife, Mar and March, and the luckless crusaders under the Count de Nevers. His pages are bright with the banners of all these delightful people and with the splendor of mediæval pomp. The sunlight pours through the stained glass of the cathedral windows and illumines the walls and towers of the ancient castles. Everywhere there is the gleam of armor, the languishing eyes of fair women and the chivalrous exploits of their parfit gentle knights.

The vellum manuscript of Froissart's Chronicles in the library of Lord Mostyn of Mostyn Hall has long been known and admired by antiquarians. It was the gem of that fine collection. Last July Lord Mostyn sold it and great curiosity was expressed by the London press as to the identity of the purchaser and the probable destination of the book, which it was hoped would not leave England. The fact may now be stated that the Froissart was bought by a private collector, Commander W. C. Van Antwerp of San Francisco, and that it now adorns his shelves in this city, together with other vellum manuscripts of the period.

Froissart witnessed many strange sights—he once saw six public fountains running wine at the coronation of an English king—but neither he nor the intensely imaginative age in which he lived ever dreamed that a new world was to be discovered in the western ocean, and that on its farthest shore—the Ultima Thule of the Aryan migration—his manuscript narrative was to find a home more than five hundred years after that generation had passed away.

The volume is of extraordinary beauty. It consists of 363 large leaves of vellum, written in a neat and clear book-hand, richly illustrated with paintings in gold and colors in diapered or damask backgrounds, as lovely as cameos. The ornamentation is done in the best style of an art made famous by André Beauneveu and Jacquemrat de Hesdin, the two foremost French miniaturists of the fourteenth century; indeed, Beauneveu may have done the work himself, for he was a neighbor of Froissart at Valenciennes, and the great chronicler mentions him in this book in terms of glowing eulogy. Within the century following Froissart's day the art of the French miniaturists developed to even greater perfection, culminating in the gloriously beautiful Très Riches Heures painted by the Limbours, and now in the Musée Condé at Chantilly. It is an intensely personal art, for it conveys to us realities of the past as nothing else does. It shows us the fashions and vanities of mediæval romanticism, it admits us into the presence of the people; we are permitted to see their social and religious life, their architecture, and their apparel, hence it possesses an historical value which must ever remain the sure reliance of students.

One of the large miniatures in the Froissart represents Sir John on his knees presenting his book to King Edward III. On the right the King of France stands beside Queen Philippa, who holds the hand of a little boy, her grandson, Richard of Bordeaux, the son of the Black Prince and afterward King Richard II. All the famous battles and sea fights described in the narrative—Crécy, Poitiers, Neville's Cross, the Siege of Calais, etc.—are painted with a depth, brilliance, and richness that has lost none of its charm after five centuries. The capital letters are in burnished gold. The banners of each of the famous knights who participated in the battles are painted on the blank margins, forming a frame of heraldic interest and beauty, and of excellent decorative balance.

It is interesting to remember in appraising the value of this book that another though later manuscript of Froissart's Chronicles is in the Museum of Breslau, and was secured to that town in a separate article when Breslau capitulated to the French in 1806. Perhaps it is not too much to say that this is the only recorded instance in which a book played a part in the surrender of a stronghold. Does the restless spirit of Sir John in Elysium know the fame that is still his?

Where have these treasures of an ancient day reposed through the passing centuries? What hands have turned their pages; what hearts have throbbed under their impulse; what dim receding voices have

these exploits of chivalry? The Froissart manuscript that is now in San Francisco has a delightful history, and one that enhances its charm. The British Museum officials have established the fact that it was written and embellished about the year 1390 for Pierre de Fontenoy, a famous knight of the fourteenth century and a counsellor of the king. His arms, a lion argent on a sable ground, with his motto, "Nulle Autre," appear on more than one hundred leaves, with those of his wife, a descendant of Simon, Seigneur de Broyes, who founded the monastery at Pejaz in 1104. From their descendants it passed in the sixteenth century to Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, first Earl of Dorset, who wrote "The Tragedy of Gorbudoc," the earliest English drama. Buckhurst presented it to that statesman and patron of art, William Cecil, Lord Burghley, High Treasurer under Queen Elizabeth and the wisest of her ministers. Buckhurst's presentation inscription appears on the fly leaf: "Hunc librum Gulielmo Cecilio equiti auro donavit fidelissimus amicus suus. T. Buckhurst." From Burghley's descendants it passed in 1690 to the Lords of Mostyn at Mostyn Hall, N. Wales, where it remained until its recent removal to San Francisco.

H.

For Amendment 12.

The *Argonaut* publishes by request some of the salient clauses of a plea for Amendment 12 issued by President David P. Barrows of the University of California. This request was received in response to an editorial in the *Argonaut* asking for the rejection of that amendment. President Barrows says in part:

The university is not able to obtain adequate funds under the present system of taxation. At each session of the legislature the board of control has felt it necessary to cut down the university budget on account of the inadequacy of state revenues. The legislature has appropriated the amounts fixed by the board of control, but these sums have not been enough for the proper support of the university. This occurred in 1913, 1915, and 1917.

In 1919 the board of control notified the regents that on account of the uncertainty of the amount to be realized from state taxation in the years 1919-1921, the university budget for those years would have to be limited to the amount appropriated by the legislature for the two preceding years. As a result the development of the university was retarded, its activities were curtailed, and its usefulness impaired. But even though university activities were so restricted it was impossible to avoid a deficit of \$70,000 during the year 1919-1920. Moreover, there were innumerable resignations from the teaching staff during that year. In the College of Agriculture alone 108 instructors resigned, and ninety of them assigned inadequacy of salary as the reason for resignation.

For the year 1920-21 the increased enrollment in all departments of the university, increased salaries for teachers, and the necessity of enlarging facilities for the southern branch of the university at Los Angeles will result in a deficit of \$650,000 for the current year. Since 1910 the number of students attending the university has increased 200 per cent., while the classroom space has increased only 20 per cent. The university must continue to educate the graduates of our high schools, and it must pay salaries to teachers on a basis equal to that established in other institutions of similar rank. Moreover, its income must be on a permanent basis in order that plans for development may be made extending over a period of years. But this is impossible when the university's income depends upon legislative action every two years.

The proposed amendment meets the university's needs, and does so by returning to the system under which the university was supported for twenty-three years, from 1887 to 1910. During this period the revenues of the university were derived mainly from an *ad valorem* tax, which was superseded in 1910 by the adoption of the present system, which, as we have seen, is inadequate. Amendment No. 12 is patterned upon the *ad valorem* statutes in force from 1887 to 1910, and in substance is identical with them. Leading universities in fourteen other states are supported by a similar tax.

Amendment No. 12 is presented in the form of constitutional amendment because the present system is a part of the Constitution and can only be superseded by constitutional amendment. The adoption of the proposed amendment will not put the matter of the university's income beyond the control of either the legislature or the people, for the legislature has the power to submit to the people any proposition to alter or repeal the measure, and the same course could be taken at any time by the initiative.

The Swiss Republic, which is seeking a loan for the purpose here, may be the first nation to equip all its public services with electrical power. The local conditions are unusually favorable. Coal costs impossible prices; but "white coal," or water power, is splendidly abundant—2,700,000 horsepower in an area half that of Maine. There is no reason why, in time, hydraulic electricity should not only turn the mill wheels and propel the cars of Switzerland, but heat its houses and cook its food. Nature has arranged for Switzerland that its water power should be, not only where, but when it is wanted. It is more abundant in the tourist season than in winter. In every glacial stream which has a high stage every afternoon from the sun's power and low stage after midnight the maximum of power coincides with the "peak of the load" on mountain railways.

Mrs. Clemmie Ellis White, for many years superintendent of the New York West Side Mission, was recently ordained as a minister by the unanimous vote of fourteen clergymen sitting in interdenominational council. The tests are said to have been rigid, and were based on experience, theological faith, and call to the ministry. The ordination of Mrs. White is held to be proof that churches are opening their study doors to women, and is one of the first instances on record. Mrs. White studied in the school of practical experience.

The world's largest crane is in the Philadelphia Navy Yard. It can lift a load of 350 tons.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Men have different ways of taking exercise. Foch skips rope, Billy Sunday turns handsprings, and Secretary Baker carries a market basket.

For thirteen years Rudolph Myers has been building a railroad near Jetmore, Kansas, without any assistance. Twelve miles of grading have been completed, but no rails have been laid. He has paid for the property mile by mile.

"Dr. Max Goldfarb," a well-known Socialist worker in New York and a familiar figure at Jewish public meetings, now occupies a high military position in Moscow, commandant of Russian military academies. His name is Petrovsky.

Francis S. Bennati, a student of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., claims to have discovered an embalming fluid equal in every way to the fluid used in Egypt to preserve mummies. Government authorities are more interested in the fluid as a preservative for food than as an embalming medium.

The family of Frank Gibley, vice-consul of the United States to Great Britain, is cosmopolitan in other ways than mere traveling. Each of Mr. and Mrs. Gibley's four children were born in different states. Frank, aged six, was born in Missouri; Deborah, aged four, in Texas; Dorothy, aged two and a half years, in Maryland; and Gordon, aged fifteen months, in Kentucky. The family recently returned from abroad.

She is only twenty-six. She was born to a throne. At seventeen she became a Graustarkian princess with a throne and everything. She is entering a convent and taking the veil. And she is only twenty-six. This is Marie Adelaide, Grand Duchess of Luxembourg until her deposition at the hands of her people, who elected, instead, her sister Charlotte. This queer little duchy contains only 199 square miles and 60,000 people. Yet until this war no European power dared to disregard it; a veritable little kingdom out of a George Barr McCutcheon novel, and ruled by girls!

Lord Byng became a soldier when he was twenty-one; he was born September 11, 1862, at the family estate, Wrotham Park, Barnet, Hertfordshire. He entered the Tenth Royal Hussars. From that day in 1883 until the close of the great war he has been constantly on duty in some corner or other of the far-flung empire he serves, piling up commendations, promotions, honors, medals, and even a modest title as a preface to the greater honor of his barony which came with ultimate victory; for he was knighted in 1916 by King George, not because he was the seventh son of an earl, but because he was a "Goer."

How many women and men enjoy a walk of several miles at the age of 102 years? There are few New Englanders today who have never ridden in a machine, fewer who would not like to ride in one if they could, and but one or two who scorn the automobile and enjoy a walk of several miles when past the age of 102 years. Mrs. Janes Russell of Worcester, Massachusetts, lays claim to all these distinctions. At this advanced age she performs all the household duties in her son's home, takes care of all the mending without the aid of glasses, does the family washing every week, and instead of grumbling at its size, admits often that she would like to "take in" washings again to prove her mettle. She attributes her longevity and exceptional powers of endurance to her parents, her mother having lived to be ninety-eight years old, and her father was 104 years old when he died. She is not a woman suffragist and, although she has engaged in many of the forms of work usually designated as men's work, she declares that women should not vote.

Krassin, the Russian Bolshevik minister of trade and commerce, belonged to a respectable family of uncertain origin that settled in the Siberian province of Tobolsk nearly a century ago. As a youth he went to school in Tyumen, where his father had a house on the banks of the Tura. The Siberian exiles then passed on foot through Tyumen on their way to banishment. The sight filled the boy Krassin with horror, and evoked his first revolutionary inclinations. Krassin was admitted to the Technological Institute at Petrograd, and finished his education as an engineer in Berlin. He is numbered among the world's great masters of the science of electrification. In March, 1919, he became commissary of transportation for the Soviet government. He sought to reorganize the ruined railways first and next rail-making factories. Krassin is described as meek of manner, melancholy of face, and dressed in sober black, shabbier than the average British "bag man."

Alexandre Millerand was born in Paris in 1859 and educated in the schools of that city. He studied law at the University of Paris and was called to the bar in 1881. The next year he had his first important case, in which he successfully defended a group of miners who were accused of violence during a strike. The case not only gave him an assured position at the bar and attracted attention to his gift of oratory, but it put him definitely in the ranks of the Socialists. He had been tending in that direction for some time, and the facts and conditions of which he learned as the miners' advocate strengthened his leaning toward socialism. In

1884 he was elected as a Socialist to the Paris municipal council, and for five years continued as a Socialist representative in that body, devoting himself chiefly to legislation that would ease the situation of women and children. In national politics he was a bitter enemy of Boulanger and was a leader in the organization of l'Union de la Jeunesse Republicaine. In 1889 the Socialists elected him as one of the Paris members of the Chamber of Deputies.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Village Blacksmith.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.
His hair is crisp, and black and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns what'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low,
And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door—
They love to see the flaming forge
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits amongst his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice;
It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in paradise,
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies,
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear from out his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.
Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught;
Thus, at the flaming forge of life,
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed, each thought.

—H. W. Longfellow.

Ring Out, Wild Bells.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die!

Ring out the Old, ring in the New;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going—let him go;
Ring out the False, ring in the True!

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind!

Ring out the slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife,
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws!

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes;
But ring the fuller Minstrel in!

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of Good!

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrow lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace!

Ring in the valiant men and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be!

—Lord Tennyson.

The Panama Canal has finally begun to pay. During the last fiscal year the waterway earned a surplus over expenses of more than \$2,000,000, with a total income of more than \$8,000,000, in the handling of more than 2500 commercial vessels, besides numerous naval units which passed from ocean to ocean. It is believed that the canal will soon pay interest on its original cost. Now the surplus is eaten up by an accumulated deficit in operating costs. It will require several years to wipe that out.

A loss of more than 35,000,000 in world population has been traced to the world war by a committee formed to investigate the losses. The actual battle deaths were more than 9,000,000, the others were caused by war epidemics, food blockades and starvation, and the fall in the normal birth rate.

Coal in commercial quantities is found in twenty-eight of the states and territories of the United States.

CROWDING MEMORIES

Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich Recalls Some of the Men and Women She Has Known

One usually feels a certain note of melancholy in books of reminiscences. Perhaps it is inevitable that it should be so. The autobiography comes usually at the end of the long life, when early tints have turned to gray and when so many friends live only in the memory. Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich writes on the title-page of her "Crowding Memories" the somewhat despondent line, "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces," and indeed nearly every one of whom she writes has disappeared. But the book itself is by no means despondent. On the contrary it bubbles over with delicate humor and with an intense appreciation of events. Mrs. Aldrich knew every one of her day who was worth knowing, and she seems to have known them all with an intimate intensity due to her own vivid and responsive mind. As a result we have something that is not quite an autobiography, but that is better than an autobiography, perhaps one might say an autobiography without the egotism.

In 1867 Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich settled down in their new home in Boston and it was in the autumn of that year that Boston had the excitement of welcoming Dickens on his second visit to America:

It was on a blustering evening in November that Mr. Dickens arrived in Boston harbor. A few of his friends steamed down in the Custom-House boat to welcome him. It was pitch dark before the *Cuba* ran alongside. Mr. Dickens' cheery voice was heard welcoming Mr. Fields before there was time to distinguish him on the steamer. He looked like a bundle of animated wraps, and was in most exuberant spirits; the news of the extraordinary sale of the tickets to his readings having been carried to him by the pilot twenty miles out. Mr. Fields, having heard that a crowd had assembled in East Boston and was waiting the arrival of the steamer, decided to take his guest in the tug to Long Wharf, where carriages were in waiting, and very shortly Mr. Dickens was well ensconced in the Parker House, sitting down to dinner with a half-dozen friends, quite prepared, he said, "to give the first reading in America that night if desirable."

There had been great excitement over the sale of tickets for the readings. There were struggles to secure the best seats and a queue was formed twenty-four hours before the sale began:

What memories unfold themselves to my vision of that night, December 2, 1867; the night of the first appearance of Mr. Dickens in the Tremont Temple! Again I am conscious of the expectant hush as Mr. Dickens appears, book in hand, white boutonniere in buttonhole. With quick, elastic steps he takes his place. The whole audience spring to their feet, while round after round of applause, cheer after cheer, shout after shout of welcome greet him. On the stage is a simple device, designed by Mr. Dickens, looking like a reading desk, with a light so arranged as to illuminate the reader's face; behind it stands a long, dark, purplish screen. With a magician's touch the simple desk transforms itself, supple to the master's will—at one time a kind of pulpit with brass rail, the witness box; next the enclosed seats where the jurymen sit; then a numerous muster of gentlemen in wigs, the harriers' seats; then it became the table for Mr. Justice Stareleigh, "who put his little legs underneath it and his little three-cornered hat upon it; and when Mr. Justice Stareleigh had done this, all you could see of him was two queer little eyes, one broad pink face, and somewhere about half of a big and very comical-looking wig. The officer on the floor of the court called out, 'Silence!' in a commanding tone, and the great case of *Bardwell and Pickwick* began," holding the listeners still and motionless until the foreman brought in the verdict of "Guilty" and fined the defendant seven hundred and fifty pounds. Then Sam Waller's father touched him on the shoulder and, with a mournful expression, said, "O Sammy, Sammy, y' worn't there a alleybi!" With this the great audience shouted with laughter, and the wild applause began again with gathered volume, until even the walls of Tremont Temple itself seemed to echo and vibrate as a pendulum disturbed from rest and swing to and fro.

Dickens paid a visit to the Aldrich home, and the author tells us that if the Sultan of Zanzibar, the Czar of all Russia, the Grand Mogul of India, and all the crowned heads of Europe combined should have knocked at her door, it would not throw the entire household into such a frenzy and flutter as that simple card, "Mr. Charles Dickens":

I well remember the quick beating of my heart as I descended the stairs to the "boudoir," where I found Mr. Dickens seated in the easiest chair in the bay window. A rather short, slight figure, so he seemed to me then, without the manner that stamps the caste of "Vere de Vere." He was dressed—I think dressed in the right word—in a very light, so light that I don't know how to describe it—I can almost say soiled white color—top coat. It was wide and short, and stood out like a skirt, the collar of a much darker shade of velvet. His waistcoat was velvet of another shade of brown, with brilliant red indentations; his watch chain was buttoned into the centre button of his waistcoat, and then it divided itself. I found myself saying, "How do you do," and wondering, if the watch was in one pocket, what was at the other end of the chain in the other pocket, and was tempted to ask him the time, in the hope that he might make a mistake and bring out the other thing. I don't remember what he wore on his feet, and I don't know the plaid of his trousers, but I rather think it was a black-and-white check—what the Englishman calls "pepper and salt." I don't remember any one topic of conversation on that first visit, but I remember well the laughter and good cheer; the charming way in which the guest made these two young people feel that to him they really were persons of consequence and were so regarded by this prince of strangers who tarried within their gates.

Another distinguished visitor at the Aldrich home was Longfellow, who asked permission to see the house, as "Mr. Dickens told me of its charm":

When the short tour of the house was over, lingering a moment in the dining-room door Mr. Longfellow said: "Ah, Mr. Aldrich, it will not always be the same round table for two. By and by it will extend itself, and about it will cluster little faces, royal guests, drumming on the table with their spoons. And then, as the years go by, one by one they will

take flight to build nests of their own. The round table will again recede until it is set for two and you and Mrs. Aldrich will be alone. This is the story of the life, the pathetic poem of the fireside. Make an idyl of it; I give the idea to you." Mr. Aldrich did not use the motif, and Mr. Longfellow himself later wrote the poem "The Hanging of the Crane," for which poem Mr. Bonner paid him three thousand dollars for the right to publish it in his paper. Thus the little visit, which Mr. Longfellow in his kindness made, brought for him a dual reward—money and fame, and a larger asset, the pleasure and matronly pride it gave its young recipient.

Soon after the meeting with Dickens and Longfellow Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich made the acquaintance of Mark Twain. Mr. Aldrich had made some casual reference to a poem credited to Mark Twain as being an imitation of another poem by Bret Harte. Mark Twain repudiated the poem and Mr. Aldrich made amends with the following result:

"DEAR MR. ALDRICH: I hear a good deal about doing things on the 'spur of the moment'—I invariably regret things I do on the spur of the moment. That disclaimer of mine was a case in point. I am ashamed every time I think of my bursting out before an unconcerned public with that hom-bastic pow-wow about burning publishers' letters and all that sort of imbecility, and about my not being an imitator, etc. Who would find out that I am a natural fool if I kept always cool and never let nature come to the surface? Nobody."

The last letter in the series was from Mr. Aldrich, ending in this wise: "When you come to Boston, if you do not make your presence manifest to me, I'll put an item in 'Every Saturday' to the effect that although you are generally known as 'Mark Twain,' your favorite nom de plume is 'Barry Gray.' I flatter myself that will bring you."

Mr. Aldrich brought Mark Twain home with him to dinner on one occasion, but inexplicably neglected to inform Mrs. Aldrich as to the identity of the visitor, who aroused her resentment by his eccentric manner:

When the hands of the clock pointed to the usual dinner hour, no maid appeared with the announcement that dinner was served, nor was there any answering notice or fellow sympathy to the eye that looked to the mistress of the feast, and then back to the clock, whose hands slowly moved to quarter past—half past—quarter of—and then the strange guest arose and said he thought he would go. The adieus were made and accepted, by one with icy formality, which the other member of the fraternity tried to make atonement for by an exuberant cordiality as he escorted his guest to the door. On his return to the library with unwonted sternness he asked why the dinner was three-quarters of an hour late, and why the guest had not been asked to stay; his answer was hysterical, and in his bewilderment he heard: "How could you have brought a man in that condition to your home, to sit at your table, and to meet your wife? Why, he was so intoxicated he could not stand straight; he stammered in his speech—" with these words the tangled knot was cut. Quickly the answer came: "Why, dear, did you not know who he was? What you thought wine was but his mannerisms and idiosyncrasies, characteristics of himself, and born with Mark Twain." There was silence for a moment, and then louder grew the hysterical sobs, muffling and choking the voice: "Mark Twain! Was that Mark Twain! Oh, go after him, go after him; bring him back and tell him, tell him—O, what can you tell him!" But it was not until years afterwards that he was told.

When Bret Harte went East it was natural that he should drift into the society of Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich. He was in receipt of a liberal income, but he was always in financial difficulties through his spendthrift habits. Mrs. Aldrich says:

On a subsequent visit of Mr. Harte's to Boston, I well remember, late on a stormy December night as we were covering with ashes the too bright blaze of the cheerful logs of the living-room fire, the startling sound of the front doorbell, followed by the buoyant, confident tone of Bret Harte at the foot of the stairs, calling: "Are you home, Aldrich? I have come to make a night of it." And then the melodious voice as he ascended the stairs two at a time chanting, "Polly, put the kettle on, Polly put the kettle on, and we'll all have tea." He had been to a dinner and reception given in his honor, and coming gayly into the room he asked for the loan of our spare room for the night, saying that the hotel room was dreary, and that he was in a mood to be happy and gay. We joyfully loaned him the room and the lights—the pajamas and the brushes—and in return he loaned us through all the small hours, until the coming of the dawn, the aroma of his host's choicest cigars. The next morning, still arrayed in his evening clothes he went unembarrassed and airily hotelwards. It may be that our house was for him a palladium that night; for a few evenings afterwards with untroubled charm he spoke to a great audience in Tremont Temple, while a sheriff sat behind a screen and waited. Hurried calls were sent to his publisher, who was dining out and difficult to find, so that the lecture had to be lengthened until the rescuer came, and the cue was given that the last word could now be safely spoken; the all-seeing eye had disappeared, and the chair behind the screen was vacant.

There was a visit to Hartford to see Mark Twain and much exchange of hospitalities. Mrs. Aldrich says truly that never again can there be such talk as scintillated about the table at which sat Howells, Clemens, Aldrich, and Warner:

The next morning, as we were dressing and talking of the pleasant plans of the day, there was a loud and rather authoritative knock at the bedroom door, and Mr. Clemens' voice was heard, saying, "Aldrich, come out, I want to speak to you." The other occupant of the room wrapped her kimono round her more closely, and crept to the door, for evidently something of serious import was happening, or about to happen. The words overheard were most disquieting. Twain's voice had its usual calmness and slowness of speech, but was lacking in the kindly, mellow quality of its accustomed tone, as he said: "In Heaven's name, Aldrich, what are you doing? Are you emulating the kangaroos, with hob-nails in your shoes, or trying the jumping-frog business? Our bedroom is directly under yours, and poor 'Livvy' and her headache—do try to move more quietly, though 'Livvy' would rather suffer than have you give up your game on her account." Then the sound of receding footsteps.

Our consternation was as great as our surprise at the reprimand, for we had been unconscious of walking heavily, or of making unnecessary noise. The bedroom was luxurious in its appointments, the rugs soft on the floor; we could only surmise that the floor boards had some peculiar acoustic quality that emphasized sound. On tiptoe we finished our toilets, and spoke only in whispers, much disturbed in mind that we had troubled our hostess, and hoped she knew that we would not willingly have added to her headache even the weight of a hummingbird's wing. When the toilets were finished, slowly and softly we went down the stairs and into the breakfast

room, where, behind the large silver coffee urn, sat Mrs. Clemens. With sorrowful solicitude we asked if her headache was better, and begged forgiveness for adding to her pain. To our amazement she answered, "I have no headache." In perplexed confusion we apologized for the noise we inadvertently made. "Noise!" Mrs. Clemens replied. "We have not heard a sound. If you had shouted we should not have known it, for our rooms are in another wing of the house." At the other end of the table Mark Twain sat, looking as guileless as a combination of cherubim and seraphim—never a word, excepting with lengthened drawl, more slow than usual. "Oh, do come to your breakfast, Aldrich, and don't talk all day."

Mark Twain occupies a considerable part of this book, as is natural enough. We are indebted to it for a personal description that we should be sorry to miss. Mrs. Aldrich says:

Mr. Clemens was at this time thirty-one or two years old; a sparely built man of medium height; a finely shaped, classical head, covered with thick, shaggy, red-colored hair; a mustache of the same tawny hue; eyes which glimmered, keen and twinkling, under overhanging, bushy eyebrows, each hair of which ruffled itself, taking part with unwarrantable intrusion on Mr. Clemens' moods, were they grave or gay. Once, in my remembrance, so belligerent and fierce was their aspect that his listener, who had the temerity to differ with the views he was expressing, begged the privilege of brushing the eyebrows down, that she might have courage to continue with the argument.

Mark Twain had been married four years on the occasion of the Hartford visit, and we have a pleasant description of Olivia Langdon and of her strange courtship by the impetuous Clemens. Also another story:

Out of those far-off days are two indelible pictures in my memories of the last morning and evening of our happy visit: the assembling of the guests at the breakfast table, and while we waited the entrance of our hostess, Mr. Clemens, with sober face and inimitable drawl, telling his night experience, with the orders for the next day. The evening before Mrs. Clemens had been speaking of her consternation in finding she had misspelled a word in a formal note, and said it had always been a great mortification to her that she could not spell; that the sound of a word left her helpless as to the spelling of it, and that, for Mr. Clemens' sake, she should not be allowed to write even the simplest note unless he looked it over. While she was speaking there glimmered and twinkled in Mr. Clemens' eye a laughing imp that hoded mischief. Mr. Clemens said, "I had just fallen into 'the first sweet sleep of dawn,' when this murmur reached my ear: 'Mark, do tell me how to spell sardines.' I replied, 'Livvy, for God's sake, don't let them think down in the city that you are destitute of general information in regard to spelling. How did you spell sardines?' And she told me. Then I got up and opened the window and picked up her poor little scrap of paper, which she had left on the ledge for the market-boy to take in the morning, on which she had written her wish for extra milk, and a small box of sardines. I brought the bit of paper to the bedside and said, 'Here, Love, is your pen and ink. Just put an "h" at the end of your sardines, then we can both lie down in peace to sleep, and in the morning when the market-man reads your paper, he will know you know how to spell the fish, although the "h" is always silent.' And God forever bless her! she wrote it. But if she ever discovers that in that spelling I was wrong, why, the china and I will fly."

Almost innumerable are the stories told by Mrs. Aldrich and the memories of the great that crowd into her mind. There was the visit to England and the many meetings with literary and artistic celebrities, and among them, Irving, Ellen Terry, and Mme. Bernhardt:

It was delightful to see Mme. Bernhardt and Miss Terry together, each so unlike, both equally fascinating. Mme. Bernhardt had gone early in the evening to Miss Terry's dressing-room. Not finding her there, she had written on the white napkin of her toilet table, "Ellen Terry, my darling," that being as near as her French tongue could surmount the spelling of "darling." Miss Terry said she had cut the dear message out and should have it framed. "Fussy," Mr. Irving's little dog, was much in evidence that night at the supper, dividing his attentions with impartiality between the two queens of the feast, traversing over the table the distance that separated him from the strawberry ice-cream of Mme. Bernhardt's plate and the "tutti-frutti" of Miss Terry's. The friendship between Fussy and his master was very intense, the companionship inseparable. And although Fussy was content to receive the adulation of the entire theatrical company, his true allegiance was solely to Mr. Irving himself.

Mrs. Aldrich brings her book to a close with the death of Mr. Aldrich in 1907. It is distinctly one of the books of the day, not only for the people of whom it speaks, but for its fine style and delicate feeling.

CROWDING MEMORIES. By Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5.

It was a wonderful sapphire, so it is said, that led the celebrated Dr. Sorby to the discovery of the nature of the liquid sometimes found enclosed in the cavities of crystals. The gem in question contained a tube-shaped cavity a quarter of an inch long and an eighteenth of an inch in diameter, which was so regular in its bore that it served, by means of the liquid partially filling it, for a thermometer. The contained liquid half filled the bore at 50 degrees Fahrenheit and completely filled it at 80 degrees. A study of the rate of expansion of the liquid led to the conclusion that it must be carbonic acid.

The pearl industry has taken up the X-ray as a money saver. The oysters are radiographed without the shells being opened, and those containing no pearls are not considered. Those showing signs of small pearls are put back to give the jewel a chance to grow up.

Cigarette smoking is on the increase all over the world, according to a census of the industry. In 1919 39,000,000,000 "coffin nails" were smoked in the United States and more than 16,000,000,000 were exported.

The eligible voters of the United States number 29,000,000 men and 26,000,000 women.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

The San Francisco Clearing House Association reported clearings for the week ended Saturday at \$172,900,000, compared with \$169,700,000 for the corresponding week last year. Saturday's clearings were \$23,700,000.

Gold reserves in the Twelfth Federal Reserve District increased \$1,217,000 during the week, according to the comparative statement of conditions made public by the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco Saturday. Total gold reserves last week were reported at \$166,155,000, of which \$58,311,000 is held by banks in the district, comparing with \$53,448,000 on October 15th. Reserves increased from \$163,358,000 last week to \$166,560,000. The total of bills on hand is reported at \$223,625,000, compared with \$223,305,000, and

hands of receivers. These companies were in the same position in which the railroads found themselves, and now that they are emerging into a new period of prosperity the securities of those companies that have been able to weather the storm at all are in line for marked improvement.

So far as these stocks are concerned, however, any excess buying enthusiasm will be quickly chilled, just as has been the case in the railroads, for it has been proclaimed again and again in the very highest financial quarters that there is no money that can be spared for mere speculation.

The trend of most stocks seems downward, in view of the financial circumstances. Bank loans have swollen enormously with high-priced commodities as direct or indirect collateral for the large proportion of these obligations, and it has been impossible to compel liquidation fast enough to prevent very serious losses here and there.

We are going through an upheaval in the business world that means the toppling over of the inverted pyramids of speculative enterprise and a general shaking down or readjustment in which many weakly-established firms will fall and probably not a few that may have been looked upon as bulwarks in their particular lines will be found to have been greatly overrated.

The "last leg" of a bear market in securities is generally the worst break of the whole movement, culminating in what seems like taking the bottom out of the market. Should the present market act true to form in this particular we will not have to wait very long before this situation culminates and one would do well to try to be in position to take advantage of the opportunities then resulting to buy good stocks at bargain-counter prices. —The Trader.

The biblical term of threescore years and ten will, in the opinion of a writer in the *Annalist*, mark the era of legislative regulation of railroad fares by our several states. It began with New York's 3-cent fare law of 1850 and ceases with the Interstate Commerce Commission's domination over intrastate fares implicit in the Esch-Cummins law, acknowledged by many state authorities and thought likely to be confirmed by the United States Supreme Court. This writer, Mr. D. J. Ettrude, feels sure that the various appeals made to the Interstate Commerce Commission by carriers against state commissions insisting on low intrastate fares marks the beginning of the end. "In the Shreveport rate case in 1914 the Supreme Court found that the Interstate Commerce Commission rulings were the supreme regulations even over intrastate rates, when there was a resulting discrimination. So, with the enlarged powers, particularly of appeal from the state commissions, granted under the Transportation Act of 1920 to the Federal commission, there can be no doubt that the interpretation will be a liberal one." Mr. Ettrude gives the history and present status of state fare regulation as follows:

"Seventy years—1850 to 1920—covers the rise and fall of legislative passenger rates in the United States, for it was in 1850 that the New York state legislature enacted the law, still on the statute-books, although superseded by the public service law, restricting railroad fares to 3 cents a mile. It was New York, too, that introduced the 2-cent fare

when, in 1869, as the price for consolidation of several roads into the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, the new company was prohibited from ever charging more than 2 cents a mile for carrying passengers. And it was this law that the public service commission at Albany cited when it ordered the New York Central to resume 2-cent fares on the end of government control.

"For years the standard of 3 cents set by New York was the amount required by the laws passed. Michigan in 1873, Iowa in 1874, and Ohio and Maryland in 1876 were among the first states to prescribe a limit of 3 cents. West Virginia, however, in 1872-73, by a detailed classification of railroads and length of trip, provided for fares ranging from 2.7 cents to 5 cents a mile. At the same time Virginia still kept her old law of 1837, which provided that during the first thirty years of a railroad's existence it should earn a return of 15 per cent, while New Mexico provided, in 1878, that no road should charge more than 10 cents a mile, and that no road should be required to lower its rates unless the company were making more than 10 per cent. on the cost of construction and equipment.

"New York's 2-cent fare went for years without being followed in other states, although in 1897 a 2-cent law was proposed in Missouri. It was Ohio, however, which set the match to the powder that produced the 2-cent flurry of 1907, for, in 1906, that state adopted a 2-cent limit, and was followed the next year by twelve other states, Arkansas, Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Kansas, Michigan, Missouri, Nebraska, Oklahoma (by Constitution), and Wisconsin, and Pennsylvania and West Virginia, the two Eastern states that had their laws declared unconstitutional by the courts. In the same year the Virginia corporation commission made a 2-cent limit by commission regulation, and a 2½-cent fare was adopted by Alabama, New Hampshire, North Carolina, North Dakota, and South Dakota.

"At the present time a majority of the states regulate passenger fares by commission, but there are twenty states that are operating under restrictive state laws, in each of which states the commission can also require lower rates than the limit set by law. Tabulated, the kinds of regulation are as follows:

No commission or legislation.....	1
By commission.....	26
Two-cent law.....	9
Two-and-a-half-cent law.....	4
Three-cent law.....	7
Four-cent law.....	1
Total.....	48

"The states which regulate by commission are: California (1915), Colorado (1910), Connecticut, Florida (1899), Georgia (1878-79), Idaho (1913), Indiana (1919, repealed 2-cent law of 1907), Kentucky (with 2½-cent law still on the books), Maine (1913), Massachusetts (1869), Mississippi (prior to 1880), Nevada (1909), New Hampshire (1883), New Jersey (1911, repealed 3-cent law of 1903), New York (1910, supersedes 3-cent law of 1850, still on the books), Oklahoma (1907), Oregon (1907), Pennsylvania (1913, 2-cent law of 1907 unconstitutional), Rhode Island (1912), South Dakota (1911, repealed 2½-cent law of 1907), Tennessee (1897), Utah (1917), Vermont (1906), Virginia (1906), Washington (1911, repealed 3-cent law of 1905), and Wyoming (1915).

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List of Current Offerings on Application

"The nine states with a 2-cent fare are: Arkansas (1907), Illinois (1907), Iowa (1907, amending 3-cent law of 1874), Minnesota (1907), Missouri (1907), (Nebraska (1907, amending 3-cent law of 1885), Ohio (1906, amending 3-cent law of 1876), West Virginia (1907, amending law of 1872-73), and Wisconsin (1907, amending 3-cent law of 1897).

"The 2½-cent fare states are: Alabama (1907), Michigan (1919, amending 3-cent law of 1873 and 2-cent law of 1907), North Carolina (1907), and North Dakota (1907). Three cents is by law the maximum in Arizona (1913), Kansas (1907), Louisiana (1890), Maryland (1876), Montana (1905), South Carolina (1900, amending 3¼-cent law of 1896), and Texas (1883). In addition New Mexico, by a law of 1882, allows a limit of 6 cents, an amendment to the law of 1878 that allowed 10 cents, while Delaware has not an iota of a regulation of railroad fares."

In some states there is confusion or conflict owing to division of jurisdiction between

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rate-making statutes and the powers of railroad commissions. So far, but two states with legal restriction on passenger fares have granted the Interstate Commerce Commission's rate to the railways, in other cases appeals have been taken to the commission.

Under the caption, "Business Situation," the Farmers and Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles has the following to say in its monthly financial letter:

"Business is still running on a partially deflated tire. Where there was once a vacuum, all of a sudden, in many lines, there seems to be an oversupply of manufactured goods. Where, a few months ago, buyers were bidding for service, they now stand off and want inducements to purchase. How much of this is psychological, no one can tell. This situation results, briefly, from the following facts:

"Ever since the signing of the armistice, in 1918, the people of the United States have exercised high-handed brigandage against each other. The foundation, therefore, was laid in 1916 in the passage of the Adamson Act.

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the total of earning assets reported at \$237,100,000 October 16th, increased \$318,000. The totals of resources and liabilities are reported at \$442,249,000.

Gross deposits last week aggregate \$153,433,000, as compared with \$165,827,000, and as against a total of \$256,213,000 in Federal Reserve notes in actual circulation the previous week there were \$254,296,000 in circulation last week.

Public utility stocks seem to be holding in the market now better than other sections of the list. The decline in commodity prices which has been hurting industrials so seriously is the most bullish factor imaginable so far as public utility enterprises are concerned. Many of them which were in very high repute before the war have been forced to curtail dividends, and some even went into the

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Under this act the number of railroad employees was increased over three hundred thousand and their wages were at once enormously increased, and have since been further advanced.

"The huge advances in wages to the railroad employees, coupled with the shortage of man power resulting from the mobilizing of our armies for overseas service, enabled all other labor to follow the example of the railroad employees. Shortened hours of service, less efficiency, and constantly increased wages resulted. Production was thereby seriously decreased. The manufacturers, the merchants, the distributors, finding a ready market for everything they could lay their hands on, by bidding against each other for labor, added still more to its inefficiency and excessive cost. Cost of production and distribution was thereby greatly increased. This increased cost, with an ample allowance to cover all contingencies, was passed on to the ultimate consumer. As a result every necessity of life sold for unheard-of prices. No doubt

business men, pleading as an excuse the excess profits tax, have taken advantage of the situation to hoist prices far above normal and far beyond any necessary level. In other words, they voluntarily joined the ranks of the profiteers. They were every bit as avaricious as labor. The result has been that we have had an immense inflation in the money volume of business, with higher prices prevailing than were ever known in American history.

"The business policy of the country has been for everybody to charge all the traffic would bear, and then some. The practice has been universal. There has been no exception. The disease seems to have gotten into the blood of the business world."

Bringing employees into corporations as shareholders is becoming more popular as a means of preventing labor troubles and giving the workers a personal interest in the companies by which they are employed. The General Electric Company's stockholders have been called to authorize the proposed sale of shares in the company to employees, to an amount not exceeding 50,000 shares. In issuing the call for the meeting we learn from Bradstreet's, C. A. Coffin, chairman of the board, explains that the directors have long regarded ownership of stock by employees as highly desirable, not only as a means of investing their savings, but of creating a direct and personal interest in the company's welfare. The chairman points out, however, that acquisition of such stock by employees in a large way is not practicable, except through some arrangement permitting purchases on the installment plan. Until recently the company has been unable to adopt such a plan because stock was not available for the purpose. But under the New York Stock Corporation Law, as amended in 1919, a corporation, with the stockholders' approval, may now sell stock to its employees. Therefore "it is under the provisions of that statute that the General Electric Company proposes to sell shares of its authorized and unissued capital stock to its employees. The subscription price, it is announced, will be substantially the market price at the time the offer is made, payment to be made by periodical deductions from the pay-roll. To make the plan as simple as possible and to avoid unnecessary detail, no allowance or adjustment will be made for interest either on payments or on unpaid balances, but upon completion of the subscription the company will give credit to the employee representing approximately the net return had been an actual holder of the stock and received the dividends thereon from the date of his subscription. Should a subscription be canceled because of illness, unemployment, or other reason, the employee will receive back whatever sum may have been deducted from his wages, with interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum; certificates of stock, of course, will not be delivered until the subscription payments have been completed."

The new issue of \$1,000,000 Province of British Columbia three-year 6 per cent. gold bonds, purchased Monday by a syndicate headed by Carstens & Earles, Inc., was placed upon the market Wednesday morning at a basis to yield 7.30 per cent.

The bonds are due October 25, 1923. Principal and semi-annual interest are payable in American funds at the Canadian Bank of Commerce, New York City.

British Columbia ranks third in size among

the Canadian provinces. Its area is 227,200,000 acres, of which 180,000,000 acres are forest covered. In natural resources, it is one of the wealthiest of the provinces. The assessed property valuation in the province is reported at \$801,407,628, while its total funded debt, including this issue, is \$42,571,936, which, less a sinking fund of \$6,184,383, leaves a net funded debt of \$36,387,553. The current revenue for the year ended March 31, 1920, was \$12,605,274, or \$2,521,429 more than the expenditures for the same period. The population is estimated at 450,000.

E. H. Rollins & Sons are offering \$1,000,000 Junior Orpheum San Francisco first (closed) mortgage 7 per cent. serial gold bonds. Coupon bonds in denomination of \$100, \$500, and \$1000. Exempt from personal property tax in California.

Junior Orpheum San Francisco, recently incorporated under the laws of California, owns a lot containing approximately 24,570 square feet, having frontages on Taylor Street and Golden Gate Avenue, appraised at \$750,000.

It also owns and conveys to this trust a ninety-nine-year lease of approximately 1900 square feet on the corner of Taylor Street and Golden Gate Avenue. It will erect on the property a theatre and seven-story store and loft or office building of modern first-class construction. The funds received by the company from the sale of these bonds become part of the mortgaged property until disbursed for this purpose. It is estimated the building, excluding furnishing, will cost \$1,000,000. Should the funds received by the company from the sale of these bonds exceed the final cost of the building, the difference will be used to immediately retire these bonds.

Mr. Blankenhorn of the Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company returned recently from a three weeks' visit to the Eastern financial centers. He is optimistic over the manner in which the many huge bond offerings have been absorbed by the public, and is confident that the period of retrenchment now being experienced throughout the United States will leave the country in a much more stabilized condition.

Conditions in the bond market were never better. This, he asserts, is evidenced by the absorption of the big issues recently put on the market by the largest industrial firms in the country. The manner in which they were taken up and oversubscribed is the best index available, he said.

After the first of the coming year interest rates will begin to decrease, Mr. Blankenhorn believes. This will be the result of two factors, he said. The marketing of the recent enormous issues has enabled the larger concerns to secure what capital they need for expansion in the immediate future. Consequently money will become easier and interest rates will again seek their normal trend. The other factor is the gradual steadying down of business, the lowering of commodity prices, with the natural falling off of money rates.

One of the most interesting as well as practical booklets, called "The Investor's Catechism," has been prepared by Carstens & Earles, Inc., for the purpose of informing those who are interested in the elementary problems of personal investment. This booklet is mailed gratis to any one who may write to the San Francisco office of the company, 909 Insurance Exchange Building.

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to issue options good for six months on German marks, French francs, and Italian lire at a slight advance above their selling price. Under this plan \$300 will control 100,000 marks, francs, or lire. These options are good in either New York, Berlin, Paris, or Rome.

"The nation is being demoralized by cheap, vulgar songs. Publishers are trying to make a jazz nation out of the United States. Something is wrong when dance tunes must be called by suggestive names in order to sell them," says Mrs. Max E. Ohendorfer, chairman on music of the Federation of Women's Clubs.

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If you have not received a profit by the expiration date of option you have the privilege of buying marks outright at the spot value on that day.

The amount you have paid on the option will be credited to you toward the purchase of marks outright. There is no risk beyond cost of option and no margin calls.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Two Books of Travel.

"Wanderings," by Richard Curle, is a book in which is embodied in words that vague search by the confirmed traveler for a magic something which is expressed by Mr. Curle in his introduction when he asks, "Who would not watch the pageant of strange lands, walk the alien cities, smell the odors of the jungle?"

The book is a sort of exultant reminiscence of impressions gained in youth from distant lands, random notes in which the delight of wandering afar and tasting the characteristic savor of strange places has expressed itself in passages which show the cultured individualist.

Jamaica, Spain, Rhodesia, Guiana, Cape Town, the West Indies, Johannesburg, Peru, Westernmost Africa, are some of the places discussed, together with impressions gained in the great capitals of Europe.

The book is preëminently one for the retired or intending traveler to enjoy, as it is merely a series of random impressions enjoyable to assimilate because of the author's keen sense of enjoyment.

"The Shadow-Show," evidently by a kinsman of the same author, is much the same kind of book, save that Mr. J. H. Curle seeks to convey what he has gathered of the predominant characteristics of different peoples. In the order for his liking for them he ranks the American first, the Scandinavian, the Chinese, the Jew.

Of his own people, the British, he says: "Our balance, our personality, our wealth, bring us the respect of all peoples." Balance, he considers, is the secret of British prestige.

"A showman," Mr. Curle calls himself, who has "stood in the wings all my life and have seen the mounting of a thousand tableaux." And it is in this spirit that he chronicles his impressions of the peoples, the places, and humanity in the general that he has met in perpetual travel.

THE SHADOW-SHOW. By J. H. Curle. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Mainwaring.

Mr. Hewlett has usually written of noble people. At least he has chosen noble people for the centre of his stage. That he should now choose an uninteresting rascal is a little disappointing.

Mainwaring fails to convince us. We meet him first of all in Marseilles, down at heel and shabby, but with that conviction of destiny that comes sometimes to good and bad alike. Then we find Mainwaring in England maintaining by his eccentricities a precarious position in aristocratic circles. The strike at Culgaith gives him his opportunity. He becomes a strike leader and a demagogue. He plays the part without even the sincerity of an actor on the stage. He is violent, brutal, unscrupulous. He inspires contempt, but he never rises to the level of hatred. Elected to Parliament, he wins one shadowy triumph after another until the bubble collapses. It

is a wonder that it survives so long. Mainwaring is not bad enough to be worth three hundred pages of Maurice Hewlett. It is too much space for a man who is wholly despicable.

Of course there are other characters, but they are unimportant with the exception of Mainwaring's wife, Lizzie, and Lizzie is as unreal as Mainwaring himself. She is a daughter of the people, her father a carter, her mother a washerwoman, but Lizzie shows no trace of her humble source. Her speech is faultless, her manners irreproachable, her beauty perfect. She marries Mainwaring because she believes in his championship of her class. She cleaves loyally to him when she discovers that he is no more than one of those fanatical charlatans who begin by deceiving others and end by believing their own pretenses.

MAINWARING. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Jailed for Freedom.

Miss Doris Stevens speaks much of martyrdom in her volume describing the militancy of the suffragettes and the sufferings that resulted from their violations of the law. Doubtless her narrative will have its effect upon the emotionalism that takes the place of intelligence and that subverts the judicial faculty. It is to be feared that many minds will remain wholly unmoved by personal affronts offered to the President of the United States, but that will be fanned to a white heat of indignation by a pitiful story of a soap shortage at Occoquan Workhouse and by horrid revelations of prison bed sheets that left something to be desired in the way of cleanliness.

We are frankly unable to find any story of martyrdom in these pages. It may be that our vision is obscured by a memory of the real martyrs of history who suffered the last refinements of human cruelty without complaint or protest. Many of these women broke the law impudently and persistently. They brought the law into contempt. They advocated and practiced anarchy. They offered personal insult to the President of the United States. They had themselves photographed in the act, and they now publish those photographs. They did more to popularize anarchy than any of the demented wretches that have been deported. All these things might conceivably be tolerable if we were living under the reign of a Caligula, but that the offenders should then weep and wail over the prison soap and the prison bed sheets is not tolerable. That such hysteria as this should receive the applause of public men and women is evidence of an emotional dementia that must be counted among the disquieting signs of the times.

JAILED FOR FREEDOM. By Doris Stevens. New York: Boni & Liveright.

Essays on Family Life.

"Endicott and I," by Frances Lester Warner, is a collection of this author's popular essays that have been printed in the leading

magazines and now appear as a literary unit. For it is a family group, with all its individual idiosyncrasies indulgently summarized, that is outlined; its adventures with a pet dog, with learning chess, with going fishing, with gardening, and economizing, and swimming, all these various activities presided over by Endicott, the ruler of the family, like "a Rodin statue of authority," and by Endicott's wife, a being all womanliness, and motherliness, and gentle humor; while the just-grown-up Endicotts supply the indispensable family element of youth.

ENDICOTT AND I. By Frances Lester Warner. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

Santayana's Essays.

Mr. Pearsall Smith has selected one hundred and fourteen extracts from Mr. Santayana's works and he has done it so skillfully that we may welcome the book as a presentation of the author's philosophy and as likely to prove in every way satisfactory to those who have no time for a more extended study. Mr. Smith submitted his work to Mr. Santayana himself, who not only approved it, but made certain changes. It may therefore be regarded as authoritative.

LITTLE ESSAYS: DRAWN FROM THE WRITINGS OF GEORGE SANTAYANA. By Logan Pearsall Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.

Briefer Reviews.

Charles Scribner's Sons have published "Jesus' Principles of Living," by Charles Foster Kent, Ph. D., Litt. D., and Jeremiah Whipple Jenks, Ph. D., LL. D.

An attractive story of a dog, told in the first person, will be found in "A Terrier's Tale," by Elisabeth Gray Meredith. There are whimsical illustrations and the publisher is the Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, \$1.

The International Book Publishing Company has published a two-volume edition of Tolstoy's "Resurrection," translated by Archibald J. Wolfe. A useful feature of the new edition is a key and a glossary to Russian names.

"The Airplane Spider," by Gilbert Murray (Little, Brown & Co.), is a story of a tarantula inappropriately named Laura. The tarantula in spite of his evil life is an entertaining creature at a distance and little children will thoroughly enjoy this story of her ways. The little book is illustrated.

"A Prairie Schooner Princess," by Mary Katherine Maule (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company), is a novel of the time of the civil war. The "princess" is a beautiful young girl found under dramatic circumstances by a family crossing the plains in a "prairie schooner." The mystery of her family leads to tragic happenings as she grows into womanhood, and a romance with some tangled threads develops.

"Injun and Whitey," by William S. Hart (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.90), is a tale of the adventures on a Montana cattle ranch of a white boy and his Indian chum, of how Whitey learns to ride, shoot man-fashion, of their capture by a band of cattle-rustlers, and of how they escaped and turned the tables by rounding up the band after a series of desperate and exciting adventures.

"Little Folks Tramping and Camping," by Anna Blunt Morgan (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company), is the story of a family of real children and their experiences in learning to know their native birds. Some of the incidents are funny, some pathetic, some tragic, in a child's eyes at least, and all the more important ones actually happened. An uncle, who is as companionable as he is wise and scholarly, offers a prize to the child seeing the greatest variety of birds during the summer. The story relates their happy times and the funny troubles they get into on their tramps and in their camp, trying to win the prize.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

To prove that art is not modern, Benoy K. Sarkar, member of the board of education at Bombay, India, well-known authority on Hindu culture, writes the "Introduction to Art," wherein it appears that artists in India centuries before Christ arrived at our ultra-modern theory of impressionism. His book, which contains an interesting alignment of art tendencies, will be published immediately by B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

Stephen McKenna's new novel, in which he tells the story of Lady Barbara Neave and her meteoric course through London society, derives its name from Lilith, who, according to the Talmud, was Adam's first wife, and belonged to the time in which there was neither death nor the knowledge of good and evil in the world. She is immortal, unaging, and unmoral.

F. Tennyson Jesse, author of "The Happy Bride" (Doran), is a grandniece of Alfred, Lord Tennyson and the author of "Secret Bread," "The Milky Way," "Beggars on Horseback," etc. She is also co-author with Captain Harwood of "Billeted," a comedy which had a very successful run in England. During the war she was a correspondent of

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the Daily Mail in Belgium and was the last woman journalist to leave Antwerp when it was bombed by the Germans.

One of the most notable literary events of the year will occur next week, when the long-awaited new novel by Edith Wharton, entitled "The Age of Innocence," is published by D. Appleton & Co. This is the first full-length novel that Mrs. Wharton has written in several years.

Kermit Roosevelt, author of "The Happy Hunting-Grounds" (Scribners), which is largely a story of his adventures in Africa and South America with his distinguished father, is now devoting much of his time to commercial enterprise in New York.

Small, Maynard & Co. announce for immediate publication "The Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1920," edited by William Stanley Braithwaite, and "The Best Plays for 1919-1920," edited by Burns Mantle, dramatic editor of the New York Evening Mail.

How are your manners? Maybe they are bad and you do not know it. A Frenchman who lately visited this country says that while Americans are patriotic and brave and very smart and love their wives and their children and their home and all that sort of thing they have bad manners. Are you as polite as you should be? Politeness is a great accomplishment. You can make money by practicing more of it. Get over the glum, snappy way practiced by so many Americans.—Arkansas Thomas Cat.

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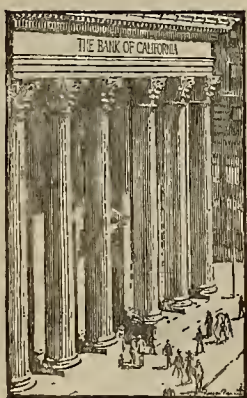
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Japan's Foreign Policy.

A public willing only to hear the placid assurance that "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world," will not smile upon such an exposure of Japan's foreign policies as has been given to us by Mr. A. M. Pooley. Japan, we are constantly told by our optimists, has no cause for quarrel with America. Japan, we are told, is mindful of her "traditional friendship" for America. In such ways do we content our souls, wholly believing that the unwelcome must also be the untrue. But Mr. Pooley waves a dispersing wand over our illusions. He speaks of Japanese unrest "almost amounting to hatred and which at times swells to such a point as to bring the possibility of a war well into view." Moreover, he sustains his opinions by citations and evidence that it is impossible to ignore.

Japan, says Mr. Pooley, intends to dominate Asia. She will do whatever is necessary to that aim and she will fight all who oppose that aim. She will play in Asia the part that Germany tried to play in Europe. Momentarily checked in China, there are other fields open to her and notably India. Mr. Pooley considers it certain that she tried to make an alliance with Mexico and in order to embarrass America. President Wilson played directly into the hands of Japan when he refused to recognize Huerta, who was "just the man for the job . . . and Japan generally was bigly delighted to see the States getting further and further entangled." These are not the mere assertions of a partisan. The array of documents, speeches, and facts is exhaustive.

It is not possible to summarize Mr. Pooley's book. He is an Englishman, but he believes that American and British policies should here coincide. He devotes a chapter to the Anglo-Japanese alliance, another to the Japanese policy in China, and another to the Mexican situation. Those who wish to understand the problem farther and deeper than the mere snarling with which we are becoming unpleasantly familiar will find here a presentation that leaves nothing to be desired at the points of clarity and precision.

JAPAN'S FOREIGN POLICIES. By A. M. Pooley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

In the House of Another.

It must be decidedly disquieting to awake after an accident and to find yourself in a

body that is not your own. This is what happened to Una when she came to herself after the automobile collision that had deprived her of consciousness and was unable to recognize either the room in which she was lying or the reflection of her own face in the mirror. Moreover, a cautious exploration of the field reveals to her that she has a husband, although her memory supplies no clue to such an acquisition—decidedly a most embarrassing situation and one that is handled by the author with much ingenuity.

IN THE HOUSE OF ANOTHER. By Beatrice Mantle. New York: The Century Company.

New Books Received.

THE FRONTIER IN AMERICAN HISTORY. By Frederick J. Turner. New York: Henry Holt & Co. The influence of the frontier.

LAUGHING HOUSE. By Meade Minnegerode. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.90. A novel.

EVERYDAY ADVENTURES. By Samuel Scoville, Jr. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press.

Adventures of a city dweller in the fields and woods.

THE GESTE OF DUKE JOCELYN. By Jeffery Far-nol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.50. A novel.

TRAILS TO TWO MOONS. By Robert Welles Ritchie. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75. A novel.

A WORLD TO MEND. By Margaret Sherwood. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2. The journal of a working man.

WRITE AND FAIR. By Henry A. Shute. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation; \$1.90. A story.

INDIAN OLD-MAN STORIES. By Frank B. Linderman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With illustrations.

THE GOLDEN BARQUE. By Seumas O'Kelly. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75. Irish stories.

MAN TO MAN. By Jackson Gregory. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. A tale of the Southwest.

HUMAN AND INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY. By Henry Chellew, Ph. D., D. Sc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2. Problems of industry and commerce considered psychologically.

THE CAUSE OF WORLD UNREST. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. An alleged far-reaching conspiracy looking toward world domination.

THE RELEASE OF THE SOUL. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$1.75. A practical application of mysticism.

THE VIEW VERTICAL AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Winifred Kirkland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2. A volume of essays.

A PRAIRIE SCHOONER PRINCESS. By Mary K. Maule. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. For the young.

THE VICTORY AT SEA. By Rear-Admiral William Snowden Sims. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. In collaboration with Burton J. Hendrick.

A TERRIER'S TALE. Told by the Terrier and

edited by Elisabeth Gray Meredith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1. With illustrations.

POTTERISM. By Rose Macaulay. New York: Boni & Liveright. A novel.

JOHN MARTIN'S BIG BOOK FOR LITTLE FOLK. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.50. For children.

JAILED FOR FREEDOM. By Doris Stevens. New York: Boni & Liveright. An incident in the suffrage campaign.

ALASKA MAN'S LUCK. By Hjalmar Rutzecheck. New York: Boni & Liveright. A romance of fact.

ACCEPTING THE UNIVERSE. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. The philosophy of a scientist.

LONDON DAYS. By Arthur Warren. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.50. First impressions of London.

SAND HOLLER. By Belle Kanaris Maniates. Chicago: Reilly & Lee Company; \$1.75. A novel.

ROSE OF THE SEA. By the Countess Barcynska. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. A novel.

THE AIRPLANE SPIDER. By Gilbert Murray. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. For children, six to ten.

THE ROMANTIC. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company. A novel.

CROWDING MEMORIES. By Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$5. A volume of reminiscences.

HIDE AND SEEK. By Christopher Morley. New York: George H. Doran Company. A volume of verse.

THE HAPPY BRIDE. By F. Tennyson Jesse. New York: George H. Doran Company. A volume of verse.

PEARLS ASTRAY. By Constance M. Warren. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. A romantic episode of the last democracy.

THE MAN FROM ASHALUNA. By Henry Payson Dowst. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. A novel.

LADY LILITH. By Stephen McKenna. New York: George H. Doran Company. A novel.

RHYMES OF A CHILD'S WORLD. By Miriam Clark Potter. Boston: The Four Seas Company. For children.

AN ENGLISH WIFE IN BERLIN. By Evelyn, Princess Blücher. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6. A story of war days.

THE HISTORY OF THE A. E. F. By Shipley Thomas. New York: George H. Doran Company. With 129 detail maps, diagrams, and illustrations.

RESURRECTION. By Leo Tolstoy. In two volumes. New York: International Book Publishing Company. A new edition.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION. By G. T. W. Patrick, Ph. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2. An examination of some modern movements.

SHEILA AND OTHERS. By Winifred Cotter. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2. The simple annals of an unromantic household.



DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. By Maitland Armstrong. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Reminiscences of a married life.

THE GATE OF IVORY. By Sydney L. Nyburg. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.25. A novel.

DEAD MEN'S MONEY. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2. A novel.



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"RUDDIGORE."

This Gilbert and Sullivan piece classes itself with the three—"The Gondoliers," "The Yeomen of the Guard," and "Ruddigore" itself—that never attained to the popularity won by the inimitable five: "Pinafore," "Iolanthe," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," and "The Mikado." It was said of "Ruddigore" that the British public conceived a prejudice against it on account of its title, the well-known British antagonism to any word suggestive of gore having deep and sensitive roots.

Indeed, an attempt was made to have the name pronounced "Rud-dig-o-re" in London, with what success I do not know. The whole thing sounds like a joke, but that is the story that was extant "a many years ago."

"Ruddigore" we are now seeing for the first time in this city, the Players Club having given the production of the opera a particularly careful preparation, for they had no initiative to go on. We have had here all the five greater pieces many times: in the dim past, with revivals in the middle distance and still later ones to attest the astonishing vitality of these ever fresh and inexhaustibly amusing burlesques, which are fountains of delicious melody and springs of ever-hubbling humor.

We are now seeing "Ruddigore" under very favorable conditions; for the company at the Players Club are giving performances that musically are a treat and that from the standpoint of burlesque acting are done with professional poise and with the stamp of that freshness of feeling, that devotion to the common good, and that joyous zest in doing a congenial task that characterize the work of such organizations. And still I recognize that it is not equal in merit to the five greater ones. Both Gilbert and Sullivan had begun to lose spontaneity of output, and the exuberance of the Gilbertian humor in this opera is appreciably lessened.

But one could never mistake "Ruddigore" for other than a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Although the earlier musical numbers lack the free melodious flow so familiar to us, Sir Arthur evidently had warmed to his task as the work went on, and there are several charming lyrics and a number of beautiful choruses; for Sir Arthur's muse seemed to be in a more placating mood when he tackled the choruses.

"Ruddigore" is a burlesque on the old-style melodramatic opera, just as "The Pirates of Penzance" is. There is a had haronet with the murderous name of Sir Despard Murgatroyd; a phenomenally innocent village maid, another whose wits have gone awry on account of the wickedness of the murderous Murgatroyd, and so on. The chorus of girls consists of professional bridesmaids and the men are the ghosts of the numerous defunct Murgatroyds, upon whose house rests a cu-u-u-se.

Miriam Elkus makes a pretty and artless village maid, her Rose Maybud singing—and speaking as well—in a voice of fresh spring-time sweetness appropriate to Rose's naïveté and to her huddling charms. Mrs. Elkus, too, caught the spirit of the comedy, prettily depicting Rose's literalness. Mahel Gump plays the rôle of Mad Margaret, whose wits have gone askew because of the heart-ohduracy of the wicked haronet. Mrs. Gump, in a very becoming Ophelia get-up, made much of the rôle, which, like that of Sir Despard, is not any too easy to get over. She put into the madness of Margaret the élan of a bubbling temperament which lent itself with vigor to the task, and her burlesqueries bore the genuine stamp; so much so that the hilarious audience hated to see Mad Margaret make an exit, and welcomed her return.

Jane Parent's task was, as an ancient spinster up in the annals of the village, to tell the story of the curse, which she did, with melodramatic eye-rollings and with due respect for the value of the Gilbertian lines.

Benjamin Purrington and Easton Kent added to the general gaiety by appearing as the two foster-brothers competing for the complaisant hand of the fair but fleeting Rose Maybud. Mr. Purrington sings agreeably, and Easton Kent, a stripling with a boy's slender figure and irrepressible smile, delighting as a vocalist with a fine, powerful tenor voice and as an actor who threw himself with youthful ardor into the rôle of the jolly sailor lad.

Mr. Reginald Travers as the wicked baronet ran up against the framework of a Gilbertian burlesque rôle without a due equipment of the Gilbertian humor. Sir Despard is very much to the fore in his big scene, in which Mr. Travers exhibited due energy of action, but somehow Gilbert brought the character close to that narrow verge which separates what is funny and what ought to be and isn't. The conception was there in Gilbert's mind, but his brain was losing its cunning and he couldn't develop it humorously as he did corresponding characters in the other operas. However, Mr. Travers had some chance in the sapolio scene, and as he is good at burlesquing he won through.

The main part of the vocalism of the piece rested in the capable hands of Miriam Elkus, of Easton Kent—who alternates with Harry Coles—and Len Barnes, a young man with a good presence and a fine haritone, he also being in alternating rôle.

There is an excellent chorus singing with full volume and sweet tone; so much so that I rebel at the discords introduced in the

bridesmaids' chorus to create a laugh; a very poor device always, I think.

The opera goes with great spirit, the costumes and setting are appropriate, the acting and the hurlesquing very enjoyable, and the musical side of a difficult performance well carried through.

And we should not forget to appreciate the hard and telling work of those two invisibles, George Edwards as musical director and of Fred Carlyle, who made his plastic subjects, collectively and individually, take their dancing steps like professionals.

"THE FAITH-HEALER."

This play of William Vaughn Moody's was written after the author had made a success with "The Great Divide," but it never attained to a genuine popular success. It was played in 1910 at St. Louis, at Cambridge, and at New York, and then faded out of the public eye.

Henry Miller revived it recently in the East; for during these uncertain times theatre managers do not dare to venture on the costly risk of bringing out new plays. Mr. Maitland, in pursuance of his policy of putting on notable plays—for many men of letters have passed favorable comment on the play—and in recognition of a desire often felt to see what New York sees, is running "The Faith Healer" this week.

Mr. Maitland has cast his company with discretion, and they deserve commendation for their work, for the piece is not an easy one to interpret. It is semi-poetic, and poetic diction always means a certain abeyance of action while eloquently written lines are repeated. There is also a symbolic character intended; the fog, the fakir's rope, the picture on the mantel shelf, and other allusions having a spiritual significance; and spiritualism is not easy to convey. And then the lofty spiritual character of the Faith-Healer; that is difficult for even a supreme artist to suggest. I know that the sole time I saw Forbes-Rohertson in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" he failed, perhaps through weariness, to affect the imagination sufficiently to give the illusion of a divine aura. Michaelis, of course, is not supposed to be divine, or even semi-divine. But he is supposed to have his powers for healing strengthened through divine agency.

Some writer has said that Moody went astray over his idea. But the trouble seems to be that the play has too much talk and too little action, and the imagination is too heavily taxed in compassing the spiritual idea. Sir Henry Arthur Jones has always believed in introducing religion into the drama, finding there a rich field for contrasting the sincere Christian, even though he may be a zealot, with the hypocrite. In many of his plays he has had clergyman characters play a prominent part. But the public has never taken kindly to placing a man of God in the most prominent rôle in a play, and what the public fails to approve—even admitting that the public often shows poor taste—is what goes under. Perhaps it is because holy men conflict with the idea of pleasure, and a theatre is a place of enjoyment; but personally I believe that the trouble with "The Faith-Healer" is that there is something dangerously near to dismalness in the play. Also, Moody failed to make his healer intrinsically interesting.

Furthermore, a play that has such an abundance of dialogue, all, or nearly all, of a sombre nature—for Moody did not know how to mellow his plays with the touch of homely humor that makes the whole world kind—results almost inevitably in causing the players to fall into monotonous cadences; which means being unlikable, for in the homely doings and sayings of life we never express ourselves monotonously. Thus "The Faith-Healer" stands half-way between poetic and life-like drama, but is not quite either.

However, Mr. Maitland gave a very creditable impersonation of the Healer, his appearance hearing out the author's conception and his lines being well rendered. Hélène Marchand was gentle and refined as the invalid, thoroughly satisfying in conception, Mr. Lancaster was natural as the homely farmer, and Caroline Howard perfectly so as the snappish, drudging sister, and Mary Morris with her emotional voice and girlish appearance fell into the picture. The remaining rôles were satisfactorily assumed by Messrs. Allard, Miller, and Horton, Clarisse Russell playing the young mother. Next week we will see in Galsworthy's "Justice" how much more dramatically and interestingly the English author can treat a sombre theme.

"TOO MANY HUSBANDS."

W. Somerset Maugham is a money-getter in the field of play-writing, and therefore he turns out pot-boilers ever so often. The comedy at the Alcazar is a case in point. It is the lightest piece of froth, but the froth of an experienced writer who knows how to make bright, quick repartee and the clever contrivance of amusing situations atone for the lack of high spirits and spontaneity.

The comedy recognizes that we have had a war by arranging a complication resulting

from the war; a complication that no doubt truly reflects a number of similar happenings.

A returned soldier marries the widow of his dearest pal, who has been reported from the war office as having been killed.

The wife—or widow—or bride—is a pretty, clinging creature who "darlings" the various members of her family plentifully, although noticeably deficient in giving any practical testimony of the affection and solicitude so gracefully expressed. So when Husband I returns to find Husband II in possession, and the two begin an amicable, partly concealed, but eventually open contest for the privilege of standing from under and giving way to the other fellow, it gradually penetrates that the pretty Victoria, for all her grace and beauty

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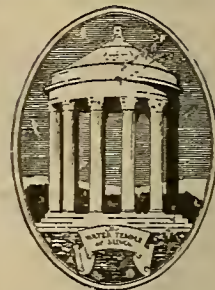


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and clinging—too clinging ways—has, as a wife, been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

In fact, not to put too fine a point upon it, the fluffy Victoria bores her two husbands. Now a husband will endure a wife that bores provides she makes him comfortable, just as a wife will endure a husband that bores provided he sets her up in furs, and fleshpots, and things. But when the wife is merely a pretty kitten on the hearth, purring and arching a graceful back to be stroked, and complacently setting white teeth in the fare provided by some one else—when the cook leaves, then—sometimes—if unless she's a real a genuine bewitcher—then the services of the divorce court are invoked.

This, then, is the comedy; the return of Husband I, the amiable competition between Husbands I and II, and the eventual appearance of an applicant for the position of Husband III, who, we surmise, will soon be rather rueful under the weight of the graceful clinger on his back.

The new leading lady, Elwyn Harvey, makes her first appearance this week in the rôle of the wife, in which she is revealed as pretty, graceful, sweet-voiced, and highly satisfactory as an actress; in this light rôle, at least. Miss Harvey has an expressive face, and she is careful never to sit by and look on, her features mirroring the emotions she is supposed to feel, even when some other player has the floor.

This job of being leading lady in a stock theatre is no light one, the last but one incumbent during her year's engagement playing such widely diverse rôles as that of a woman

of seventy and a girl of fifteen, and being obliged to jump into farce, comedy, melodrama, crook drama, rural drama, and society drama by turns. It is valuable and developing experience, and we will sit back with a judicial air and a feeling of alert and proprietary interest to see how well the new leading lady will tackle her job.

Mr. Ben Erway is being brought forward more and more, and stands the white light well. He plays a rôle equal in importance to that of Dudley Ayres, Brady Kline playing the part of Husband-to-be III with just that suggestion of a dash of unscrupulousness about him that gives the spectator a comfortable feeling that he and Victoria are going to have their just deserts.

The remaining rôles were assumed by Emelie Melville, as a calculating mother with a shrewd eye out for the main chance for daughter; Anna McNaughton, as a business-like maid; Emily Pinter, as a flamboyant charmer, and two or three others, the company making a good appearance in the English comedy, to whose humor they did ample justice.

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The Curran Theatre.

Harbach and Friml's new musical comedy, "The Little Whopper," which opens at the Curran Theatre tomorrow night for a limited engagement of two weeks, is the joint effort of three men whose names are already eminent in the field of stage entertainment, and who are credited with reaching their climaxes in "The Little Whopper." Book and music are by Otto Harbach and Rudolf Friml, who also wrote "The Firefly," "High Jinks," "Kalinka," "You're in Love," and "Tumble In."

Among the musical numbers that have become highly popular are "Oh, What a Little Whopper," "Round the Corner," "Twinkle Little Star," "I've Got to Leave You," "I'm Lonely When I'm Alone," "If You Go I'll Die," "Sweet Dreams," and "There's Only One Thing to Do."

A chorus of pretty girls rounds out a company which includes some of the best-known entertainers on the American stage.

McIntyre and Heath in "Hello, Alexander," will conclude their engagement at the Curran Theatre with the performance this evening.

The Columbia Theatre.

Reginald De Koven's comic opera "Robin Hood," revived on a scale of great singing quality by Ralph Dunbar, will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks commencing with Monday night, November 1st. The old English tale of Robin Hood and his band of outlaws is a famous one, and their merry pranks in Sherwood Forest have furnished Sir Walter Scott and other writers with stories that will live forever. De Koven has given America a great opera. The many big numbers are sung with delightful effect by the cast, and the chorus is one said to be fitted for the many features falling to it for presentation. Albert Parr will be seen in the title-rôle and Alan-a-Dale will be sung by Betty Baxter, a charming young contralto. Tom Burton is the Sheriff of Nottingham and William White, Friar Tuck. Elsie Thiede in the rôle of Maid Marian, George Olson as Sir Guy, William Degan as Will Scarlet are among the members of the fine singing cast. Matinees are announced for Wednesday and Saturday.

Players Theatre.

Shakespeare's "Hamlet" was added to the repertory at the Players Theatre this week, and critics declare it to be even better than the production last year. The settings and lighting effects, which are new and along the lines of the advanced art in the theatre, do much to provide an atmosphere of tragic dignity. The cast includes, in addition to William S. Rainey as Hamlet, Boyd Oliver, Benjamin A. Purrington, William Hanley, James Fisk, Marie Louise Myers, Baldwin McGaw, Frederick Hirschler, Jane Parent, Virginia Sciaroni, Morris Ankrum, and others. "Hamlet" will be given again on Friday evening, October 29th, and Friday, November 5th.

Capacity houses have been greeting each presentation of Tolstoy's "Fedya," in which John Barrymore scored in New York under the title "Redemption." "Fedya" will hold the boards on Thursday evening, November 4th. "Ruddigore," Gilbert and Sullivan's bur-

lesque, is the talk of the town and is undoubtedly the biggest hit the Players have had. A large cast, including Reginald Travers, Mabel Gump, Miriam Elkus, Benjamin Purrington, Easton Kent, Len Barnes, Ruth Bates, Jane Parent, Caroiyn Kroenke, and Emanuel Rosenthal, do full justice to the score. "Ruddigore" will be presented Saturday evening, October 30th; Wednesday, November 3d, and Saturday, November 6th.

The Alcazar Theatre.

The wit and humor of "Too Many Husbands" at the Alcazar this week will be followed by "The Argyle Case," to have first local stock production at next Sunday's matinee. And some extra thrills and surprises will be afforded by the reading of state and national returns on election night. In solving the mystery of who killed John Argyle the private detective, Asche Kayton, personated by Dudley Ayres, espouses the cause of Mary Masuret, the dead man's ward, who is among the many to fall under suspicion. Elwyn Harvey, who has scored so tremendously this week as a delightful comedienne, will be given widely contrasting emotional scope. The investigation of the murder mystery brings to light a big counterfeiting scheme, and both are worked out according to the methods of Detective William J. Burns, who collaborated with Harriet Ford and Harvey O'Higgins, authors of "The Dummy," in this exposition of underworld characters.

"The Cave Girl," to have first Pacific Coast performance Sunday, November 17th, is a comedy of the Maine woods and a real love story by George Middleton and Guy Bolton, authors of "Polly with a Past." It is the very latest of releases, having been produced at the Longacre, New York, by Comstock and Gest within the past six weeks.

The Maitland Playhouse.

"Justice," by John Galsworthy, will be the bill at the Maitland Playhouse for the week commencing next Monday evening with subscribers' night. The drama had a long run in New York and theatre-goers were enthusiastic over the performance that was given by Barrymore and his company.

It is the second Galsworthy play for this season at the Maitland, and Arthur Maitland has been at special pains in preparing for this production. Like all of the Galsworthy plays, it is a story to an end, but nevertheless it holds the interest and will doubtless be a magnet that draws the followers of the drama in San Francisco and the Bay region.

The men and women associated with Arthur Maitland this season in the theatre unusual on Stockton Street have met with much praise from the critics in their recent work and there is no question but that they have settled for a successful year of high-class performances.

Patrons of the Maitland are enjoying "The Faith-Healer," from the pen of William Vaughn Moody, which is being done this week and will be brought to a close with the Saturday matinee and Saturday night performances.

The Orpheum.

The sponsors of "Varieties of 1920," which tops the all new bill at the Orpheum next week, are said to have selected wisely and well. The production is described as being exquisite, but not obtrusive. Harry Carroll and Harry Richman wrote the lyrics. The latter is with the act. The cast is a large one. Aside from Richman, it includes Jack Waldron, Norma Hark, the Warde Sisters, and a troupe of Broadway beauties.

Emily Darrell will be remembered for her comedy sketches seen here formerly. Her present offering is "Late for Rehearsal." Her dress is exaggerated without being eccentric.

The comedy offering, "At the Seashore," of Hugh McCormick and Grace Wallace will surpass the expectation. The scene is a seashore hotel run by an old man who acts as life guard. One of the guests is Miss Wallace.

Satirists never will find a better medium of expression than the telephone, and a better satirist than George B. Hobard seldom is found among contemporaneous authors. "At the Phone," the satire which Lord Chester and Marven Morgan will present next week, is called one of the comedy hits of the season.

Glenn and Jenkins, wielders of the "porter's sceptre," in their "Working for the Railroad" will depict in song, dance, and dialogue the trials, tribulations, pleasures, distinctions, and arguments of a couple of colored men who have given their lives to the duties around a union depot.

Frank and Milt Britton will be found to be brilliant exponents of the popular variety of music. The xylophone is their instrument.

A wide assortment of head and hand balancing will be the offering of the Pierre De Kock Trio.

Joe Melvin will be seen in an exhibition of cleverness as the final act on the all new bill of Orpheum Circuit vaudeville.

Symphony Orchestra.

The next popular concert will be given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in the Curran Theatre tomorrow afternoon. The



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principal numbers will be Halvorsen's "Vasantasena" suite, Debussy's "Children's Corner," and the well-known "William Tell" overture of Rossini. Other items to be included are the overture to Boieldieu's "La Dame Blanche," the intermezzo and barcarolle from Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffman," and Tschai-kowsky's brilliant "Italian Caprice."

Horace Britt will be the soloist at the next pair of regular symphony concerts, announced for Friday and Sunday afternoons, November 5th and 7th. He will play Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo," a Hebrew rhapsody for cello and orchestra. Tschai-kowsky's Fifth will be the symphony offered, while the programme will open with Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" overture.

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REJECT IT

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE RECENTLY ADOPTED A RESOLUTION RECOMMENDING THAT INITIATIVE NO. 1, ALIEN LAND LAW, BE REJECTED FOR THESE REASONS:

"FIRST: THE CLAUSE DENYING THE RIGHT TO LEASE AGRICULTURAL LANDS IS INEFFECTIVE IN OPERATION. IT MAY PROVE IRRITATING TO THE JAPANESE PEOPLE, BUT IT WILL NOT PREVENT THEM FROM OCCUPYING LANDS FOR AGRICULTURAL PURPOSES UNDER CROPPING CONTRACTS AND CONTRACTS FOR PERSONAL SERVICES, WHICH CAN NOT LEGALLY BE PROHIBITED TO ANY CLASS OF ALIENS.

"SECOND: THE INITIATIVE MEASURE CONTAINS UNNECESSARILY HARSH PROVISIONS CONCERNING THE GUARDIANSHIP OF THE CHILDREN OF RESIDENTS NOT ELIGIBLE TO CITIZENSHIP. * * *

"THIRD: THE REAL PROBLEM DISTURBING THE PEOPLE OF THIS STATE IS IN THE LAST ANALYSIS ONE OF IMMIGRATION. * * * STATE LEGISLATION CAN NOT DEAL WITH THIS ULTIMATE PROBLEM, AND HASTY OR INEFFECTIVE ACTION BY THE STATE THROUGH AN INITIATIVE MEASURE THAT IS AFTER ALL FUTILE, AND LIKELY TO STIR THE SPIRIT OF IRRITATION AND HOSTILITY, CAN IN OUR OPINION ONLY OPERATE AS AN EMBARRASSMENT AND MAY EVEN PROVE A HINDRANCE TO THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT IN THE ATTAINMENT OF A FINAL SOLUTION OF THE QUESTION OF IMMIGRATION."

ORGANIZED COMMERCE KNOWS THAT JAPAN BUYS FROM US ALMOST AS MUCH AS ALL OTHER ASIATIC COUNTRIES AND OCEANIA COMBINED. JAPANESE PURCHASES OF AMERICAN GOODS AMOUNT TO \$4.50 PER CAPITA, WHILE CHINESE PURCHASES AMOUNT TO ONLY 10 CENTS PER CAPITA. THE FUTURE ECONOMIC PROGRESS OF OUR PACIFIC COAST IS MOST CLOSELY INTERWOVEN WITH OUR FRIENDSHIP WITH JAPAN.

ABOVE SUCH ECONOMIC CONSIDERATIONS IS THE QUESTION OF HONOR AND JUSTICE. THESE JAPANESE HAVE COME HERE AT OUR INVITATION AND ARE MAKING A LIVING IN OBSERVANCE OF OUR LAWS. ONLY IN CALLOUS INDIFFERENCE TO OUR TRADITION OF FAIR PLAY CAN WE ADOPT SUCH A LAW AS THIS INITIATIVE, MAKING IT VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR THESE JAPANESE TO PROVIDE FOR THE FUTURE OF THEIR CHILDREN.

THE ENLIGHTENED READERS OF THE ARGONAUT WILL NOT BE MISLED BY POLITICAL CATCH PHRASES OR THE HARANGUES OF AGITATORS, BUT WILL CAREFULLY WEIGH ALL THE ESSENTIAL FACTS ON THE QUESTION AND FORM THEIR OWN JUDGMENT BASED UPON REASON AND WISDOM. UNDOUBTEDLY THEY WILL HELP SOLVE THIS QUESTION WITH "MALICE TOWARDS NONE, WITH CHARITY FOR ALL."

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If you wish to join the committee send your name and address to 1904 Adeline Street, Oakland, Cal.

VANITY FAIR.

When the steamship *Aquitania* arrived in New York the other day she brought with her the largest diamond that has ever reached this country. It had been placed in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Withram by Abu-el-Hafid, who was once the Sultan of Morocco. Mr. Withram is manager of the Madrid branch of the Mercantile Bank of America, and Mrs. Withram explained the confidence reposed in herself and her husband by citing the words of the ex-Sultan, who had ingeniously demarked, "You have good faces." The diamond, which is of a light straw color and a perfect stone, weighs 183.15 carats, is one and a half inches in diameter and one and a quarter inches deep. During the voyage the diamond was not placed in the purser's strong room, but was carried by Mrs. Withram in a leather bag. At night she placed the precious stone under her pillow. Incidentally we may note with some interest the confidence that a woman usually places in her pillow as a safe-deposit box. Personally we should think it left much to be desired.

Mrs. Withram obligingly gave some of the recent history of the diamond. It seems that Abu-el-Hafid used to wear it in the centre of his turban when he was Sultan of Morocco, but when he abdicated in favor of his brother he took the diamond with other jewels to Spain, as they were family heirlooms. With that delicacy of feeling that doubtless distinguishes the Sultan of Morocco he felt that as he no longer occupied a throne it was unnecessary for him to wear so gorgeous a diamond in his turban, and why should he keep a stone that he could not wear? The reasoning was faultless and the modesty gratifying. It only remained to decide where it could best be sold, and it was obviously proper that the choice should fall upon America, where all the millionaires make their homes and where a brisk competition among the newly-rich might be expected. The ex-Sultan has many other precious stones among the collection that he took with him from Morocco—doubtless family heirlooms—and among them some fine emeralds in square shape and very large, but these, he said, he would not part with.

Mr. Withram said he had no idea of the value of the diamond. He had taken it to the principal jewelers in London and Paris, but they were baffled. It was too big for valuation. The New York appraisers said the same thing. A big diamond was much in the same class as a picture. It was worth what any one could be persuaded to pay for it. In the ordinary way and if cut up into smaller stones it might be worth \$50,000, but some collector might be willing to give half a million dollars for it.

We should like to know more about this diamond. We should like to be informed as to its early history, which we suspect to be a criminal one. Very few large diamonds are unknown to the police, so to speak. Usually they drip blood and voicelessly shriek of the crimes committed for their possession. We should also like to know something of the events immediately preceding its journey from Morocco to Spain. We have a profound respect for Abu-el-Hafid, and indeed for all Sultans. We like the title. It reminds us of the Arabian Nights, and just at present, when kings and emperors are a little unpopular, it is nice to think that there are still a few fruity old Sultans left on deck. Long may they wave. But we should like to know just why Abu "abdicated in favor of his brother." We want a "story," as a reporter would say. Did he abdicate willingly or was he persuaded? Was there any friction about it, or did Abu decide in an amicable way to let his brother have a turn at the hat. There is something suspiciously smooth about this yarn. Then, too, we should like to know why Abu took the jewels with him. Did his brother know about it—in advance, that is to say? We confess with shame to an almost complete ignorance as to the royal family of Morocco. Our newspapers are strangely lax in this respect. They should keep us informed. Does Abu ever visit Morocco since his departure with the family heirlooms? We have had little difficulties of our own in respect to family property, heirlooms and the like, although very few large diamonds or emeralds were involved, nor indeed anything that we should care to wear in our turban, and we know how these things go. It is true that there has been a little unpleasantness in Europe and it may have momentarily diverted our attention from Morocco, but we can only express the hope that there have been no family discords there and that no resentful Moroccan eyes have followed the course of the great diamond across the continent.

We have no intention of buying this diamond ourselves nor do we wish to say anything that might discourage any one else from doing so. But we much doubt if the buying of diamonds is quite so good an investment as it is supposed to be. The De Beers Company of South Africa have only to open their safes and the price of diamonds would fall to about one-half of what it is now.

A French scientist advises tiptoeing for a few minutes each day as the best exercise for keeping in good health and prolonging life.



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THE SEABOARD NATIONAL BANK, located at San Francisco, in the State of California, is closing up its affairs. All note-holders and others, creditors of said Association, are hereby notified to present the notes and other claims against the Association for payment.
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At the conclusion of the school term prizes were distributed. When one of the pupils returned home his mother chanced to be entertaining callers. "Well, Charlie," asked one of these, "did you get a prize?" "Not exactly," said Charlie, "but I got a horrible one."

The stranger approached the Washington policeman outside the Union Station and observed: "Say, I want to go to the White House." "Now, look here," the officer responded peevishly. "You're the ninth candidate that's come hithering me today, and it ain't a hit of use. I've always lived right here in the District of Columbia and haven't got a vote."

The constable of a New England village, a man of exceeding good nature, found it necessary to lock up three tramps who had strayed into his jurisdiction. Shortly after the arrest he was met by the mayor of the village, who, observing the constable hurrying down the main street, asked: "Where are you going, constable?" "Oh," explained the constable, "the three tramps I just locked up want to play bridge and I'm out hunting for a fourth."

Ting-ting-ting! The man who wanted food sat in the shabby little restaurant and rang the bell for the fifteenth time. He had been waiting nearly twenty minutes without even seeing a sign of any one in the place. Ting-ting-ting! As he rang for the sixteenth time a door at the back opened and a stout and untidy waiter waddled into the eating house. "Er—did you ring, sir?" he asked drowsily. "Oh, no!" replied the customer, sweetly. "I was only tolling the hall. I thought perhaps you were dead."

Two charming sisters are engaged to two brothers, and their neighbors have been greatly interested in this dual love affair. The young girls live in the second flat of a

house on the south side of the street, and the other day the elder sister was stopped in the street by the young scion of the family who occupy the second flat in the house opposite. "Oh, Miss Miggs," said the boy, "my papa said last night that some one ought to tell you to pull down the blinds, 'cause if love is blind, the neighbors are not."

A man from a hone-dry Arkansas community went to a wet Missouri town and was invited by an acquaintance to have a drink. In the saloon the friend asked: "What are you going to have?" "Have?" dreamingly returned the visitor, hlinking at the glorious array of barreled and bottled goods. "I aint goin' to have nuthin'." "What do you mean, Gahe? You won't have a drink after coming all this distance?" "Nope!" answered the Arkansawyer. "There haint no such place as this. I'll wake up in a minute."

A man advertised his car for sale. Early the next morning a man who lived across the street came over and said: "Pardon me, but I see by last night's paper you advertised your car for sale." "Quite true," said the man who advertised the car, "but surely you are not in the market for it." "No," was the reply, "but I only live across the street and I also want to sell my car. And there would be no need of my spending my money for an advertisement if after the people were through looking at your car you could just send them across the street to look at my car."

The chief of police had been talking to some recruits about courage. He didn't try to impress his men that they must be superhuman or anything of that sort, but directed his talk along the lines of expediency and common sense. "Courage, after all, is only relative," he declared. "Very often we laugh at the fears of the small child over a harmless dog, yet we ourselves would think it perfectly natural to side-step a hull or an elephant. Little Billy, son of one of the sergeants on the force, summed up the situation pretty well after his

mother had scolded him for being afraid to pass a big dog at the street corner. 'Well,' said Billy, 'you'd be afraid of him yourself if you were as lown down as I am.'"

The census-taker runs up against many amusing experiences. Chief among these are the explanations some people offer for the various answers they make to questions put to them. One of the census workers in Kansas City asked a woman whether she could read. She answered, rather hesitatingly, that she could not, and then hastened to explain: "I never went to school hut one day and that was in the evening, and we hadn't no light, and the teacher didn't come."

John Pollard, member of the Federal Trade Commission, was brought up in Virginia, where real live hears still roam the woods. In the same neighborhood with Pollard there once lived an old fellow whose wife made his life miserable. It was her custom to hounce skilletts, brickhats, pieces of stovepipe, and scantlings off the old man's head when she had nothing else to do. One day a neighbor rushed into the old man's yard and cried: "Jim, hurry down in the pasture; your wife is in a fight with a bear!" "Not on your life," Jim replied, pulling at the stem of his corn-cob pipe; "that bear got himself into that fight and he can get out the best way he can."

Strolling along the quiet side street without paying sufficient attention, Johnson slipped through an open coal hole in the pavement, and remained a prisoner there for nearly half an hour. Presently his face lighted up with hope as an elderly gentleman came sedately towards him. "Dear me!" exclaimed the newcomer, as he adjusted his glasses and stared at Johnson in wonder. "Have you fallen through the coal hole?" A murderous glare shone for a second in the victim's weary eyes; then he smiled sardonically. "You mistake, sir," he replied. "As you seem to be interested in the matter, I am ready to inform you as to exactly what has happened. I just chanced to be in here when the road was made, and they huilt the pavement round me."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Next?

It was enough of modern stuff
When Betsy bobbed her hair.
We thought it was just a bluff
At being debonair.

And when she wore a jaunty skirt
That barely reached her knee,
We said it really did not hurt,
And left her ankles free.

She puffed a pretty cigarette—
We raised our brows and eyes,
And said that by and by we'd get
Accustomed to surprise.

She slipped into a hackless dress—
She slipped, perchance, is right!
We registered regret, I guess,
At such a harehacked sight.

She's going now from had to worse—
We fear to die from shocks—
We dare not add another verse
Since Betsy took to socks!
—Mabel Haughton Collyer in Judge.

Ballade of the Youth That Lasts.

Youth goes, we say, because, forsooth,
Our thirtieth year is long gone by;
There is no calendar for youth,
Be young with me, and so will I—
'Tis but an antiquated lie
That counts life over with and done,
Ere scarce its morning dews are dry;
At forty youth is just begun.

O hot of heart and sweet of tooth,
Blindly afoot, he knows not why,
His aimless aim the lad pursueth,
And leaves his fair plucked flowers to die:
The man, with no less rapt an eye
Wins, but wastes not the thing he won,
Reaps where he sows—but babes deny
At forty youth is just begun.

The bitter and the lovely truth,
The joys that last, the joys that fly,
The wise and foolish things he doeth,
The years have taught him to desery;
Yet still his cup is lifted high,
With brimming splendors overrun,
Death and the Devil to defy—
At forty youth is just begun.

ENVOI.

Away, Prince, with that shallow sigh
Of vanished youth! the noonday sun
Is ours, and all the summer sky—
At forty youth is just begun.
—Richard Le Gallienne in Judge.

Jerusalem's Surroundings.

The view of Jerusalem as one leaves the Garden of Gethsemane draws the heart with sympathy (writes William D. McCracken in *Asia*). The walls rise severely above bare slopes where nothing grows, for it is outside the city proper that biblical prophecies of the desolation of Jerusalem seem to be fulfilled.

Today the city stands midway between the horrors of the Turkish régime and the promised good of the British mandatory rule.

Nothing has been done as yet in a public way to beautify the city. North and west the houses straggle outside the walls; on the south forbidding slopes border the road to Bethlehem; and on the east lies the terrible valley of Jehoshaphat—a valley of dry bones.

Seventeen times destroyed—hitterly hated— anxiously sought—how desperate a history since Nehuchadnezzar captured it more than twenty-five centuries ago.

Redeemed today, hut in her nakedness, Jerusalem waits to be clothed. She has as yet no grace, no covering for her ugly wounds. Some day her sides will glisten with the brightness of a heavenly radiance; she will be washed and anointed like a bride waiting for the bridegroom.

"The Smiths used to have a splendid cook." "Yes, hut she and Mrs. Smith could not get along." "Dear me! So I suppose Smith had to discharge her?" "Oh, no; he divorced his wife."—*Detroit Gateway*.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Louise Martin, daughter of Mrs. William Carr of Philadelphia, and Mr. Joseph Howard of San Mateo took place Saturday at the bride's summer home in Ambler, Pennsylvania. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Howard will reside in San Mateo, where they have taken the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Johns. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Howard.

The marriage of Miss Emma Carlson of Oakland and Mr. William Duffy, manager of the West-

Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Juanita Ghirardelli, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Barbara Sesnon, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Wakefield Baker, Mr. Harry Magee, Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., Mr. Herbert Tietzen, Mr. James Moffitt, Mr. Robert Bowles, Mr. William Magee Jr. Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Kenneth High, and Mr. James Pitts.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Eddy gave a dinner-dance last Saturday evening at the Golf and Country Club, having among their guests Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Lapham, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Wyatt Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mr. and Mrs. Frank King, Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Oddie, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heimann, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Watson, Miss Edith Bull, and Mr. Percy King.

Mr. and Mrs. William Devereux gave a dinner last Sunday evening, complimenting Mrs. Harold Dillingham. Those asked to greet Mrs. Dillingham included Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hussey.

Mrs. Drummond MacGavin gave a bridge-tennis Thursday, her guests including Mrs. Boswell King, Mrs. Leavitt Baker, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Charles Christin, Mrs. Herbert Jones, Mrs. George Willcutt, Mrs. Otto Grau, Mrs. Arthur Brown, Mrs. Roy Somers, and Miss Marie Brewer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas gave a dinner-dance last Wednesday evening for their debutante granddaughter, Miss Barbara Kimble. With Mr. and Mrs. Thomas were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kimble, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, and Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin. Those at the larger dinner-table with the debutante were Miss Laura Miller, Miss Mary Julia Crocker, Miss Geraldine King, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Alysse Allen, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Barbara Sesnon, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Amanda McNear, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. James Moffitt, Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Edward Pond, Mr. William Hendrickson, Mr. George Russell, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. Howard Sprickels, Mr. Clark Crocker, Mr. George Bowles, and Mr. Gordon Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Casey gave a dinner Thursday evening before the Wheeler dance, having as their guests Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wheeler, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Miss Julia Van Fleet, and Mr. Frederick Van Sicken.

Mrs. H. M. Miller was a luncheon hostess last Monday, complimenting Mrs. Lillian Walcott Thomas.

Miss Virginia Smith gave a theatre and supper party Tuesday evening for Miss Laura Miller. Those asked to the affair included Mr. and Mrs. John Okell, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hall, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Dorothy Grissim, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Alice Goodfellow, Miss Hatherly Britton, Miss Hope Somers, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Juanita Ghirardelli, Mr. Ambrose McDonald, Mr. Robert Stotts, Mr. Earl Breck, Mr. Herbert Tietzen, Mr. Monroe Greenwood, Mr. William Reed, Mr. Donald Rhcem, Mr. Harry Magee, Mr. Gerald Gray, and Mr. Porter Sesnon.

Mrs. Alfred Ghirardelli gave a luncheon Thursday, entertaining twelve guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Knowles gave a dinner Friday evening at the Claremont Country Club

before the Henshaw ball. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Augustin Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miner Goodall, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Knight, Mr. and Mrs. George Dillmann, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Metcalf, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dieckman, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Bocqueraz, Mrs. James Dunn, Mrs. Harry Miller, Mr. George King and Mr. George Greenwood.

Mrs. Herbert Moffitt was a luncheon and bridge hostess Friday, her guests including Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Mrs. Butler Breeden Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Miss Maud O'Connor, and Miss Frances Jolliffe.

Mrs. William Ashburner entertained at tea Tuesday afternoon, complimenting her niece, Mrs. Joseph Ballentine.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Christin gave a bridge party Friday evening. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mr. and Mrs. Grant De Remer, Mr. and Mrs. Werner Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cline, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Grau, and Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin.

Mrs. Charles Dukes and Miss Dorothy Dukes gave a tea Saturday in Piedmont, complimenting Miss Virginia Smith and Miss Laura Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Tyler Henshaw gave a ball Friday evening in Piedmont to introduce Miss Dorothy Cawston. Preceding the ball Miss Cawston and Miss Laura Miller were complimented at a dinner given by Mrs. Alexander Marx. Receiving with Mrs. Henshaw at the ball were Mrs. Charles Keeney, Mrs. William Henshaw, Mrs. Alla Chickering, Mrs. Harrison Clay, Mrs. Clifford Durant, Mrs. William Johnson, Mrs. Frank Moller, Mrs. Charles Minor Goodall, Mrs. Fritz Henshaw, Mrs. Dudley Dexter, Mrs. Victor Metcalf, Mrs. Daniel Belden, Mrs. Herbert Hall, Mrs. Alexander Allen, Mrs. Henry Knowles, Mrs. Angus Macdonald, Mrs. George Hammer, Mrs. Wickham Havens, and Miss Alice Grimes.

Mrs. A. H. Vincent gave a luncheon last week in Burlingame, complimenting Mrs. Charles Chapman of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Hugh Porter gave a luncheon Thursday for Miss Marie Louise Winslow, having as her guests Mrs. Alfred Montgomery, Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., Mrs. Francis Langton, Miss Marion Baker, Miss Elena Folger, and Miss Betty Folger.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland gave a dinner last Thursday evening to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of their marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Wheeler gave a dance Thursday evening at the Century Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry White.

Mrs. Edward Bosqui entertained at tea last Wednesday in compliment to Mrs. Lillian Walcott Thomas, who has been her house guest for several days. Among those asked to meet Mrs. Thomas were Mrs. Harriet Peterson Miller, Mrs. Louis Monteagle, Mrs. George Shreve, Mrs. Clinton Worden, Mrs. N. L. Nokes, Mrs. Robert Hooker, Mrs. Archibald Treat, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Rodney Pell, Mrs. Drummond MacGavin, Mrs. George Willcutt, Mrs. Boswell King, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. William Storey of Chicago, Mrs. George Lent, Miss Minnie Houghton, and Miss Jennie Hooker.

For the benefit of the Canon Kip Memorial Mission Day Nursery a card party was held at Sorosis Hall Wednesday afternoon. Among the directors in charge of the affair were Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. William Fitzhugh, Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury, Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mrs. G. A. Berton, Mrs. Jonathan Kittle, Mrs. D. Y. Campbell, Mrs. Edwin Griffith, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mrs. William Tubbs, Mrs. Richard Heimann, Mrs. George Wright, and Mrs. Elliott McAllister.

The Misses Betty and Elena Folger entertained at dinner Wednesday evening.

Mrs. William Storey of Chicago and Mrs. Louis Schwan of New York were the guests of honor

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at a luncheon over which Mrs. Lewis Hobart presided Friday. Others in the group were Mrs. Louis Montague, Mrs. Charles Green, Mrs. Arthur House, Miss Alice Owen, and Miss Frances Taylor.

Mr. Bojidar Pouritch gave a dinner Friday evening, having among his guests Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Florence Veach, Miss Anne Peters, Mr. James Jackman, Mr. William Veach, and Mr. Cameron Wells.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller gave a tea Friday afternoon, complimenting Mrs. William Storey of Chicago.

Mrs. James Ellis Tucker gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. Arthur Lord was a luncheon hostess Monday, having among her guests Mrs. William Tevis, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Joseph Crockett, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. Sydney Cloman, and Mrs. Atholl McBean.

Mrs. C. O. G. Miller gave a luncheon Monday in honor of Mrs. William Storey of Chicago and Mrs. Louis Montague. Others in the luncheon group were Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mrs. Stuart Baldwin, Mrs. Leroy Nickel, Mrs. William Thomas, and Mrs. James Cooper.

Mrs. Frank Moller gave a tea Tuesday in Piedmont, complimenting Miss Dorothy Cavston and Miss Laura Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sanderson of New York were the guests of honor at a dinner given Sunday evening by Commander and Mrs. James Bull.

Mrs. Clinton Walker gave a luncheon Friday at the Francisca Club in compliment to Mrs. Frederick Bixby of Long Beach. Among the guests were Mrs. Houghton Sawyer, Mrs. Dixwell Davenport, Mrs. Willis Walker, Mrs. Ralph Phelps, Mrs. Frank Stringham, Mrs. John Johnston, Mrs. Harry Miller, Mrs. Harry Douglas, Mrs. Oscar Sutro, and Mrs. James Bishop.

Miss Mary Gorgas gave a luncheon Monday, her guests including Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman, Mrs. Harry Dodge, Miss Ola Willett, and Miss Catherine Wheeler.

Miss Laura Miller was the honored guest at a luncheon given Tuesday by Miss Margaret Webster.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and he whereabouts of absent Californians:

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Albert Niblack, who have been stationed in Washington for the past two years, will leave in the near future for London, the former having been appointed to the United States Embassy there.

Mr. Joseph Grant has returned to San Francisco from Europe. Mrs. Grant and their daughters will remain abroad until the first of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum arrived yesterday

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from Washington and have opened their Burlingame home for the winter. Mrs. Spieker and Master John Drum, Jr., returned from the Atlantic coast last week.

Mrs. William Storey left Thursday for Chicago, after a fortnight's sojourn in San Francisco. Mrs. Storey spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Hall Roe.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois are visiting Mrs. Joseph Norris in Oakland. Mrs. Norris will spend the winter in San Rafael, where she recently purchased the Bocqueraz place.

Mrs. Sherman Stow, who has been visiting in San Francisco, left Friday for Merced, where she is Mrs. Van Ilorne's house guest.

Mrs. Richard Sprague left Wednesday for Virginia to visit Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pool.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ehrman have returned from a trip to Portland.

Mrs. Francis Davis has returned to Santa Cruz, after a brief sojourn in San Francisco.

Miss Kathleen Finnegan has returned to San Mateo from Santa Barbara.

Miss Anita Dibblee and Miss Anne Dibblee will leave in November for New York en route to Europe, where they will remain until the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hepenheimer of New York, who are in California on their wedding trip, arrived Thursday in San Francisco and are at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Joseph Ballentine, who has been visiting Mrs. William Ashburner, will leave next month for her home in Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill have returned from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibblee will spend the winter in Ross.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury will return Monday from a trip to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Uda Waldrop are passing a few days in Santa Barbara.

Miss Maye Colburn has taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

Miss Betty George will arrive within a few days from New York to spend the winter with Mrs. George at Stanford Court. Mrs. George came from the Atlantic coast several days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa and Miss Alice Requa will spend the winter at their Oakland residence. They are still in Washington and before coming here they will visit Mr. and Mrs. Russell in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan Williams will spend the winter with the former's mother at her Spruce Street residence.

Mrs. Lillian Walcott Thomas, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui, is passing a few days in Sausalito. Mrs. Thomas will go to San Diego in November to be with Mrs. Joseph Sefton.

Mr. Barroll McNear returned Thursday to Ross from the Atlantic coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBryde have taken an apartment at Hyde and Greenwich Streets for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Caldwell of New York and Mrs. Joseph Coleman of Santa Barbara are spending a few days in town before sailing for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin have opened their Montecito home for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Walker have gone to New York for the winter.

Miss Helen Foster left last week for Dallas, Texas. Before returning to San Francisco Miss Foster will go to New Orleans.

Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer has gone to Boston, after a sojourn of several days in Chicago.

Mr. Rudolph Bertheau arrived a few days ago from New York. He spent the week-end in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Hall Roe.

Mr. and Mrs. Desider Vecsei of Santa Barbara have left for New York en route to Paris, where they will reside permanently.

Lieutenant and Mrs. E. H. Stillmann have arrived from New York and will reside at Fort Scott where the former has been recently ordered. At present they are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Cesar Bertheau.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Howard are visiting relatives in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering have gone East for a six weeks' visit.

Mrs. Ozro Childs of Los Angeles and Miss Emeleen Childs, who have been abroad for some months, have returned to the United States and have taken a house on Fifth Avenue in New York for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stetson have returned to Burlingame, after a week's sojourn in town.

Lieutenant Lester Kilgarif has arrived from the East and is with Mr. and Mrs. Kilgarif at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Richard Pierce, Miss Helen Pierce, and Miss Margaret Madison have returned to Santa Barbara from a trip to Riverside.

Miss H. George of New York has taken an apartment at the Fairmont for the winter. Miss Betty George, en route from the East, will join her mother in a few days.

Hotel Oakland arrivals include Mrs. Lawrence Blake and her son, Mr. Lawrence Blake, Jr., New York; Mr. A. F. Yogy, Santa Barbara.

Registered at the Whitcomb are Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Meaker, San Diego; Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Hamlin, Santa Rosa; Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Sousa, Woodland; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Bush, Hartford, Connecticut; Mr. W. E. Niblock, Los Angeles; Mr. M. E. Doan, Stockton; Mr. William M. Williams, New York; Mr. Henry Spring, Sacramento; Mr. J. D. Calder, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Brown, Santa Rosa; Mr. Julius Colomb, Sydney, Australia; Mr. E. E. Michael, Sacramento; Mr. H. W. Wilson, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. George Williams, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. George W. Stone, Santa Cruz.

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Mr. Joseph Grant has returned to San Francisco from Europe. Mrs. Grant and their daughters will remain abroad until the first of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drum arrived yesterday

Hallowe'en Dinner and Dance.

Years ago merry England instituted the happy custom of observing Hallowe'en, when ghosts are privileged to revisit the scenes of their past life. From this humble beginning Hallowe'en has grown to be the inspiration for many a jolly entertainment. This season it is the motif of the Hallowe'en dinner and dance which Hotel Whitcomb is giving on Saturday evening, October 30th. The dinner menu for this occasion includes all the favorite dishes associated with Hallowe'en festivities. For the Hallowe'en dance afterwards in the picturesque Sun Lounge a delightful programme of music has been arranged by Orchestra Director Hayward, who has chosen lively dancing melodies and to them added many Hallowe'en thrills.

David Belasco's production of the powerful drama, "Tiger Rose," comes to the Columbia Theatre following "Robin Hood."

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lilienthal, Jr., are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

The theory that youth may be renewed by inserting animal glands into the human body has degenerated into a matter of heated debate between German and French scientists.

A CULTURED WOMAN, English University graduate, seeks re-engagement; formerly hostess and private secretary to a late U. S. diplomat (widower) 6 years; also for two years manager of a gentleman's household and superintendent of estate, charge of all orders and accounts. Traveled all over the world. Locality immaterial. Highest personal references. Would take temporary a daily position. Box B, The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street.

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Tea Tales



"Aunt Theo, I'm going to a Hallowe'en Dinner and Dance here at Hotel Whitcomb next Saturday evening."

"You are?"

"Yes, Capt. Harwin has asked me."

"Isn't that fine. You'll have a good time."

"I surely will. Hotel Whitcomb has arranged a Special Hallowe'en Dinner—all odd, Hallowe'en kinds of food."

"And then the dancing after dinner, too. Capt. Harwin is a wonderful dancer, and the music will have all sorts of Hallowe'en thrills in it."

Hallowe'en Dinner and Dance
Saturday evening, October 30th
No cover charge
Dinner \$1.50

Hotel Whitcomb
AT CIVIC CENTER
SAN FRANCISCO
J.H. van Horne, Mgr.

The Savoy Theatre.

"Way Down East," considered to be the masterpiece of D. W. Griffith, is playing to capacity business at the Savoy Theatre, where tonight it will go into its third week.

Richard Barthelmess and Lillian Gish have the leading rôles in "Way Down East," being supported by Burr McIntosh, Kate Bruce, Mary Hay, Creighton Hale, Lowell Sherman, Mrs. Morgan Belmont, Vivian Ogden, and a score of others who are noted in screen land.

Mr. and Mrs. Swift Train are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.



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"The office should seek the man." "It does in the case of the vice-presidency."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Does your wife cry when she gets angry?" "Yes; it isn't the heat of her temper that distresses me so much as the humidity."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Why don't you strike Easycoin for a loan?" suggested Slopay. "I did," sighed Hardup. "But he told me that I had struck him centsless."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"And now, gentlemen," piped the orator, "I just wish to tax your memory." "Good heavens!" exclaimed one of the audience, "has it come to that?"—*London Tit-Bits*.

"We must let bygones be bygones." "I endeavor to do so. I no longer give a thought to the time I wasted making up my mind how I would vote in the primaries."—*Washington Star*.

"The screen shows bathing girls on the beach, in the parlor, in restaurants and on the street." "Yes, I've seen them everywhere except in the water."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Bill talks too much about himself." "He claims that that is the way to make other people talk about you." "Yes, but they won't say the same things that you do."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Your political rival is getting the reputation of using better English than you do." "I know it," replied Senator Sorghum. "He has a better stenographer than I have."—*Washington Star*.

"You waste too much paper," said the editor. "But how can I economize?" "By writing on both sides." "But you won't accept stories written on both sides of the sheet." "I know, but you'd save paper just the same."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Did you tell your boss you had a sick grandmother or anything, so you could get off for the ball game?" "Didn't have to tell him anything. His boss and his boss' boss were hush looking for excuses of their own to get out and play golf."—*Washington Star*.

Mrs. Bacon—And have your husband's table manners improved? Mrs. Egbert—Oh, I think so. Mrs. Bacon—And can he manage spaghetti all right now? Mrs. Egbert—Oh, well, you see, when he began to try and improve his table manners we thought it just as

well to give up having spaghetti.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

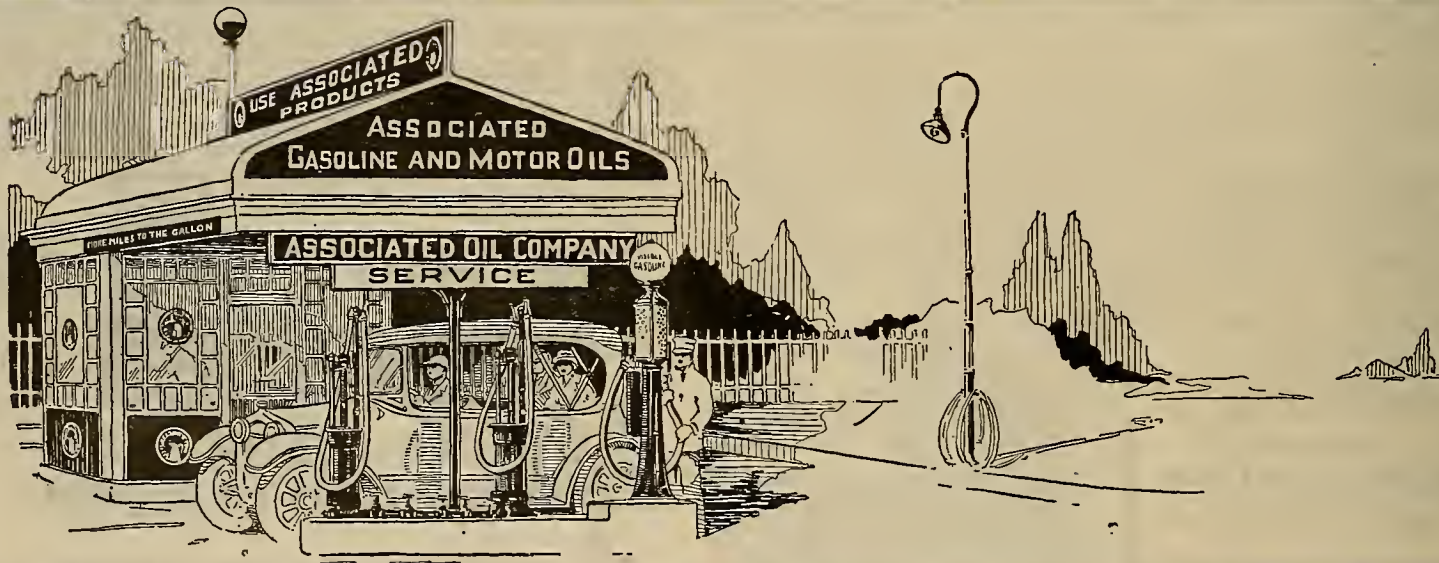
Mr. Myles—I understand your wife cried in church last Sunday. Mr. Styles—Yes, she did. Mr. Myles—Was the sermon so affecting? Mr. Styles—It wasn't that, but a woman she doesn't like sat right in front of her and she had on a hat exactly like my wife's.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Mrs. Gotham—Are you going to take the children out today, Henry? Mr. Gotham—No, dear, I'm not; I'm going hunting. Mrs. Gotham—Well, can't you take them hunting with you? Mr. Gotham—No; I'm afraid. Mrs. Gotham—Afraid of what? Mr. Gotham—

Afraid I won't get what I'm going after if I take them. I'm going flat hunting.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Bessie," said her mother, "why is it that you and your small brother are always quarreling?" "I don't know," returned the child "unless I take after you and he takes after papa."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Dr. Pillers seems to be a fashionable physician." "I should say so! He has patients at the some of the most expensive health resorts in America and a waiting list of people whose health will give way as soon as they get money enough to consult him."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.



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Scott and Fell
4th Ave. and Geary
3d and Brannan
Columbus Ave. and Grover Place
Post and Mason
Fifth Ave. and California
Mission and Spear
Post and Larkin
Mission and School St. (Colma)

OAKLAND
Broadway and Water
21st and Broadway
25th and Telegraph
35th and Foothill Boulevard
14th and Harrison
620 Lakeshore Avenue
25th and Broadway
12th and Webster
East 19th St. and Park Boulevard
30th and San Pablo
East 14th St. and 24th Avenue
College Avenue and Broadway
ALAMEDA
Encinal and Central Avenue
BERKELEY
Shattuck and Haste

SAN RAFAEL
4th St. and Petaluma Avenue
BURLINGAME
Park Road and Peninsula Avenue
(State Highway)
SAN MATEO
3d St. and State Highway
HAYWARD
A and Boulevard
LOS GATOS
Santa Cruz and Elm Sts.
NAPA
3d St. at Bridge
SUNNYVALE
San Jose and Mt. View-Saratoga Rd.

SAN JOSE
The Alameda and Stockton Ave.
11th St. and Santa Clara Ave.
Alameda and Wilson Ave.
1st and Margaret Sts.
S. Market & W. San Salvador Sts.
Market and San Carlos Sts.
5th and Santa Clara
FRESNO
Broadway and Kern Sts.
Broadway and Stanislaus Sts.
A and Fresno Sts.
Broadway St. and Ventura Ave.
Divisadero St. and Van Ness Ave.
SACRAMENTO
12th and I Sts. 13th and L Sts.
2d and L Sts. 16th and K Sts.
10th and O Sts. 30th and P Sts.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2276.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 6, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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With a Grain of Salt.

Secretary Colby allowed it to be understood a couple of weeks ago that Bolshevism in Russia was about to collapse, and our always credulous newspapers at once broke out into the usual hallelujahs. It was true that they had been told the same things over and over again, and the news had always proved to be false.

Now comes a bulletin announcing the defeat by the Bolshevik forces of General Wrangel's army in southern Russia. If Bolshevism is dead it seems to be a surprisingly lively and vigorous corpse. Already we hear rumors that the French are about to send General Wiegand to do for General Wrangel what he did for the Poles and we are told comfortingly that Allied warships can be counted on to guard the rear of Wrangel's army.

Now it may be true that the Bolshevik government is about to collapse. It will certainly collapse at some time and then the latest prediction to that effect will have come true. But we strongly suspect that Secretary Colby did not know anything at all about the matter and that the report in question was promulgated for its possible effect upon the election. Drowning men catch at straws, and it might be counted as a feather in the Administration cap if the dawn of a brighter day in Russia should seem to justify the Administration policies. As a matter of fact there have been no Administration policies with regard to Russia, nothing but a series of "happy thoughts," reckless experiments, and an alternate opening of the hot and cold water

faucets. In the meantime we may take all stories of a Bolshevik collapse with a grain of salt. They may be true—but General Wrangel has been defeated all the same.

Te Deum.

The thing that was certain has happened, but it has happened so tremendously as to surprise even those who expected it and hoped for it. Writing early on Wednesday morning, and from incomplete and unclassified returns, the Republican victory presents itself as a sort of dazzling aurora. It is difficult, almost impossible, to select the detailed significances from the tangle of good news that comes from every part of the country. But we know enough. Today there is only one political party in the United States, and it is the Republican party. The counting of the last vote will not change that fact. The Republican majority in the House can not fall much short of seventy, and probably there will be a Republican majority of twelve or fourteen in the Senate. The new President will have the ball at his feet. He will have a House and a Senate ready to coöperate with him, and he will avail himself of that readiness in the way intended by the Constitution and sanctioned by usage. If we have descended into an administrative and legislative hell during the last few years we shall all the more appreciate a return to a practical sobriety of government in which there will be no czarism, no autocracy, no impudence of officialism, and no squalid orgies of thieving extravagance. Let us hope that we have learned all the lessons, and for all time, that our deviation into a ruinous hysteria can teach.

The effort to analyze the mind of the electorate can easily be overdone. There are large numbers of voters who do not think with precision, but who are none the less capable of accurate judgments on the situation as a whole. The overwhelming popular vote that has been registered is not distinctively a vote against the league of nations, nor against autocracy, nor against extravagance, nor against Bolshevism in high places. It is a vote against all of these things and a dozen others, as contained and expressed in the monstrous thing to which we have learned to give the name of Wilsonism. It is Wilsonism that has just been condemned and so ruinously overthrown. It is Wilsonism in its score of manifestations that we have come to look upon as something so politically evil as to be a threat, not only against the integrity of the nation, but against the peace of the world. It has taken us a long time to throw off the mesmerism of unmeaning and unmeant phrases, of promises unfulfilled, of words intended to conceal intentions and not to reveal them, of ferret subterfuges, of devious and stealthy deeds. The electorate at large knows now that it has been deceived, that nothing has been as it pretended to be, as it was said to be, as it ought to be, that pacifism has covered many a hateful thing, and that a lofty proletarianism has been so used as to stimulate the most frightful forms of anarchy. There are large parts of the electorate that look at these things collectively, in mass, so to speak. They have been conscious of a resentful discontent and they have voted accordingly. That is precisely as it should be.

The average man is touched most sensitively in his pocket. Perhaps it ought not to be so, but it is. But he is generous withal, although in a strictly business-like way. We were prepared to spend money to win the war and to do anything whatever in the way of reconstruction that ought to be done. If the sum had been twice as large it would have been forthcoming without a murmur. But we were not tolerant of the wasting of such incredible sums, and we have yet to learn where we must draw the line between wasting and something worse. Hog Island cost us some seventy million dollars, and what did we receive in return? We paid a thousand million dollars for aircraft and

received hardly the fluttering of a wing in exchange. Other hundreds of millions were similarly squandered and there was nothing to show for it except the struttings and mouthings of the Wilsonian puppets, pious axioms, lying official reports. The money was drawn forth by taxes that the people could not afford to pay, and still we are being racked by imposts that paralyze industry and that are directed against the sources of revenue. If these prodigious sums of money had been usefully employed there would have been no protest. But they were not usefully employed. They were wasted. There were no corresponding results.

The fear of Bolshevism certainly played its part in the débâcle of Wilsonism. The electorate can hardly be blamed for its tardiness in recognizing the mischief that was going on. It seemed incredible; indeed it was incredible until the evidences became unanswerable. Some Eastern newspapers have already spoken of the "parlor" Bolshevism that contributed to the Republican victory. Unfortunately the Wilsonian Bolshevism was by no means confined to the parlor. It became official. When the President sent the flaming brand through Europe, when he maddened the immature nations of Europe by visions of impossible Utopias, when he addressed himself to peoples over the heads of their governments, we were willing to attribute such vagaries to the exuberances of enthusiasm. But we were to be undeceived when we found that reckless and violent men were carefully selected for the most delicate missions, and that even the most unconcealed treason seemed to be a passport instead of a bar to official favor. We were still further undeceived when we found that the official life of the country was being saturated with the poison of dangerous radicalism, and that all our ancient political and social values seemed to be reversed. Even now we have no full realization of this mischief and of the insidious processes that have been at work in our midst. And perhaps it is only the historian who will be able to tell us what Wilsonism has done in Europe in the awakening of economic and industrial passions, in the fanning of revolutions, in the encouragement of anarchy. That the President acted with good intentions is no palliation. Good intentions unguided by knowledge lie at the root of our gravest ills.

The vote of the women seems to have been mainly Republican, although here, of course, we are in the domain of speculation. But it is probable that women, more idealistic than men, felt more severely than men the failure of the peace league and the exposure of a pacifism that appealed chiefly to the emotions. The political education of women has proceeded apace. We may even believe that they have studied the distinctive problems of the day with a greater intellectual zest than have men. Generally speaking, they have more leisure as they certainly have a newer enthusiasm. There has also come to them a sense of responsibility with added powers, and perhaps it may be said without contradiction that the ethical instinct is more emergent in women than in men. And the questions of today are peculiarly ethical questions—peace and war, an immoral radicalism, the miseries of Europe. However that may be it is now evident that there was no cause for uneasiness in the vast influx of women voters. They have not voted emotionally nor sentimentally, but—like the rest of us—in the light of facts and conditions, and perhaps somewhat more ethically than the rest of us. At least we should like to believe it so.

But the supreme fact remains that Wilsonism has been banished. The work of disinfection may take some time, but it will be done. We need have no doubt about that. We have wandered sufficiently long in the wilderness of autocracy, illegality, and executive arrogance and we are now about to return to the

domain of order, impersonality, and constitutionalism. It may be a long climb out of the ditch, but the first step has been taken. And for this *Te Deum Laudamus*.

The New Cabinet.

The President-elect is probably busy selecting his cabinet, or at least surveying the possibilities. He has plenty of material from which to choose and we may be quite sure that his favor will not be given to non-entities simply because they are correctly branded with some particular political piety. Nor will any man be allowed to climb into prominence by the simple expedient of writing something full of slandering flatteries. The little tadpoles have had their day. In a few months they will return to the oblivion from which they ought never to have emerged, and the places that knew them once will know them no more forever.

There is at least one obligation from which the new President will be free. He will be under no obligations to Mr. Gompers. There will be no bill from the American Federation of Labor for services rendered. Organized labor, so far as it was articulate, did its best to beat Senator Harding, and it made no secret of its hostility. One wonders why Mr. Gompers, usually so astute, should make such a mistake as this. Surely he could have seen the handwriting on the wall from the very beginning, but that he was unaccountably blind in this respect relieves Senator Harding of what otherwise might be an embarrassment. None the less we may be sure that he will make a good choice for Secretary of Labor, and one that will be in no way dictated by resentment or hostility. He has a wide field from which to choose, but not even his closest advisers know the direction of his mind in this respect.

There is a general belief in Washington that Senator Sutherland of Utah will find a place in the cabinet. Senator Sutherland has been constantly at Marion since the opening of the front-porch campaign. He is known as one of the ablest constitutional lawyers in the country and also as being particularly well informed on international relations, and this has given rise to the rumor that he may be Secretary of State. It seems rather more likely that he will be offered the post of Attorney-General and that the portfolio of Secretary of State will go either to Dr. David Jayne Hill, who has not only distinguished himself by his discussions of foreign affairs, but who is known to have been the mentor, so to speak, of Senator Harding himself, or to Mr. Root. It need not be said that Mr. Root is *facile princeps* in foreign affairs, but it is by no means certain that he would be willing to assume such large responsibilities.

There is a general expectation that Mr. Hoover will join the cabinet, and certainly there could be few appointments more popular than this. It is almost safe to say that it will depend upon Mr. Hoover himself, and Mr. Hoover is among the least ambitious of men so far as political preferment goes. If he should be acquiescent in this respect he would obviously be more at home in the Department of the Interior than anywhere else. An engineer is particularly called for here, as the department contains the Bureau of Mines, the Geological Survey, the General Land Office, the Reclamation Service, and the Alaska Railroad. In no other department of the government is there need for so much engineering capacity. Mr. Gifford Pinchot, by the way, has been trying to edge into Senator Harding's counsels, but he has not been exactly welcomed. Senator Harding is now very well informed as to the mischief that has been done to the West by "conservation" of the Pinchot variety and he is not likely to turn a willing ear in Mr. Pinchot's direction.

But all forecasts of cabinet appointments are speculative, although in some respects the indications are strong. But of one thing we may be certain. The cabinet will consist of the best men available, men noted for their common sense, and not for their eccentricities, and there could be no more complete change than that. The new President has to establish a party government, although not a partisan government, and his great task is to create a cabinet that will help to bring the legislative and the executive departments into harmony. To succeed he must have a coördination of effort. The problem of dealing with the House is a much more complicated one than that of dealing with the Senate. Too many members of the House have found it politically profitable to refuse to follow their party leaders. The President's task is to establish and carry through a complete programme, and it

is one of extreme difficulty and delicacy. Between now and March 4th that programme must at least be outlined, and this means a vast amount of tactful work and a loyal, cohesive, and intelligent cabinet.

The New President and Peace.

The election to the presidency of Senator Harding does not mean that there will be no league of nations. Quite the contrary. Nor does it mean that America enters upon a period of selfish isolation, intent upon her own internal problems and indifferent to the results of a war in which she played so large a part. She could not do this, however much she might wish it, and she does not wish it.

America is now in a state of war with Germany. President Wilson, who "kept us out of war," has also "kept us out of peace" by his insistence on an international agreement repugnant to the good sense of the people. First he delayed the formation of the general treaty and so contributed immeasurably to the prevailing anarchy in Europe. Then he vitiated the treaty by the inclusion of a league of nations of a highly contentious nature and wholly irrelevant to the immediate issue, which was the establishment of peace. As a result we are still nominally at war with Germany, and we must probably wait for a declaration of peace until the advent of the new administration. And then will come the question of a league of nations under auspices that will guarantee its success.

We are now gradually getting the dust out of our eyes. We made a vast mistake when we supposed that Europe was enamored with the league and chagrined because she could not use America for the furtherance of her territorial ambitions. Europe, so far as the great powers are concerned, is wholly indifferent to the league and always has been. When President Wilson visited America during the course of the conference the league was instantly hustled away into a drawer and the business of the treaty proceeded with. His absence was the opportunity of the peacemakers and his presence was their despair. The old paralysis set in the moment he returned. The league was resurrected and the prospects of a speedy peace faded away. These are matters of record. Even Colonel House has repudiated responsibility for the delays caused by the league. The tyrant fiddled while Rome burned, and as a consequence Rome is still burning.

Dr. David Jayne Hill, writing in the *North American Review* for October, epitomizes the Wilsonian veto upon peace in the following words. He says: "When, on March 14th, Mr. Wilson returned to Paris from the United States, he discovered that a resolution proposed by Mr. Balfour had been adopted in his absence—inspired perhaps by the caution which the Senate's protest had suggested—providing for an immediate preliminary treaty of peace with Germany containing all the essential settlements, but omitting entirely the league of nations. Insisting that the resolution adopted January 25th, which included the covenant of the league as a part of the treaty, should be controlling, Mr. Wilson insisted that the preliminary peace plan should be abandoned. As a friend and apologist of the President has said, 'It overturned the most important action of the conference during the President's absence.'" Obviously it was not Europe that clamored for the league. Europe wanted a quick peace irrespective of the league. It was Mr. Wilson who vetoed the peace and who has kept us at war until the present moment.

France in particular was openly contemptuous of the league. Lloyd George begged the House of Commons not to laugh when the league was mentioned. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler tells us that Europe approved the league because she believed that she would thereby please America, and for no other reason. If any of us feel a reluctance to "break the heart of the world" by rejecting the present league we may make our minds easy upon that point. The heart of the world is far more likely to thank God for a good riddance.

It is easy to foresee what will happen under the guidance of President Harding. He will not be likely to lose so unmatched an opportunity to place America in the moral leadership of the world. He will undoubtedly summon or approve some sort of an international conference composed, not of millennialists, but of practical men prepared to meet a practical situation in a practical way. Probably the immediate aim of such a conference will be the codification of international law and the establishment of some sort of court of inter-

national justice with an extension and reaffirmation of the principle of arbitration as expressed in the many existing treaties. There need be no threats of violence in such an agreement. It need not bristle with bayonets nor smell of poison gas as does the league of nations. There need be no appeal whatsoever to force. The Supreme Court of the United States executes justice between the states without any provisions for enforcement, and it has invariably been obeyed. There is no nation on earth that would dare defy the judgment of a properly constituted international court, even though it had not the backing of a policeman. It is the imponderables that count, as Bismarck once said. Nothing is more remarkable than the chatter about peace that comes from the advocates of a league of nations that marshals the world's armies and navies with the insouciance of a child playing with its tin soldiers, and that throws the deadly boomerang of the boycott as the theologian once threw his harmless anathemas. The election of Senator Harding does not mean the recession into the background of our hopes of international peace agreements. On the contrary it means their emergence into the light.

Poor Little Rich Children.

Mrs. Ira Couch Wood of the American Dietetic Association is the latest to utter the absurdity that "the government spends millions annually upon domestic animals and the preventing of disease among them and spends thousands only upon the children." Mrs. Wood should ascertain the amounts spent annually upon education and raised by taxation for that purpose. She might then avoid such grotesque inaccuracies as this.

Mrs. Wood presumably means that the government does not yet supervise the feeding of children, the brushing of their teeth, the removal of their adenoids, the administration of dill water and peppermint, the imparting of sex hygiene, and the inculcation of the correct brand of morals. The government, in other words, is still under the conviction that most children have mothers and fathers, not to speak of the usual allowance of maiden aunts, and that it is not the proper function of the government to regulate the nursery, the kitchen, or the domestic medicine chest.

It may be said that to some extent the government ought to concern itself with the well-being of children who are the victims of extreme poverty or illiteracy. True enough, but Mrs. Wood herself shows that it is not these children that are the chief sufferers. The children of the rich, she says, are from 12 to 20 per cent. underweight. In Chicago a group of foreign children near the stockyards were only 17 per cent. underweight, while in an all-American group near the University of Chicago they were 57 per cent. below normal. Evidently this can not be due to ignorance, at least not to any preventable ignorance. And so we wonder what Mrs. Wood would have us do—start a governmental department at the public expense for the care of the poor little rich child?

Editorial Notes.

The incubus of the Sinn Fein seems to be a permanent and a progressive American institution. A Washington dispatch to the *New York Times* tells us that the White House has been picketed by Sinn Fein little girls carrying placards with inscriptions insulting to the President of the United States. A banner carried by a little girl in white bore the words "Lloyd George the anarchist and Wilson his junior partner." One would suppose that these children would be at once removed and suitably disciplined. But not at all. The authorities, we are told, are "taking the matter under consideration," and this presumably means that they are estimating the number of votes involved. But suppose these children had been Filipinos, or Haitians, or Poles? But that is a foolish question that answers itself.

British Columbia has tried prohibition and has had enough of it. A referendum vote shows a large majority in favor of repeal and a new experiment which will place the sale of intoxicants in the hands of the government. The reasons for this striking change of front are not stated, but they may easily be guessed. The same reasons exist here. We may suppose that there was a carnival of law-breaking, law evasion, bribery, corruption, and general iniquity, and that drink and drugs became the horrid topics of the day just as they are here. We may even venture on the prediction that a further era of futile tinkering will end in a like

manner. But in Canada they seem to have some way of ascertaining the popular will on such matters as prohibition. We should adopt it.

An American Socialist who has just returned from Russia and who writes in the New York *Volkzeitung* confirms the report that Emma Goldman is much dissatisfied with her Russian friends and would like to return to America. She was adulated in America, but in Russia she finds herself at the tail end of the procession. She was used to luxury in America, but in Russia she has to share in the general privation. As a result she has become a sort of conservative or reactionary, and was even watched with suspicion by her little Bolshevik friends. Emma Goldman never had any real sympathy for the people, or at best it was the kind of sympathy that avoids close contact and holds itself aloof. Her chief characteristic was pugnacity, and it seems to be still in evidence.

Miss Pankhurst of unsavory notoriety seems to be once more in trouble in London. She is accused of a treasonable correspondence with Lenine, who is anxious to provoke a revolution in England and anxious that Miss Pankhurst should help him to do so. But the lady is a little shy. She tells Lenine that the time is not yet ripe, and then she points out that if she should find herself in prison there is a reasonable possibility that she would have to stay there, seeing that the authorities are no longer susceptible to the plea of the hunger striker. This suggestive confession on the part of Miss Pankhurst is recommended to the attention, prayerful or otherwise, of those emotional persons who hold that Mayor MacSwiney should have been liberated because he refused to eat. If he had been liberated we may suppose that Miss Pankhurst would then have felt it safe to lay her Bolshevik cards on the table and to proceed with her revolution in the full assurance that nothing worse could happen to her than the loss of a few meals.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Religious View.

VANCOUVER, B. C., October 27, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: It has given me much pleasure to read the excellent articles published in the *Argonaut* on this matter, and I trust you will be pleased to allow me to attack this iniquity (for such it is) more directly from the religious side. Prohibition has been nursed in the self-righteousness of the churches, and if we are to believe the Bible as a sure guide to all truth (as I do) the churchman, if a prohibitionist, has a very bad case indeed. The argument is never fully put forward as I now do, for want of courage perhaps, for fear of combining the sacred name with the saloon and drunkard. Excepting these, I myself have no fear in defending that which legitimately used is approved of, not condemned, in the Scriptures. Moses, who received the law of God directly, gave permission for the use of strong drink, and that law is said to be holy, just, and good; and our great exemplar, who made wine in Cana of Galilee with his apostle, Paul, also confirmed and advised its temperate use. No sophistry can erase these facts. We are told that under Moses' law they who despised the law received no mercy, and they who despise the Savior's example stand also condemned. It follows from the above the prohibitionist is guilty and that the following charges against him are substantiated: The despising of Moses' permission, the act of Cana in Galilee, and of Paul, who writes that his teachings are the commandments of God. The arrogance in supposing a greater righteousness than that of the Creator. The attack on personal liberty God given. The assumption that medical theory (we have much to learn) is sounder than the biblical teaching of moderation. The practical accusation that Christ made something poisonous for the enjoyment of his fellow-creatures. (There is no getting away from the text, and from that text a sincere Christian must believe that the making of that wine blessed it for all time.) The setting of man's wisdom against that of the Creator, conceiving an immediate reformation which is attainable only by time and education with control. The calling of that unclean which God made. (Call not thou that common or unclean.)

If the prohibitionist (Christian) can reconcile his conscience with the above he must be a hard-haked Baptist or Methodist indeed. So from a purely Christian standpoint I have no hesitation in saying that prohibition will fail. God must be justified, and the reaction may be terrible. But as a Christian I can not be a prohibitionist, and if I may be permitted to say so, I fear my Creator, knowing Him to be all-wise. There is no argument, however plausible, that gives one section of mankind authority to dominate another; not one sufficiently just to force the world hone-dry. Saul, King of Israel, in his day was a prohibitionist. He nearly lost his son Jonathan. Temptation will come, wet or dry. Let the prohibitionist be careful. He may also nearly lose his son. Tyranny and oppression have their own reward. God will be justified.

Yours faithfully,

E. COATSWORTH.

Prohibition.

BOSTON, October 29, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Referring to your recent article criticizing the "ruling" permitting the manufacture of wine for family consumption, "crude politics" or not it is at least a step in the right direction, and I trust your Italian friends will give the credit to whom it is due. I, for one, am thoroughly disgusted with the present rulers of the Republican party, and at the coming election shall vote a straight Democratic ticket for the first time. For several reasons I fail to see how any self-respecting person can vote for Harding; his record on prohibition alone is sufficient reason to punish him politically. I can not see but that a vote for Harding and Coolidge is an endorsement of prohibition. I do not know which party is responsible for California ratifying the

Eighteenth Amendment, but I do know that my state (Massachusetts) ratified the amendment through the efforts of its Republican representatives (so called), who were largely in the majority. The Democrats in Massachusetts were strongly opposed to the amendment. I also know that the Republicans of New York, Maine, and New Hampshire were responsible for the ratification in those states. I think you will admit that the Republican party—if not guilty of bringing prohibition about—is absolutely responsible for not preventing it; also that there never has been a more disgraceful piece of legislation. And as for the contemptible Volstead Act, I am unable to forget that a Republican Congress passed it over President Wilson's veto. And I am also unable to forget that this same Republican Congress refused to lift the ban of "war-time" prohibition. I am told on good authority that "political and party reasons" is the excuse for these disgraceful actions, and if this is true it is a fine compliment to the intelligence of the nation, to say the least. Put the entire country in jeopardy—anything at all, just to give the Democratic administration a "black eye." Well, it has not made a hit with me. I am in favor of a new Republican party, and have an idea that four more years of punishment will bring this about. We have been sheep in the past, but I hope the day of awakening has come.

Yours very truly,
J. B. RICHARDSON.

THE MADNESS OF MAN.

The world is a more or less simpering Bedlam broken loose, and America is possibly, after Russia, the most irresponsible lunatic at large. And here let us say quickly and before the patriotic thunders break upon our head that this denunciation comes from the pen of Alice Brown, whose article, "The Madness of Man," appears in the current issue of the *North American Review* and is easily the gem of that most estimable periodical.

America, says Alice Brown, has apparently decided that there has been no war and that nothing has occurred to ruffle the placid course of human events. America is holding a small figure of Peace close to her eyes, Peace with an olive branch and a dove. Nothing else is visible to her myopic gaze. Those who manage for us our literature and our drama have issued the edict that the biggest drama the world has seen since the Crucifixion must now be ignored. We have persuaded ourselves that all earthly ills may be banished by the simple expedient of not looking at them. No one is being killed at this moment by Teuton devilry, and therefore no one ever again will be killed. An extension of the process enables us to believe that no one ever has been killed. W. J. Locke says somewhere that the literary artist must now proceed on "the amazing postulate that there has been no war." This, of course, makes us very charitable, in a befuddled sort of way, to those whom we mistakenly believe to have troubled the peace of the world. Says Alice Brown:

Because Germany can not pay her debts on the nail, we find warrant, as touching forgiveness of trespasses, in Holy Writ, and question whether she need, in the most absolute sense, pay at all. It is, we opine, a wrong to children not yet born to saddle them with colossal obligations incurred by their forebears, and we show no tendency to illuminate that implacable index finger, again of Holy Writ, pointing out the stony way of the "third and fourth generation of them" that live under the gospel of hate. Now indisputably the children of Germany may well be rickety children, and that any children of any race should suffer lack, is an offense so monstrous that sacred childhood itself might well be conceived of as rising up with accusing might in that court where "their angels do always behold the face" of the Father. They may reasonably have been crippled by the political crimes of their progenitors. But there are other children in the wide areas Germany and Austria trampled into wastes comparable only to unimagined circles of hell. Grave witnesses have seen to it that we have abundant evidence. They have shown us pictures of the enfeebled children of France, Belgium, and the East, typical victims out of those multitudes whom Germany and her fellow-raiders went far toward bleeding white—little weakened men and women old in grief. Our present lax benevolence to Germany is not paid for out of our own pockets. It is paid for by the shattered future of the races she despoiled—victims not only of the Hun, but of our crooked logic in a world policy haphazard and confused.

Not even Bolshevism can shake our complacency. For does not Bolshevism talk of liberty and freedom and have not we, too, talked of liberty and freedom? What, then, can be so terribly wrong with Bolshevism? Moreover, are we not sleeping soundly in our beds at night, and would that be possible if there were anything wrong with the world? Certainly not. Therefore there is nothing wrong with the world. What can be plainer?

Is it possible that we are sincere in our equanimity? Are we actually ignorant that the world is still aflame? Do we think the act of our getting out the engines at the last did quench the fire for all time within a long perspective, and we, at least, are safe? I believe as a nation we do. The land is "made glorious sumner by this sun," of a sophistical prosperity. We are not only at ease, but we swagger under the assumption that the war is conclusively won, and by us. It is true that, in one sense, we did win it, that, so desperate was the moment, the impact of our tardy chivalry was enough to shiver the shield of German arrogance. But in no other sense did we win it, and this despite the valor of our men and women, the concerted force of their brave rallying. We were the spectator who watches the drowning man and his rescuer hantling toward the shore and who, when they are both on the point of going down exhausted, steps in, his own breath and muscle at their maximum, and saves them. The dramatic deed is his, its hazard and reward, but the man who unhesitatingly plunged, who hung on, against hope, against belief, his is the *nunc plaudite* of the all-seeing gods. We are told by the easy-going that these things are no more to be remembered, and that to rehearse them is ungenerous. We are given specious reasons why it was, in some never comprehensible way, wiser to lull the nation with weasel words while the world was dying. And it is true that in the simplest and most terrific indictment of human accountability ever written, "what's done is done." Only, being done, the bloody deed of our Great Refusal cries aloud from the ground, warning us to walk softly and swear by all the pains and penalties

incurred by recreant honor, never to shirk responsibility again. But we are by no means walking softly. We are misreading along the highway of a specious prosperity. No *misereere Domine* for us, or, if it sparsely rise, it is overborne by the strangled guttural of the multitudinous motor-car, going, it knows not quite where, hut, according to trenchant slang, perennially "on the way." The breath of prayer is husky in our throats, choked by the stench of gasoline, drowned out in jazz. We have forgotten that the world is in anguish. We still in effect believe this is "no concern of ours." Was ever more crooked thinking hent out of the straight lines of eternal laws?

There was a time when we seemed to be on the mount of transfiguration, when the breath of a great moral wind seemed to blow away the vapors of our greeds and our materialisms. We saw France and Flanders as great, martyred figures against the background of blazing war. For a moment we saw the ideal and were ready to act ideally. And then came the hardening of the heart under the deadening spell of prosperity, or at least so it seemed. The author asks if we were really so far below the rank and file of other nations. She does not believe it. It was our brains that failed to function. We could not realize that the world was in flames and that we, too, were parts of that world. But when the realization did come we drove our "laggard leadership into war."

But now once more we have fallen asleep and are dreaming dreams that either represent no realities or that are base dreams. It would not be strange, says the author, if our democracy had become a byword and a hissing. Indeed it would be so but for the fact that we are so rich no one can afford to hiss us. Labor has become arrogant and almost inconceivably materialistic. The earth and the fulness thereof belongs to the labor union. It seems to have learned nothing on its ascent upward from oppression. There is no more any glory in toil, nothing but a way in which to make money, and there is no other success for labor than in ever-shortening hours and ever-increasing pay. Perhaps labor is no worse than capital, but then labor might have been so much better than capital:

I see nothing in the propaganda of the new builders of democracy beyond an emburied: "It's our turn now." I hear no pronouncements from labor leaders on the worth and incalculable dignity of work done on honor. I hear only: "Fewer hours, more pay." The had workman demands the same wage as the good, and the right safeguarding of the employer is denied him, in that the had workman may not be discharged lest hydra-headed unions rise and hay out their hoycott. I find in labor as a class—the class it is rigorously fencing in from just intercourse with the complexity of civil life—no purer ardency than to eat, drink, and he merry, according to the elaborations evolved through years of luxury by the self-indulgent rich. As labor has been all envy, now he falls into a servility of imitation of that master he professed to scorn. He may have heard something to the effect that a man's soul may, without warning, be required of him, but an hour at the movies is sufficient to wipe out an uneasy suspicion that neither rich nor poor are immune from penalties. He is no kinder to his class than the former master of their fate has been. Capital squeezes out a weak competitor, hut labor would cut off the children of a city from their milk for an added per cent. in carrying it. He would silence the telephone for an increased wage and let the coal lie at the wharves while his neighbor shivers. He will "better the instruction" of his leaders that the way to go singing is to throw down the pack and melt the plowshare and pruning-hook into araesques for his palace of delight. But he is not, in his present orgy of repudiation and false values, a builder of palaces. He is a madman hollowing out the cell where inevitably he is bound, slouching along, a slothful giant hent on privilege. The old workman, dulled and servile at his worst, was more the man than this arrogant slacker. Even the old arduous task fervently pursued had threads of gold in it, the task that kept a man awake thinking out new ways of doing dull deeds better, that fostered in his soul a dumb allegiance, not to the master who oppressed him, hut the Maker of all, for the honest work of his hands. For then he did serve and beautify the world and his work smiled up at him.

We were going to build a new heaven and new earth in those early days of the war. There seemed almost to be a new dispensation, as the theologian might say. We imagined a world renovated, purified, regenerated, a world from which all evil had been swept away, a world to which we might joyously consecrate our energies and in which it would be ever more delightful to live. Perhaps they had no such illusions in Europe, but assuredly we had them here, and perhaps we were the better for them, dreams though they proved themselves to be. What was it that brought the disillusionment, that shattered the vision, that sent us back to the fleshpots?

What dreams we had in the days following our awakening in 1917, of the new earth at ease under a heaven friendly because it was unohsured, when we should have cleaned out the Augean stables filthy from the awakening of Barbarossa's horsemen! In that moment of anguish we were, for a heart's heat of terrified recognition, actually on the way back to old allegiances. The harvest rushed to cover in poetry and the thought of God. We believed with an eager credulity that mankind had at last learned that final lesson. The old injustices were dead. The phrase was current everywhere that those who had bought us that bright guerdon "must not die in vain." Our girls, in uniform vigor, did the most menial and most daring deeds with a soher efficiency. We said that woman, too, was set free from the toils of custom. She need no more assert her equality with man in the sterner virtues, for she had accepted the supreme challenge and endured the ordeal, chaste as Artemis, fearless as the Amazonian queens. What did she do, poor prisoner to her own arrogated instincts, when the armistice, which was no peace, hut a new complexity of strife, stripped of her emergency clothes and her emergency frame of mind? She who had won freedom for rhythmic muscles stepped into a skirt no wider than her brother's trouser leg and went hohhling along in it down the tittering isles of time. She mounted on the fool's dais of highest heels to peg about the more uncertainly, she painted over the bloom of her beauty with the cosmetics predicted by Mrs. Tanqueray for the raddled face of the passé demi-monde, and went forth in abbreviated chiffon to dance, "cheek to cheek," dances as ugly as provocative.

The author is not sure that the reaction has

carried us even farther back than the point where we stood when the dream came. How precocious are now our young people, how sex-conscious. Decency, she says, is now very much like a clean shirt. We may be dirty enough underneath, but it is better to have the shirt. Our girls are not actually more attractive than they were, although doubtless they think they are. The girl will tell her elders to "shut up," but still she wants to be loved. She miscalculates, that's all. She knows what should be her destination, but she is fatally on the wrong road. It does not lead to love. It leads away from love. She, to, is "out of joint," like the rest of us.

The human race has not deliberately chosen to be immoral and uncouth. It means well, but it has lost its wits. It does not understand the things that it has seen. We can not assimilate our experiences. We can discuss the fate of Poland, the partition of Austria, the peace treaty, but we can not translate these things into terms of human misery. They seem far off, academic. Europe plunged herself into a vortex of frivolity after the signing of the armistice, and the things that we are doing we can "hardly have the face to confess." We call it reaction, the thoughtful ones among us, but reaction is only a name, and it is a name for something that is perilously like insanity.

Where are the roots of action, both in the individual and the race? I believe they are in the unseen, nourished by our will, starved through our neglect, and that the prime cause of deterioration in our public life is the decay of the imagination, that beautiful handmaid of the brain, that angel who drops manna when we hunger and sings us songs of the almost despaired-of "divine event toward which the whole creation moves." We have chilled and starved her "noble rage," elbowed her aside and trodden over her to our debasing quests. If we had given her the food of a right regard, she would have dwelt among us and taught us that worship accepted of the true gods. Our temples would have risen from sound foundations, we should have discoursed imperishable music until somehow the accordant intervals would have moved our blood to their own rhythm, and some child among us might have snatched more music from the stars to beguile us into those ravishments we are credulous of when we read about them in that age when the gods walked and the world was young. If we had followed the path of the imagination to the true gods, we should not be smashing one another at this game of fistcuffs for the mammoth gains of trade. And the imagination is not only the purveyor of beauty; she is the mother of sympathy as well. She can see into the hearts of God's children who bear the too grievous load, and feel with them the rasp of sobbing breath, the hunger and the thirst. She alone leads the doubting heart to that mingled tenderness and service and divine credulity which is called religion. She whispers into men's ear the rapt ecstasy: *Credo, quia impossibile est.*

Our time standards are short and the mills of God grind slowly. Perhaps we are not quite so anxious to forget the war, indeed to deny that there has been a war, as our publishers and our dramatists suppose. These gentry are much too apt to assume that they can feel the pulse of the public when actually they are only feeling its stomach, or maybe only their own stomach. The noises that are audible are rarely the representative noises. It may be that under the crust of a seeming indifference and even of cruelty the red fires are still burning brightly waiting only for the right time to show themselves. SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 3, 1920.

Recovery of valuable portions of materials formerly wasted is more and more a feature of American industrial economy. For many years there has been in use in many of the large engineering works a centrifugal separating machine which removes the oil from iron and steel turnings and borings and thus permits it to be used over again. The idea which underlies this machine has now been carried further and applied to the removal of the dust and dirt which unavoidably collect in oil used in the lubricating systems of marine and other large engines. The new machine is very similar in form and operates on the same principle as the now well-known centrifugal cream separator. The foul oil is fed continuously into the machine through a strainer which catches any gross particles, precisely as milk is fed into the cream separator. The purified oil escapes continuously, while the dust and dirt collect on the inner surface of the separating drum. Provision is made by which the attendant can instantly tell when the machine is choked with the deposited impurities.

A geological map of Iceland by Dr. Thoroddsen, who has spent many years on the work, gives much information about one of the world's most wonderful islands, which few visitors ever see. An example of the strangeness of Iceland is furnished by the volcano Katla. This is buried under immense snow fields, but from time to time its fires burst through the glittering blanket, and then such floods are poured from the melting ice that a great stretch of country between the volcano and the sea is inundated and huge masses of ice are carried out into the ocean. It is unsafe to cross the territory lying between Katla and the sea, so suddenly come the floods.

To imitate daylight for color comparisons an English artist has invented a concave reflector covered with a checkerboard arrangement of blue, green, and purple squares to be placed above an electric light.

Identification by finger-prints is generally supposed to be a modern detective device, but it appears that it was employed in Korea 1200 years ago, having been commonly used in the deeds for the sale of slaves.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

King Boris of Bulgaria is said to be an ardent fancier of live stock and some favored photographer recently "snapped" him as he was inspecting animals that belong to his estate.

Though he has been very little in the limelight there lives in Chicago the father-in-law of Governor Cox, Democratic candidate for President. He is Thomas S. Blair, Jr., who is reputed to be wealthy.

Rudyard Kipling was recently awarded the degree of LL. D. by the University of Edinburgh. Mr. Kipling indeed seems to be doing so well at the hands of his contemporaries that he might, if he were superstitious, almost begin to fear his future fate at the hands of posterity.

Georges Clemenceau, "the Tiger of France," its former premier, is reported to have arranged to go to India to hunt tigers. He was seventy-nine years old September 28th and his stomach is said to be so delicate that he can eat nothing without suffering but macaroni boiled in water without salt. Nevertheless he is said to be very robust and vigorous and scarcely less pliant physically than he is mentally.

Maurice Dekobra, the well-known Parisian humorist, who wrote "Rat de Cave; or, Burglary Considered as a Fine Art," and "Sammy, the American Volunteer," his reminiscences of the time he was attached to the A. E. F. as liaison officer, has arrived in this country, where he is going to deliver in English a series of lectures on the Parisiennes. He will talk on the character of French humor, on his bohemian days in Montmartre, and on other equally entertaining topics. M. Dekobra will be the first French author to deliver lectures in English.

Gail M. Williams of Portland, Oregon, is perhaps the youngest student in the states of Oregon and Washington to be admitted to freshman standing in a college this year. Gail is fourteen years old, the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Williams, and this fall entered Whitman College as a full-fledged freshman. Gail is 4 feet 11 inches high, weighs ninety pounds, and wears knee pants, just like any other fourteen-year-old boy. Physically he is the same as any other boy, and contrary to the usual rule of advanced mentality and undeveloped body with lack of interest in sports, Gail takes much interest in athletics.

Frederick Santee, Harvard's youngest student, promises to shine in athletics as well as in the classroom, for his prowess as a baseball player already has excited wonderment second only to that occasioned by his genius in academic attainments. Enrolled in this year's freshman class just after passing his fourteenth birthday, Frederick must look back to the days of Cotton Mather to find one who entered the university so young. Frederick began to spell when he was two years old. Within a few weeks he could spell out whole sentences, and before he was three years old he had mastered the multiplication table. Besides English, he reads five languages fluently—French, Spanish, Latin, Greek, and German. He has passed analytical geometry, has begun working in calculus, and is well advanced in chemistry.

Marquis Saionji, the shrewd Japanese who did so well at the peace conference, has been made a prince. The head of the delegation gets the highest rank a Japanese subject can hold. Baron Makino, the next ranking member, becomes a viscount. Viscount Uchida, foreign minister, and Viscount Chinda, former Japanese ambassador to Great Britain, are made counts. A good group of other promotions are included, all for services in connection with the Versailles treaty. The only important Japanese figure failing to receive rank is Premier Hara, who, however, gets the Grand Cordon of the Rising Sun and Paulownia. Mr. Hara, doubtless, might have a title if he wished, but Mr. Hara, like Mr. Lloyd George in Britain, owes his rise and position to his democratic attitude, and, like the British premier, is unwilling to risk his standing by accepting a title.

Tim Murphy, the comedian, is a Vermonter by birth and a Southerner by choice, having made his home in Webster, Texas, for the last eight years. He goes there every summer and has become a real Texan, a booster for the largest state in the Union. While living in Texas he started an orange grove. Back in the days when Charlie Hoyt was producing his famous farces Tim Murphy was a member of his company, and remained with him for about six years, until he went out on tour with his own company. Murphy was one of the original Razzle-Dazzle Trio in the popular play, "The Brass Monkey," a satire on superstition, which was presented in 1888 and 1889. For eighteen years, until about six years ago, Tim Murphy took his own company around the country, playing "The Carpet-bagger," by Opie Reid and Frank Pixley, "The Texas Steer," and other plays.

Miss Sarah H. Young of San Francisco, who began her business career in St. Paul as a stenographer at \$1500 a year and whose annual salary today is \$48,000, does not believe one should work solely for the sake of the salary received. She advises holding a job that one likes and that has a future. She attributes her success to finding the one that suited her. She tried many positions, too, from stenographer-secretary to

homesteader; from a law office to her present position as an efficiency expert. After a course in a business college Miss Young became under secretary to the late Governor John A. Johnson of Minnesota, in whose office she remained four years. Then she became executive secretary in the office of George T. Simpson, former attorney-general of Minnesota, and took a course at the St. Paul College of Law. Next she homesteaded in Montana, but farming there did not appeal to her as a life work. While she was proving up on her claim she spent almost every evening at typing, thus earning a "grub stake" and gaining experience which proved valuable when later she went to San Francisco and became an efficiency expert.

OLD FAVORITES.

A Match.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful heath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasors
And tears of night and morrow
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Octopus.

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURN.

Strange beauty, eight-limbed and eight-handed,
Whence camest to dazzle our eyes?
With thy bosom bespangled and banded
With the hues of the seas and the skies;
Is thy home European or Asian,
O mystical monster marine?
Part molluscous and partly crustacean.
Betwixt and between.

Wast thou born to the sound of sea trumpets?
Hast thou eaten and drunk to excess
Of the sponges—thy muffins and crumpets,
Of the seaweed—thy mustard and cress?
Wast thou nurtured in caverns of coral,
Remote from reproof or restraint?
Art thou innocent, art thou immoral,
Sinburnian or Saint?

Lithe limbs, curling free, as a creeper
That creeps in a desolate place,
To enroll and envelop the sleeper
In a silent and stealthy embrace,
Cruel beak craning forward to bite us,
Our juices to drain and to drink,
Or to whelm us in waves of Cocytus,
Indelible ink!

O breast, that 'twere rapture to writhe on!
O arms 'twere delicious to feel
Clinging close with the crush of the Python,
When she maketh her murderous meal!
In thy eight-fold embraces enfolden,
Let our empty existence escape:
Give us death that is glorious and golden,
Crushed all out of shape!

Ah! thy red lips, lascivious and luscious,
With death in their amorous kiss,
Cling round us, and clasp us, and crush us,
With bitings of agonized bliss;
We are sick with the poison of pleasure,
Dispense us the potion of pain;
Ope thy mouth to its uttermost measure
And bite us again!

—A. C. Hilton.

The Island of Yap, which belongs to the United States as a result of the war, has a population that is not worried over the coinage shrinkage. A rock is the medium of exchange, and the island has plenty of rocks.

Alberta, Canada, has established seven bird sanctuaries in the chief breeding areas to prevent extinction of various species that are becoming rare.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

A British Staff Officer Describes Something of the Life of the High Command.

War books continue to come in spite of repeated assurances that we are all tired of them. Indeed they come, not in twos and threes, but in battalions, and presumably some one reads them. It is true that the quality of them has somewhat changed. We are no longer much interested in descriptions of actual fighting, not because the fighting itself has lost its fascination, but because the descriptions are so much alike. War became a matter of dreadful monotony. The experiences of one were the experiences of all, and single pictures took on a character of universality. But the world is just as much interested in the war itself as ever it was, and if we may judge from precedents it will continue to be interested for many long years to come. It will continue to read war books as long as those books contain anything new.

We have something distinctly new in a book entitled "G.H.Q.," by an author who signs himself "G.S.O." These initials obviously stand for "General Head Quarters" and "General Staff Officer," and a glance at the pages show that they relate to the British headquarters at Montreuil-sur-Mer and to the life led there by the high commanding officers. It was a life, says the author, in which the imagination had to go to sleep, for only thus could the war be directed. It was a life monkish in its denial of pleasures, rigid in discipline, exacting in labor, and yet not wholly an austere life.

Montreuil was chosen as head quarters because it was conveniently located and promised enough of quiet for the telephone services. And here the author gives us an anecdote which he says is a fable, but which gives him the always coveted opportunity to laugh at himself:

There used to be a fable—no one was fonder of giving it circulation than the Red Tabs—that there was a mutual agreement between the Germans and ourselves that G.H.Q. on both sides was to be spared from air raids.

"The arrangement is a classic instance of our stupidity," the Red Tab humorist would remark, "for the German scores both ways."

"How is that?"

"Well, his staff is spared, which is valuable to him. And our staff is spared, which is also valuable to him."

Life, says the author, was not tedious at head quarters, but he disclaims with some heat the dreadful story that there were ladies to wile away the monotony of official duties. No, there were no ladies at head quarters—at least not very many:

There were no ladies at G.H.Q., not at any rate in the sense that would be in the mind of the average inquirer. On the two rare occasions when I was able to get a leave from G.H.Q., or was sent over to London on a task, the civilians I encountered in London exhibited a considerable interest in the ladies that were thought to haunt G.H.Q.

This was by no manner of means an entirely or indeed a mainly feminine curiosity. Many people have an ineradicable idea that an army on a campaign ravages the hearts of all the female population of the occupied territory, as well as drawing on the beauty of its own land to recruit charming camp followers. I can recall, on returning from a small war some time before 1914, attending a dinner party in London and being tremendously flattered at the fact that as soon as the ladies present went upstairs all the men (some of them very distinguished men) crowded round me in a spirit of inquiry. With all the resources at my disposal I framed in my mind a brief and vivid appreciation of the campaign. But—they did not want to know why the Turkish army failed or the Serbian army succeeded. Some one rather well known in London had got into a scrape in the course of the campaign, and there were some very scandalous details alleged. My eager inquirers wanted to know all these scandalous details, and were obviously disappointed to learn that there was no reasonable foundation for them, and at once lost all interest in the campaign. My "appreciation" had not the chance to be uttered.

Probably they concluded I was rather an unintelligent person not to have discovered all the horrid details. Certainly those to whom I told the truth about the ladies and G.H.Q. thought I was very sly or very unobservant. Indeed one very hearty old gentleman, with a great passion for horrid details, patted me on the back publicly.

"That's right, that's right. I admire you for sticking to your friends. But of course we do not believe you."

We are told something about the nursing staff so far as it was a matter coming under the direction of head quarters. All nurses were called "Sister," although actually this term represents an intermediate grade between "nurse" and "matron." But there were different kinds of Sisters from the patient's point of view. Some were even known as "strafers":

A "straffer," in hospital language, is a Sister who by ten years or so of hard anxious work and self-denial has reached to the height of an office-boy's wage and a professional skill which saves lives daily and cuts weeks off one's stay in hospital. You are always glad when she has gone away from your wound, but at the back of your gladness is the knowledge that you want her for next dressing. A good "straffer" goes over a wound with the enthusiasm of a thrush with a large family going over a lawn for worms. She examines, searches, squeezes, probes, looking out for shed pieces of bone, for "proud flesh," for odd corners where inflammatory matter might lurk. She is looking for mischief, and any mischief found is promptly "strafed." If it is had she calls in the doctor; if it is minor she has her own little armory of mischief-breakers, scissors, pincers, nitrate of silver, and the like.

Matrons are easily offended. At a certain hospital in France the king was half expected as a visitor. The matron at once had a had attack of decoration fever. As I was a lightly wounded that time I assisted her policy of deceiving his majesty into thinking that the hospital was always a fairly bowery by going out and "finding" some flowers. Then Matron had clean quilts on all the beds, and the order went

forth that these were to be kept creaseless and smooth. But one patient would persist in crooking up his knees. Matron argued with him. He disloyally pleaded that he was much more comfortable that way. Now, having got the flowers for the ward, I thought I had the right to give advice as a sort of accomplice, and I suggested mildly: "Better break his knees, Matron."

She was offended. Then the king did not come after all; and I think she was inclined to blame me for that.

There was a certain etiquette even among the patients. A medical case naturally ranked lower than a surgical case and was correspondingly looked down upon. Even the Sister would sometimes refer to "only a medical case," and there were instances where men had their heads bandaged for headaches in order at least to simulate a wound. And then there was a sort of competition among the wounded:

It is etiquette in a military hospital to be very much interested in one's neighbor's wounds and to affect to hold lightly one's own. It is very hard form to hint that your lot is more severe than his lot.

"Oh, I am all right, thanks," (you say in answer to his first advances); "except for a bit of my liver and a few yards of my lung blown away, I'm as fit as can be. But that looks an awful leg of yours."

"Not at all, not at all. It is almost certain now to stay on. But it must be horribly interesting to have a body wound."

And so the ghoulish chat goes on.

The feeding of the horses proved at one time to be quite a problem, and it was found necessary to organize a local growth of fodder crops wherever there was a chance:

Horse-masters can best judge the rights of the fodder position for themselves by noting the actual animal ration. Taking an average of 25,000 horses, light and heavy, the weight of the rations at the time of the controversy was: American, 23.6 pounds; British, 22.2 pounds; French, 16.1 pounds.

Twenty-two pounds weight of food per day is not excessive for a horse doing hard work; and that was the average. After the heavy horses had their higher ration the light horses had to be content with less.

Probably the French never saw our point of view and suspected that there was not much more than English obstinacy in this determined stand for the welfare of the dumb beasts. But the controversy was carried on with good humor all the same, and in the end "those curious English" had their own way.

Whenever questions such as this arose between the Allied forces it proved in practice that the Americans usually had the deciding voice. Perhaps it may be recorded without hurting any one's feelings that the American as a matter of instinct was inclined usually to take the French side, because his stronger sympathy was in that direction; after experience he was inclined usually to take the British side, for his manner of thinking was more on our lines.

Chinese labor was a very notable help to the army, but it furnished its own distinctive problems. The Chinaman had no intention to work unless he was compelled, but he would work splendidly when he was compelled:

The Chinaman knew by his contract that he was not to suffer war risks, that he was not supposed to work under shell-fire, and he was soon sufficiently advanced to interpret an occasional air bombardment as "shell-fire," and to give it as a reason for demanding more pay. As a rule he was willing to take risks, if he were paid extra. When sick or wounded he was a great nuisance, for if a Chinaman died of sickness whilst in the charge of the white man the conclusion was that he had been done to death. Ordinarily a sick Chinaman demobilized two workers—himself and some member of his own secret society who had to accompany him to hospital to see that all was fair.

The most earnest effort was therefore made to keep the Chinaman from dying, not only from ordinary motives of humanity, but because as a corpse he was an even greater nuisance. A British soldier might be buried in a blanket, but the Chinese dead had to have wooden coffins, and their graveyards had to be chosen with great care—preferably in a valley with a stream running through it. All this to satisfy the spiritual world of the Chinese, which seems to be very exigent in such matters. The official instructions regarding Chinese graves stated: "The ideal site to secure repose and drive away evil spirits is on sloping ground with a stream below, or gully down which water always or occasionally passes. The grave should not be parallel to the N.E. or W. This is specially important to Chinese Mohammedans. It should be about four feet deep, with the head towards the hill and the feet towards the water. A mound of earth about two feet high is piled over the grave."

The Dominion forces furnished a study in human nature that proved a bit perplexing. The Australian, for example, was wholly different from the Britisher and from the Canadian. He was "more resourceful, more resolute, more cruel, more impatient" than his British cousin. And he was quite aware of his own distinctiveness, so to speak:

About this here is an illustrative story, which is welcomed as "quite Australian." When the Australian gunboat *Protector* arrived in Chinese waters the British admiral went on board to pay his compliments and was not stinting in praise of Australian military and naval prowess. Thereupon the Australian hand is said to have struck up with a tune from "The Belle of New York": "Of course you can never be quite like us."

It is perhaps a true story; certainly possible. There is a touch of gay impudence in the Australian character which an ex-governor confessed he loved "because it was so young."

Always one comes back to that word "young." It is the key to an understanding of the Anzac—youth with its enthusiasms, rashnesses, faults, shynesses; youth, raw, if you will, but of good breed and high intentions.

The Anzac in his ideals of mateship and of stoicism is compared by the author with the Bedouin of tradition. He loves his horse, his dog; and the stranger within his gates. He will share his last water with his horse, and his hospitality is proverbial:

An English padre who put in two years in the "Back of Beyond" of Australia as a "Bush Brother" confesses that his first impression was that the Anzac of the Bush was "cruel and pagan. His last impression was that the Anzac was generally as fine a Christian as any heaven for human beings would want. An incident of this parson's "conversion" (he related) was the entry into a far-back town of a hand of five

men carrying another on a stretcher. The six were opal miners with a little claim far out in the desert. One had been very badly mauled in an explosion. The others stopped their profitable work at once and set themselves to carry him in to the nearest township with a hospital. The distance was forty-five miles. On the road some of the party almost perished of thirst, but the wounded man had his drink always, and always the handages on his crushed leg were kept moist in the fierce heat of the sun. One of the men was asked how they had managed to make this sacrifice.

"It was better to use the water that way than to hear the poor highter moan."

There were printing presses and newspapers in connection with the army. There was a highly efficient department with machinery of the most modern type at Boulogne, Abbéville, and elsewhere, and it was used also by the Americans and the French:

American army publications were normally somewhat more solemn and staid than our own. Occasionally, however, the American humor broke out, as in the gas-warning leaflet, which had not, perhaps, the sanction of American G.H.Q., but was widely (and usefully) circulated in the trenches. It began:

In a Gas Attack

There Are Only Two Crowds

The Quick and the Dead

Be Quick and Get That Gas Mask On!

After the armistice the printing services, no longer so much pressed with other army work, were able to undertake some purely educational printing. But by this time demobilization was sweeping away the classes, and the best of the opportunity had passed.

There was complete amity, although many differences of opinion, between the American and the British commands. Each had its own plan for the supply of underclothing and boots and for the thousand details of army life:

It would be impossible to praise too highly the common sense and civility of the American liaison officers who had to argue out these points with our officers. They were never unreasonable, and were very prompt in crediting our officers with politeness and good will. That Americans and British can get on very well together this campaign has proved. I think that in every case where an American and a British division were thrown together they parted company with a marked increase of mutual good-will and respect.

Everything possible was done to furnish the American forces with whatever they needed, and it was the general rule that American requisitions were to have priority:

American liaison officers at G.H.Q. "made good" with the British staff very quickly. They had a downright earnestness of manner which was very engaging. The American staff seemed to have been chosen strictly for efficiency reasons and, there being no obstacles of established custom to overcome, the best men got to the top very quickly. The appointment of Mr. Frederick Palmer, the famous war correspondent, to a high post on General Pershing's intelligence staff was an example of their way of doing things. Colonel Palmer as war correspondent had seen much of this and of many other wars. For his particular post he was an ideal man. But it would be difficult to imagine him stepping at once into so high a position in a European army.

Finally we have an appreciation of the American fighting man, whose energy and resourcefulness won full recognition everywhere:

The Americans, when they got into action, first as auxiliaries of British and French divisions, then in their own army organization, were fine fighters. Their splendid physique made them very deadly in a close tussle, and they had a business-like efficiency in battle that did not appeal to the Boche. A favorite American weapon at close quarters was a shotgun sawn off short at the barrel. It was of fearful effect. The enemy had the sublime impudence to protest against this weapon as "contrary to the usages of civilized warfare." This was cool indeed from the folk who made us familiar with the murder of civil hostages, the use of civilians as fire screens, and the employment of poison gas as methods of warfare. The Americans answered the impudent protest with peremptory firmness, and kept the shotgun in use.

We are told very little of the actual fighting, but perhaps we have already been told enough—at least for the present. But the picture of life at head quarters is distinctly novel, as it is certainly distinctly interesting. There are also many good and relevant illustrations.

G.H.Q. (MONTREUIL-SUR-MER). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$9.

The once famous battleship *Iowa*, which played a part in the destruction of Cervera's fleet at Santiago in 1898, is being prepared at the Philadelphia Navy Yard for what will be one of the most remarkable target experiments ever attempted. Proceeding unmanned, but under her own steam and controlled by radio, probably from seaplanes, the old battleship will become the objective of the big guns of the Atlantic fleet super-dreadnoughts in Chesapeake Bay. This will be the first time that American warships have used a moving craft for a target except in actual war. Two of the *Iowa's* boilers are being converted to burn oil, so that the ship may continue under way with no one aboard once her fires have been started and her engines placed in motion.

While making excavations for a car barn in Christiana workmen found the remains of the stronghold of the notorious Bishop Nikolas Arneson, who figures in Ibsen's "Kongsemnerne" as Bishop Nikolas. The building was erected in the eleventh century and the find is considered of such unusual historical importance that the authorities of Christiana are trying to reach an agreement with the railroad by which the ruins can be scientifically excavated and the car barn built somewhere else.

Thirty million salmon eggs are taken annually from the Frazer River and tributaries for hatchery purposes.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending October 30, 1920, were \$156,200,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$162,800,000; a decrease of \$6,600,000.

Resources of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco rose \$2,151,000 during the week ending October 29th, compared with the week previous. All of the other principal aggregates were lower. Total gold held by the bank was less by \$1,834,000; total gold reserves by \$2,609,000; total reserves by \$2,494,000; total bills on hand by \$3,094,000; total earning assets by \$2,954,000.

Interest rates are higher now than a year ago. Federal Land Banks claim that interest has gone up because they have gone out of business. They mistake the effect for the

he subject to income taxation."—*The Manufacturer.*

The results of the past year's working of the Anglo-South American Bank, Ltd., must be gratifying to the directors and in the highest degree satisfactory to the shareholders. For the year to June 30th last the net profit of £1,024,000 was not far short of double that secured for the previous year. The total distribution for the year is 25 per cent., which includes a special interim dividend at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum. An amount of £211,000 is placed to reserves of various kinds and £393,000 is carried forward. A sum of £58,600 has been applied in payment in connection with the acquisition of the shares of the British Bank of South America.

The former legal head of one of America's largest corporations died recently and it was necessary to realize on many of his investments in order to divide his estate among the beneficiaries of his will. When the executors began the examination of his security holdings they found that practically all of them were selling at pitifully low prices, as compared with what he had paid for them. The depreciation of his estate, because of the general decline in bond prices, was enormous. The bonds themselves were as secure as when he had bought them; but 4 per cent. issues that he had paid par for some years ago were selling in the eighties. He had put the savings from a good salary into good grade municipal and corporation bonds. In some cases he had bought substantial blocks, if not entire issues, of small towns, to which he was personally attached because of early association with them. There was no real market for those bonds; buyers would have to be searched for if they were to be sold.

This able attorney had spent his life serving others and when it came to the investment of his savings he had followed the sound practice of buying the best grade securities, and then he probably gave little further attention to them. They paid their interest regularly—why should he give much thought to them? He was a busy man.

An officer of one of the largest New York trust companies, who is identified with the trust department where careful watch is kept of investments, said to me once: "An investment policy which merely entertains the policy of buying to hold to maturity obviously disregards opportunities alternately to expand and to conserve the value of the principal, and entirely ignores certain fundamental economic principles as to the relationship between security prices and the value, or purchasing power, of money. To take advantage of these opportunities to expand the principal is by no means speculating in bonds, and to fail to take reasonable cognizance of them to conserve one's principal is an offense against the principle of sound investment."

This latter is what the eminent attorney had not done. He had bought long-term bonds when their prices were high, and now that his holdings must be liquidated in a period of low bond prices, there was a large shrinkage in his estate. Of course, had he not died at this time, but lived ten or twenty years longer, his bonds might have swung back again in price so that the realizable value of his investments would have been as much as he paid for them. Possibly he considered that it was not worth his time to keep watch of his investments and make change in them to meet changing conditions. But many people never even give that much thought to the matter. Many who do not even buy the best securities, as he did, give them as little further attention. And it is true that eternal vigilance is the price of safety in investments as in many other things.

A man who not long since went with one of the largest investment banking houses, after being for many years a close student of investments from the theoretical viewpoint, recently told me that the more he saw of the practical side of the business the more he became convinced that the chief thing to be looked out for in making investments was the conservation of the principal. He had in mind more particularly the guarding against loss on securities that go bad for one reason or another, or that were never good investments to start with; but what he said applies also to the lowering of security values due to the economic changes to which the trust company official referred. There is even a problem for those who, like this corporation attorney, know that the highest grade securities are the best in the long run. It is to guard against the seasonal savings such as the one which caused so much depreciation in the lawyer's estate. How is this to be done?

The thing for the investor to watch closest is the trend of commodity prices. Bond prices move in the opposite direction from commodity prices. When it costs less to live people are satisfied with a lower return on their money; they will pay higher prices for bonds. But as the cost of living goes up, they require a larger return from their investments and will not pay as high prices for bonds. New issues are brought out at

higher interest rates and the old issues have to meet the competition of these in the market. The amount of liquid capital available for investment at various times also has an influence on the price at which bonds are offered, but the factor is not as important as the level of commodity prices.

A study of the commodity price index over a long period of years shows that the swings in living costs have been accompanied by movements in the opposite directions in bond prices. During and following the civil war, for example, when prices of commodities were high, bonds were low. The railroads had to do their financing with 6 and 7 per cent. mortgage bonds. The last of these were curiosities in the market a few years ago. Then followed a long downward swing of commodity prices until 1896, and bond prices went up until around the opening of the present the railroads were financing with 3½ per cent. bonds at par. Since then there has been the upward trend in the cost of living with which every one is familiar, and now the railroads are back again to 7 per cent. issues and the French government, in order to secure funds in this country to meet its share of the Anglo-French loan, has to sell an 8 per cent. bond at par.

These are the changing conditions which the trust company official says that not to take cognizance of is an offense against the principles of sound investment. And by taking advantage of them, one will not only conserve the principal of his investment, but may conceivably add materially to his principal. For by buying long-term bonds when commodity prices are high and bonds low, and changing them for short-term securities when the bonds reach high levels, keeping one's funds thus temporarily invested until bonds again decline in price, a substantial growth in the principal of the investment would result. One can not, of course, tell just when the end of each swing has come, but they are such broad movements that one does not need to call the turn. By applying this theory of investment today one would certainly be buying long-term bonds. In fact, it looks as though the upturn in them had started, but even if it has not, it is safe to say that commodity prices will some day be lower than at present and good grade bonds will be selling much higher. As the trust officer quoted above says: "There can be little doubt that those who buy well secured long-term bonds now will have very little cause for regret."—*John K. Barnes in the Century Magazine.*

President Mortimer Fleishacker of the Anglo-California Trust Company was host at a very enjoyable banquet on October 28th at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, given to the twenty-two officers and heads of departments of his company. The banquet was a testimonial to the splendid spirit of good-fellowship and cooperation that permeates this progressive institution. At the banquet Mr. Fleishacker stated that he was particularly pleased with the rapid growth of the company. On August 1, 1916, the total deposits of the company were a little more than \$11,000,000; today they are almost \$28,000,000, which is an increase of about 150 per cent. in four years. The company now has five complete banks in San Francisco, with the main bank at Market and Sansome Streets and branches at 101 Market Street, Fillmore and Geary Streets, Sixteenth and Mission Streets, and Third and Twentieth Streets.

Wide interest from all parts of the state is manifested in the Pacific Gas and Electric Company's first preferred stock. The corporation is now offering \$5,000,000 of this stock direct to the public. Up to date nearly 1000 Californians have demonstrated their confidence in the company's preferred issues by investing in them prior to the present issue.

The preferred stock of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company probably is the most widely owned investment issue in the state, with the exception of Liberty bonds.

The company did a gross business of \$32,038,038 for the year ended August 31st and earned a surplus of \$3,573,367 available dividends. The assets on August 31st exceeded \$15,000,000, of which \$6,918,000 was in cash. United States treasury certificates, or other practically cash items.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company owns and operates extensive properties employed in the production and sale of electricity and gas for light, heat, and power, about 56 per cent. of its operating revenues being derived from electricity and about 38 per cent. from gas. It is also engaged in street railway operation and in the sale of steam for heating and of water for irrigation and domestic purposes, deriving approximately 6 per cent. of its revenues from these and other less important activities.

The company was organized under the laws of California in 1905 as a consolidation of a number of well-established public utilities, including some of the earliest and most successful hydro-electric developments on the Pacific Coast. Its gas business dates back sixty-six

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years, its steam electric business forty-one years, and its hydro-electric development twenty-five years.

The operations of the company extend into thirty-three counties of central and northern California, having an area of 47,000 square miles and a population at the 1910 census of 1,390,000, or approximately 58 per cent. of the population of the entire state. The company's business field embraces a present estimated population of 1,845,175, and includes the important San Francisco Bay section and the fertile Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys.

The Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company report the following items taken from the latest statement of Barker Brothers, dated September 30, 1920, which make a remarkable showing:

	April 30, 1920.	July 31, 1920.	Sept. 30, 1920.
Net quick assets.....	\$353	\$381	\$399
Total net assets.....	413	446	468

Over the five months that have elapsed since this stock was first offered the latest statement shows cash has increased 20 per cent. approximately, notes and accounts receivable increased approximately 25 per cent., while merchandise only increased about 10 per cent. For the same period current liabilities decreased about 15 per cent.

One of the safeguards protecting this issue

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cause. An analysis of the situation shows that it is more nearly correct to say that the land banks went out of business because the interest rates went up. When the United States government, with all of the national resources behind its obligations, is compelled to pay 6 per cent., it is not to be expected that Federal Land Banks could borrow at 4½ per cent. When the land banks could no longer sell bonds to the public at 4½ per cent. a kind-hearted Congress went to their rescue with cash from the public treasury.

With railroad and industrial securities and commercial paper yielding 7 per cent. to 9 per cent. no investors except rich tax dodgers could afford to buy the Federal Land Bank 4½ per cent. tax-exempt bonds.

There is no valid reason for exempting

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Federal Land Bank bonds from taxation and the law should be amended to have the income derived from these bonds taxed the same as any other income.

At its recent conference in Salt Lake City the National Tax Association in considering tax revision and repeal of the excess profits tax law resolved: "That exemptions of private property or income from taxation should be confined within the narrowest possible limits and that this conference is unalterably opposed to the exemption of interest from mortgages from income taxation under either Federal or state laws, and that this conference is of the opinion that salaries of all public officials and the interest on future issues of Federal, state, or municipal obligations should

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requires that 15 per cent. of the net earnings of the company be put into a sinking fund to retire the issue at 105. Earnings so far this year would require a little more than \$150,000 of the preferred stock to be retired, should the company only break even from now on until the first of the year. It is a matter of record that December is always one of their largest and most profitable months.

However, assuming that only \$150,000 of this stock will be retired, there would be \$850,000 left outstanding. In this case the net quick assets applicable to each share of this preferred stock would amount to \$470, while total net assets would amount to \$550.

C. L. Best Tractor Company, the name by which the C. L. Best Gas Traction Company will henceforth be known, announced recently that although sales books for its new "30"

German exports to England has already surpassed the highest pre-war records—in textiles, for instance.

It is extremely difficult for American buyers of German goods to close big contracts on account of the fluctuating exchange. England has facilities through its banks offered to English commission and export houses, whereby an English buyer of German goods may settle against every big deal mark exchange six and nine months ahead.

Germany is in the market for billions of pounds of American cotton, American wheat and flour, American copper, American hardware, and so on. It is evident that with the depreciated value of German paper money Germany can not buy very much here. Therefore it is in the interest of trade that another medium of exchange takes the place of the German paper money, and that can only be an exchange of merchandise. If America is anxious to get the former largest customer of American materials back, the importation of German manufactures must be facilitated to make possible an exchange of goods. Since an exchange of merchandise is based upon a stable medium of exchange, American bankers and financiers have to follow the English lead in this respect: make agreements with German banks and financiers to enable the settling of forward exchange contracts against every import or export contract.

This system of forward exchange contracts is ruling in the Far East for every business transaction with foreign countries and is one of the main activities of the banks there. Shanghai, for instance, a city with only about 15,000 white people, has about two dozen banks and two hundred exchange brokers doing nothing but settling the daily exchange contracts for their customers with the respective banks. England has instituted this business with Germany now and already gets ahead of all the other business nations in the world in this lucrative trade.—Karl Offer.

Mr. John B. Lowe, formerly with E. H. Rollins & Sons, the National City Company, and the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company, is now Pacific Coast manager for George H. Burr & Co., investment securities. Mr. Lowe has just returned from a trip to New York and other financial centres.

Hyde Gowan, for the past year in charge of the promotion department of the San Francisco *Journal of Commerce*, is now general manager of the Granville Dunne Company, fiscal agents, with offices in the Phelan Building.

The wide interest displayed in the development of the immense western shale fields is more than justified by the rather alarming increase of oil consumption over production. In this connection it may be mentioned that as a reserve for the use of the navy the United States government has withdrawn in Colorado 45,440 acres and in Utah 86,584 acres of shale land. In the Utah portion of the Uintah Basin alone there are available more than 40,000,000,000 tons of oil shale that will yield more than a barrel of oil to the ton.

In an article on shale recently published in the New York *Tribune* that paper quotes Professor Victor C. Alderson, dean of the Colorado School of Mines, as follows: "The supply of oil shale in Colorado and Utah alone exists in tremendous and unlimited quantities. In Colorado there is enough of it immediately available for 100 retort plants using 2000 tons a day to work 800 years. There is seven times as much available oil a square mile from a ten-foot vein of oil shale as has been

produced or will be produced from a square mile of proven oil ground. The shale drops out of the surface of ground in strata form. There is so much of it above the surface that we need not worry about the lower levels. Digging for it would be useless expense."

Canada's harvest this year will total 25,000,000 tons of hay and corn and 1,250,000,000 bushels of other field crops, as compared with 20,000,000 tons and something over 1,000,000,000 bushels for 1919, according to official figures. It is estimated that the price of 1920 wheat will average \$2 per bushel. The field crops represent about \$170 per head of population.

Watson & Co., investment securities, are offering 5000 shares (common stock) of the Golden State Motion Picture Corporation, controlling all the productions of H. H. Van Loan, author. The corporation's capitalization is 5000 common shares (\$100 par value), 3000 of which are to be presently issued and 300 founders' shares (no par value), all of which are to be presently issued. This corporation will have no funded debt or preferred stock.

The Golden State Motion Picture Corporation was formed under the laws of Delaware, and with the proceeds of the sale of its common stock it will proceed immediately to engage the best director obtainable and secure the proper company to produce H. H. Van Loan's latest masterpieces.

His first story has been passed on by several of the best judges of photo plays in the United States, who pronounce it one of the best and strongest ever presented to them, and there is little question but what it will surpass in earnings Mr. Van Loan's last two successes, namely, "The Great Redeemer" and "The Virgin of Stamboul."

The sources of income of the corporation are the following: First, the sale of pictures produced by them to large distributors, with whom contracts will have been made previous to the starting of pictures; second, the leasing of pictures produced on a royalty basis.

The holders of the common stock will receive cash cumulative dividend up to \$10 per share per annum before the founders' stock receives a dividend. Thereafter the holders of the founders' stock will receive \$10 per share before any additional dividends may be paid on the common stock. Thereafter the common stock will receive one-half of any further profits. The common stock has priority of the founders' stock as to assets in liquidation up to 110 per cent., or \$110 per share. No further amount of the authorized common stock may be issued until the company's earnings are well assured.

The directors of the company believe the financial plan to be sound in principle and estimates made to be well within reasonable expectations, and that the company will be in a position to earn a handsome return on the necessary capital expenditures.

That the water utilities of California have been "hard hit" lately is pointed out in the annual report of the railroad commission, which has just been transmitted to the governor.

Referring to rates for water, the commission points out that the increased cost of everything entering into the operation of this type of utility, coupled with lowered water levels which forced expensive pumping operations, made it imperative that aid be given the water companies, particularly in view of the fact that the health and well-being of entire communities depended upon properly functioning water utilities.

"In all," says the commission, "relief was

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granted in forty-seven cases, the average increase in water companies' revenues totaling 20.77 per cent., against, as has been pointed out, increase in material and other prices ranging from 100 to 500 per cent. and even higher."

The Spring Valley Water Company was not among the forty-seven water utilities which received relief. Water rates in San Francisco were not raised during the war, since the war, nor for years previous to the war.

Raising the price of rooms when it is learned that the guest is from America has become a habit of French hotel-keepers.

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June 30th, 1920.
Assets - - - - - \$66,840,376.95
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In "Isabel Stirling" the author, Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer, has written a sort of American prototype to May Sinclair's "Mary Olivier," although the American novel is not written in the first person. But it is a minutely followed recital of a woman's inner and outer life, beginning with her early childhood and leading up to her rejection, while a young widow in the early thirties, of a man fitted in every way to be her husband.

The story is of Isabel's life and the people figuring in it all belong to that survival of the Puritanic side of our American life which is rapidly passing away. Even now it is beginning to attain to the dignity of that which is enshrined in a sort of sanctity of historical perspective. Isabel's father, the stern, despotic country-town clergyman "who had never forgiven God," also belongs to a type that is passing away, and the modern reader hates him with the healthy American impulse against tyranny that the children of Puritanic New Englanders and Middle Staters scarcely knew.

The narrative carries Isabel into experiences at an Arizona army post in a country infested by Indians, and old army men and women will read with great interest of the familiar life they once lived, and of an engagement with the Indians, in which the author's kinship with army men can be guessed on account of her thorough knowledge of the military conditions of the times, the governmental stupidity which lost the nation many valuable lives, and the military technic of the engagement with the Indians.

The author, whose name is not familiar in the realm of fiction, is plainly a practiced writer, and although her book, like that written by her heroine, "marches, but does not soar," it carries the reader along with the interest that attaches to realities. For the country childhood, the boarding-school and co-educational university experiences, the life in a college town and at an army post are all told with that tone of truth, albeit rather sober in effect, which makes the book seem a reflection of life; all except the climax. The reader feels a little rebellious when a young and beautiful woman who is enjoying a congenial, intellectual comradeship with a fine man who loves her, and whom she is extremely near to loving, rejects his love because of her fidelity to her husband's memory. However, perhaps this end constitutes an artistic adherence to the sober, Puritanic tone of the book.

ISABEL STIRLING. By Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Day Before Yesterday.

Maitland Armstrong died two years ago and now we have a sort of autobiography—perhaps diary would be the better word—edited by his daughter, a book substantial in size, but printed in unusually large and comfortable type. Mr. Armstrong was first a painter and later on he became known for his stained-glass designs and manufacture. He served as consul-general to Italy and was United States Commissioner of Fine Arts at the Paris Exposition of 1878. He does not seem to have intended the publication of these diary leaves,

and perhaps here we have an explanation of their excellence. He met a great many interesting people and he tells us about them interestingly and with a carefully sustained economy that seldom strays into the irrelevant or the domestic. Indeed there are few books of its kind that are so uniformly bright or that show so clear a recognition of the things that are pleasing or important.

DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. By Maitland Armstrong. Edited by his daughter, Margaret Armstrong. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Morale.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall is so *visible*—there seems no other suitable word—that it is necessary to give to his book something more than the casual notice that its scanty virtues deserve. For here we seem to have an epitome of the intellectual failings of the day, its superficialities, its carelessness, its lack of thoroughness, and—it must be added sadly—its self-conceit. What shall we say of an author with Dr. Hall's claims to scholarship who permits so many glaring errors to creep into his Latin and French quotations and who seems to have searched the dictionary for unusual words in preference to their simpler equivalents?

Dr. Hall has his preferences and his antipathies. His preferences seem to be for anything and for everything that by any stretch of the imagination can be called scientific and for anything and everything that seems to belong peculiarly to this period in contradistinction to all others. His antipathies are against Christianity and all other forms of religion and thought that are not materialistic. All these are outworn and unworthy of attention. Henceforth we shall depend, not upon conscience as a moral guide, but upon some "mysterious, developmental urge, entelechy, will-to-live, *elan vital, horme, libido, nissus*, or by whatever name it be called." The humanity of the future will look to the biologist and the physiologist for whatever he may need of ethics, and the Ten Commandments will hide their diminished heads in favor of punch, pep, and jazz. In pursuance of his theme Dr. Hall wanders over the whole field of contemporary action and thought. Nothing is omitted, and if sometimes his snap judgments—and all his judgments are snap—surprisingly commend themselves by a certain homely common sense, we must regretfully attribute it to a mind trained in acrobatics rather than to anything resembling scholarship or actual comprehension. When Dr. Hall expresses the hope that his book will be accepted in our institutions of learning in place of the types of ethics now in use he displays a sanguine but not a prophetic temperament.

MORALE, THE SUPREME STANDARD OF LIFE AND CONDUCT. By G. Stanley Hall. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Poems by Henry Van Dyke.

Here we have a volume of nearly six hundred pages of Dr. Van Dyke's poems, described as "a new and revised edition with many hitherto uncollected." The letterpress is of comfortable size and widely spaced and the book as a whole makes a handsome addition to the library shelf.

Dr. Van Dyke's poems are so widely known and so deservedly popular that nothing be-

yond a note of record seems to be needed. At the same time an edition so complete and so compact as this serves to emphasize a characteristic that has been by no means unnoticed. One wonders how it is that poems usually so faultless in construction and often so musical can yet be so conventional in thought. Nowhere do we find an idea that arrests the attention, that definitely arouses either hospitality or hostility or that provokes doubt or discussion. Dr. Van Dyke rarely writes a line of verse with which any human being can disagree, and while it can hardly be said that the task of the poet is to provoke disagreement, it seems none the less to be true that he who speaks in such a way as to arouse no disagreement has said nothing at all.

THE POEMS OF HENRY VAN DYKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Briefer Reviews.

"Songs of Dogs," collected and arranged by Robert Frothingham (Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.65), is a compact anthology of the best poems that have ever been written about dogs. It makes a charming little volume.

"Business Letters Made Easy," by Paul W. Kearney (Edward J. Clode), is not merely a volume of sample letters. It is described as "a brief but comprehensive study of the principles which naturally simplify the art of handling the day's mail."

A compact and practical aid to the linguist will be found in "Spanish," by Edouard Dumois, M. A. (Edward J. Clode). The author's method seems admirably adapted to the acquisition of conversational Spanish. Moreover, it contains a competent vocabulary.

An unusually good story of *Mayflower* days written for young people will be found in "The Young Pilgrims," by Charles Herbert, and published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. In addition to many colored plates of unusual excellence there are line illustrations on nearly every page.

"The Land of the Great Out-of-Doors," by Robert Livingston (Houghton Mifflin Company), is the story of Pen and Penny, a little brother and sister who move to the country when they are five and six years of age. It describes life in the country, with its various activities changing with the seasons. Children tell in their own way of the animals on the farm and in the woods, and there are chapters on sports, picnics, etc.

"John Martin's Big Book for Little Folk" is very big indeed and it contains every variety of suitable food for the young reader. There are illustrations—many of them colored—upon nearly every page, and the letterpress consists of a delightful medley of stories, verse, and music. Here assuredly is treasure trove for children. The publisher is the Houghton Mifflin Company and the price is \$3.50.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Mr. Whiting Williams, steel executive and authority on labor *morale*, was away from his desk for seven months last year. He spent that period working as a laborer in American mines and mills. He adopted the worker's identity with the worker's overalls. He lived the worker's life, wrestled with the worker's problems. Mr. Williams kept a diary during that period. This diary, after clarification and editing, has been published in book form by Charles Scribner's Sons under the title "What's On the Worker's Mind."

Colonel Repington, the famous military correspondent of the London *Times* and *Morning Post*, has created a decided sensation in Great Britain by the publication of his war diary. For the past month the British papers have been filled with comments on the colonel's "indiscretions" in revealing so frankly the inner story of the military and diplomatic history of the conflict.

William Lyon Phelps, the literary critic and Lampson Professor of English at Yale, has recently said that "it is pleasant to record that in the front rank of American novelists we find four women, who shall be named in alphabetical order. The big four are Dorothy Canfield, Zona Gale, Anne Sedgwick, Edith Wharton."

John Pollock, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who went to Russia in March, 1915, to do relief work among the war refugees and escaped from the Russia of the Bolsheviks in February, 1919, has an interesting story to tell of actual existence in the land of the Soviets. In "The Bolshevik Adventure," just published by E. P. Dutton & Co., he tells his story with unforgettable vividness.

Charles Edward Merriam of the department of political science, University of Chicago, is well known as the author of "American Political Theories." His new book is a companion volume, "American Political Ideas."

It is an interesting fact that in the dispute between President Wilson and Senator Spencer with regard to the speech in which Presi-

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dent Wilson is said to have promised military aid to certain Balkan countries in case of attack the authority most consulted and quoted has been Dr. E. J. Dillon's book, "The Inside Story of the Peace Conference," which was published recently by the Harpers.

The wooden hat may replace that of the straw variety next season in London. It is cheaper than straw through slightly heavier. In shape it is similar to the ordinary straw hat, but the color is dullish white.

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Accepting the Universe.

In spite of the deprecatory note of certain commentators we can see no reason why Mr. John Burroughs should not attempt to solve the evolutionary riddle of the universe nor why we should confine ourselves to the views of a certain school of scientists for our evolutionary theories just as we confine ourselves to the grocer when we want cheese or to the postoffice when we want stamps. Any man who can look intelligently upon his own inner processes or upon the general processes of nature outside of himself is competent and indeed compelled to ask himself the meaning of them. It is not in the least necessary that he should know the latest facts about the amoeba nor that he should prostrate himself

before the professor of biology. Incidentally it is a little strange that amid all the chatter about democracy we should adopt an attitude toward the scientist so like that of the German civilian toward a member of the general staff. Indeed we are by no means sure that the scientific "outsider" may not sometimes see the best of the game.

When Mr. Burroughs talks about Nature he means the totality of existence. The theological God has no place in his scheme. For him there is no supernatural. It seems to him that the universe is moving on toward a goal by some power inherent in itself, a power that has no favorites and that is indifferent to our ideas of right and wrong. Nature, he says, is just as much on the side of the rat as of the cat. She is single-eyed in pursuit of her goal. All the phenomena around us are parts of her plan, and they would be seen to be orderly if we had a sufficient sense of the relativities. Whatever in the exercise of human free will acts retardingly upon the plan of the universe is evil. Whatever accelerates that plan is good.

Perhaps it would be easy to find inconsistencies in the author's argument. In the main they are due to a slight shifting of the point of view and they do not matter. The book as a whole remains a notable piece of broad-gauge and constructive thinking, and one by no means without its helpful hearing upon the cultural side of the individual life.

ACCEPTING THE UNIVERSE. By John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Relativity.

It was gratifying to find that the Einstein theory aroused much interest in America in spite of the fact that it seemed to have no possible bearing upon manufacture or commerce. But for a time our interest was checked. Einstein himself said that probably there were not a dozen men in the world who could understand his theory, but he must now have somewhat modified that opinion, seeing that he has written a book addressed to the non-mathematical reader, or at least to the reader whose mathematics are not much beyond the high school variety. It would be out of place here to attempt a summary of the Einstein theory, and particularly in view of the fact that this authoritative book is now available. It must suffice to say that it is written with a fine lucidity and that no one of average intelligence need hesitate to read it.

RELATIVITY: THE SPECIAL AND GENERAL THEORY. By Albert Einstein, Ph. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

New Books Received.

A HISTORY OF THE NATIONALIST MOVEMENT. By Sir Verney Lovett, K. C. S. I. London: John Murray.

A history of the origin, causes, and progress of the Nationalist Movement in India.

WOOD-FOLK COMEDIES. By William J. Long. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$3.

POINTS OF FICTION. By Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75.

A volume of new essays.

KIDDIE-KAR BOOK. Verses by Richard J. Walsh.

Illustrations and decorations by Sarah S. Stillwell Weber. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

For children.

CHIPS OF JADE. Rhymed in English by Arthur Guiterman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Being Chinese proverbs with more folk-sayings from Hindustan and other Oriental countries.

ENGLISH WAYS AND BY-WAYS. By Leighton Parks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

An imaginary chronicle of a vacation motor trip of an American clergyman and his wife.

THE POEMS OF HENRY VAN DYKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

New and revised edition, with many hitherto uncollected.

THE HYPHEN. By Lida C. Schem. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.

A novel.

A TOUR OF AMERICA'S NATIONAL PARKS. By Henry Outridge Reik. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$4.

How to go, where to go, and what to see.

THE ANTHOLOGY OF ANOTHER TOWN. By E. W. Howe. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.

Stories of a town.

THE MAKING OF THE REPARATION AND ECONOMIC SECTIONS OF THE TREATY. By Bernard M. Baruch. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A review of treaty-making in Paris.

THE YOUNG PILGRIMS. By Charles Herbert. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The story of early days.

THE BRIDE OF CORINTH AND OTHER POEMS AND PLAYS. By Anatole France. New York: John Lane Company.

Issued in the Works of Anatole France.

THE MAKING OF HERBERT HOOVER. By Rose Wilder Lane. New York: The Century Company.

A biography.

JOHN SENESCHAL'S MARGARET. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

A novel.

THE POETS IN THE NURSERY. By Charles Powell. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

Parodies of modern poets.

ESSENTIALS IN ART. By Osvald Sirén, Ph. D. New York: John Lane Company; \$3.50.

Five essays on art.

SOCIAL IDOLATRY. By George W. Pacaud. Ottawa, Canada: George H. Popham; \$1.25.

A comedy in three acts.

THE ENEMIES OF WOMEN. By Blasco Ibañez. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A novel.

JESUS OF NAZARETH, WHO WAS HE? By J. Godfrey Raupert. Boston: Marshall Jones Company; \$1.50.

A religious discussion.

THE LIBERAL COLLEGE. By Alexander Meiklejohn. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

Issued in the Amherst Books.

GLIMPSES OF SOUTH AMERICA. By F. A. Sherwood. New York: The Century Company.

A travel hook.

THE DANGEROUS INHERITANCE. By Izola Forrester. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

A novel.

BUSINESS LETTERS MADE EASY. By Paul W. Kearney. New York: Edward J. Clode.

Explanations and instructions.

THE DARK RIVER. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. New York: Thomas Seltzer; \$2.

A novel.

THE DIPPERS. By Ben Travers. New York: John Lane Company.

A novel.

SPANISH. By Edouard Dumois, M. A. New York: Edward J. Clode.

A practical handbook for self-instruction.

HEARTS OF THREE. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A novel.



BEING AND BECOMING. By Fenwick L. Holmes. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

A study of the personal relationships between the individual and universal.

THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF. By Margaret and H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.75.

A novel.

FRENCH. By Edouard Dumois, M. A. New York: Edward J. Clode.

A practical handbook for self-instruction.

INTO MEXICO WITH GENERAL SCOTT. By Edwin L. Sabin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.75.

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HOW TO STUDY MUSIC. By Charles H. Farnsworth. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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SOCIAL LETTERS MADE EASY. By Gabrielle Rosiere. New York: Edward J. Clode.

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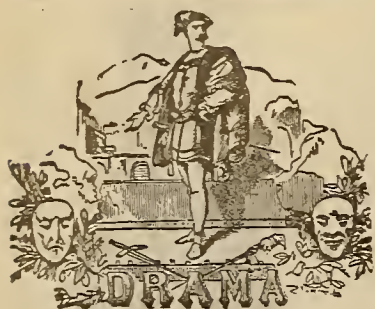
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"THE LITTLE WHOPPER."

The Curran was filled almost if not quite to capacity on its opening night with the crowd who always keeps tab on New York successes. "The Little Whopper" is musical comedy, but it has a special claim on the attention because of the Friml music and because Otto Harbach wrote the book.

It is one of the pieces that has a considerable plot; always something to be thankful for. The cast reads like that of a normal farce-comedy, and the musical numbers fit in aptly enough to tickle the spectator agreeably. There is a pretty, wistful touch of sentiment to Friml's melodious numbers, and Harbach provides amusing situations and witty dialogue. In fact the main part of the entertainment is provided by an intrinsically amusing piece, which fortunately is set off by a particularly pleasing company, the songs, dancing, and costumes being incidental, as they ought to be. And the humor of the piece is clean and cleanly presented, even though there is a marriage mix-up, and even a bedroom glimpsed for a brief moment. But we are spared all grossness of suggestion.

The opening scene is at a girls' boarding-school, in which the youth of the girls—for the chorus, like the majority of the chorus girls of the present day, is almost juvenile in age—tallies very aptly with the situation. In this first act—which, like the second, is divided up into several scenes—we are treated to a delightful bit of burlesque of an uncouthly optimistic school mistress, by Sally McRee, who to our sorrow was obliged by the course of the plot to retire from our view too, too early in the performance. We hoped, but vainly, that the schoolmistress' suspicions would induce her to invade "Room 808" in Scene Second, but it was not to be. Miss McRee, by the way, did an extremely good bit of burlesque dancing before the exigencies of the piece ravished her from our yearning gaze.

But there were others. Marie Dilworth, the little blonde who played Kittie, is a clever little piece of capability, with her innocently mischievous countenance, her eyes of naughtily guileless blue, her quick conveyance of the snap in the dialogue, and her spontaneously joyous rhythm of movement. Hazel Flint, the pretty brunette girl playing beside her, although not gifted with as pleasing singing voice, sang with expression and was dowered with that suggestion of an engaging genuineness which, probably, had prompted her selection for the rôle of the girl who hated to tell whoppers; even little ones.

Burt Hall played opposite Marie Dilworth, and like her brought out all the grace and humor of the lines. Mr. Hall's speaking as well as his singing voice did not have a firm carrying quality, and yet it had a wooing minor tone which made us enjoy his musical numbers. Mr. William Gates was duly ingenious in conveying impetuous youthful love, and William Friend was the indispensable comedian playing the rôle of the indispensable valet. And mighty well he did it, too, for he is the kind that does not have to be a buffoon, because his delightful, unforced humor is so genuine and so unobtrusively but unerringly conveyed.

There are still two more whose good qualities it is my agreeable duty to chronicle, Jerome Merrick and Mildred Beverly playing the trusting parents to the truthful girl who has told her first "little whopper." This pair, like William Friend, gave to their work that reassuring finish that we occasionally, or oftener perhaps than occasionally, see in pieces of this kind because they can get tried and trusted players for the maturer rôles, hor-

rowing them from their niches in a more legitimate line of work.

The music made a perpetually agreeable accompaniment to the action, although the voices of the chorus girls are rather raw in quality. But Friml puts a haunting quality into his music, even although it is the light and ephemeral music of musical comedy, and there will be sure to be a demand for records of "You'll Dream and I'll Dream."

"ROBIN HOOD" REVIVED.

They are giving the familiar old favorite a good production at the Columbia. Musically the performance is excellent. The performers are young, the voices are sweet and full, and in costume and scenic appointment everything is more than satisfactory.

But after this tour I have an idea that "Robin Hood" will retire to its long rest in the graveyard. Perhaps the rising generation may not agree, but even they have heard enough of the popular numbers to have discovered that they belong to the domain of ephemeral popular light opera.

Delightful indeed they were to us at one time, but they seem, like the whole piece, to have become a little frayed about the edges. The humor has become mechanical, the romance a thing of the scene-shifter's contrivance. It almost seems, indeed, as if the old story of Robin Hood and his merry outlaws had been cheated of all its forest mystery. All the characters of tradition are there, moving mechanically forward by turns into the spotlight. For the opera begins to seem like a costume concert, so carefully have the claims of each voice been considered.

There are the first and second soprano, the first and second tenor, the contralto, a couple of basses, an ornate haritone, and so on. And in the present production the musical quality has been well considered.

Elsie Thiede, tall and pretty, has a fresh voice of appropriate beauty for Maid Marian's well-known lyrics. Betty Baxter as Alan-a-Dale sings well, although, alas! the young lady forgets herself so little that to the audience she always remains herself; and why does she not sing "Oh Promise Me" more simply?

Harry Longstreet as Little John presents the gallant figure of a good-looking young man who lives up, in his costumes, to his straight legs and good figure. A little inflexible in voice, movement, and action, yet the young man has the equipment that won for him in "Brown October Ale" the highest and most emphatic encore of the evening. Perhaps the subject might have counted, suggestive as it is of appeasing a forevermore thirst, but still the singer won a personal return from his hearers.

William Degan in the "Nine Tailors" song rumbled triumphantly away down in the howels of the earth as Eugene Cowles used to do, and there were other fine bass voices beside William White's to hear him company.

Tom Burton is an experienced comedian who gave a robustious presentation of the old Sheriff-brought-up-to-date. Mr. Burton knows his business, and made his audience laugh with a modernized edition of the jokes. But nevermore will they laugh at the Sheriff as they did of yore, when Barnabee funned about the stage in his hale seventies.

Albert Parr also knows his business. He played Robin Hood, but he suggested an Italian opera singer taking up light opera for a change. Mr. Parr's voice is not as young and fresh as those of the majority of the company, but he is a well-trained singer and knows the ropes.

Other characters—George Olsen's Guy of Gisborne, Mary Baker's Annabel, and Madeline Hartford's Dame Durden—were played on traditional lines, and might easily pass for revived editions of the people of the past that we have seen in the rôles.

A curious effect the old piece gives of going well entirely mechanically. Perhaps the stage director is the type that eliminates individuality. But nobody seemed to stand out of a chalk-marked spot and show an independent and capturing personality.

Nevertheless the performance has been so carefully directed, the voices are so good, the costuming, generally speaking, is so satisfactory, and in individual cases—the baritone, who lives up to his rather too self-aware manly charms, the soprano, who is a dresser—so fresh and handsome that it seems like hyper-criticism to pronounce a performance that is on the surface full of go to be slightly mechanical in its general effect.

AT THE MAITLAND.

This week Mr. Maitland is affording us the opportunity—and one that should not be passed over by students of modern drama—of seeing one of Galsworthy's most sorrowfully realistic plays. It is the sad story of a weakling caught in the pitiless gin of the law and crushed utterly. The remarkable quality of this play is the calm, judicial attitude of the author. Galsworthy, although born within the ranks of English patricians, is a man who has a remarkably deep insight into the suffer-

ings and temptations of the very poor. Plainly he believes that the state does not do its duty by them, but he is no self-constituted reformer. What he does is to present the problem. No solution is offered, but the thinking world is inferentially invited to consider the question, and—again by inference—the state to do something helpful and merciful in the way of making the weaklings of society its wards.

In presenting this problem for the consideration of society Galsworthy has taken the utmost pains to avoid sentimentality of any kind. He refuses to depict flint-hearted employers or brutal officers of the law. The wretched criminal, after he has suffered his punishment and become a ticker-of-leave man, is offered his chance. That he fails is not alone due to his own weakness, Galsworthy wishes us to realize, but because, when the offender against law has expiated his offense and returns to society, society disowns him.

Galsworthy shows that the sincere and protective affection felt by Folder for Ruth is so much to his credit that there is something wrong in conditions which prohibit the woman's escape from her union with a cruel and brutal husband, and the possibility of the two poor derelicts building up, out of their barren lives, a home in which they might enjoy the halm of legitimate affection.

Also, the heart-breaking scene revealing the sufferings of a sensitive, nervous, hysterical prisoner thrown back upon himself in solitary confinement aims at a mitigation of punishment so cruel.

Mr. Maitland in the rôle of William Folder was at his best. He submerged himself in the rôle to such good effect that he carried his sympathetic audience with him in depicting the weakness, the indecision, the vain strivings, the hysterical out-leapings of a temperament not duly controlled, and the unendurable sufferings of a man not so much at odds with the world as borne down by the onward, resistless movement of a society without mercy for the futile and the weak.

Mr. Maitland had also molded his group of players into giving an appropriately sympathetic depiction of the other characters. Nobody in the play is heartless, and the men express that quiet usedness to the inevitable movements of legal justice and to the resultant sufferings, which is necessary in order to give the spirit of the play.

There are at intervals in the drama momentary movements of pity which the pitying spirit of the on-looker hails with relief: the manly compassion of young How—very sympathetically depicted by Mr. Allard—and the constitutional kindness of old Cokeson—commendably rendered by Mr. Horton—whose unwearying pity becomes beautiful and heart-softening at the end when he speaks to the afflicted girl, crying out her sorrow over the dead with words so simple and moving that one's eyes involuntarily moisten in sympathy.

"Oh, my pretty!" she cries, as she looks on the broken body of the young suicide; and in equally simple words the old clerk expresses the tenderness of a heart that the world had never hardened: "Don't cry, my dear. He is with the gentle Jesus."

That is a beautiful conception of Galsworthy's; that character of old Cokeson, so simply, almost casually, yet so perfectly conveyed; and it is all the more appealing because of the matter-of-fact exterior of the systematic old cog in the business system whose duty was always faithfully done.

Ruth is merely a companion picture to Folder; loving, yet weak in her way as he in his. Mildred Cates gave it with due emotional stress, and other good points in the performance were the advocate's plea by Mr. Allard, the rigidly moulded figure of the elder How, by Arthur Clare, and the quietly-played rôles of the detective and the prison governor, enacted by Richard Lancaster.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

What a Theatre Should Be.

A good theatre (writes George Jean Nathan in *The Smart Set*) should be like the library of an amiable and cultivated man; it should possess all the virtues of such a library, and all the pleasant little vices. It should not be devoted largely to the classics; a library composed largely of the classics is the mark of the nouveau or the dusty head.

It should display what is best in the old, for that is always fresh; it should display what is best of the new, for that is always arresting; it should contain also the agreeable unimportant trifles that go to chase away thought and soberness with loud, low chuckles. It should be a theatre, like the library, upon whose shelves stand in juxtaposition reflection and belly laughter, poetry and gay, low fig stuff, wit and the torpedo hat, imagination, honest sentiment, searching comment, and fair and lovely frontispieces.

It would show upon its shelves in close proximity Aristophanes and "Anatol," Bahr and Bickel, Corneille and Irene Castle. Feydeau and the "Follies," Goethe and Lady Gregory, Hauptmann and Raymond Hitchcock, Ibsen and "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Justice" and Justice Johnston, Molière and Kathleen Martyn, "Othello" and "Oh, Boy,"

Rostand and Rip, Shakespeare and Sam Scribner's Burlesquers.

It should, like his library, take the man's culture for granted. It should interest, divert, and amuse, not educate. It should, with its fond remembrances and reflections, be as an old trunk in the attic of his mind or, with its lively beauties and humors, as a sudden cocktail.

The coat of arms of Nova Scotia will be changed to indicate the industrial development not signified by the present standard. The curious fact is that the coat of arms granted by Charles I in 1625 may be restored, since it is more appropriate.

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University Mound Reservoir

"The spot is one of the dreariest and windiest on the Peninsula, the sparse population declaring that on no day in the year are its rough slopes unswept by roistering breezes. No car comes within a mile of it and the only signs of life in the neighborhood are the distant view of the city, the flop of the blinds in the few occupied windows of the Old Ladies Home and the whizzing sails of the garden windmills on the flat beneath."—*Press Description*, July 31, 1885.

University Mound Reservoir is on a plateau south of Silver Avenue, directly in front of the Lick Old Ladies Home, which occupies the building long ago erected for University College. This reservoir was completed in August, 1885.

By means of a 44-inch pipeline with a capacity of 26 million gallons daily, it receives water from Crystal Springs Lake in San Mateo County and from the Alameda sources. This water flows by gravity, traveling 17 miles. The storage capacity of University Mound is 37 million gallons.

Built at an elevation of 168 feet, it supplies the "low service district" of San Francisco.

"One of the carriages broke down en route to the ceremonies the day the water was turned in, with the following results:

"Harry Dam's eye-glasses cloped with Engineer Schussler's hat and Frank Pixley's lavender-colored chapeau of the stove-pipe pattern sought to punch a hole through the roof of the vehicle. Mr. Pixley rolled out on top of the press reporters."—*Morning Call*, August 6, 1885.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Alcazar Theatre.

The policy of the Alcazar is steadily progressive. "The Cave Girl," next week's comedy, by George Middleton and Guy Bolton, authors of "Polly with a Past," is their very newest work. A millionaire's party live luxuriously at Caribou Lodge. The cave girl is detected pilfering from the storehouse to prevent the disillusionment of her foster-father, whose pet theory is that nature provides every necessity for primitive life. The humor is delicious when she smashes up the boat that is to take them back to civilization and their quarters hurn down, leaving them all a "community" for the professor's experiment. There are melodramatic moments, a swift current of love interest, and a never-ceasing flow of fun. Elwyn Harvey personates the self-reliant cave girl, Dudley Ayres the ardent wooer, Charles Yule his arrogant millionaire father, Rafael Brunetto the professor, Emily Pinter a dashing widow, Edna Peckham—well-known light opera prima donna—the city belle, Ben Erway the picturesque Canadian, Baptiste, with other favorites in congenial rôles. The musical direction at the Alcazar will be assumed by Theodore Bendix, whose

programmes will be selected to follow the mood and atmosphere of the plays.

"The Eternal Magdelene" will have first Alcazar staging on Sunday, November 14th. Julia Arthur scored a great triumph in Robert McLaughlin's daring and vivid exposition of a social problem as old as the world and even more vital now.

The Columbia Theatre.

The fine production of the De Koven light opera, "Robin Hood," now being offered at the Columbia Theatre by the Ralph Dunbar organization has taken San Francisco by storm. The De Koven masterpiece has never been better sung, taking the cast as a whole. Elsie Thiede as Maid Marian shows her delightful soprano to fine advantage and Albert Parr as Robin Hood leaves the audience with one of the best impressions made by any singer heard here in light opera. Tom Burton as the Sheriff of Nottingham, Harry Longstreet as Little John, William Degan as Will Scarlett, and charming Betty Baxter as Alan-a-Dale are among the excellent cast sent here to charm theatre-goers. The three acts are elaborately staged.

David Belasco's production of the Willard Mack drama, "Tiger Rose," will be the next attraction at the Columbia Theatre, opening a two weeks' engagement on Monday, November 15th. A Belasco production is always welcome and it is said that he has achieved a particularly fine triumph in staging this intense drama from the pen of the prolific playwright.

The Curran Theatre.

Much interest is being manifested by the theatre-going public of this city over the engagement at the Curran Theatre of last season's biggest musical success, Harbach and Friml's musical comedy exquisite, "The Little Whopper." The second and final week of the engagement will begin tomorrow evening.

No musical play has been presented in many seasons that has attained such an enormous degree of popularity as was attested last season by its phenomenal run of an entire year at the Casino Theatre, New York.

"The Little Whopper" is seen in this city with the same complete production of two acts and five scenes that characterized its engagement in New York. The scenery and wardrobe are claimed to be among the most beautiful and extensive and the cast and chorus have been carefully selected from among Broadway's best, which includes Marie Dilworth, Hazel Flint, William Gaston, Holly Hollis, William Friend, and others.

The Maitland Playhouse.

Oscar Wilde's comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest," will be given at the Maitland Playhouse this coming week. Director Maitland has selected this performance as a contrast to the dramas of the past several weeks and the change in the bill should provide much entertainment for the Maitland patrons.

"The Importance of Being Earnest" is a clever, satirical comedy, full of lines that amuse as well as entertain and with a capable professional cast to do it justice the play should be one of the most popular of the season at the Stockton Street house.

It was done last year at the Maitland and the success of the comedy was such as to persuade Mr. Maitland to give it again for the playgoers.

For the remainder of the week, closing with Saturday matinee and Saturday night performance, the Maitland will give "Justice."

Symphony Orchestra.

Tomorrow afternoon in the Curran Theatre the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will repeat the programme offered yesterday, in which Horace Britt appeared as soloist. He will play Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo," for cello and orchestra, a work which made a profound impression when first produced here two seasons ago. The symphony will be the beautiful Fifth in E minor of Tschaiikowsky, while the programme will open with Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" overture.

Next Sunday, November 14th, the next popular concert will be given. Alfred Hertz has selected a programme admirably balanced between the classical and modern schools, the former being represented by the Andante con

moto movement from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. This is in keeping with the policy of including at least one movement from a symphony on each popular programme.

Great interest has been aroused by the announcement of the engagement of the great Russian pianist, Josef Lhevinne, to appear with the Symphony Orchestra. He will play Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto at the fourth pair of concerts, November 19th and 21st.

The Orpheum.

A composite of all the attributes that spell success on the stage will be brought to the Orpheum next week by the Barr Twins, Evelyn and Gertrude. These two charming girls have become fixed stars in the firmament. Evelyn and Gertrude Barr are liberally endowed with that great essential, beauty. Another quality of theirs is voice. Of course each girl dances. They are seen this season in song and dance, presented in an elaborate and artistic frame, which they term "A Riot of Color." Each song is presented with an entire change of stage drapery and in different gowns.

A comedy-drama will be "\$5000 a Year." Robert Hyman and Virginia Mann are the stars in this brilliant performance.

If "blues" happen to be about town, warn them that Frank Kellam and Patricia O'Dare will get them. Chasing blues is the specialty of this singing, talking, and dancing duo.

The girl question and the talk a man makes about his girl is the basis of the comedy George Bobbe and Eddie Nelson will offer. Bright and breezy personalities help the two to put over their act in a happy manner.

Léon Varvara will show the various steps in the evolution or making of a pianist. Pianists may be born, but they also are made. From the time the small boy with one finger drums out "one, two, three, four," until he becomes a virtuoso, the piano spells work. Varvara will depict the various stages which result in the finished musician.

Ed Lord and Margie Fuller will present "Bits of This and That." Their songs, dialogue, and dances are particularly well suited. They are clever and their material is bright and snappy.

"Varieties of 1920," with the same excellent cast which presents it this week and the two capable comedians, Glenn and Jenkins, with their "Working for the Railroad," will hold over. Topics of the Day, International News, and Orpheum Orchestra will furnish their bits toward making afternoons, and evenings at the Orpheum all the more pleasant.

Players Theatre.

The fall repertory season at the Players Theatre commences its sixth week on Monday evening. Tolstoy's drama, "Fedya" will be given twice next week, on Wednesday and Friday evenings. This is one of the most powerful dramas which the Players have ever presented, the colorful scenes in the gipsies and the underground dive scene making a lasting impression. William S. Rainey has never given a finer portrayal than the dissolute Fedya. "Ruddigore," the musical hit of the season, will be sung tonight and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings. William S. Rainey will sing the tenor rôle of Richard Dauntless on Friday evening. An excellent company of forty-five do full justice to Sullivan's tuneful score. The principals include Reginald Travers, Miriam Elkus, Mabel Gump, Benjamin Purrington, Len Barnes, Jane Parent, Carl Kroenke, Emanuel Rosenthal, Carolyn Kroenke, and Ruth Bates.

The Savoy Theatre.

"Way Down East" will positively close with the performance on Sunday evening, November 14th. Never in the history of the motion-picture industry has a record been made that can in any way come near to the record that "Way Down East" has made in San Francisco. This will be the last chance for San Franciscans to see the supreme triumph of the screen. There will be a matinee daily up to and including the last day, which is Sunday, the 14th.

Theodore Bendix.

Theodore Bendix, a composer and conductor of international reputation, assumes musical direction at the Alcazar next Sunday. He is a native of Detroit, comes from a musical family, and is a lineal descendant of Felix Mendelssohn. His brother, Max Bendix, will be remembered as conductor at the San Francisco Exposition. While still in his teens Theodore Bendix conducted for Booth, Barrett, Irving, Mansfield, Lotta, Mme. Janaschick, and other famous stars. At the age of twenty-three he conducted the Gilbert and Sullivan operas when originally produced in this country at Boston's famous Globe Theatre. Later he conducted the orchestra at historic Drury Lane Theatre when "Ben Hur" had its first London production. Mr. Bendix has been musical director at the Hudson, Harris, Cort, and other leading New York theatres controlled by Klaw & Erlanger, the Shuberts, Oliver Morosco, and numerous producing managers. He was the first to give interpretation of good music in vaudeville. For



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Breakfast, Luncheon, Tea and Dinner

three seasons the Bendix String Quartet was headlined on the Orpheum and Keith circuits. His only appearances in San Francisco have been with the organization of his own selection. As a composer of light characteristic music Mr. Bendix enjoys international popularity. He will play one of his numbers at the Alcazar every week and his orchestral programmes will no doubt find wide public appeal, as they will follow the mood and atmosphere of the play.

A French scientist has discovered the original of an O. Henry story on ancient Egyptian papyrus. The papyrus had never been rendered into a modern language before, and O. Henry did not understand Egyptian.

The recent explosion in Wall Street filled the New York newspapers with explosion insurance advertisements. It was estimated that several hundred thousand dollars' worth of plate-glass windows were broken.

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The Biggest Success of the Season
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"A triumph. Playgoers who miss it are missing something vastly worth while."—Redfern Mason, Examiner.
"Should keep the theatre filled for weeks."—John D. Barry, The Call.

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Reserved seats on sale to public Sherman-Clay box-office or Players Theatre after 7 p. m.

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Robert Hyman & Virginia Mann
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FINAL WEEK BEGINS SUN., NOV. 7
Ralph Dunbar's Superb Presentation of
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The Best Singing Organization Heard in Years
Eves. and Sat. Matinee, \$2 to 50c
Wednesday matinee, best seats \$1.50

Nov. 15—DAVID BELASCO'S "TIGER ROSE."

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Week commencing Tuesday Mat. and Eve.

"The Importance of Being Earnest"

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Last time Saturday night, "JUSTICE"
All seats reserved, \$1.25 inc. war tax. Every eve. except Sun. and Mon. at 8:30. Mats., Tues. and Sat. at 2:30.
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This Week—A Real Detective Play
"THE ARGYLE CASE"

WEEK COM. NEXT SUN. MAT., NOV. 7
A Novel Comedy-Romance of the Maine Woods

"THE CAVE GIRL"

Radiant with Health, Happiness and Humor
By the authors of "Polly with a Past"

NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

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SUN. MAT., NOV. 14—First Time at Alcazar

Robert McLaughlin's Vivid and Daring Exposition of an Ever Vital Social Problem

"THE ETERNAL MAGDELENE"

As originally played by Julia Arthur
Every Evening—Matinee Sun., Thurs., Sat.

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HORACE BRITT, Soloist

PROGRAMME

Overture, "Fingal's Cave".....Mendelssohn
Schelomo.....Ernest Bloch
(For 'cello solo and orchestra)
Symphony No. 5, E Minor.....Tschaiikowsky
Prices—50c to \$1. Boxes and loges, \$1.50

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Getting Even.

Now doth wily Man
Cunningly indorse Woman for political office,
Chortling in his sleeve,
Wagging his head at his cluhmates,
Snickering derisively as he murmurs:
"Ha, ha! Long hath she made our existence one
of nagging,
Accusing us, bitterly of smoking to ruin the best
curtains,
Of tracking in mud on the new Bagdad rug
(Which our own hard-earned shekels had paid
for!)
Of gormandizing in the matter of Welsh rabbit,
Of wasteful squandering of coin on the horses,
Of fondness for the Kitty at green-covered tables
where lodgemates foregather—
All these, and then some!
But wait!
In dark-purple revenge have we indorsed her can-
didacy,
Picturing how she will set her new hat on straight,
in complacence,
Observing that through merit alone should all
office be gained!
She will go to head, a reputable, obscure, sterling
citizen of integrity,
To wake, finding out that the Opposition Papers
have sifted her past,
Sketching her as a grafter, time-server, tuft-hunter,
profiteer, proved guilty of seditious utterances,
of sabotage, wabbling, quitting; one whose an-
cestors were hanged for sheep-stealing, who
has cornered the market in maple fudge, a
caucus-stuffer, an understudy of Nantippe, a
Benedict Arnold in sport skirts!"

Wait! —Ella A. Fanning in New York Times.

There seems to be something a little child-
ish in the crusade against the restaurants now
in progress in the great and enlightened city
of Boston. The Boston authorities ought to
know better, and probably they do know bet-
ter, but then this is election time, and the
vote of the congenial idiot is just as valuable
as the vote of the philosopher. This is what
we call democracy, and if we were on better
terms with the angels we should know how
they weep about it.

A series of elaborate calculations by the
aforesaid authorities have shown that a ham
sandwich costs 6.29 cents. No calculation
whatever is needed to show that it sells for
30 cents, which is 399 per cent. profit. Beans
and brown bread cost 9 cents and sell for 35.
A pie costs from 46 to 48 cents. The restau-
rant man cuts it into seven pieces and sells
each piece for 20 cents. And so it goes, as
Mr. Dooley would say. The Boston authori-
ties, doubtless with an eye to the ballot-box,
have taken the restaurant-keeper by the scruff
of the neck and threaten to douse him in the
horse trough or its modern equivalent, unless
he forthwith reduces his prices.

Now the restaurant-keeper does not sell
ham sandwiches, nor beans and brown bread
nor pie. The food is a single item in a service
that includes a well-laid table, the use of all
the necessary appliances for eating, the minis-
trations of a waiter, and a dozen other things.
In many cases it includes lavatory, a rest
room for women, and an orchestra. To rep-
resent the restaurant-keeper as a shopkeeper
who sells sandwiches is grossly unjust. It
may be that in some cases he is a profiteer.
Probably he is. We have yet to hear of any
one who has the chance to be a profiteer and
who has failed to take it. Profiteering seems
to consist of selling your commodity in the
highest market, whether your commodity hap-
pens to be your labor or furs and costumes.
We can all abstain from buying when we
think that the price is too high, and actually
there is no other remedy. If we are going to
put all the profiteers in jail there won't be
enough of us left to act as jailors. More-
over, the jailors would at once strike for
higher pay, and then they would be profiteers,
too. And we may note that the cry against

the profiteer comes particularly loudly from
Eastern cities whose squalid and licentious
extravagances have become a national scan-
dal.

The restaurant-keepers are in no way dis-
posed to plead guilty. They refuse to enter
into the calculations of the price of a ham
sandwich or to admit that they sell food as a
postoffice sells stamps. They point out that
their rents have been raised and that their
wages account has increased inordinately.
Cutlery, silver, and linen have gone up in
price. Everything has gone up in price, and
what can they do but recoup themselves? The
owner of a chain of lunchrooms and dining-
rooms in Boston says that his firm is making
practically nothing at the present time. The
remedy, he says, is in the hands of the public.
The average customer selects the most costly
things that he can find on the bill of fare.
He insists on having all the things that are
cooked to order and looks with contempt upon
the ordinary roasts. He wants turkey, ducks,
chops, and steaks, and he seems to be gov-
erned in his choice, not by his preferences or
tastes, but by his desire to spend money. An-
other caterer admits that the actual cost of
the food is 41.64 cents on each dollar, but
service alone costs 19 cents on the dollar and
food for employees costs 7½ cents on the dol-
lar, while rent, heat, light, silver, and linen
nearly exhaust what is left.

The remedy against the high-priced restau-
rant is the low-priced restaurant, and it can
always be found. The price of clothing is fall-
ing and will soon fall much more in response
to the refusal to pay the high prices. It is
not nice to wear a shiny coat, or trousers that
are rapidly becoming a festoon of ribbons, but
a good many of us have had to do it, and
with the most salutary results, not only upon
prices, but upon our vanities. If we want to
lower the restaurant check, or at least to make
sure that it can not be lowered, the only way
is to go somewhere else to eat or give up
eating altogether. It is futile to appeal to an
absurd law and no one knows this better than
the authorities of Boston, who will probably
cease their stage talk as soon as the election
has settled their fate.

If any one wants, for purposes of illustra-
tion, a typical case of a dispute in which
all the legal right is on one side and all the
moral right on the other, he might take the
dispute, which has just been made public, be-
tween Mr. Augustus John, the great painter,
and Lord Leverhulme (says an editorial in
the Manchester Guardian). Apparently Lord
Leverhulme got his portrait painted by Mr.
John, and then, finding it too large for a wall-
space for which he had meant it, resumed
the proceedings of infancy with the scissors
and the illustrated papers, and cut the face
out of the canvas. The head and front of
his offending seem to have remained with
him, while excess of zeal in a housekeeper
sent the torn and bleeding trunk back to Mr.
John. It was one of the profound observa-
tions of Scott's Dugald Dalgetty that even
the brute creation are found to be incensed
against those "who intromit with their off-
spring"; much more so old a taker of his
own part as Mr. John, whose hand has been
red in the foray from the days when he first
knocked all of a heap, as the French say, the
burgesses of Liverpool at the time when, as
a major, he defeated the whole British army
on the question of shaving off his beard. Mr.
John might possibly have done best merely to
send Lord Leverhulme a postcard with "Dia-
mond, Diamond, thou little knowest what
thou hast done," or some such amenity, on
it. But who, as Macheth says, can be wise,
amazed, temperate, and furious, all in a mo-
ment? So he seems to have written much as
the rest of us, who are not gifted, would
have done in like case. And Lord Lever-
hulme, under the stimulus of this letter, seems
to have answered much as the rest of us
would do, too. Had he not bought the pic-
ture? Shall he not do what he likes with his
own?

The bottom fact of the case is that there
is something in a work of art which, in the
higher equity as distinct from law, you can
not buy. Suppose Mr. John, for the sake of
argument, as great a painter as his most
ardent admirers believe; that is, a peer to
Velasquez and Rembrandt. Suppose, too, this
portrait of Lord Leverhulme to have been his
masterpiece, the work on which the exact
measure of his fame a hundred years hence
would most depend. Whatever the law may
allow, or courts award, the common fairness
of mankind can not assent to the doctrine
that one man may rightfully use his own
rights of property in such a way as to silence
or interrupt another in making so critical an
appeal to posterity for recognition of his
genius. The right to put up this appeal comes
too near to those other fundamental personal
rights the infringement of which is the es-
sence of slavery. The position of a painter
or sculptor, in respect of reputation, is in one
way precarious. His works usually go right
out of his hands. Even to see them he must
go to other men's houses. A poet can at least
keep a copy of his poems; even an etcher can
keep a print of each of his plates. A portrait
painter is, legally, as utterly dispossessed of

his own work as a greengrocer is of his po-
tatoes. And yet every one's perception tells
him that these canvases, in which a rare mind
has lodged so much of itself, are not as the
potatoes are. They may be sold, but they
should not be sold into utter servitude; they
ought, in their new ownership, to enjoy un-
diminished their right to express the force
that gave them birth; and in taking legal
ownership of works of art a man should put it
straight to himself that he is accepting the
position of guardian, in some measure, to an-
other man's reputation and that, in some little
degree, his ownership partakes of the nature
of a foster-parent's ownership of an adopted
child. No doubt Lord Leverhulme acted with-
out full knowledge of the interdependence of
the various parts of a painting, and hoped that
the head of a portrait could retain its value
apart from the rest. Perhaps, too, he may
not have realized that Mr. John is one of our
hopes of cutting a respectable figure in his-
tory as an age with an art of its own. It is
as easy for liberality and good intentions to
run into trouble in the world of art as in the
Isle of Lewis.

HUNTING FOSSILS IN CHINA.

Dr. J. G. Andersson of the Chinese Geo-
logical Survey has recently published a pamph-
let with the title "Dragon Hunting in China."
The publication is not a wild tale about a
brontosaurus still surviving in an underground
lake in central China, and the American Mu-
seum of Natural History hasn't offered
\$5,000,000 for his capture dead or alive. Nei-
ther does it refer to the search for rare pot-
tery antiques with the national emblem in
various impossibly hideous forms, nor has it
any obscure political significance. Perhaps
you know, as a few people do, that fossil
bones and teeth of extinct animals are called
dragons' bones and dragons' teeth in China,
and are a regular stock medicine in the Chi-
nese pharmacopoeia.

Those who have kept in touch with the
work of the American Museum of Natural
History may recall that some years ago this
institution obtained a small collection of fossil
teeth and bones which had been purchased by
a German traveler in Chinese drug shops, and
their use as medicine was noted. They are in
fact quite regularly and extensively used.
They are said to be a specific especially for
diseases of the liver and for nervous disor-
ders.

All of which sounds rather absurd, but per-
haps it is not more worthless than a good
many of the patent medicines and household
remedies that we use so widely in the West-
ern world. "Probably its chief value is as a
"faith cure," the assimilating of portions of
dragons inspiring the patient with some of
their vigorous and energetic qualities. But
also it is to be noted that the teeth and bones
of animals, whether fossil or not, are chiefly
composed of phosphate of lime, insoluble in
their natural condition, but by steeping in a
weak acid they can be partly converted into a
soluble acid phosphate. In this form they
would have the same tonic effect as the
acid phosphates sometimes prescribed by
physicians, and more often taken at the soda
fountain without any prescription. It would
seem then that, taken in sour wine, the
dragons' teeth may really have some medicinal
value.

Why fossil bones should be used instead of
fresh ones is not so obvious, unless it be that
as they have all the gelatin and organic mat-
ter removed they may be more easily crushed
and dissolved.

However much or little this use of fossils
has served to reduce the prevalence of in-
sanity or liver complaint among the Chinese,
it interferes seriously with Dr. Andersson's
scientific researches.

For as a consequence the fossils have a
very considerable commercial value, and those
who know where to find them are very se-
cretive about it. Not only is it impossible to
trace the localities from which the material
in the markets has come, but any promising
localities or prospects are likely to be claimed
by the owner of the land or raided by in-
quisitive natives, with the result of ruining
the specimens for scientific purposes by break-
ing up the skulls to extract the more valuable
teeth. Dr. Andersson has had to start a cam-
paign of education to teach the Chinese that
good fossil skulls are worth more to the for-
eign geologist than their shattered fragments
will bring at the local drug store.

These Chinese fossils are of very consid-
erable interest and importance to science if only
they were better known. For various reasons
scientists have come to believe in recent years
that the cradle of the human race, the part
of the world where—if anywhere—man really
evolved out of the animal world and acquired
those qualities of mind and body which have
set him apart in a higher plane of existence,
was somewhere in Central Asia. Only after
he had acquired that dominance over the rest
of nature did man invade and overrun the
rest of the Old World; and still more re-
cently the New World. This theory is be-

lieved to be equally true of many races of
the lower animals now widely distributed over
the world.

So far as this view is correct, it is evidently
useless to look for the fossil ancestors of
man, the earlier stages in his evolution from
the apes, in America, or even in Europe. The
most promising fields for such finds will be in
the regions nearest to his centre of evolution
and dispersal, that is to say, in China and the
great interior of the Chinese Empire, and
westward through Tibet and Turkestan to
the shores of the Caspian Sea. All this part
of Asia is practically unexplored for fossils.
If the Chinese Geological Survey can con-
tinue and extend its explorations, we may
learn from them a great deal about the an-
cestry of man and of many of the lower ani-
mals.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A rather green-looking chap went into one of the department stores the other day, and sauntering up to the counter where dozens of men's caps were displayed he looked carefully through the stock, but seemed unable to find what he wanted. "Just what kind of a cap are you looking for?" asked the salesman at length. "Well," said the youth, "I bought me a motorcycle the other day, and I thought I'd like one of those caps with a peak at the back."

A big laugh is going the rounds at the expense of a certain painless dentist. Seems a darky woman who had been suffering for some time with a toothache finally got up courage enough to go to this dentist to have it extracted. But the minute he touched the tooth Dinah began to roar. "What are you making such a noise about? Don't you know I'm a painless dentist?" demanded that worthy as he hastily closed the windows. "Mebbe you is, but I aint," howled Dinah.

Bert was sixty, and Jed possibly ten years his junior. Bert hadn't "joined the church," but Jed's deep voice thrilled with emotion, and stamped him as one of the elect as he entreated Bert to "give himself to Gawd." Bert listened while Jed cited various instances of narrow escapes from horrible deaths of those whose "jinin'" was the next act after the click of the Grim Reaper's scythe was out of their ears. Jed grew more and more personal, and finally he prodded Bert's chest with

a sinewy forefinger and fairly shouted, "Look at yer! Nearly sixty, on the edge of the grave, so to speak, and not jined yet! Aint yer afeared to take such a chance on the hereafter?" Bert shifted his toothpick meditatively. "Gee, Jed, you ought to 'a' been a minister; you've got that holy boldness that lets you talk right out about anybody's business."

"It is remarkable," said Mr. Gruntler, "how mean some people are. I had with me on a fishing trip two friends, who evidently were familiar with my reputation as an angler. Before starting one of them made the following suggestion: 'We will agree that the first man that catches a fish must treat the crowd.' I assented to this, and we started. Now, those two fellows both had a bite, and were too mean to pull them up." "I suppose you lost, then?" remarked the friend. "Oh, no," replied Mr. Gruntler, "I didn't have any bait on my hook."

William Lyon Phelps, professor of English literature at Yale, declares he gets credit for only 25 per cent. of the after-dinner speeches he actually makes. "Every time I accept an invitation to speak I really make four addresses," he says. "First is the speech I prepare in advance. That is pretty good. Second is the speech I really make. Third is the speech I make on the way home, which is the best of all, and fourth is the speech the newspapers next morning say I made, which bears no relation to any of the others."

A ballplayer of very humble station in life joined a club and showed great natural talents. He soon made a place for himself in the league team and the day came when he had to make a long railway journey to take part in a match. Lunch was served on the train, and his eyes opened wider and wider as each course was placed before him. After the sweet had been served the steward asked: "Will you take cheese, sir?" "Cheese," he exclaimed. "Haven't you anything else? I can get cheese at home!"

It was a country town and he was making preparations for flitting—the fourth removal in about twelve months. The parson happened to be passing and remarked: "What—moving again, John?" "Yes, sir," replied John. "You are taking your poultry, too, I see. They will be getting tired of moving about so much." "Getting tired?" said John. "Why, bless you, sir, they are quite used to it now. Every time they see a furniture van they run into the yard and lay on their backs with their legs in the air waiting to have them tied."

Senator Lodge had been pointing out some flaws in some of the league of nations articles to a staunch supporter of the covenant when the latter interrupted, saying: "But that isn't what it means. As you express it, I can see the menace, but the meaning as intended is perfectly all right and a good thing for the nation." "Very well," said Lodge, "but in that case, as in all others, an agreement should be worded in such a way that it can mean but one thing and be understood by all to mean just that one thing. Too many of our treaties and our laws are so phrased that

sometimes they can be construed in exactly the opposite way from what the author intended. Indeed, many remind me of the announcement of a Boston clergyman who, just before he began his sermon, said: 'There are some flowers here for those who are sick at the close of this sermon.'"

In a confidential little talk to a group of medical students an eminent physician took up the extremely important matter of correct diagnosis of the maximum fee. "The best rewards," he said, "come, of course, to the established specialist. I charge \$25 a call at the residence, \$10 for an office consultation, and \$5 for a telephone consultation." There was an appreciative and envious silence, and then a voice from the back of the theatre, slightly thickened, spoke: "Doc," it asked, "how much do you charge a fellow for passing you on the street?"

A well-known clergyman is in the habit of repeating his sentences several times over to enable the congregation thoroughly to grasp their meaning. On one occasion, while preaching in a very poor district, he came to the following words: "Who was John the Baptist?" He brought them out slowly and distinctly, and then repeated them. After glancing around the church, he once more repeated the words, "Who was John the Baptist?" To his surprise a very seedy-looking individual at the back of the church shuffled to his feet and remarked with a smile, "Look here, guv'nor, I know there's a catch somewhere; but come on, who was he?"

Governor Allen of Kansas was talking in Atlantic City about a ferocious attack which an editor had made on politics and politicians. "Sour grapes," he said. "The man wanted to run for Congress and his party turned him down. His talk now reminds me of the chap who proposed to Lotta Golde, the old-maid heiress. Lotta, the proposal over, shook her head and said: 'No, Mr. Ostrander; a thousand times no. It isn't merely that I do not love you; the truth is that you are even repulsive to me. I am surprised that you risked this declaration. Could you not read your rejection in my face?' The well-known sour grape look gleamed in young Ostrander's eyes as he gave a harsh laugh and retorted: 'No. I was never any good at reading between the lines.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Nursery Rhymes for Literary Infants.

Write away, write away,
Baby shall write—
He shall have Goggles to aid his sight;
He shall have Paper and clear flowing Inks.
And for ten cents a word write what he thinks.
Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a Tuffet,
Penning a Thesis on Freud—
"These Curds are Inviting."
Said she, "but my Writing
Demands that my Tummy be Void.

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn—
The Cow's in the Meadow, the Sheep in the Corn.
Where's the Little Boy that looks after the Sheep?
Under the Hay-Stack—not fast asleep—
But with the Fury of Genius frantic
Revising his Diary for the Atlantic!
—Cyril B. Egan in Judge.

The Law of Adjustment.

Said the Man with the Hoe to the Man with the Pick:
"I may be a most unintelligent hick.
But, frankly, I envy the money you've made,
For the less that you labor, the more you are paid.
I'd like to know how you accomplish the trick,"
Said the Man with the Hoe to the Man with the Pick.

Said the Man with the Pick to the Man with the Hoe:
"The way of the toiler is tedious and slow.
Just close up your farm till the middleman begs—
He'll soon pay two dollars a dozen for eggs."
For prices go up when production gets low,"
Said the Man with the Pick to the Man with the Hoe.

So the Man with the Hoe said, "I'm through with fatigue,"
And proceeded to join the Non-Partisan League;
And the obdurate middleman yielded at length—
For it seems that in union there sometimes is strength.

And the Man with the Pick, on the following day,
Saw his grocery bill—and then struck for more pay.
—R. E. Sherwood in Life.

A Village of Chess Players.

In a plain of the Harz Mountains, a few miles from the town of Halberstadt, Germany, lies the village of Stroebeck. The history of Stroebeck and its people has for hundreds of years been associated with the game of chess. It is a veritable chess village, a nursery garden for that ancient game.

It appears that from earliest childhood the boys and girls are made familiar with board and men. At school chess is treated as an obligatory subject, and is taught systematically. As soon as pupils have mastered the

moves and the rules of the game they are encouraged to undertake the solution of chess problems and to invent new ones, just as another schoolboy is set to making Latin verse.

At Easter there are chess examinations and tournaments among the school children. Three awards of honor in the shape of chess-boards bearing the inscription, "The Reward of Industry," are given by the village community. These tournaments are attended by lovers of chess from far and near. During the last half-century several chess congresses of wide interest have also been held at Stroebeck.

From a very early time the Stroebeckers have had the privilege of challenging to a game of chess any great personage who happens to pass through their village. In the year 1651 the "Great Elector" of Brandenburg was challenged in this way, and in memory of the event presented to the villagers a carved board and a set of silver chessmen, still preserved.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mrs. Atherton Macondray has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, to Mr. Herman Phleger, son of Mrs. Charles Phleger of Sacramento. Their marriage will take place next spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hall gave a dance Saturday evening in Piedmont, complimenting Miss Virginia Smith and her fiancé, Mr. Monroe Greenwood, and Miss Juanita Ghirardelli and Mr. Harry Magee, whose engagement was recently announced. Preceding the affair Mr. and Mrs. Jack Okell entertained at dinner, among their guests having been Mr. and Mrs. Ward Dawson, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Helen Okell, Miss Juanita Ghirardelli, Miss Elva Ghirardelli, Miss Katherine Maxwell, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Helen Rodolph, Miss Katherine Armstrong, Miss Katherine Bent-

Hobart, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Mary Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Robert Bowles, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. William Hendrickson, Mr. Paul Kennedy, and Mr. Barroll McNear.

Mrs. Ralston Page gave a tea Tuesday afternoon, complimenting her mother, Mrs. Willard Otis of Panama.

Mr. and Mrs. William Crocker gave a luncheon Friday in Burlingame in honor of Mr. Somerset Maugham of London.

Miss Margaret Buckbee was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last Thursday by Miss Julia Van Fleet at the Francisca Club. Among those attending the affair were Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Helen Brack, Miss Catherine Senon, Miss Helen Perkins, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Marian Wirtner, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Barbara Senon, and Miss Mary Emma Flood.

Mrs. F. L. Birge of Fresno was the incentive for a luncheon given Friday by Mrs. Dixwell Davenport.

Mrs. Alan Cline gave a bridge-tea Monday afternoon, having as her guests Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Charles Christin, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Woolworth Selfridge, Mrs. Empey Robertson, Mrs. Horace Clifton, Mrs. Clement Grey, Mrs. Dutro Cale, Mrs. Grant De Remer, and Mrs. Werner Lawson.

Dr. and Mrs. Harold Fletcher entertained at dinner Friday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt gave a dinner Thursday evening at their residence on Broadway.

Mr. Somerset Maugham of London was complimented at a stag dinner Friday evening given by Mr. Mason Stedman of Boston. Others in the dinner group were Mr. Haig Patigian, Mr. Joseph Redding, Mr. Vail Vakewell, Mr. Gavin McNah, Mr. Frederick O'Brien, and Mr. Frederick Hall.

Mrs. Walter Seymour gave a luncheon and bridge Thursday at the Palace.

Mrs. Georges de Latour entertained at luncheon Friday at her residence on Broadway.

Mrs. Frederick Bradley was a luncheon hostess last Tuesday, complimenting Mrs. Harry High of Honolulu and Mrs. Boswell. Those at the affair included Mrs. Arthur Sharp, Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Mrs. John McKee, Mrs. Harry Williar, Mrs. John Gray of Spokane, Mrs. Charles Wingate, Mrs. James Bishop, Mrs. Chauncey Boardman, Mrs. John Davis, Mrs. Frederick Koster, Mrs. Watson Fennimore, and Mrs. Robert Bentley.

Miss Josephine Moore gave a house party last week in Santa Cruz, having among her guests Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Dorothy Crawford, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Miss Amanda McNear, Mr. Dean Dillmann, Mr. Emil de Surville, Mr. Charles St. Goar, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Robert Bowles, Mr. Oliver Long, Mr. Harris Carrigan, and Mr. Paige Montegale.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Sullivan gave a dinner Thursday evening at Tait's at the Beach.

Mrs. Alfred Oyster gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Francisca Club, having as her guests Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mrs. George Wolff, Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mrs. Russell Slade, Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Mrs. Douglas Short, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Miss Isabel Jennings, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Elizabeth Oyster, and Miss Margaret Perkins.

Mr. Louis Titus entertained at dinner a few evenings ago, his guests including Mr. and Mrs.

Ernest Folger, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Swinnerton, Mrs. William Porter, Mrs. Butler Breden, Miss Maud O'Connor, and Commander Van Antwerp.

Mrs. Harry White was a luncheon hostess last Wednesday, complimenting Mrs. Lowell Cooper of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., gave a dinner last Wednesday for Commader and Mrs. William Glassford.

Mrs. Francis Langton gave a luncheon Monday for Miss Marie Louise Winslow, those asked to the affair having been Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Mrs. Alfred Montgomery, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Hugh Porter, Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., Miss Elena Folger, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Betty Folger, and Miss Marion Baker.

Mrs. Daniel Jackling entertained at luncheon Friday at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Anthony were dinner hosts Sunday evening in Burlingame when they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, Dr. and Mrs. Alan Weeks, and Mr. and Mrs. Daulton Mann.

Mrs. Werner Lawson gave a tea last week in honor of Miss Mahel Wilson, the fiancée of Mr. Wilson Meyer.

Miss Claire Knight gave a tea Tuesday afternoon in Piedmont for Miss Laura Miller. Receiving with the two debutantes were Mrs. Blair Brooks, Miss Virginia Smith, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Elizabeth Watt, and Miss Elizabeth Magee.

Mrs. Robert Fitzgerald gave a luncheon Wednesday in Piedmont, complimenting Mrs. Daniel Belden of New York.

Mrs. Grayson Dutton entertained a group of friends at luncheon Friday.

Mrs. Benjamin Alvord was a luncheon hostess Thursday at the Presidio, having among her guests Mrs. Florence Pfingst, Mrs. Gerald Devol, Mrs. John Knight, Mrs. Varnham, Mrs. Herbert Shaw, Mrs. Richard Derby, Mrs. C. A. Cabaniss, and Mrs. A. E. Gillespie.

Mr. Cyril McNear gave a dinner-dance last Thursday evening at the Ingleside Golf and Country Club for Mr. and Mrs. William Heppenheimer of New York. Others in the party were Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Miss Suzanne de l'Enclos, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Constance Hart, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. Frederick Tillmann, Mr. Robert Bowles, Mr. Robert Miller, Mr. George McNear, Jr., and Mr. James Moffitt.

Mrs. Louis McDermott entertained at luncheon Wednesday at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Joseph Smith and Miss Virginia Smith gave a tea last Thursday in Piedmont. Receiving with the hostesses were Mrs. Charles Dukes, Mrs. Paul Tietzen, Mrs. Charles Davis, Mrs. William Rheem, Mrs. Joseph Knowland, Mrs. J. M. Atwell, Mrs. Herbert Hall, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Hope Somerset, Miss Hatherly Brittain, Miss Laura Miller, and Miss Elizabeth Moore.

Mrs. Léon Boqueraz gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Town and Country Club, entertaining Mrs. Henry Chase, Mrs. Wallace Everett, Mrs. Daniel Belden, Mrs. Irving Lundborg, Mrs. James Dunn, and Miss Alice Knowles.

Mrs. Daniel Belden of New York was the guest of honor at a luncheon presided over Friday by Mrs. Irving Lundborg at the Claremont Country Club. In the luncheon group were Mrs. William Henshaw, Mrs. Louise Lohse, Mrs. Robert Fitzgerald, Mrs. Alfred Ghirardelli, Mrs. Horatio Bonestell, Mrs. E. M. Walsh, Mrs. Walton Moore, Mrs. Harry Knowles, Mrs. James Dunn, Mrs. Clifford Durant, Mrs. Charles Hutchinson, Mrs. Willard Williamson, Mrs. Percy Murdoch, Mrs. Hugh Goodfellow, Mrs. Léon Boqueraz, and Mrs. Léon Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Somers Peterson are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. John Polhemus are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

Patrons of the Maitland Playhouse will be interested in the announcement of Director Arthur Maitland that he has engaged J. Anthony Smythe, who was one of the most popular members of the company last season. Mr. Smythe closed recently at the Republic. His reappearance at the Maitland will be the week opening Monday night, November 15th, when he will be cast in Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," which is to be presented at that time. With Smythe in his company Director Maitland will be relieved of many of the details that at present occupy so much of his time and left freer in the direction of his company and the planning of stage effects.

Only fifty-four men of the American Expeditionary Forces returned from France with the congressional medal of honor. Among the civil occupations represented by the heroes were those of hutler, steward, college professor, country church deacon, landscape gardener, office clerk, real estate salesman, lawyer, musical comedy actor, and cigar maker.

The study of electricity and what it could accomplish commenced in earnest in the sixteenth century, but in 1640 B. C. Miletus was aware of the property of amber, which, when rubbed, was capable of attracting objects.

Theodore Roosevelt once wrote unsigned articles for a magazine, which many attributed to Dr. Charles W. Eliot of Harvard.

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The Elder Trio.

A recital by the Elder Trio will be given in the Paul Elder Gallery next Saturday, November 13th, at 2:30 o'clock, as the closing event in the Saturday afternoon series for this season. There is no admission charge. The trio is composed of Pauline Elder, piano; Scott Elder, violin; Paul Elder, Jr., 'cello. The programme will be: Trio, C major (Hayden), Elder Trio; Legende (Wieniawski), Scott Elder; Improvmtu, A flat major (Chopin), Pauline Elder; Kol Nidrei (Max Bruch), Paul Elder, Jr.; Love Song (Flegler), Elder Trio.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Somerset Maugham of London arrived last week from the Orient and will remain here a fortnight before leaving for New York. He is at the Bohemian Club.

Mrs. Cyrus Walker has returned to San Mateo, after a week in San Francisco.

Mrs. Lawrence Fox has left for Pasadena to visit her mother, who resides in the southern city.

Mrs. Platt Kent has returned from a sojourn in Los Angeles with Mrs. Courtney Jenkins.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard have returned to town for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Heckscher of New York will arrive in California in January. They will spend the greater part of the late winter season at Monterey.

Miss Dorothy Hancock of Washington is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent in Burlingame. Mr. and Mrs. Vincent and Miss Hancock spent the weekend at Pebble Beach.

Mr. Stephen Parrott has sailed for France. He will join Miss Barbara Parrott, who has recently been visiting Countess La Lande.

Count and Countess de Limur, who have been visiting Count and Countess André de Limur in Burlingame, will leave Monday for New York en route to France. Mrs. William Crocker, Mrs. Helen Crocker, and Count and Countess André de Limur will go East the following week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffin have taken a house on Vallejo Street for the winter season.

Mrs. Alice Ames Robbins and Master William Robbins, Jr., have sailed for England, where they will make their permanent home. Mrs. Robbins has taken a house at Folkestone.

Miss Betty George arrived this week from New York and is with her mother at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Herbert Gould is en route to San Francisco from Guatemala, where Mr. Gould is attached to the American embassy. She will spend the remainder of the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

Mr. Herman Oelrichs has sailed for France to join his mother, who is ill at a hospital in Paris.

Mr. James Bull will leave within a few weeks for Chile. He has recently arrived in Philadelphia from San Francisco.

Mrs. Henry Scott and Miss Marjorie Josselyn have gone to New York for a sojourn of several weeks.

Mrs. Richard McCreery has arrived in New York from France and will come to California about the middle of November.

Major and Mrs. Y. M. Marks have left for Santa Barbara to spend the winter. They are staying at El Encanto for the present.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Gordon have arrived in England, where they will pass the greater portion of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hardy are visiting in San Francisco en route to Australia.

Miss Cornelia O'Connor is visiting Mrs. Emery Winship in Washington.

Mrs. Daniel Murphy has gone to New York to join Mrs. George Pope. They will spend the winter at the St. Regis.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz left last week for New York, where they will enjoy a brief visit before sailing for Paris.

Miss Evelyn Barron returned last week from visiting Miss Louise Winston in Los Angeles.

Miss Christine Donohoe will leave next week for New York to spend the winter with Miss Hildreth Meiere.

Mrs. Daniel Jackling left Saturday for New York to join Mr. Jackling.

Mrs. John Miller of Los Angeles and her daughter, Mrs. Stuart O'Melveny, are spending a few days in town. They are at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin have reopened their town house for the winter.

Mrs. Daniel Belden will return next week to New York, after a sojourn of several weeks in the Bay cities.

Major and Mrs. Douglas King of London, who have been staying at the St. Francis for some days, sailed Wednesday for Honolulu.

Mrs. William Miller Graham of Santa Barbara is passing a few days at the Fairmont, having just

arrived from New York. She has been joined by Miss Geraldine Graham and Mr. Earl Graham.

Mrs. Arthur Goodfellow has taken apartments at the Fairmont for the rest of the winter.

Mrs. Adrian von Behrens, and Miss Josephine Ross of Santa Barbara will return next week from a trip to Honolulu and will be at the Fairmont for several days. Miss Barbara Donohoe accompanied them to the Island.

Among Hotel Oakland arrivals are Mr. S. C. Preston, New York; Mrs. E. E. Wagner, Wenatchee, Wisconsin; Mr. E. H. Snow, Boston.

Among those recently registered at the Whitcomb were Mr. J. H. Knowles, Sonora, California; Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Pomin, Lake Tahoe; Mr. James A. Barr, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Wilder, San Jose; Mr. Jacob Levin, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Whitcomb, Cheyenne; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Kennedy, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dodd, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart, Santa Cruz; Mr. and Mrs. Rosenpos, Sonora; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Brown, Los Angeles; Mr. John Nigosh, Detroit; Mr. F. J. Field, Spokane; Mr. J. E. Moore, Los Angeles; Mr. W. Bercovich and family, Bakersfield.

Recently registered at the St. Francis are Mr. A. J. McColl, Kansas City; Mr. and Mrs. A. L. York, Mr. D. C. Burrell, New York; Mr. C. M. Seeley, Seattle; Mr. E. F. Borgalte, Kansas City; Mr. Sol Lesser, Mr. George Beban, Los Angeles; Dr. and Mrs. Robert A. Peers, Colfax; Mr. Alfred C. Dodge, New York; Mr. Dwight Douglas, Detroit; Mr. Alexander M. Davis, New York; Mr. Thomas W. Scott, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Fraley, Reno; Mr. W. C. Nichol, Vancouver, B. C.; Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Barry, Chicago; Mr. H. D. Kountze, Mr. T. E. Allen, New York; Mr. Andrew Thome, Washington, D. C.

Recent arrivals at the Palace include Mr. Alexander Biddle, Philadelphia; Mr. A. E. Bingham, Santa Barbara; Mr. Clifford B. Gratz, Brooklyn, New York; Judge Peter Hing, Mr. H. M. Kird, Chicago; Mr. Harry T. Nicolai, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. L. I. Reed, Willows; Mr. and Mrs. John D. Feris, Reno; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Los Angeles; Mr. Bismarck Bruck, St. Helena; Mr. J. W. Dozier, Dayton, Ohio; Mr. George E. Bissonet, Omaha; Dr. Charles E. Jones, Chicago; Mrs. Alexander Pantages, Los Angeles; Mr. Andrew Baxter, Jr., New York; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Caldwell, Santa Barbara.

THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY.

San Francisco is now in line to have its share of the motion-picture industry. Nowadays practically all the work is done indoors by means of artificial light. Therefore, as the virtually rainless climate and the intense sunlight of Los Angeles no longer count, the motion-picture men are turning their attention this way.

Already the H. H. Van Loan Studio is going up in San Mateo, and in the course of the coming year there will probably be a dozen more under way in the outlying districts.

This means an enormously augmented circulation of money in San Francisco. These motion-picture people spend as fast as they earn. In Los Angeles Roscoe Arbuckle hired an automobile firm to construct a special car for him that cost \$25,000, and few of the big movie people are satisfied with one or even two cars.

They are great dressers and set the pace in Los Angeles, where they are much copied.

And now these royal spenders are coming our way. That means much to the business world of San Francisco. In one month a famous movie star bought \$1800 worth of shoes at a Los Angeles shoe house. The jewel merchants, the hotel men, the café proprietors, the taxi men, those engaged in the automobile industry, will after a few years be counting greatly increased profits. Enormous amounts of lumber will be demanded for the studios, of stationery to run the business. There are thirty houses in Los Angeles renting out "props" to the studios. These are merely a few stray items, but there is scarcely any business that will not profit by the addition to the business life of this community of people that make five and six hundred per cent. interest.

The Smallest of Screws.

The smallest screws in the world—those turned out in a watch factory—are cut from steel wire by a machine, but as the chips fall from the knife it looks as if the operator were simply cutting up the wire to amuse himself. No screws can be seen, and yet a screw is made every third operation.

The fourth jewel-wheel screw is next to invisible, and to the naked eye it resembles dust. With a glass, however, it is seen to be a small screw, with 260 threads to an inch, and with a very fine glass the threads may be seen clearly.

These tiny screws are four one-thousandths of an inch in diameter, and the heads are double in size. It is estimated that an ordinary thimble would hold 100,000 of them. About 1,000,000 are made in a month, but no attempt is ever made to count them.

In determining the number 100 of them are placed on a very delicate balance and the number of the whole amount is calculated from the weight of this. All the small parts of the watch are counted in this way, probably fifty out of the 120.

The screws are then hardened and put in frames, about 100 to the frame, heads up. This is done very rapidly, but entirely by the sense of touch instead of by sight, so that a blind man could do it as well as the owner

of the sharpest eye. The heads are then polished in an automatic machine, 10,000 at a time.

Quality Concerts.

Frank W. Healy is out with an announcement that will meet with the approbation of music lovers, Mr. Healy offering what is termed a series of "quality concerts" by five eminent artists at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, with season tickets for all concerts selling at \$4, \$6, and \$8. For this small sum one may hear Charles Hackett, leading tenor of the Metropolitan; Raoul Vidas, remarkable young Roumanian-French violinist; Louis Graveure, king of concert baritones; Leo Ornstein, the sensationally successful pianist and composer, and Mme. Frances Alda, leading soprano at the Metropolitan. In addition to these great artists Mr. Healy's concerts will also make known the talents of three excellent pianists, for Seneca Pierce, a very talented composer-pianist, will be "at the piano" for the double concert of Hackett and Vidas at the Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, December 5th. The combining of Hackett and Vidas was brought about by the fact that Mr. Healy, being too busily engaged with the Scotti Grand Opera Company to attend to concert bookings, found Hackett and Vidas booked in such close proximity as to make it necessary to either cancel one of the artists or to give a joint recital. This latter he has done, for which Mr. Healy should be given the thanks of the music lovers of this community.

Second on the list of great artists is the booking of Louis Graveure for Tuesday night, January 18th. Mr. Graveure has invited Georgette La Motte, the child pianist, of Pawhuska, Oklahoma, who has Indian blood in her veins, to play a group of piano solos. Graveure also brings with him Mr. Eduard Gendron, who has created quite a stir already this season by the great work he is doing "at the piano" for Graveure.

A booking just made brings Leo Ornstein to San Francisco Tuesday night, March 1st. Last season Ornstein created a great sensation when he appeared as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Mme. Frances Alda, who after her coming appearance, will not be here in San Francisco for several years at least, has been booked for Sunday afternoon, April 3d, for a song recital. It is expected that Seneca Pierce "at the piano" for Hackett and Vidas will return for the Alda recitals.

An idea of the great treat in store for San Francisco music lovers at Mr. Healy's "quality concerts" is proved by a glance at the programme to be given at the Hackett and Vidas joint recital.

Where Candles Are Used.

A minute news item to the effect that a firm of soap manufacturers had purchased more than 100 acres of land in the southwest of England for the establishment of a candle factory to employ about 5000 hands suggested a forgotten and little-known industry.

It appeared, on further investigation, that the British candle supremacy was being endangered by Continental competition, and the new move is an effort to insist that Britain rule the wicks.

Not having used a candle for so long that one doesn't remember what it looks like, it comes, therefore, with profound astonishment to learn that Britain, in 1919, exported no less than 26,400,000 pounds of candles, of a total value of \$6,000,000 or about 25 cents a pound.

Where, you ask, is there any use for 26,400,000 pounds of candles? Well, France took




Table Talk

"That dinner was fine."

"Yes, wasn't the lettuce salad good?"

"Speaking of lettuce, reminds me of a speech I made at graduation exercises."

"Story!"

"I got up on the platform with everything carefully memorized and started in: 'Fellow students, when we go out in the world, let us—' Do you know, I couldn't think of anything but lettuce. So I sat down."

"Never mind, Clarke, have some mere coffee."

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great quantities, in fact France took British candles except when Belgium or Holland slipped in and grabbed an order away from the British soap people. Great cargoes came across the water to North America, and over other seas to Africa. The candle business is quite a thing.

What impresses the authorities most is that during November and December of last year the monthly exports were 5,000,000, or at the rate of 60,000,000 pounds a year, a monthly value of more than \$1,000,000. Now the candlemakers have visions of a 1920 production of 240,000,000 pounds. No home, say the candle manufacturers, shall be without a candle.

Britain has held this industry for a half-century. In 1905 her export was 40,000,000 pounds, a total never since reached, although, as stated, it is expected to surpass it five or six times this year. But in those days candles only brought 8 cents a pound, and the total value of the exports was only \$3,000,000. Even the candle has gone up.

A father, mother, and son of Washington, D. C., were equipped with clothing at a cost of \$2.65 by the United States government. The clothing was of paper imported from Austria, and is rain proof and washable. A pair of overalls cost 15 cents.



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"Didn't Ethel meet with an accident while riding through New York in her auto?" "Yes—she got home safe."—*Life*.

"You're looking pale tonight, my dear." "Am I? Then do tell me something that will give me a little color."—*Paris Sans Gêne*.

First Simple Nimrod—Hey, don't shoot. Your gun isn't loaded. *His Partner*—Can't help that; the bird won't wait.—*New York Globe*.

"Ha! young man, how would you like it if that pretty young thing were your wife?" "Well, it would be more interesting if she were yours."—*Paris Sans Gêne*.

Diner Out (to waiter)—Bring me a high-ball. *Waiter*—Why, sir, didn't you know the country was dry? *Diner Out (craftily)*—Ah, but we're in the city now.—*Stanford Chaparral*.

Yeast—What's the matter with your eyes? *Crimsonbeak*—Eye strain. *Yeast*—Oh, been working with them too hard, have you? *Crimsonbeak*—Yes, been looking for a house.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"I dunno whether that feller is engaged in some shady occupation or not. But—" "Well?" "There's something mighty suspicious about the way he minds his own business."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

A Topeka woman says the worst sensation is that feeling of "growing old" when one is asked to chaperon a party of "young folks" when there are several in the party older than the chaperon is.—*Kansas City Star*.

"So you visited my commercial school for young ladies?" "I did." "And were greatly edified, I hope, by the thoroughness of the course?" "Oh, yes. When I was there the girls were having nose-powdering practice."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"We're giving Baxby a farewell dinner and I'm to respond to the toast, 'None but the brave deserve the fair.'" "Sorry for you, old top. You'll have to prove that Baxby is an utter coward, or that he isn't getting what is his due."—*Nashville Tennessean*.

The bucolic one had been asked his opinion of scarecrows. "No good at all," he grunted; "leastways, against the crows in this district. Only last year he put up what we thought was a fine scarecrow—a main pointing a gun." "Well, what happened?" "Why, all the crows in the world seemed to be feeding in that

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field, and whilst one crow perched on the gun and worked the trigger, another was falling down, pretending to be shot."—*London Answers*.

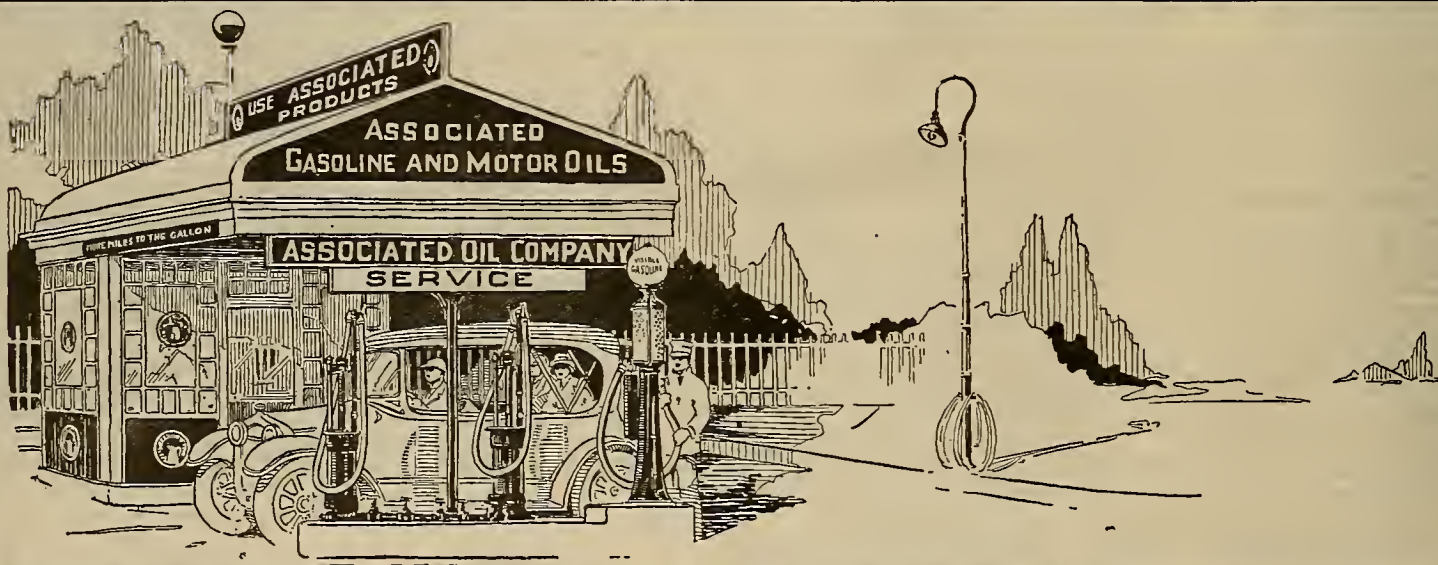
Mrs. Gazippe—I'm rather hard to please. Have you had much experience as a maid? *The Applicant*—I worked for the Scrapleigh Stiles for six months before they separated. *Mrs. Gazippe*—I'll engage you. Now tell me all about it.—*Boston Globe*.

Goshall—I believe in equal suffrage, but that is as far as I will go. *Hemlock*—Well, isn't equal suffrage enough? *Goshall*—I just took a telephone message from a woman who doesn't think so. *Hemlock*—What was the

message? *Goshall*—She insisted on putting it "Mrs. and Mr. So-and-so."—*Youngstown Telegram*.

Mistress (to butler)—Why is it, John, every time I come home I find you sleeping? *Butler*—Well, ma'am, it's this way: I don't like to be a-doing nothing.—*Paris Le Journal Amusant*.

Wilson and Wilton were discussing the moralities when the first put this question: "Well, what is conscience, anyhow?" "Conscience," said Wilton, who prides himself upon being a bit of a pessimist, "is the thing we always believe should bother the other fellow."—*Toledo Blade*.



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East 19th St. and Park Boulevard
30th and San Pablo
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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2277.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 13, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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"Booze."

It will be well to refrain from comment, and perhaps even from opinion, on the current disclosures as to the alleged deal between certain liquor sellers and the managers of the local Democratic party. Suffice it to say that a restaurant was raided and that the proprietor defended himself in the usual way. He said that a special immunity had been guaranteed to him, that he was even requested to sell liquor as usual, but on the understanding that 10 per cent. of his gross sales should be paid into the Democratic election fund. The names involved are known all over the state, and they include the name, although indirectly, of a United States senator. Of course there are the usual blanket denials, but there is no denial of the notorious fact that liquors were sold at the restaurant in question with hardly less concealment than before the coming of prohibition. Any effort to prove the ignorance of the authorities is a waste of words. Immunity was certainly guaranteed, and it was guaranteed by those in a position to carry out their promises. That goes without saying.

We shall know more about this dirty business in due time unless it is submerged by something still dirtier, which seems likely enough. But in the meantime we should like to know for how long the word "booze" is to make its daily appearance in two-inch headlines in our morning and evening newspapers, and for how long we are to have an exclusive newspaper diet of the mean crimes of mean men against a mean law. Must we

henceforth breathe an atmosphere of alcohol, henceforth be confronted with alcoholic reminders at every street corner? Are we to be allowed to think of nothing else? Are our courts of law, from the Supreme Court down, to devote themselves henceforth and exclusively to the interpretation of "booze" legislation and to the discovery that it is actually lawful for us to do what large numbers of persons have been thrown into prison for doing? We are now told by the Supreme Court that the citizen may remove lawfully acquired liquor from one place to another and that this releases ten million gallons of liquor. From an adjacent paragraph we learn that submarine chasers are now being employed in the service of prohibition. In still another column we read of the discovery of a still resulting from the wanton murder of a man by an irate husband. And yet liquor was being sold openly in one of the chief restaurants of the city, the proprietor asserting that it was sold with the full knowledge of the authorities, by their request, and for the benefit of the Democratic party. Was there ever such a mess?

A Chance for the Democrats.

The Democratic party expected defeat, but it did not expect defeat on so large a scale. It could not have been wholly blind to the handwriting on the wall that has become increasingly legible to the rest of the nation, and indeed of the world, and since Wilsonism became a distinctive factor in its councils. Doubtless there were hopes of the unforeseen. There are always incalculable factors in every election. Prohibition was still something of a dark horse. The vote of the women was supposed to be a mystery. The league of nations might show unexpected strength. No one knew what there might be in the chapter of accidents. But thoughtful Democrats everywhere knew that they had run their race and lost it, that the stars were against them. They expected to lose, but they did not expect to lose so heavily, and so perhaps it is not unnatural that their disappointment should show itself in bewilderment and recrimination. A scapegoat, perhaps a whole flock of scapegoats, must be found somewhere. The supposedly guilty ones must be read out of the party. Resentment and revenge seem for the moment to have taken the place that should be given to reconstruction.

Let us hope that better councils will speedily prevail. The Democratic party is not annihilated, nor exterminated, nor any of the other things that are so glibly spoken of it. It remains as much a part of our system of government as ever it was and its disappearance would be a national misfortune. Majority parties flourish, not alone on their own capacities, but upon the strength and the intelligence of the opposition that they must encounter. They find their chief incentive and stimulation in the constant challenge, the critical vigilance, of their opponents. Neither the Republican nor any other party has reason to wish for undisputed power. It would certainly mean schism and disunion. It might easily mean license and corrosion.

It may, indeed, be contended that the Democratic party has now an opportunity of which it may make the most salutary use. It may display by its intelligence a strength that is denied to it by its numbers. It represents, or it did represent, a habit of political thought, a definite political theory, that we may hope will not prevail, but that none the less ought to be presented as a critical and modifying force. The Republicans have now to run the gauntlet of their own successes, an ordeal that it would be foolish to underestimate. The judicial attention of the nation will be focused upon them and upon their critics. The magnitude of their success will bring its own temptations with it. They will be assailed, in a sense, by their own powers, and they will be handicapped by inherited difficulties, domestic and foreign, of the most formidable kind, and sometimes of a nature that does not find its

way into the light. If the Democratic party can now ascend to the plane of constructive criticism, of definite and intelligent opposition based on true Democratic principles, it will not fail of the appreciative attention of the nation, due to the proper performance of an essential political duty. There was never a more interested audience than now. Never was there a time when true Democratic statesmanship had a better opportunity to show the stuff of which it is made. The size of the Democratic congressional vote need be no indication nor gauge of Democratic success.

But the Democratic party must learn to diagnose its own malady. There should be no more talk of scapegoats, no more vain searchings for causes that have no more to do with Democratic failure than has the equinox, no more fulminations against individuals who actually did no worse than swim in the eddies thinking them to be the stream. The Democratic party failed at the election, not because it was Democratic, but because it was not Democratic but Wilsonian, so far at least as it was anything. If it had actually been Democratic its failure probably would have been far less marked. It would do well now to recognize that in adopting Wilsonism it abandoned every distinctive Democratic principle and turned its back upon the faith of half a century. It preached popular liberties—and abolished them. It preached economy—and indulged in a saturnalia of extravagance. It broke every one of its own Ten Commandments and violated every clause of its creed. All this it did under the beguilements of a leader who led it into the wilderness of apostasy and left it there. If the Democratic party will now rehabilitate itself, and it can so easily do so, it must renounce Wilsonism and return to the faith. It ought to be eager to do so, seeing that Wilsonism is the negation of Democracy, its denial and its betrayal. There is no other salvation.

Ireland and Her "Freedom."

The letter from Mr. William S. Coghlan on the subject of Mayor MacSwiney deserves something more than the publicity that has been given to it in another column. It deserves a recognition of its sincerity and a glance at its facts. At the same time Mr. Coghlan should avoid those imputations of motives into which he allows himself to wander. The Argonaut is not anxious to "make a good case for England." On the contrary it has repeatedly condemned England for its misgovernment of Ireland, and in severe terms. Mr. Coghlan should know this.

The Argonaut was strictly accurate in its citation of the count on which Mayor MacSwiney was found guilty, and Mr. Coghlan is inaccurate. The mayor was found guilty of "having the cipher under his control." A highly laudatory editorial in the New York Times says: "Of the justice of his imprisonment there seems no question; the secret code of the Royal Constabulary was found in his possession, and with it the manuscript of a speech already delivered which contained seditious utterances. His prison sentence was far from severe."

It is obviously impossible here to enter into a general discussion of the Irish problem. Many hundreds of volumes have not solved it, and its confusion grows worse confounded day by day. None the less a word may be said as to the allegiance owed by Ireland, an allegiance that Mr. Coghlan says was not owing and that ought not to be exacted.

Ireland has been continuously represented, indeed much over-represented, in the Parliament at Westminster. It has often happened that the Irish members have had in their hands the fate of British governments. Every Irish member has taken the usual oath. Every Irish member has been elected by Irish constituencies with the full knowledge and understanding that he would take that oath, an oath in which the

stituencies may be said to have shared. Irish leaders have said again and again that they would be satisfied with a measure of Home Rule. To say that these facts constitute no right to "exact allegiance" is to misuse words. It is a part of British misgovernment that Ireland was not satisfied by Home Rule when she might have been satisfied. But certainly it can not now be maintained that Ireland has never assented to her inclusion in the British Empire, seeing that for a hundred years she has actually participated in the government of that empire, and that a constant stream of distinguished Irishmen have sat in the cabinet and in Parliament, have been in command of British armies, have controlled British colonies, and have honorably filled every post and position that has been open to Englishmen, Scotchmen, or Welshmen.

When Mr. Coghlan speaks of "oppression" and "enslavement" he must know that he is using those words in a sentimental rather than in a political sense. He must know that Ireland—at least until the present outbreak—was not oppressed nor enslaved, that she had exactly the same liberties as Wales and Scotland, and indeed greater liberties, seeing that Wales and Scotland have an established and an alien church, whereas Ireland has no such church. He must know that wherever the government of Ireland differs from that of Wales or Scotland it is in favor of Ireland. He must know that the individual Irishman was as free as he is himself. At the same time the *Argonaut* has a full appreciation of the force and value of sentiment. An outraged sentiment is as galling as a handcuff, but when we speak of oppression and enslavement we usually intend the implication of something personal and physical, and there was no such oppression or enslavement in Ireland. Welshmen, Scotchmen, and Englishmen were drafted into the army, but they made no complaints of oppression or enslavement. Irishmen were not drafted.

Mr. Coghlan seems to suppose that all Irish troubles would disappear if Ireland were granted her independence. What about the Ulster minority that would certainly rebel and fight? If a denial of independence means that the majority will fight, as they are now doing, the granting of independence means that the minority will fight. And when it was proposed to separate the majority from the minority, the majority threatened to fight to retain, and therefore tax, the minority. When Mr. Coghlan speaks of Ireland he means a part of Ireland. He is quite as ready to deny "freedom" to Ulster as Ulster is to deny it to him.

These things are not said in a contentious spirit, but only in recognition of a situation that seems to be ringed around with threats of civil war, and that is not to be settled by phrases or axioms. Nor can we determine whether Ireland would be friendly or unfriendly in the event of her independence, nor whether so small a nation could sustain or defend herself if she became, from the British standpoint, a foreign nation. None the less we may have, and we do have, a strong belief that if Ireland had been independent at the time of the outbreak of the war Germany would at this moment be in a fair way to the mastery of the human race.

What About Mexico?

The Mexican problem is not quite so pressing as it was, but it is none the less a part of the heritage of blunder and chaos bequeathed to the Republican administration. Obregon seems likely to make a good president, as Mexican presidents go, which is not saying very much, but the Obregon government has not yet been recognized by the United States. President Wilson recently sent some sort of mission to Mexico, presumably to make a bargain with a view to recognition, but it is supposed to have failed, as it naturally would fail, seeing that he chose his emissaries from among the crowd of nonentities with which he has always loved to surround himself. Recognition of Mexico can hardly now come from the retiring administration. Recognition would mean the appointment of an ambassador, and a Republican Senate would almost certainly refuse to confirm such a nomination. The situation in Mexico is likely to remain *in statu quo* until the new administration takes office.

And when the new administration does take office it is not likely to accept fair words in payment of old debts. To let bygones be bygones is a good working principle, but it can not be applied until restitution has been made and amendment guaranteed. All the anti-American laws instituted by Carranza are still in force. Foreigners may not hold real estate outside of a city,

and therefore they can not acquire oil rights or mineral rights unless they become Mexican citizens or evade the law by a subterfuge. The old plan of Augua Prieto with all its injustices is still in force, and while we hear a good deal about Mexican good-will there is a strange lack of confirmatory deeds. Obregon, when he was in El Paso, said that Mexico was quite ready to forget the past, and while this was very good of him it carries with it no obligation upon us to do the same. It is not easy to forget the hundreds of Americans who have been murdered, tortured, and dispossessed, nor is it desirable to forget them. Great Britain has just exacted a substantial compensation from Mexico for the murder of Mr. Benton, and if we have seemed to acquiesce in the outrages upon Americans it would be well for Mexico to realize that a change has come over the spirit of our dream and that her immunity has been due to Wilsonism, and not to Americanism. These outrages must now be paid for, and when they have been paid for, when the Mexican government brings forth fruits meet for repentance, it will be time enough for us to follow Obregon's example and "forget the past." Until then we shall remember the past.

There is no reason why we should not live in amity with Mexico. Indeed we heartily wish to do so, although it is too soon yet to be very sanguine about it. But there will be no amity on the basis of the abject surrender of human rights to which Wilsonism has accustomed us. And if Mexico will grasp this fundamental fact and realize that it has retroactive application it will help matters along quite a little.

The Problem of Appropriations.

Federal officials are following the now universal practice and are clamoring for more pay. Heads of departments complain to Congress that they will be deserted by their best men, and particularly by their scientists, unless the emoluments are made more attractive. Secretary Meredith of the Department of Agriculture is particularly persistent in his demands and he is sustained by the Federal Employees' Union, numbering about a hundred thousand persons scattered throughout the country. Now there ought to be, and there is, no disposition to underpay the servants of the Federal government, but at the same time the matter ought to be regulated, not according to the insistence of some particular department, nor under pressure from some particular quarter, but with an eye to the general needs of the situation as a whole.

Secretary Meredith, for example, happens to be a specially good "persister." He knows the game and he is familiar with all the ways and weaknesses of Congress. Moreover, he has been clever enough to secure the support of the American Bankers' Association, who are impressing upon Congress the importance of the Department of Agriculture and the necessity of liberal appropriations in its aid. Now Congress is sensitive to pressure and to loud noises, and apt to yield to them without much regard to the abstract justice of the situation. On the other hand, the Department of Commerce, which is just as important as the Department of Agriculture and which probably employs just as many scientists, does not happen to know the ropes and has no one at its head who understands the art of advertising. As a result the Department of Agriculture is likely to get all that it wants while the Department of Commerce is left out in the cold. It may be said that the Department of Commerce contains the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, the Bureau of Standards which is doing research and technical work of great value, the Bureau of the Census, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the entire lighthouse establishment, the Bureau of Fisheries, and the steamboat inspection service. The appropriations for the Department of Commerce have increased 39 per cent. from 1913 to 1919 inclusive, while the appropriations for the Department of Agriculture have increased more than 80 per cent during the same period.

Now it is understood that unless there is an increase in taxation there will be no more money available this year in the public treasury than there was last year. If there is an increase in any one department there must be a corresponding decrease in some other. It must therefore be decided if the Department of Agriculture is more worthy than any other department. Should its appropriations be increased at the cost of any other department? Are its accomplishments so much more worthy of support that discrimination of this kind should be made in its favor? It is much to be doubted.

The whole thing points to the urgent need for some sort of a budget system. The size of appropriations ought not to be determined by a Congress always sensitive to pressure and at the request of associations of merchants or bankers who can not possibly have any knowledge of the situation as a whole. The intrusion of lobbies working on the congressional mind does not conduce to an equitable apportionment of the public funds on a basis of public values.

The committees of Congress entrusted with the distribution of funds are in a far better position to know the relative needs of the various departments than any outside association that happens to be interested in some particular branch of work and that perhaps raises it to a place of importance that it does not deserve.

The national bookkeeping is of course in a chaotic state and will so continue until some adequate budget system has been devised and put into operation. It would be too much to say that this is the most important question of the day. Certainly it is not. None the less it should find a place on the Republican programme, if only to lessen the chance of another carnival of extravagance such as the one that we have just passed through.

Editorial Notes.

The settlement of the British coal strike removes a danger that was certainly national and that might easily have been international through the cessation of exports. The men are to receive an additional 50 cents a day and they on their part promise to sustain the volume of production. The vote to continue the strike was actually larger than the vote to return to work, but the situation was saved by the two-thirds rule. The danger, therefore, is by no means over, nor will it be over until basic human rights receive a warmer recognition in England than has been the case heretofore. Industries that must be kept alive by the social degradation of a million men must either be reorganized or they must disappear.

President Wilson in his recent clash with Senator Spencer on the promise to send troops to Europe said: "I am perfectly content to leave it to the voters of Missouri to determine which of us is telling the truth." Thereupon the voters of Missouri reelected Senator Spencer. Never was the "appeal under Cæsar" more decisive.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

National Sovereignty.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 2, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: John P. Irish in a letter to the *Argonaut* on the Japanese question says: "By three ways may sovereignty extend over territory—by discovery, conquest, and purchase."

Sovereignty means "supreme power." Supreme power is a myth; it does not exist, can not exist. The matter has been settled by the last war, which knocked smithereens the claim of the German Kaiser to supreme power by divine right.

There is no such thing as divine right. The power to legislate is the only power vested in a government by the acts of the governed, and this power is limited by justice and by individual inalienable rights. A limited power is not a sovereignty. Sovereignty is absolute and supreme power. It is an idea antagonistic to human interests. The word has no longer any practical application. National sovereignty is an impossibility. All that may be claimed by a nation is legal jurisdiction over its territory. This is not sovereignty.

For these reasons it may be said that "legal jurisdiction over territory may be acquired by discovery, conquest, and purchase." Although from the point of view of justice neither discovery nor conquest nor purchase is a sufficient reason to establish a legal jurisdiction. These may lead to conditions excusing the assumption of jurisdiction for the welfare of these territories, but this jurisdiction should be confirmed and accepted by the governed before a justifiable claim to this jurisdiction is obtained.

The act of annexing territory by discovery, conquest, or purchase does not deprive the inhabitants thereof of their natural or inalienable rights nor of the right of demanding equality and justice. There is no such a thing as the "right" of discovery, of conquest, or of purchase of territory. There is no "right of confiscation." Confiscation is an act of barbarism which originated in the plundering hordes of barbarians who overwhelmed ancient civilization. It is not a "right," but the application of "force."

Whether right or wrong from the point of view of justice, it has been the custom of the victorious by force of arms in war to exact an indemnity from the vanquished or to impose a penalty on the conquered.

The alleged right of conquest following the right of discovery of America by Columbus, the conquest of Mexico by Cortes, and the annexation of territory to Spain by Pizarro and others are only the results of acts of force, and not strictly justifiable.

The "real right," which all historians have failed to mention, was the right of individuals to seek happiness and welfare anywhere they chose on the surface of the earth and the right to settle and reside in the place of their choice. This right is the only justification for the occupation of America by the Europeans.

If the Europeans had contented themselves with the liberty to occupy undeveloped land instead of unmercifully crowding out and destroying the natives the historical shame, now the remorse of the whites, would not have to be recorded.

The crimes of the white races in America have been followed by similar crimes in Africa. The partition of the

African continent by the European nations promises to be a repetition of the events in America.

However, the past is the past; a series of accomplished facts which it is now useless to discuss. It behooves at present to endeavor to act in the future in a way more creditable to civilization and in view of the general interests of mankind considered as an entity.

Divine rights, national sovereignty, religious fanaticisms, and all such excuses for policies of self-interest are today without standing. There exist today accepted principles concerning the relations of human beings among themselves which can not be ignored with justice. This world is not a white man's world; not exclusively.

When the descendants of the English, the Irish, the Germans, the French, the Italians, and other Europeans claim that California is a "white man's land" this slogan is a criminal denial of human equality. *This world exists for the benefit of all mankind on equal terms!* No portion thereof is the inheritance of any one race, nationality, or community. America is no more the white man's land than Africa the black man's or Asia the yellow man's land. There is no valid reason for the whites to assume civilization's burdens and on that account to claim special privileges and refuse equality to others. Nor can the other races claim the right of exclusion of the whites from their territories. Europe for Europeans. America for Americans, Asia for Asiatics, and Africa for Africans is all nonsense. The truth is that the earth exists for all on equal terms.

However, "national jurisdictions" must exist until all mankind is ready to accept a global jurisdiction. Certain customs, traditions, and climatic conditions make local legislation a necessity. There is, however, no valid objection to the limitation of local legislation by mundial principles acceptable by all and which should be upheld by an international court of justice.

The natural tendency of the human race is to leave the overpopulated sections and to settle in regions undeveloped, and nothing may be done with justice to hinder this tendency. As gold flows to the places where it is most in demand, so population flows to the places which offer the best opportunities for betterment of individual conditions. If this tendency is unobstructed by prejudices and unwise legislation, by force and persecution, the result would be a proper distribution of population on the globe, a benefit to humanity.

Up to the present time the process of distribution of population over the surface of the world has been greatly influenced by the foreign policies of the greater white nations—England, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and the United States. The selfish interests of each of these nations have asserted themselves in different ways.

Speaking specially of the nations whose interests are backed by military and naval force, those nations who spend stupendous sums in armaments to maintain their prestige and commercial interests, speaking of the policies of those nations which attempt to stifle free competition for the sake of the prosperity of their inflated industries, it is proper to remark that the day is not far away when all artificial policies with greed as an objective will be swept away, never to come back, by more humane and logical policies with freedom, justice, and equality as a foundation. Woe to the nations who fail to see the signs of the times! Woe to those who persist in upholding race and religious prejudices! Woe to those who obstruct liberty!

It is almost incredible that the last war has been fought only to shift the supremacy of military and naval powers from some nations to others. It is not possible that this result will be permanent.

Concentrated in certain portions of the world an immense population is seeking elbow room and better opportunities for happiness. These people are bound to break loose from the tyranny of those who are exploiting them. Let the United States take notice. Today they are prosperous, nay extremely wealthy. Our people should lay aside race prejudices. The blacks in our midst have an equal amount of rights as others. Stop lynching. Let us play fair with these human beings. Let us give the example to the world of a policy of justice, tolerance, and humanity. Let us show the ambitious Japanese, now bent on conquest, that might must yield to right. Let us show the world that we can legislate intelligently and with justice, without encroaching on human rights, without curtailing liberty. Then may we be proud of our country and profess our patriotism without remorse for our past failings. Let us stand upon our merits without protection, without using artificial methods to foster our so far insatiable greed for wealth. Let us place character and honor above riches and vanity. Let us emulate the world by our achievements in art, science, invention, and industry in open competition. We must become great on account of the moral merit and intelligence of our people. By all means we must get rid of the political corruption which, if allowed to subsist, will lead us to decadence.

We are in the position, if we so wish, to lead the world in the new era of justice and liberty.

Our Declaration of Independence is the most important document of Americanism. It is important on account of the declaration of the equality of men, of their inalienable rights and the statement that government derives its power from the consent of the governed. The declaration of our grievances against the acts of England have no longer any importance. These are things of the past, but the principles are eternal. These principles are the only protection of the minorities against the abuse of power by majorities.

We have failed to observe these principles. Our judiciary, from the Supreme Court of the United States down to the police courts, has allowed these principles to be violated. The Supreme Court interprets the Constitution of the United States. This document no longer means what is expressed in the language of the text. And when it is said that the Supreme Court has interpreted the Constitution it would be nearer the truth to state that in many cases it has misinterpreted its meaning.

It is time to sit up and take notice of the lack of conscience evidenced by these acts. All our officials are supposed to be guided by the principles of the Declaration of Independence. They are sworn in to obey the Constitution and the treaties as the supreme law of the land. Still these men, who should show the highest character, are influenced by the political fear of the vote and by their selfish interests.

Herein lies the great peril to our institutions. If we continue to disregard the principles of Americanism we are destined to lose the place we have so far occupied in the world as an example of government by justice, right, and liberty. Our government is a representative government; all its activities are based on elective majorities; but these majorities have no right to tyrannize minorities. The rights of all individuals are guarded by the restrictions upon legislation placed by the moral obligation, and there is none greater, of our representatives to observe the principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence and the observance of the Constitution. Not even in times of war may these principles be ignored. All our present troubles have come from the fact that these were not observed by Congress and the Administration.

No such waste and extravagance, no such curtailing of individual liberty, no such abuses of power as we have experienced during the war could have occurred had our legis-

lators been loyal to the principles of the Declaration of Independence and to the Constitution of the United States.

No government may go back on fundamental principles with impunity. It is because our officials and legislators have ignored these principles that we have our present political problems, including the Eighteenth Amendment and the controversy about the league of nations. It is time to return to these principles. It shall be the duty of all citizens to see that this is done. It was the usurpation of power by the Administration and Congress which has demoralized our political system. It shall be a difficult task to repeal all the obnoxious laws and administrative regulations which have been saddled upon our people. We all should demand that this be done quickly and thoroughly, notwithstanding the power back of the selfish interests involved, be they capitalistic or laboristic.

Let us hope that soon we may again boast of our loyalty to Americanism and freedom. Let us hope that enlightened individuality shall prevail, that it will establish a social morality, the religion of human solidarity, instead of the now existing theocratic morality and authority fetishism!

Yours respectfully, LEMICE TERRIEUX, JR.

Mayor MacSwiney.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 3, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In your issue of October 30th, commenting on the death of Mayor MacSwiney, it seems to a constant reader of your valuable paper that in this instance you have gone far beyond the bounds of truth and fairness in your comments.

Perhaps, as you suggest, MacSwiney is not a martyr; he was at least a patriot and died rather than surrender his ideals of right and liberty. We honor Washington and Jefferson and a host of others of revolutionary fame that they, too, risked their all for just such ideals. Of what was MacSwiney "guilty" of, as you use the term, that Washington was not guilty of? Is success to be the standard by which a man becomes a patriot and defeat the standard by which the same man becomes a traitor? You do MacSwiney wrong when you say he was "sentenced to prison just like thousands of other prisoners are sentenced all over the world." Is there no distinction in your mind between the acts of a criminal and those of a man who risks his life and liberty in the cause of freedom? The comparison made of Debs and MacSwiney is grossly unfair to the latter and odious to say the least, for Debs is a citizen of the very country against which he conspired and by which he is imprisoned, while MacSwiney was jailed and persecuted by a country to which he owed no allegiance and which had no moral right to exact allegiance from him. In your enthusiasm to make a good case for England you fall into error when you say that MacSwiney was found guilty of having a secret government cypher. In his trial, which was perhaps as fair as could be expected under the circumstances, he was acquitted on that very count.

Why is it unthinkable that England should grant independence to Ireland? Would she not in fact be giving back what never rightfully belonged to her? Do you still cling to the doctrine of Bismarck that might makes right; that the sword is the one supreme arbitrator? Only by force and a never-ending system of repression has England kept her strangle hold on Ireland. Her policy, stubborn and stupid to an unbelievable degree, has ever been one of destruction and extermination, and yet she boasts of democracy and labels herself the champion of small peoples. The saddest spectacle of the twentieth century is seen in the enslavement of Ireland, the only white nation held in bondage by a people whose only superiority lies in their greater force of arms and resources.

To put the secession of the South in 1861 and the revolution in Ireland as parallel examples is either an instance of wilful misrepresentation of facts, or of a profound ignorance of what the secession of 1861 really was. Just such an argument is being put forward by the British press and statesmen, and particularly by Lloyd George, to give a semblance of justification for their oppression of Ireland and the Irish people. Not that they believe it themselves, but they offer it as a sop to the conscience of their people and the peoples of other nations, trusting to the general ignorance in Europe of American history to pass it off for the truth. The secession of 1861 was the breaking away from and the attempted dissolution of a Union which had been ratified by the several states voluntarily and without coercion. It was an act against the very Constitution each state had sworn to uphold as the reward of statehood. Can that be said of Ireland, which of itself was a nation, and which though conquered physically by superior force has had the courage, through centuries of oppression and suffering, to deny her conqueror the right to claim her as part of the British Empire?

The argument put forward that "England can not endure the existence of an independent and hostile nation almost within sight of her coast" is ridiculous when the one and only remedy for that hostility is in the hands of England herself. That hostility is not without its cause, and each succeeding day of British occupation but adds to that cause. Only by granting complete independence to the Irish people can that cause be removed and the foundation laid for a better understanding between the two countries. If, after a thousand years, England can not subjugate the Irish people and bring them into harmony with the rest of the British Isles, is there any reason for supposing that she ever can? Much has been written about the quality of British courage and sportsmanship, but has she enough of either and of statesmanship to frankly admit her failure, and to try, late as it is, a new experiment? Would not the voluntary granting of independence go a long way to soften that ingrained hostility, and pave the way for the establishment of friendly relations between the two nations which would be a safeguard for both instead of the menace that exists today? To say that Ireland can not govern herself is to flout history and to slander the great men of Irish birth who have shown their ability in war and in peace in Ireland, in England, and elsewhere. Those "fierce internal fires" you speak of would no doubt subside, once external pressure were removed and the people, given a chance to look at matters through unprejudiced eyes, had found the common meeting ground which makes for harmony.

Surely no one disputes your contention that the dissolution of the British Empire would be a world calamity in these trying days of readjustment and widespread unrest. But the independence of Ireland need not mean dissolution. England lost her greatest colony and has survived, even prospered, and has seen that "lost" colony, grown to a nation richer and more powerful than herself, stands by her side on the battlefields of France when the very fate of the empire hung in the balance. Can it be said that the child of the revolution, grown to manhood, remembered the wrongs of its infancy and cherished a secret grudge against its ancient parent?

Ireland's case is one in point. She seeks no territory but her own to govern. She asks no favors, but demands the right to lead her own political and social life as she sees fit to do so. She asks an Irish rule for Ireland, even as we sought and won an American rule for America. Are we, as Americans, enjoying the fruits of that victory of 1776, won in the blood and suffering of our forefathers, to sneer and scoff that she aspires to those same heights? Are we so stupefied and

sunk in our own complacency and self-satisfaction that the trials and suffering of those seekers after freedom leave us unmoved and even irritated and annoyed that they should aim so high? For some this may be so, but to those to whom Washington still stands as the apostle of liberty, to those who honor Lafayette and thrill with pride at the courage of a Nathan Hale, the death of MacSwiney is not, as you suggest, the death of a criminal, but the sublime sacrifice of a martyr on the altar of freedom.

Yours very truly,
WILLIAM S. COGHLAN.

WOMEN AT THE POLLS.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton once wrote an essay to warn us against the fallacies into which we are likely to be led by our habits of generalization. It is so easy to assert this, that, or the other about large bodies of the community, and because the vision is thereby diffused we give our assent readily to propositions that we should at once reject if they were applied to the individual rather than to the mass. Thus, says Mr. Chesterton in effect—I forget his exact words—we are all of us ready vaguely to agree if some one says to us, "the women of the nation are toilsomely ascending the path that leads to the good, the beautiful, and the true," or "the women of the world have fixed their aspiring gaze upon the radiant star of their destiny." No one thinks of contradicting a thing of that sort, even to himself. It seems in some nebulous sort of way to be true. At least it ought to be true, which is nearly the same thing. A vision of Susan B. Anthony and others of that ilk flashes across the mind. We remember often to have heard that same sort of thing said, which of course is strong evidence of its truth. It has become a sort of axiom, and who would dispute an axiom? But suppose some one were to say to us that Mrs. Brown—who lives next door and who is therefore under observation—is "toilsomely ascending the path that leads to the good, the beautiful, and the true," or that Mrs. Jones, who lives opposite and who is thus equally under observation, has "fixed her aspiring gaze upon the radiant star of her destiny." At once we begin to laugh. They are admirable and excellent women, both of them. But they are not toilsomely ascending anything more poetic than the back stairs, nor have they fixed their aspiring gaze upon anything much less material than little Johnny's nose and its imminent requirements. Assuming Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones to be representative women, and they are, we see at once how ludicrous was the original assertion, although we were ready to give it our adhesion when presented to us as a generalization. And we make just the same sort of assertions about men, and should laugh at them just as much if we applied them to particulars instead of to universals.

It was this habit of generalizations that led us into such uncertainties during the recent election. We wondered how the women would vote. In other words we thought of them as women, and not as human beings. Deep in the hearts of a good many of us was a sort of haunting dread that the vote of the women might upset all our calculations, that it might even go solidly to the Democrats under some emotional conviction that the cause of peace was bound up with the Democratic fortunes. We said that the women's vote was an "unknown quantity," and we talked about "new electoral factors," very much as we might have talked if the roulette wheel or dice had been suddenly introduced as electoral determinants. But if we had turned our attention to a few individual and unselected women and ascertained their methods and intentions we should have found that the women were acting in pretty much the same way as the men, although much more intelligently and much more ethically. We should find that a certain number of women were being guided entirely by their husbands, which of course is very foolish, just as a certain number of men were being guided by their selfish and personal interests, which is very much worse than foolish. But beyond these few we should find that women were studying the questions of the day much more diligently than men, that some among them came to one decision and some to another—almost like human beings—and that there was no such thing as a women's vote considered as an entity, that actually no new factor had been introduced, only an extension of an old factor.

Never was there such a chimera as the idea that women would run blind-eyed after any hysteria if only it bore the label of universal peace. There again we see the evils of the generalization. How often have we heard it said that "women are pacifists"? Of course we assented. We usually do assent to propositions that are conspicuously untrue. The assertion seemed in some way to chime in with our conventional conceptions of the feminine character. The woman was supposed to sing, with a catch in her breath, "I did not raise my boy to be a soldier," although it was a man who wrote that song, and, moreover, a man who had sent all his available family into the army. Now if we had only looked around among the women we knew we should have seen in a moment that they were not pacifists, and then we should have avoided a very radical mistake. We might then have realized that even though women were to become dominant in the government of the world there would still be wars, perhaps just as many wars as there are now. For women

most decidedly not pacifists. They may express in a somewhat more emotional way than men the universal desire for peace, but so far as pacifism goes in the colloquial sense of that word women are not more addicted to it than men. Ask Mrs. Brown next door or Mrs. Jones across the street. Veritable daughters of thunder during the war, both of them.

When Miss Jane Addams went to Europe to stop the war by an appropriate display of baby ribbon or by singing hymns, or whatever it was, she failed lamentably. When she came home she told us all about it. She was reported as saying that she might have done something with the men. At least they would listen. But the women!!! The female of the species in Europe was so much more deadly than the male. And it was pretty much the same here. The women threw themselves into war work, not only because much of it was humanitarian work, but because at heart they were combatants. The average woman knew far more about the war than the average man. She knew more about even the strategy of the war. It was she who pored over the war maps and attended lectures and read everything that was readable. The man was usually content to spout a little patriotism and let it go at that. He had a contempt for the "highbrow" who wanted to know who the Jugo Slavs were and the origin of the Magyars and the terms of the treaty between Greece and Serbia. But the women knew all about these things. There was no discernible pacifism about them. Most of them were bitter-enders. If they had voted solidly for Wilsonism it would have been one of the surprises of the day.

When we look forward half humorously to some time when women shall rule the world we are apt to forget that we have already passed through such a time and that nothing particular happened—except wars. A few years ago we find two women governing nearly the whole of the human race. Those two women were the Empress of China and Queen Victoria. But wars did not cease. Quite the contrary. China passed through some of the most troublous periods of her history, and Great Britain was never at peace for a single year during the half-century of Victoria's reign. Indeed it was said that Lord Randolph Churchill resigned from the cabinet on one occasion because the queen wanted war and he was determined that there should be no war. Certainly neither the Empress of China nor Queen Victoria were pacifists nor did the reign of women bring universal peace.

It has been the same story all the way down through history. It is women, and not men, who have been the militarists. One might almost say that every country has reached the height of her military fame under a woman. It was Boadicea, "smarting" neath the Roman rods, who personally led her compatriots to victory. Cleopatra was something of a soldier. So was Catharine of Russia, who partitioned Poland and whose name was a terror throughout the land. Queen Louisa of Prussia defied Napoleon. Queen Elizabeth of England made war on Spain, reviewed her troops at Tilbury, and is said to have personally designed the attack on the Spanish Armada by fireships. And then there is Joan of Arc, who commanded the armies of France in many battles, overrode the strategical opinions of her generals, planned her sieges and attacks, suffered wounds like a common soldier, and at last achieved the aim of her military efforts and crowned the Dauphin at Rheims. Nor need we stay to notice the women's battalion in Russia nor the great deeds of actual fighting that have been done by so many women all the way down through history. Mary Imbree, for example.

Many of the finest war poems were written by women. Indeed the inspirational work of women during the war was beyond all estimation. If women had had their way there would have been no shameful armistice, no marching home of the German armies with drums beating and flags flying to be crowned with laurels in Unter Den Linden and to boast that they had saved Germany from invasion and had morally won the war. And this at a time when another week of fighting would have meant the envelopment of the German armies and their unconditional surrender. It was usually the women who were hot with indignation at the pacifism of a man, at a pacifism that so constantly showed itself in ways favorable to Germany, and it is women who have now contributed largely to the overthrow of an administration guilty of that pacifism.

No doubt we shall continue to talk about the pacifism of women because we have acquired the habit of doing so, because we think collectively instead of individually, because we look at masses instead of persons and consequently see neither the masses nor the persons. But if we were to look at Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones and also at their worthy but probably inferior husbands we might correct our ideas, not only about pacifism, but about a good many other things, too. And that would be good for us.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 10, 1920.

Though thousands of small schools failed to open for the fall and winter courses throughout the United States, the newspapers announce the opening of hundreds of new motion-picture playhouses.

The surplus female population of the world has risen from about 5,000,000 to 15,000,000 since the beginning of the world war.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson is sitting for her portrait to Seymour Stone. She poses every day in the big north room just before time for a motor ride with the President.

In 1912 Arthur Thibadeau left Paris, France, to walk around the world for a prize of \$100,000 said to have been offered by the Revel Athletic Association. Thibadeau is still walking and had covered 55,164 miles on foot and 35,000 miles on water at last reports. He must go 25,000 miles farther before January 1, 1925, to win.

Since the town of Jewett, Texas, came under the rule of women several months ago much progress has been made in civic improvements, especially in the matter of cleaner alleys and streets. Mrs. J. A. Adkinson, the new mayor, is also municipal police judge, but so orderly and law-abiding have been the people of the town since the woman came into office that she has not been called upon once to hold court. This is regarded as a remarkable record for a town of 1000 population.

Mrs. Mary Austin, novelist, has been asked to sit to David Edstrom, the sculptor, who is celebrating the success of the suffrage amendment with a piece of work entitled "Woman as Prophet." Mrs. Austin is the author of several interesting books of travel about our Southwest, such as "The Land of Little Rain," "California, the Land of the Sun," and "The Flock," a book about sheep-raising in the San Joaquin Valley. She has also written many fine novels and books embodying the lore and customs of the Indians of the Southwest.

Rudyard Kipling is the latest of the English authors to undertake writing for the screen. Paul Brunet, head of the Pathé organization, announces that he has entered into an arrangement with Mr. Kipling by which he will adapt some of his published stories to the motion-picture medium, and, it is indicated, write one or more original scenarios. Assisting him in casting his stories in the technical language and form of the studio will be Randolph Lewis, a scenarist and continuity writer, who will soon go to England for the purpose.

Lately arrived in this country, where he comes to talk on art to students of the leading art schools, is Leonce Benedite. With him came his daughter, Mlle. Rosa Benedite. They spent but a few days in New York, then left for San Francisco, whence his tour of the country will begin. M. Benedite is the director of the National Museum of Luxembourg in Paris, where modern paintings are shown in distinction to the Museum of the Louvre, which conserves old art. He is a lecturer and writer of great distinction on art subjects, and has published many works. Leonce Benedite was born at Nimes, where he received his education. He is a chevalier of the Legion of Honor and president of several societies of painters and engravers, including the Society of Parisian Painters.

Friends of Miss Helen Ackerman are urging recognition, in the form of a Carnegie medal, of the heroic services by which she saved many lives when northern New York was stricken last winter with an epidemic of influenza. Miss Ackerman, a slender girl of twenty-one, is the district schoolteacher at Oak Point, a hamlet six miles from the nearest railroad. Her school was closed when influenza broke out and she was told she could take a vacation. Instead of taking the opportunity to enjoy a holiday, however, she plunged into the work which proved her a heroine. Hearing that every family in the near-by town of Hammond had been stricken by influenza, Miss Ackerman hastened there to aid the sufferers. Going from house to house, she nursed them unaided and beyond doubt was the means of saving many from death.

Arthur William Heintzelman, a young etcher who has suddenly sprung into fame, was born in 1892 at Newark, New Jersey. He began studying art when he was nine years old and won a scholarship that enabled him to travel and study abroad. Before he was eighteen he became head of the fine arts department of the Detroit School of Design. His career up to the present time has been a continuous progress in the direction of official honors. Museums have given space for exhibitions of his etchings and bought examples for their permanent collections. He has been elected to all the prominent societies of etchers and awarded prizes. Critics have praised him. There is no denying that so prompt a popularity is dangerous, but his deep and strong interest in his work for its own sake may be trusted to save him.

Harold Bell Wright, popular novelist, is said to have endured a life of toil and privation. He had contended with not only poverty, but ill-health. Born in 1872 at Rome, New York, he had been one of four boys, only two of whom survived. Left motherless at the age of ten, this boy, shy but proud, was early sent forth to do battle with the world. He had some talent as a painter and it was toward an artistic career that his first ambition was directed. Lacking the means to study under a master, he was forced to turn his ability to such humble channels as decorating and house-painting. While in the little quarry town of Grafton, Ohio, he had been converted to the doctrines of Christianity and

his imagination fired by the possibilities of reformation in that field, he resolved to abandon painting and become a minister. With this end in view he—at the age of twenty—entered the preparatory department of Hiram College. He had no means whatever and was forced to labor after hours to subsist.

On July 1st last Marion LeRoy Burton, having retired the day before from the presidency of the University of Minnesota, became president of the University of Michigan—traditionally acclaimed as the Harvard, Yale, and Princeton of public education in America. He succeeded Harry B. Hutchins, who retired at the age of seventy-three after twenty-five years of continuous service at the Ann Arbor institution, the last ten as its head. Dr. Burton was born in Brooklyn, Iowa. While still an infant the family moved to Minneapolis. There, when not in school, Marion sold newspapers and later clerked in a drug store. Leaving Minneapolis after a year in high school, he worked his way through the preparatory academy of Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, and then through the college course. He taught a year in the college, was for three years principal of a small town academy, went to Yale University and garnered the doctor's degree in philosophy, taught theology in the Yale divinity school for a year, spent one year in a Brooklyn pulpit—New York, not Iowa—and then accepted the presidency of Smith College at Northampton, Massachusetts. After seven years at Smith, he went back to Minneapolis, heralded as "the returned newsboy," to be president of the University of Minnesota.

OLD FAVORITES.

To W. A.

Or ever the knightly years were gone
With the old world to the grave,
I was a King in Babylon
And you were a Christian Slave.

I saw, I took, I cast you by,
I bent and broke your pride.
You loved me well, or I heard them lie,
But your longing was denied.
Surely I knew that by and by
You cursed your gods and died.

And a myriad suns have set and shone
Since then upon the grave
Decreed by the King in Babylon
To her that had been his Slave.

The pride I trampled is now my scathe,
For it tramples me again.
The old resentment lasts like death,
For you love, yet you refrain.
I break my heart on your hard unfaith,
And I break my heart in vain.

Yet not for an hour do I wish undone
The deed beyond the grave.
When I was a King in Babylon
And you were a Virgin Slave.

—William Ernest Henley.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollections presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with bands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell:
Tben soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And, now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

—Samuel Woodworth.

Marshal Murat was the dandy among Napoleon's generals. One Paris tailor said that in some years he had made as much as 100,000 francs' worth of suits, overcoats, and uniforms for Murat. He liked to invent new and fantastic uniforms, he strutted about in a suit of sky-blue overalls covered all over with gold spangles and he decorated his bushy with aigrettes. On the occasion of his triumphant entry into Warsaw, when he supposed he would be made King of Poland, he wore an impossible-looking uniform, red leather boots, tunic of cloth of gold, sword belt blazing with diamonds, and a great bushy of fur decked out with costly plumes. On this occasion Napoleon lost his temper and testily exclaimed to his general: "Go and put on your proper uniform; you look like a clown." But the emperor was not misled by Murat's love of finery, for it is recorded that he once said of him, "You may smile at my dandified marshal, but you will notice that when columns are shot down today, Murat's gaudy plume will be dancing in the hottest of the fight. Let a hero have one folly, gentlemen."

AN ENGLISH WIFE IN BERLIN.

The Princess Blücher Describes Events and Experiences in Germany During the War.

Evelyn, Princess Blücher, the writer of these memoirs, is an Englishwoman who was married in 1907 to Prince (then Count) Blücher, great-great-grandson of the famous Marshal Blücher of Waterloo fame. Count and Countess Blücher were well known in English society and lived in England until the coming of the war, when the count's nationality forced them to go to Germany and join the colony of "internationals" who made their home at the Esplanade Hotel in Berlin. Here they lived in a state of freedom, met every one of note, and were able to observe the course of events. Princess Blücher undertook the care of British prisoners and wounded, in which she was assisted by two other ladies in a similar position, Princess Pless and Princess Münster. The moderate tone of her memoirs, the obvious desire to be accurate and fair, mark them as a highly important contribution to the story of the war.

The princess begins her memoirs with her departure from London. There were 250 Germans at the station, and the Austrian ambassadors and many of the embassy members came to see them off:

The ambassador and amhassadress (Prince and Princess Lichnowsky) arrived at the last minute and got straight into the train, the amhassadress quite heart-broken, and making no attempt to hide her grief. The train steamed out of the station amidst a hushed silence, people on the platform weeping, and the men with hats off standing solemnly silent. It was as if a dead monarch was being borne away.

The ship that conveyed the party to the Hook of Holland was fired upon in consequence of a misunderstanding, but with this exception everything went well on the journey to Berlin:

We had many interesting conversations during the journey. The sadness and bitterness of all these Germans leaving England struck me intensely. Here we are, they say, being dragged away from the country that has been our home for years, to fight against our best friends. They all blamed the officials in Berlin, who had, they said, grossly mismanaged the negotiations. It had been an obsession in some of the German officials' minds for years past that Russia meant to attack them. "Well, then," said some one of the party, "why not wait until they do it? Why commit suicide to avoid being killed?"

"What chance have we," said some one else, "attacked practically on every side?"

"Is no one friendly to Germany?" asked another.

"Siam is friendly, I am told," was the bitter reply.

The author began her diary at once, and thenceforth we have nearly daily entries describing her experiences and her impressions of the progress of the war so far as authentic news was allowed to reach her. Thus on September 1, 1914, she writes:

To my horror, another English defeat has been reported at St. Quentin. I hear they have been driven back at Maubeuge and Mons, and I can hardly think of it without tears. I have made out a list of my relations and friends, and sent them to the doctors in the frontier towns, asking them to let me know if their names are on the lists. I mean to find out some way of getting news, in spite of all regulations to the contrary. The German papers all say the English fought splendidly, but are wanting in training and discipline, and . . . I hold my tongue at this criticism and only say that England has often begun a campaign with reverses, but in the end she is indomitable.

On October 18, 1914, the author speaks of conversations with German soldiers who had returned from the front, one of whom told her that there was no real hate among the combatants and that at the Belgian hospital where he was English, French, Belgians, and Germans sat and smoked together in amity. But there were other and less pleasant pictures:

One hears of such fearful horrors from those returning. One young German wounded officer, who had been spending his convalescence here, said that his regiment had been practically annihilated by their own side, through a mistake of his colonel's. It was in Belgium, and they had arranged to scour a wood in silence, two different regiments from different sides, during the night. The colonel, forgetting the arrangement that it was to be done in silence, suddenly shouted a word of command, and this was understood to be the signal to fire on the enemy. And then one regiment simply mowed down the other in the pitch dark, and the noise was so fearful that no one could hear the shouting to "cease fire" until it was too late. One regiment practically ceased to exist, except for this young officer and about forty men. He was in such a state of collapse from the horrors of the recollection that he was nearly out of his mind.

The news of the sinking of the *Lusitania* was hailed in Berlin as a just punishment on America for her breaches of neutrality. Naturally there was a change of attitude among the Americans in Berlin, most of whom had tried to preserve at least an outward semblance of impartiality:

The Americans here in the hotel, and those of the embassy staff, had always professed to be neutral. They had been cordial and friendly towards the Germans they met, had gone out together, had played tennis, and so forth. But a sudden change now took place. The Americans openly avoided the Germans, almost cutting their friends of the day before. Friendly intercourse was absolutely out of the question. Their rage and horror at the idea that Americans had been killed knew no bounds, and they gave vent to their views in unguarded terms. One German turned to me and said, "You and other English ladies here have self-control, but these American ladies, once they are roused, do not care how or where they express their feelings."

The shortage of copper became the topic of the day toward the end of 1915. Cartloads of old copper utensils were to be seen on the streets, and as the govern-

ment paid well it was considered by many as a good opportunity to rid themselves of their old copper:

Then we talked of the terrors of submarine warfare. One officer present described how his submarine had been caught in one of the English net traps. There he and the crew had to remain for hours under water, like rats in a trap; no possibility of escape, and a death of starvation. They eventually managed to break through, but many don't. He said they could live for seven hours below the sea before dying of suffocation, and shuddered, poor man, even then as he spoke, at his recollections.

The princess speaks in hot indignation of the execution of Edith Cavell. She does not believe that she could have been a spy in a city like Brussels. Even in Berlin if one sneezed out of tune one was accused of signaling to the enemy. Perhaps she had helped wounded soldiers, but then what woman would not do so?

And then, why was it done in such a hurry? And why were all the others forgiven, and only she executed? Was it, as it is hinted here, due to private and personal malice because she was English? All those who were forgiven were of another nationality. Well, it is a blot; in fact, another blot, to be quite exact; and as a German officer said sadly to me today, when the war is over, and in the years to come, however distant, these blots are the things that will be remembered and go down to history, and all the brave deeds and wonderful feats that our troops and armies in the field have done, and all the many individual acts of heroism will be forgotten, and only such episodes as these will stand out.

The princess has much to say about Sir Roger Casement. She met him many times, conversed with him, and was well informed as to his plans and also as to the attitude adopted toward him by the German government. In some respects, and particularly as to the attitude of the German government, she makes a distinct and valuable contribution to our knowledge. In October, 1915, she writes:

I have got some more news about Roger Casement. He came here today from Munich for a week, and I saw him for a moment. People here have very mixed opinions about him. Some think he is an English spy and only pretending to be a rebel, whereas others laugh at him as at a man who has failed.

He tried, as usual, to talk me round about Ireland. I told him Ireland to me was like a little terrier hitting at the heels of two great mastiffs. "Why," I said, "if he loved Ireland so, had he come to Germany?" He wanted to stop the recruiting, was his reply. But that, I told him, could have been done more effectively by having remained in Ireland or having gone to America. "Why stop it?" I asked him. "The Irish had proved such splendid soldiers and had even won an entire battle by themselves."

Then his pride in the Irish soldier showed itself, proving that in reality he does not know what he wants. But when he begins airing his opinions in too self-satisfied a manner, it makes me want to repeat to him the words I had heard lately from the lips of a German lady about him. "If you ask me," she said, "what I think of Roger Casement, I think him a blot on the earth!"

Missing a few pages for the sake of continuing the references to Sir Roger Casement, we find the author describing an interview that she had with the unfortunate man on April 4, 1916. Sir Roger Casement rung up on the telephone to say that he must see her at once, and although she was by no means anxious for the interview she consented to receive him:

The poor man came into the room like one demented, talked in a husky whisper, rushed round examining all the doors, and then said: "I have something to say to you, are you sure no one is listening?"

For one moment I was frightened. I felt I was in the presence of a madman, and worked my way round to sit near the telephone so as to be able to call for help. And then he began: "You were right a year ago when you told me that I had put my head into a noose in coming here. I have tried not to own you were right, and I did not like to tell you when you kept on urging me to get out of the country, that I realized from the moment I landed here what a terrific mistake I had made. And also I did not want to tell you that in reality I was a prisoner here. I could not get away. They will not let me out of the country."

"The German Foreign Office have had me shadowed, believing I was a spy in the pay of England, and England has had men spying on me all the time as well."

"Now the German Admiralty have asked me to go on an errand which all my being revolts against, and I am going mad at the thought of it, for it will make me appear a traitor to the Irish cause."

And at these words he sat down and sobbed like a child. I saw the man was beside himself with terror and grief, and so I tried to get a few more definite facts out of him, and told him there is a way out of every difficulty if he would only tell me more.

But he said, "If I told you more, it would endanger the lives of many, and as it is, it is only my life that has to be sacrificed." I made all sorts of suggestions, but all he would say was: "They are holding a pistol to my head here if I refuse, and they have a hangman's rope ready for me in England; and so the only thing for me to do is to go out and kill myself."

A few weeks later the author heard of Sir Roger Casement's arrest on the west coast of Ireland and of his being taken to the Tower by two policemen. Then she tells us that the whole thing was a scheme of the German government to rid themselves of a man whom they suspected to be a spy and whom they knew to be a useless nuisance:

Very little of the affair leaks through the censorship here. On the whole no one will say a good word for him. The Germans, who are not partial to traitors, even if they use them as tools, scoff at him as the impotent leader of a lost cause, and the Americans and other neutrals despise him, whilst the few English hate him.

It is certain that the Germans in their own minds looked upon him as an English spy, and it was only when he happened to fall foul of a certain naval officer that they concocted their scheme of handing him back to England for England to do her dirty work herself. But between the time he was "handed back" and the time of his arrival in Germany, that is the time when I had the opportunity of seeing the man drink the cup of humiliation to the dregs, penitence and starving, friendless and hunted, should I have been a woman if I had not given him a meal at times, or on the last day, when he was going to a certain death, and came to me abject with terror and evidently out of his mind, could I have done

less than promise to use what influence I had to ask for mercy for him? With this object I have written to a friend in England, but have little real expectation that it will save him from his fate.

The Germans confidently believed that the Zeppelins would bring their enemies to terms, and they were greatly enraged when they learned that the raids upon London had produced, not only anger, but also a new sort of humor:

At the same time there is a lighter side to the raids. In fashionable shops you can see nightdresses and dressing-gowns advertised as "Zepp nighties," "Robes for Raids," etc.

This to the German mind appears the zenith of superficiality, frivolity, and English arrogance (arrogance in their belief that nothing can touch them). They are much too ignorant of the English character to realize that an Englishman (or woman) might feel a pang of fear, but with his last breath he would say, "I don't care."

The English could not have chosen a more effective way of showing the enemy the uselessness of these raids than by jeering at them.

The author shows a kindly if somewhat contemptuous feeling for the emperor. Writing under date of December, 1915, she says she wish people knew that he had forbidden the air raids over London—which we find it a little hard to believe—and that he had tried to oppose the submarine warfare. Under the same date we are told of the growing feeling of rebellion in Berlin:

A lady I know was telling me of her experiences in a "Stadtbahn" railway carriage the other day. There was a poor Galician peasant girl who couldn't speak a word of German, and who had been told to go to her home and to leave Hamburg. She had a piece of paper in her hand with her name and address, and was weeping bitterly all the time.

This naturally started the people in the compartment talking, and as it was a third-class carriage, comments were pretty free.

One man said out aloud: "We can't talk now, hut wait till our turn comes; we're not going to sacrifice all our blood for the rich. They'll be surprised at what we shall have to say when our turn comes!"

When is that turn of theirs to come, I wonder?

Another entry, and under the same date, tells us of the growing hatred of Americans that was then showing itself in Berlin:

But to return to the question of hatred, which has today assumed such biblical dimensions that it can only find expression in the words of the Psalmist. "If England he well hated here, America is hated still better," as the Bavarians would say.

Their hatred is in fact so intense that many Germans will not be seen speaking to an American. They assert that if it had not been for America continually supplying the Allies with munitions and money, they would have been financially ruined by now, and the war over long ago. One gentleman the other day likened America to a great greedy vulture, feeding on the carrion of the battlefields of Europe, and growing ever grosser and more complacent as the masses of its gory food increased.

The book of Princess Blücher contains so many interesting and important sidelights on the war that its concluding pages may well be reserved for survey in our next issue.

AN ENGLISH WIFE IN BERLIN. By Evelyn, Princess Blücher. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.

Not less interest is being taken in the electrical instruments for the use of dentists and surgeons, and in this connection it is permissible to refer to the worldwide curiosity which is felt relative to the claim made by Dr. Eugen Steinach of the University of Vienna that he can restore youth to the aged by the X-ray. The full merits of this treatment are yet to be determined, as is the efficacy of the patent taken out by young Edward M. Hubbard of Seattle for a process of generating electricity from the air by means of a dynamo weighing only forty pounds. Hubbard says his invention will revolutionize the uses of electricity in the home, office, etc., for by it every householder shall be able to make his own heat for cooking and house heating and shall be dependent on nothing but air for his supplies. In Italy a similar discovery has been announced. Gustave Leutner, a widely-known engineer, has discovered, he says, a system by which static electricity in the atmosphere may be transformed into dynamic current. The apparatus is described as antennae bearing a retroactive collector joined to a special transformer which is acted on by the radioactive matter through a chemical process which the inventor does not explain. But his experiments have been successful, it is reported, and a larger apparatus is being constructed.

"Captain Pete" Pappers is one of the men who piloted Mississippi River steamboats in the days of Mark Twain. He was first mate of the *Natches* at the time of its famous race with the *Robert E. Lee*. He ran the blockade of the river for the Confederacy during the war.

France is being swept by a strange series of "mature marriages of famed ones," the two most recent additions to the ranks being Anatole France, the novelist, aged seventy-six, and Camille Flammarion, astronomer, aged seventy-eight years.

Mme. Kerensky, whose husband once was premier of Russia, was compelled to sell cigarettes on the streets of Petrograd to obtain food before making her escape to France.

The estate of former Empress Eugénie, who died recently, is valued at more than \$10,000,000. She had many jewels of curious design, considered almost priceless.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

The The San Francisco Clearing House Association reported clearings for the five-day week ended Saturday at \$150,400,000, compared with \$164,500,000 for the six-day week ended November 8, 1919. Saturday's clearings were \$25,000,000.

A gain in gold reserves amounting to \$3,793,000 during the week ended November 5th was reported by the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco in its comparative statement of condition made public Saturday.

Total gold reserves for the week are reported at \$167,339,000, of which amount \$65,635,000 is held by banks within the district, as against \$56,477,000 last week. Total reserves are reported at \$167,730,000, as compared

cases. It will be effected, however, without serious general results by reason of the inherent strength of the credit situation and the assured coöperation of the banks with business.

The banks are amply prepared to finance business while it is working out a more normal basis of operation and a stable level of prices. This process will require the employment of a large volume of credit. Inventories can not be disposed of abruptly. In many lines, owing to general indisposition to buy, their liquidation must be effected very gradually. Meanwhile, they must be financed. The long run effect of the downward price movement, however, will be to ease the credit situation. The freedom from disturbance with which the readjustment is effected depends largely on the willingness of business to recognize the changed conditions.

Stabilization on a new price basis does not involve a return to the pre-war price level. For nearly two decades prior to the war, prices have been rising steadily. On economic grounds this rise might reasonably have been expected to continue, had there been no war. Moreover, the improvement effected in our credit and banking machinery since the inauguration of the Federal Reserve system now enables a gold reserve to finance a greater volume of business at higher prices than was practicable in the pre-war days. The country's present gold reserve greatly exceeds the pre-war reserves, and this enlarged and concentrated gold reserve will have a sustaining influence on the new price level. The actual level at which prices will be stabilized can only be worked out gradually on the basis of actual transactions over an extended period.

A group of securities which has stood out prominently in the markets of the last month or so is the public utilities group, many stocks of which are making new high records for the year from week to week. There was not such a scramble to get into these stocks as there had been in railroad stocks, and consequently the technical position in this group has not been weakened in the same way. Meanwhile every argument in favor of the railroads would apply to public utilities, and the principal one is still to come for the public utilities and probably a good deal in advance of its working out in the rails. This is in reference to the declining tendency in wages. The labor situation is undergoing a radical change for the better. Instead of labor continuing to demand more and more pay for fewer and fewer hours of work, just the reverse of this situation is now obtaining. In fact, unemployment promises to bring serious problems before long. The Philadelphia Company and the United Railways Investment Company stocks have been especially well in the market recently and should continue to do better, as the Philadelphia Company earnings are increasing by leaps and bounds and its dividend must be radically advanced sooner or later, while the United Railways Investment Company is not only in control of the bulk of Philadelphia Company stock, but it has its own street railway situation in San Francisco working out to better advantage.

There has been a preëlection plunge in some of our local traction stocks. Manhattan Elevated seems particularly worth while and, if proper rate increases are permitted, other tractions should do a good deal better. Certainly much must be said in favor of stocks like Columbia Gas, Consolidated Gas, People's Gas, and most similar public utilities. There has been an important buying movement in several Standard Oil stocks, and Standard Oil of New Jersey in this connection seems especially attractive now that the expansion policy of the company is developing increased earnings.—*The Trader*.

One independent steel company, it is reported, has been offering steel bars at the United States Steel Corporation's schedule prices. This does not mean necessarily that all the independent steel makers will come to the Steel Corporation's schedules, but it certainly shows the drift in that direction, and unless orders pick up a good deal in the trade it will be anything but surprising to find independent interests cutting sharply under the Steel Corporation. Indeed this happened only a year or so ago, but now that the world is struggling to get back to a normal basis increased importance is attached to the efforts of foreign steel makers to expand their trade interests. The results in the end will certainly be a readjustment in wages such as will permit a radical downward revision in steel prices.

Copper is seeking lower levels and other metals are still very heavy, and with general business conditions as they are it looks as if they would decline considerably farther. Copper metal may not reach its real turn this time until it gets around 13 cents.

There has been a pronounced upswing in the cotton market, mainly due to the covering of a considerable short interest. The underlying situation in the trade has not changed a particle, and there seems to be no reason that a recovery will hold.

The main influence operating against cotton at this time is found in the continued refusal of the general public to buy more than they have to. The cotton planters and agricultural interests generally are doing exactly this thing themselves, in order to hold their products for the higher prices which they hope to secure, so that they can not object if others of the public resort to the same economical policies.

The grains have been holding pretty well of late, but it is to be doubted if any material recovery, at least of a sustained character, is in prospect. Canadian wheat continues to operate in sharp competition with our own, and the holding policy of the farmers certainly can not be very successful when the public is insisting upon lower living costs. As a matter of actual supply and demand corn is very high at present prices.

There has been a considerable expansion of bond market activity during the current period, with good investment buying and a continuation of the general upward trend of prices which began about the middle of August. There has been at the same time a marked expansion in the volume of new financing successfully floated (says the National Bank of Commerce in its November *Commerce Monthly*). Of particular importance is the fact that a considerable portion of the new issues represented the funding by industrial concerns of floating bank indebtedness into fixed capital. This constitutes a real strengthening of the general credit situation.

In addition to the large domestic issues several foreign offerings have likewise been successfully placed during the period; including a \$20,000,000 issue of 8 per cent. twenty-year bonds of the Kingdom of Norway and \$10,000,000 of bonds of Solvey et Cie, a Belgian trading association having interests in certain American chemical companies.

On October 15th the \$500,000,000 Anglo-French Loan, for the redemption of which preparations have long been under way, matured and was paid off. The governments interested, and particularly Great Britain, had already acquired a substantial portion of the issue through market purchases, leaving, nevertheless, a substantial amount of funds which will now be released for reinvestment.

After careful study, *Moody's Investor's Service* comes to the conclusion that the bond market, which has slumped since the war, is strong, and probably will go stronger, "underlying factors being even more satisfactory than the action of bond prices themselves." It is recalled that after the civil war there was a tremendous slump much like the recent one, and it was not until four years after the end of the conflict that a bull movement really began in bonds, "although bond prices never went any lower than the levels of February, 1866." This authority on securities and investments calls attention to the better present-day organization of our finances, a fact which indicates a much quicker reaction. In fact, it is held "not inconsistent with precedent to look for the beginning of a real boom movement in bonds next year or even suppose that it may have already begun in a small way." The chief conclusions reached are stated as follows:

1. Interest rates in New York City during September averaged about 8 per cent., as compared with 8-13 per cent. for August; and this is the first decline in our monthly averages of interest rates which has occurred since August and September, 1919. Indeed it is the first significant decline which has occurred at all since the money market first tightened up in June, 1919; for the relaxation in August and September a year ago was plainly and assuredly temporary. As money becomes cheaper bonds, of course, should grow stronger.

2. Commodity prices are falling, and the decline has recently amounted almost to a slump. Basic raw and crude materials, which exercise a dominating influence upon finished goods and products, have already gone off enough to make it quite certain that the whole mass of goods and products will sell substantially lower early next year than it is selling now, and a great deal lower than it was selling a few months ago. These prices move, not in mass formation like a single unit, but rather in a long, thin column, one after another; and the decline is bound to continue until each raw or semi-finished material has pulled down its finished products in somewhat like proportion, and until each group of finished products has readjusted its prices in a measure to all the other groups taken as a whole.

3. To bondholders the point is that this fall in commodity and goods prices powerfully tends in two distinct ways to raise bond prices. First, it releases working capital from productive and commercial business to such an extent as to force interest rates downward and make it more profitable to buy bonds than to lend money; and secondly, the lower goods prices go, the more the purchasing power of bond incomes is increased. Otherwise expressed, a decline in good prices serves to increase both the intrinsic value of

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the bonds themselves and the investment demand for them.

4. The supply of new bonds, too, is falling off. New railroad bond issues for September were only \$2,926,000, against \$35,800,000 in

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with \$164,066,000 for the week ended October 29th.

The total of bills on hand the week is \$224,403,000, as against \$220,531,000 the previous week. Earning assets now total \$238,336,000, as against previous week's total of \$234,464,000. The totals of resources and liabilities are reported at \$450,873,000, as compared with \$444,400,000 previous week.

Gross deposits are \$161,885,000, as against \$158,005,000 for the previous week, while, as against a total of \$251,746,000 in Federal Reserve notes in actual circulation previous week there are \$254,126,000 in circulation now.

The downward revision of prices continues to be the factor dominating the

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general business outlook (says the National Bank of Commerce in New York in a review of the credit situation). The movement is a natural and inevitable corrective of the unstable condition created in the previous period of rising prices, reckless public buying, and widespread speculation. Falling prices are not a recent development. Before the close of 1919 the prices of a number of important commodities had begun to decline. By spring of 1920 a definite downward trend had been established. Since then the movement has been accelerated, until within recent weeks it has forced general recognition that the period of excessive buying at rising prices has definitely ended. Business must now go forward on a lower price level. This readjustment can not be effected without embarrassment in individual

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May, and issues of new industrial bonds were only \$22,125,000, against \$64,059,200 in May. There has been a like decline in issues of notes. This decrease in the supply of new securities tends to enhance the prices of the old; and the decrease itself promises to continue because the time has now come when the stock market regards a new bond or note issue as a bear point on the stock of the given company.

5. Then, too, the wasteful flow of capital

into new speculative enterprises of doubtful stability is rapidly diminishing and a portion of the capital thus saved is bound to find its way into the bond market. New incorporations in August were only \$941,300, 000, against \$2,280,500,000 in January. This decrease also promises to go forward, because the price inflation that induced the rapid multiplication of new concerns is now diminishing.

6. Commercial failures are running about four times as heavy as they were in January, and this, strangely enough, is bound to help the bond market, not only through making safe investments relatively more attractive than they were in comparison with risky trade enterprises, but also by stimulating thrift and curtailing extravagance. Heavy failures always induce such caution among business men that they feel like garnering in their receivables and investing the funds with a view to safety of principal.

7. This drift of public sentiment away from speculative investments and enterprises is hastened by the decline in industrial stocks. Twenty representative industrials fell from 119 3/4 last November to 83 late in September, 1920, and they look less attractive to the public at lower prices than they did at the higher. In the autumn of 1919 the public was so sure that commodity and goods prices would never come down that investors were buying speculative common industrials at the top prices upon the theory that their great war-earning power would prove permanent. Now that this illusion is dispelled, these same investors are willing to pay a premium for safety of principal.

Looking at some of the evidences behind these conclusions, Mr. Moody's statisticians cite some interesting figures showing the trend in interest rates—the average monthly New York interest rates for call and time money, commercial paper, and acceptances taken as a whole; an average of railroad and industrial bond prices; average prices of twenty industrial stocks; and *Broadstreet's* index number. These figures are given as follows:

	Interest Rates	Bond Prices	Industrial Stocks	Commodity Prices
	Per Cent.	Per Cent.	Per Cent.	Per Cent.
Nov., 1919	6.68	70.838	119.62	19.9026
Dec., 1919	6.88	69.477	107.97	20.1756
Jan., 1920	7.42	70.507	109.88	20.3638
Feb., 1920	7.92	68.502	103.01	20.8690
Mar., 1920	7.94	68.522	104.17	20.7950
Apr., 1920	7.91	66.426	105.65	20.7124
May, 1920	7.72	64.212	94.75	20.7341
June, 1920	8.14	64.310	93.20	19.8752
July, 1920	8.16	64.215	94.51	19.3528
Aug., 1920	8.34	65.809	87.22	18.8273
Sept., 1920	8.00	66.831	84.00	17.9746

President Rupprecht of B. B. & R. Knight, Inc., one of the largest cotton manufacturing organizations in the United States, has just advised E. H. Rollins & Sons that during the past two weeks the sales of his company's famous product, "Fruit of the Loom," have been greater than in the previous seven months. These sales were made to four times as many purchasers as in previous years. This recent rate of selling activity may be taken as one indication of the country's return to normal conditions.

It will be remembered that the 7 per cent. first mortgage bonds and 8 per cent. preferred stock of this company have recently been offered to the public at prices to yield 7.88 per cent. and 8.33 per cent.

In a letter to G. H. Mohr, manager of Watson & Co., Mr. J. A. Partington, motion-picture expert, has the following to say about the motion-picture industry in San Francisco: "With respect to the motion-picture industry coming to San Francisco, I certainly believe

the time is psychologically right and have been watching the progress of late along those lines. I predict that within the next year San Francisco and the immediate locale will be engaging at least 40 per cent. of the productions made in California, and believe that San Francisco citizens and merchants will become very much interested as soon as the fulfillment of the promises has been made by the production companies. I see no reason why the Golden State Motion Picture Corporation should not participate in and enjoy the full share of the success that the industry offers to concerns such as theirs with an honest principle and strict commercial lines that I feel sure you will work with."

The offering of 1000 shares of the common stock of the White House (Raphael Weill & Co., Inc.), San Francisco, by Stephens & Co., representing the residue of the recent issue of 12,500 shares remaining unsubscribed by stockholders in France is due to the depreciation of international exchange.

William R. Staats & Co. are offering two new municipal issues. The first is \$30,000 5 1/2 per cent. bonds of the Jefferson School District in Los Angeles County, and due 1921 to 1945. The other offering is \$10,000 6 per cent. bonds of the Atascadero School District in San Luis Obispo County, maturing 1922 to 1931.

E. H. Rollins & Sons have received another excellent report from the Wickwire Spencer Steel Corporation, covering their business for the nine months ending September 30, 1920. The many stockholders and bondholders of this corporation on the Pacific Coast will be interested to know that, for this period, the company reported net sales of over \$26,000,000, while net earnings after taxes were given as about four and three-fourths times first mortgage bond interest. According to the report, 8 per cent. preferred stock dividends were earned about five and a half times.

The Fireman's Fund is making preparations to occupy its new quarters on Sansome Street adjoining the company's head office building.

John Marshall, vice-president, is home from an extended trip through the East, where he represented the company at many important insurance conventions and various automobile conferences.

Assistant Secretary C. C. Wright has been appointed chairman of the executive committee of the Pacific Coast Automobile Underwriters' Conference.

E. H. Rollins & Sons announce that the state superintendent of banks has definitely certified Junior Orpheum San Francisco first closed mortgage 7 per cent. bonds as legal investments for California savings banks.

The Atchison, Topcka and Santa Fe Railway system is receiving thirty new refrigerator cars a day, and delivery by the manufacturers at that rate will be kept up until the middle of January, 1920, when 2500 cars will have been received.

The new equipment will relieve the car shortage to a considerable degree, as the bulkheads and ice bunkers are collapsible, making it possible to increase the loading space from 20 to 25 per cent. when the cars are used for products which do not require refrigeration.

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coal cars and fifty new locomotives which have just been added to the Santa Fe's equipment cost approximately \$18,000,000. This is three times as much as the company would have paid for the same equipment the year before the United States entered the world war.

A French statistician has been dabbled with figures to find out just what man does with that precious thing called time. He concludes that at the age of fifty years the average man has slept 6000 days, worked 6500, walked 800, amused himself 4000, spent 1500 eating, and was ill 500 days.

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Russian Short Stories.

Here we have four little volumes of short stories translated from the Russian. The editor, S. N. Syromiatnikov, tells us that the form of the short story is not popular among Russian writers, whose attention to psychological analysis demands a fuller form of expression. None the less we have here some admirable examples of the art, and also a number of Russian fables which it seems were actually intended to have a political application, the censor being usually too stupid to detect their real meaning. Most of them are surprisingly clever with a mordant wit that could hardly have failed in its effect. Students of Russian literature would do well to avail themselves of this little series illustrative of a tendency that will doubtless find fuller expression in the future.

LITTLE RUSSIAN MASTERPIECES. Edited by S. N. Syromiatnikov. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Little Heroes of France.

The many war activities of Kathleen Burke, now Mrs. Peabody, are so well known that they need not be repeated here. From the time of her first visit to Serbia soon after the beginning of the war, until the signing of the armistice Miss Burke's career was one of unceasing activity, which included not only the practical work of nursing and relief, but also of those appeals to the charity of the world, and particularly of America, that did so much to lessen the miseries of the con-

flict. But it was France that enlisted the chief of Miss Burke's sympathies, and the present book is one of their results. Miss Burke saw much of the children of France, of their heroisms as well as of their sufferings, and now she gives us twelve stories selected from the much larger number enshrined in her memory. Some of them are almost unbelievable in their pathos and in the magnificent courage that they depict, but none the less they are strictly and literally true. That they are told with all the energy that comes from sympathy need hardly be said.

LITTLE HEROES OF FRANCE. By Kathleen Burke. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.75.

Strategy.

Military strategy has not changed very much from the earliest days until now. Leaving out of consideration the nature of the weapons we find the armies and navies of antiquity doing pretty much the same as the armies and navies of today, seeking advantage in the same way, adopting the same ruses and employing the same devices.

This is apparent enough from the substantial volume that comes from the industrious pen of Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske. The author begins his historical illustrations of war with Thutmose III and Ramses II of Egypt and he ends them with the great war. Between these two periods are Miltiades, Themistocles, Philip, Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, Marlborough, Frederick, Washington, Nelson, Napoleon, and Molke. We have a rapid summary of their military achievements, and finally we have a section on strategy as related to peace, war, and statesmanship. The book contains various illustrations and plans.

THE ART OF FIGHTING. By Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske. New York: The Century Company.

The Treaties.

Mr. Baruch was economic adviser to the American commission at the peace conference and also he held various other positions of a financial and economic nature. No one could be better informed on the treaty itself nor the methods that led to its construction.

Mr. Baruch believes that the treaty must be revised and that it can be done without calling a new conference, but he has no particular condemnation for those responsible for its faults. He seems to think that they did the best they could under the pressure from democracies that are supposed to epitomize human wisdom, but that seem rather to represent a noisy folly. The Allied nations "had been aroused to a white heat of fear, hatred, and distrust." To have run counter to the public will would have meant the overthrow of at least three of the major governments and the establishment of other governments worse instead of better. Lloyd George had pledged himself to make Germany pay for the war. France was similarly expectant. No one dared to tell the truth, no one was brave enough to challenge the wrath of the little gods. The Americans were afraid to take up a position consonant with the fourteen points lest they should seem to be pro-German. They did what they could and even succeeded to some

measurable extent, but they were none the less compelled to accept a treaty that could not be enforced and that no one supposed could be enforced and that must now be modified so far as its elasticity will permit.

Mr. Baruch's book can be read almost at a sitting. Nearly half of it consists of a reprint of the economic sections of the treaty. What remains is moderate, restrained, and reasonable.

THE MAKING OF THE REPARATION AND ECONOMIC SECTIONS OF THE TREATY. By Bernard M. Baruch. New York: Harper & Brothers.

English Divorce.

W. B. Maxwell has a lance to tilt in his latest novel, and a bright and shining one. A determination to hold up the iniquitous brutalities of the English divorce law to public reprobation has been the mainspring of the novel "For Better, For Worse," in which the author shows up the British method of mentally flaying a woman alive in a public court of law before she is allowed to escape from the thralldom of a marriage that has become immoral on account of the character of the husband.

No doubt the rule works both ways, and men who are legally tied to worthless women suffer, although in a less degree from the British determination to turn a man's deepest reticence into a blazing beacon; apparently for the delectation of sensation-seeking idlers allowed at the court sittings.

Mr. Maxwell has created his situation with great particularity. He marries a delicate-minded, shy, reserved, virginal young creature in her teens to a handsome young cad, and the girl's martyrdom begins with the first coarse embrace. He makes his readers suffer in sympathy for the innocent victim, as the rapid deterioration of the unscrupulous adventurer she has married begins. And it is soon made apparent to American readers how much more chivalrous our law is to women than the British law, which makes no allowance for women of conscience, pre-supposing that every woman applicant for divorce is animated by questionable motives.

In working out his case, however, the author, recognizing the necessity of presenting a figure of blameless, submissive, suffering wifehood, has drawn pretty heavily on the element of chance to make the wife seem to have committed the guilty acts charged against her. But he certainly has a case against the ethics of the law when he makes it plain by inference that the wretched victim, discredited, disgraced, and stripped of every rag of good repute to which she is rightly entitled, has scarcely any alternative left but to yield herself to the protection of the wooer who had sought to have the law legitimize their union. Thus, we are given to understand, the law works against itself, more especially as the wife has no separate rights over her own property, since her legal union with the dissolute cad, hound, and virtual criminal remains undissolved.

"For Better, For Worse," is not a cheerful book, but it is a most interesting one. If the fair English militants of 1910-14 are still on deck it will be a wonder if they do not warm up into a war against such a law, for the book would make excellent propaganda against the continued maintenance of a law that is terribly hard on women.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE. By W. B. Maxwell. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Fresh and Fair.

Anne is a delightfully piquant creation, and so is the story that bears her name. "Anne," by Olga Hartley, is an English novel, charmingly written by an author whose eye sees an England full of pictures. Every house, every garden described makes one think of a Shelley poem. The author, indeed, is a poet herself, not because of the one original poem in the book, but because her mind and heart are both full of a pure, fresh, fine conception of life, its problems, its tasks, and its legitimate joys.

To add further charm to the qualities of the author she is possessed of a spontaneous flow of humor, and her dialogue is witty yet natural. Also, her men talk in a mannish way.

The story is well balanced, for Anne, who is a lovable elf with quantities of charm, but no stay to her swift impulsiveness, runs her harque of life on many a reef, and when sorrows come the laughing poet-author sounds the chords of feeling with a delicately sure touch.

In fact Anne the girl—for Anne, in spite of wifehood and motherhood, is the kind that will be forever young—and "Anne" the story balance each other, for both have depth, delicacy, and are instinctively in touch with the delight and the sadness of normal living.

ANNE. By Olga Hartley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.90.

Wings of War.

The entire air forces of the United States were employed against Villa in 1916, and it need hardly be said that they were useless. A year later the country was called on to meet the airplane demands of the great war, as well as all the other demands of that unprecedented struggle.

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of the making of the airplanes. Beyond a certain amount of delays and of red tape he seems to suppose that our airplane enterprise was in every way a success, as indeed it was if success is to be measured by vast mechanisms and by assurances of what we should have been able to do but for the fact that the war had come to an end before we had done it. Mr. Ryan is quoted with approval as saying that our airplane manufacture "was a great adventure and we are all proud of it," possibly a legitimate thing to say amid the enthusiasms of a public lecture, but one that compares strangely with the Hughes report and that seems to be in ill accord with the disgust felt and expressed by the American fighting force, who were clamoring for airplanes rather than for statistics.

WINGS OF WAR. By Theodore Macfarlane Knapp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

A race of pygmies of such primitive characteristic that they are but little removed from ape men have been discovered in the forests of the Belgian Congo, Africa, by Dr. Leonard J. Vandenbergh, a Catholic missionary and anthropologist, who returned to the United States recently from a tour of central Africa which extended over eleven months. The adults of the newly-discovered tribe average about four feet in height. The creatures are known to other tribes as Mambuti, and are very ape-like in appearance, and the males can move with surprising agility through tree branches.

Work has been begun on the New York-New Jersey vehicular tunnel connecting New York City with the Jersey commuter. It will cost about \$29,000,000.

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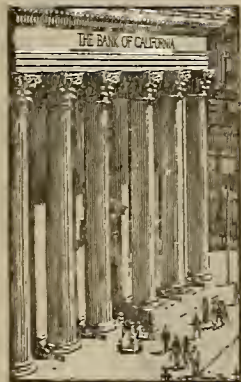
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A Book of Adventure.

"The Wanderer," by Henry C. Rowland, is an amusing yarn of the series of adventures that befall a couple of pals who are sailing on a Mediterranean cruise in a schooner of doubtful ownership, which fact heightens the qualities of the adventures. Mr. Rowland is evidently an extensive traveler, familiar with the Levantine and Asiatic ports and the highly colored and rather sinister life-characteristic of those quarters of the globe. He introduces into his story a diversity of types, making the reader acquainted, among other entertaining adventurers, with a rascal who, posing as the wealthy owner of a yacht, runs a floating gambling hell and neatly fleeces a whole group of chance acquaintances. The hook is not a specimen of literature, but entertainingly written, although the author uses the colloquialism "a hit" in every other sentence. He unrolls his tale without any special care, but it has the cheerful, spontaneous tone of a natural raconteur, and as the story has no literary pretension its occasional relapse into a guide-book tone will be accepted good-humoredly by the reader.

THE WANDERER. By Henry C. Rowland. New York: A. S. Barnes; \$1.50.

In Unknown China.

An absorbing contribution has just been made to the literature of Chinese exploration by S. Pollard in a volume published by the J. B. Lippincott Company under the title of "In Unknown China." The author is a British missionary with a sense of humor and a highly entertaining faculty of recounting unusual experiences, his religious ardor seemingly not acting as an obstacle to "seeing things as others see them."

The volume in question deals with a penetration by Mr. Pollard into a portion of China which, apparently, is as much closed to the foreigner as is Tibet. To get to the gateway of the country requires strenuous traveling along the Upper Yangste, graphic pictures of whose perils the author gives with lavish abundance. To pass through the pillars and into the land itself requires a combination of influence, good luck, nerve, and capacity for intrigue such as seem to be possible only to one who has had long contact with the Chinese and can fathom both their language and their silence. Mr. Pollard appears to have been able to meet both requirements, i. e., the endurance to make the physical trip and the friends, fortune, and astuteness to get through the postels.

One particularly valuable secret of making headway in China Mr. Pollard offers for his fellow-Occidentals who may wish to see some-

thing of the interior of the Great Republic. It consists of the capacity to make the Chinaman laugh. Almost any crisis in one's adventures in China will disappear, says Mr. Pollard, if one can have the wit and knowledge to provoke the natives to laughter. Even plots for murder or assassination can be foiled by this device.

On the whole, the world of travel literature is much enriched by Mr. Pollard's work. The hook is readable in the extreme, and in spite of that is very instructive.

IN UNKNOWN CHINA. By S. Pollard. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$5 net.

New Books Received.

YOUTH CHALLENGES. By Clarence Budington Kelland. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.75. A novel.

THE AFFABLE STRANGER. By Peter McArthur. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

Some humorous notes on the relations between America and Canada.

HOW TO DEVELOP YOUR WILL POWER. By Clare Tree Major. New York: Edward J. Clode. A complete course.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF RECENT POETRY. Compiled by L. D'O. Walters. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Representative of the chief contemporary British poets.

A SHORT LIFE OF MARK TWAIN. By Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2.50.

Biography.

WEST WIND DRIFT. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.

A novel.

TALKS TO WRITERS BY LAFADIO HEARN. Edited by Professor John Erskine. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Remarks on the art of writing.

THE BOLSHEVIE ADVENTURE. By John Pollock. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

Dealings with "Bolshevists' deeds, not their words."

THE INEVITABLE. By Louis Couperus. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. A novel.

THE LUCK OF THE MOUNTED. By Sergeant Ralph S. Kendall. New York: John Lane Company; \$2. A tale of the Northwest Mounted Police.

PENGARD AWAKE. By Ralph Straus. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2. A novel.

HIGHACRES. By Jane D. Abbott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.75. A novel.

TENSION. By E. M. Delafield. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25. A novel.

THE NEW WORLD OF SCIENCE. By Robert M. Yerkes. New York: The Century Company. Issued in the Century New World Series.

NEIGHBORS. By Wilfrid Wilson Gihson. New York: The Macmillan Company. A volume of verse.

LIFE. By Dr. Serge Voronoff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50.

A study of the means of restoring vital energy and prolonging life.

MEN AND BOOKS AND CITIES. By Robert Cortes

Holliday. New York: George H. Doran Company. Talks about men and hooks.

THE BEAUTY AND THE BOLSHEVIST. By Alice Duer Miller. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50. A love story.

THE MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR AT STYLES. By Agatha Christie. New York: John Lane Company; \$2. A detective story.

THE SIRDAR'S SABRE. By Louis Tracy. New York: Edward J. Clode. A novel.

THE MARK OF THE KNIFE. By Clayton H. Ernst. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. For boys.

SNIPING IN FRANCE. By Major H. Hesketh-Prichard, D. S. O., M. C. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3. A record of a system of training.

THE FLYING BOS'UN. By Arthur Mason. New York: Henry Holt & Co. A story of the sea.

SWEET ROCKET. By Mary Johnston. New York: Harper & Brothers. A novel.

RUNNING WILD. By Bertram Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2. A story of a family of children.

THE STRANGE YEAR. By Eliza Orne Wright. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.65. For children.

THE DREADFUL RIVER CAVE. By James Willard Schultz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.90.

The story of an Indian.

MY LIFE AND FRIENDS. By James Sully, LL. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5. Autobiography of a psychologist.

SILENT, WHITE AND BEAUTIFUL AND OTHER STORIES. By Tod Robbins. New York: Boni & Liveright. Short stories.

WHAT I SAW IN RUSSIA. By George Lansbury. New York: Boni & Liveright. Personal experiences.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE OF RASMOLA. By Abraham Mitrie Ribbany. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75. A story of Oriental life.

SATAN'S DIARY. By Leonid Andreyev. New York: Boni & Liveright. A satire on human greed.

THE GREEN FOREST FAIRY BOOK. By Loretta Ellen Brady. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2. For the young.

TRIPLE SPIES. By Roy J. Snell. Chicago: Reilly & Lee Company; \$1.

For boys.

AMERICAN POLICE SYSTEMS. By Raymond B. Fosdick. New York: Century Company. Issued in the Bureau of Social Hygiene.

POLITICAL SYSTEMS IN TRANSITION. By Charles G. Fenwick. New York: Century Company. Some of the changes brought about by war.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE. By Walter Vaughan. New York: The Century Company. Biography.

GEORGE TYRRELL'S LETTERS. Edited by M. D. Petre. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$7.

The story of a leader in a great religious movement.

WANTED: A FOOL. By Philip Curtiss. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.75. A novel.

HUNGRY HEARTS. By Anzia Yezierska. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.90. Tales of New York East Side.

ANITA. By Bertha B. and Ernest Cobb. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. A novel.

THE NEW DECAMERON. By various writers. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; \$1.90. Short stories.

STORIES FOR GOOD CHILDREN. By Lora B. Peck. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

For the young.

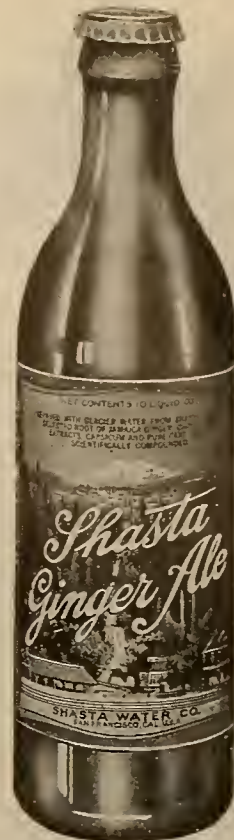
HIGH LIFE. By Harrison Rhodes. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; \$2. A novel.

THE SECRET SPRINGS. By Harvey O'Higgins. New York: Harper & Brothers. Psychoanalysis.

THE MAKING OF THE REPARATION AND ECONOMIC SECTIONS OF THE TREATY. By Bernard M. Baruch. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$3.

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OF CHARTRES. By Henry Adams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50. Some intimate biography.

AN OLD CHESTER SECRET. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50. A story.

LUCINDA. By Anthony Hope. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2. A novel.

OLD CAPE COD. By Mary Rogers Bangs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.50. The land, the men, the sea.

PLYMOUTH AND THE PILGRIMS. By Arthur Lord. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50. A consideration of the Pilgrim development.

LITTLE FRIEND LYDIA. By Ethel Calvert Phillips. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. For the young.

EMPEROR EUGENIE IN EXILE. By Agnes Carey. New York: The Century Company. Biography.

SOOLOOK WILD BOY. By Roy J. Snell. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75. For the young.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AT WORK. By Arthur Sweetser. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

What the league has actually accomplished.

THE BOY SCOUTS OF LAKEVILLE HIGH. By Leslie W. Quirk. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75. For boys.

TRAILS TO WONDERLAND. By Isa L. Wright. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75. For children.

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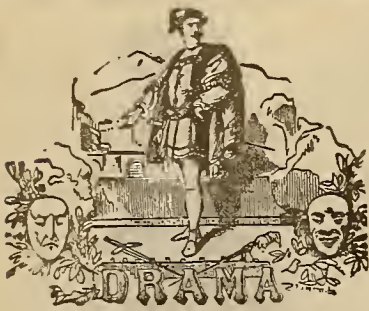
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THE MOISEWITSCH CONCERT.

The verdict on the first Moisewitsch concert was such as to justify the management in locating Tuesday night's concert at the Exposition Auditorium, for there were 6500 or 7000 present.

The young pianist had the magnificent support of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, who opened the programme with "Vor-spiel" from "Lohengrin," superbly rendered. Mr. Moisewitsch's first number was the Schumann A Minor Concerto, which he played with marvelous technical skill. The young artist, however, did not set the enthusiasm of his audience fully aflame until, on his native heath as it were, he gave the B Flat Minor Concerto Tschaiakowsky. In this glorious composition the player was absolutely incredible. No one could dream of the strength residing in his slender young body. The movements of his hands and fingers fairly dazzled the eyes by their amazing and almost inhuman swiftness, and one had to close one's eyes to surrender the imagination to the wild, poetic charm of the music.

It seemed as if we had never heard a pianist whose notes were so vari-colored, and always so beautifully pure in tone. Each separate pearl was of the most precious and inconceivably beautiful luster. And when the audience wooed an encore from him the player gave them himself in another mood. Encompassed by the breathless hush of the listening multitude, the player gave "A Song Without Words": an artist's mood played with the most heavenly sweetness, tenderness, and a divinely wistful questioning of the fates.

It was so superbly lovely that "Le Rouet d'Omphale," offered, no doubt, by Hertz and his orchestra as a relief to the emotional splendors preceding it, seemed like an anticlimax. It was beautifully played nevertheless, and I do not doubt that the audience felt a sense of civic pride that such an artist could have an orchestra of such quality to bear him company in the two concertos.

Later Moisewitsch gave the Liszt-Mozart Fantasia on "Don Giovanni," closing with an encore, Weber's "Perpetual Motion," that Hafeitz plays with such dazzling speed and brilliancy.

Wonderful as is the young violinist's feat in playing this piece, Moisewitsch's is more so, on account of those incredibly swift flashings of his steely yet velvet-tipped fingers up and down the long key-board, and the game-like perfection of each of those notes which followed each other with such unbelievable swiftness that we almost rubbed our eyes and demanded, "Is this real?"

"THE CAVE GIRL."

George Middleton and Guy Bolton, authors of "Polly with a Past," wrote "The Cave Girl" for the present American mood of frivolity. It is located in the Maine woods, in which two New York families are summering at Caribou Lodge. The seniors of the family have manoeuvred their young people to this isolated spot in order to make a match between them.

Fate, however, decrees otherwise. The Cave Girl comes on the scene in search of hams in the storehouse of the Caribou Lodge. The Cave Girl blithely steals food from the storehouse because she has on her hands a sick professor who has written a hook about the joys of depending entirely on roots, wild berries, the flesh of birds and beasts slain in the hunt, and so on.

The Cave Girl, being a cave girl, wishes her foster-father, the professor, to keep his delusions undisturbed, so she kindly steals hams.

which she serves under the guise of venison, and the innocent professor licks his chops and gradually recovers his health.

The play plainly drew its inspiration from "The Admirable Crichton," and the authors attempt to convey some parlor philosophy: such as that cave girls cheerfully cook and bind up the wounds of their men, that city girls are selfish and undomestic, and so on. It also seeks to convey an idea of the inept helplessness and dependence on servants of luxurious New York people when forced to live, houseless and unprovided with stores, in the virgin woods during a month of summer. The Cave Girl, like Bill Crichton, takes command of the helpless group, and they gradually learn to hunt, fish, and find the wild fruits of the forest.

"The Cave Girl" serves very well to amuse a couple of idle hours. If the management had not taken such pains to mount the play appropriately—giving a very pretty autumnal scene in the forest—and if the company had not tackled the always strenuous work of comedy with due diligence, one might think, viewing the untouched youth of Emily Pinter and Rafael Brunetto, that there was carelessness somewhere. For these two are supposed to be, if not middle-aged, certainly of mature years; but of that their appearance gave no indication whatsoever. Emily Pinter had airily dabbed the powder puff on her pretty temple locks, but Mr. Brunetto didn't touch his raven hair and didn't look a day over twenty-eight.

Miss Harvey and Ben Erway had the best acting rôles, the latter rising young man giving quite a good representation of a "pretty Pierre" type of guide speaking very creditable broken English, while the leading lady carried her masculine costume and her rôle very jauntily.

THE ORPHEUM.

The Orpheum hill begins this week with Lord and Fuller in odds and ends: trick riding, patter, juggling by the man, violin frivolous by the woman, who obligingly dispenses with skirts. The costume looked rather chilly in this cool November weather, but the legs revealed are exceedingly symmetrical, so we don't mind if she doesn't.

Varvara entertains with the piano and is a crackerjack at piano vaudeville stunts, doing wonders with one hand, accomplishing the effect of playing the "Lucia" sextet with full chords.

Hyman and Virginia Mann give a farce-comedy hearing on the h. c. l., woman's love of gowns and automobiles, and the desire of mankind to gratify his womankind in this respect—and himself. A plot is laid by the employee to do the employer by getting a raise, in which he succeeds, and everybody, including the audience, is happy.

Glenn and Jenkins do strenuous blackface comedy, and incidentally get in enough physical exercise to set up any self-respecting liver for a year or so. The two darkys quarrel, of course—what blackface comedians do not?—and the faithful audience laughs consumedly.

Bohne and Nelson, two big-voiced comedians, sing and joke and, like the two darkys, well earn their board and keep by their hard work, finally working up to a big hit. I tell you, these two couples earn their money. Eddie Nelson wept so realistically at first that he was in great danger of exciting the sympathies of the audience. Finally he began to fizzle—metaphorically, I mean—like a bottle of champagne, and then he had them. The audience also enjoyed their back-and-forth 1/16 operatic singing.

The Barr twins are two pretty young girls astonishingly counterparts of each other, who sing mildly, dance prettily, and costume themselves gorgeously. There is such a sympathetic rapport between the colors of the music, the dance, the costumes, that the act—the girl part being good to look at—is a great success.

The scream of the hill is the long, long comedian Frank Kellam. Patricia O'Dare isn't half bad, but little Frankie would cut out anything.

Frank is a spontaneous fun-maker, a born burlesquer, and as the gusts of funniness swept over him in gales, the tearful audience let out such hoots that Frank was obliged to be ridiculous with his legs, his arms, his hat, any old thing that didn't need to be heard. He gave a deliriously funny take-off of the warbler of a sentimental ballad, and entirely broke up the resistance of the few survivors who were not mowed down by his fun artillery.

"Vanities of 1920" is a girl show, exploiting shapes, costumes, jokes, high kickings, piano stunts, and some very juvenile-voiced singing. The costuming in the regular costume show is very showy.

THE MOVIE STUDIOS.

Five years ago they began to use artificial light in the moving-picture studios. It has taken the men in the business nearly all of those five years to realize what that meant, for now the location of a movie studio is not

limited to near-rainless territory. That means that San Francisco will soon have a new picture-play complexion, following a lively picture-play industry. But it doesn't mean that the studios will be located in San Francisco, although it is here that the resultant business will hum. Today 80 per cent. of the motion pictures of the entire country are made in Los Angeles. New York can claim 15 per cent., and scattered communities the remaining 5 per cent.

Nowadays fogs and rain don't count, although, oddly enough, even the indoor business seems to lose heart on rainy days. However, Marin County is regarded as desirable territory for studios, because in a year's tally taken within the last year or so it was found that there were seven more days of sunshine in Marin than in Los Angeles County.

San Mateo County is also regarded with great favor by the men in the picture-play business, because of its contiguity and land accessibility to San Francisco, the real estate of which is too high-priced to command the attention of the movie men.

Los Angeles is fighting hard to retain its proud preeminence as the centre of the picture-play industry. It will succeed, too, for there are too many picture-play millions already invested in that city of magnificent distances. Besides, in Los Angeles the entire community works as a unit, while San Franciscans do not work at all, in spite of the large issues involved.

Mr. H. H. Van Loan is the pioneer here, and has a staff of 300 men working hard to hurry up the completion of his twelve-unit studio in San Mateo, to be known as the Pacific Unit Corporation.

"We get all the rough spots," said this well-known story-writer and picture-play magnate as he ruefully surveyed the indolent San Franciscans leaving him severely alone in his efforts to start the ball a-rolling. Mr. Van Loan will have to console himself from an altruistic viewpoint, and at least he can make future brags of being the pioneer after the business is firmly established on a big basis, after numerous studios have sprung into being, after haughty movie celebrities begin making the money fly, and after our indolent business population finally hoists itself up and begins to take notice.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS.

The four years of experimental work that has been maintained at the Palace of Fine Arts has been so encouragingly endorsed by the public that the organization—newly named the San Francisco Museum of Art—responsible for these activities approved, for its first undertaking, an art exhibit of considerable magnitude. It was planned, under the directorship of Mr. J. Nilsen Laurvik, to secure from such of the Eastern galleries as had a complaisant management the loan of paintings sufficient in quality, number, and scope to form a typical exposition of the chronology of art development in Europe beginning with the fourteenth and continuing down to and through the eighteenth century.

The familiarity of Mr. Laurvik with the contents of the noted art galleries of this country enabled him to plan out the exhibit in detail, the proprietors of the pictures proving in the majority of cases public spirited enough to lend with good grace for so commendable a purpose.

As a result San Francisco is enjoying a rare educational and cultural opportunity, the like of which is not apt to recur again for a very long time to come. For in the exhibit, which affords a complete example of the epoch covered, there are examples of the art of such Titans as El Greco, Tintoretto, Veronese; of Rubens, Van Dyke, and Rembrandt. There is a Watteau, a Greuze, several fine examples of Mme. Le Brun's joyous art, and some characteristic Davids. There are pictures by Turner, by Reynolds, by Gainsborough. There are a couple of Constables, a Romney, and several choice Raeburns, the whole exhibit being arranged in a series of galleries according to the school of which each painting is typical.

Thus the first gallery is an exhibit of paintings illustrative of the severely ascetic art dominated by Byzantine influence, including examples merging into those typical of the School of Siena, culminating in several choice examples of El Greco's hold and independent art; El Greco, who, breaking away from the finely patterned and ascetic formalism of the older school, with its meticulous symbolism, presented larger, finer, grander conceptions, and lent a chastely rich humanity to his saints and angels, however rapt they might be in ecstatic contemplation. His St. John and the Virgin in this gallery offer fine illustrations of El Greco's endowment of his figures with that simple humanness already referred to, the Virgin worshipping with modest, womanly humility, her eyes bent downward before the heavenly miracle of the divine presence—for these were once altar pieces, placed each side of the central august image—while St. John's face and figure express a more masculine, ardent outpouring of a holy youth's fervent

adoration. The ecclesiastical character of the pictures, their air of antiquity, and the numerous golden nimbi in relief encircling the heads of the hierarchies of saints and angels make the beholder feel as if he were in a European gallery. For never before, not even in Exposition times, have we in California been privileged to see such ancient examples of the art of the old masters. The surface of the pictures is like a beautiful, fine, smooth enamel, typical of the paintings of that era when painters ground and mixed their own colors and gave them permanency. The softening hand of time has no doubt beautified the colors, and the fine crackle on the faces is so even that it, also, lends a beauti-

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College Hill Reservoir

"Bernal Heights and Bernal Avenue were named for the family of Juan Francisco Bernal, a soldier of Anza's company."—*The Beginnings of San Francisco*, by El-dredge.

College Hill is a spur of Bernal Heights, its name being reminiscent of St. Mary's College, which stood just off the Mission Road near what is now the northern approach to the Mission Viaduct. College Hill Reservoir (to the northwest of Holly Park), was completed in May, 1871.

By means of a 30-inch pipeline with a capacity of eight million gallons daily, it receives water from Lakes San Andres and Pilar-citos in San Mateo County. Its storage capacity is 14 million gallons.

It is 225 feet above sea level. Two distributing pipelines carry its water to the "middle service area" of San Francisco—the territory elevated from 40 to 200 feet above city base.

"The site originally contemplated for the college was a block of six fifty-vara lots bounded by Larkin, Grove, Hayes and Polk Streets. It has been decided that this is a plat altogether too limited for the extensive plans contemplated, and Archbishop Alemany has allotted to the purpose a tract of 60 acres, originally intended for a cemetery, situated near the south line of the county, on the old San Jose Road and within six blocks of the line of the San Jose Railroad."—Henry G. Langley, 1861.

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lying touch to these interesting examples of the art of an older day.

Beyond this first exhibit are displayed in a series of galleries a large number of examples of various schools; the gallery of Italian and Spanish paintings including works illustrative of the Sienese and the Florentine influence, while in the exhibit of Flemish, Dutch, and German paintings the student may observe the gradual emergence into a more realistic style.

In these galleries may be found the works of many renowned artists: Rubens, Van Dyke, Rembrandt, De Heem, Cuyp. There is a Goyer in the Spanish exhibit, and a Chardin and a Watteau in the French, and several Thomas Lawrences in the British to add to the illustrious names already mentioned.

That this exhibit contains the finest examples of the work of the many renowned artists represented is not claimed. The expenses in crating, shipping, insuring, and hanging the pictures was very heavy; so heavy that although the exhibit has served as the motif for a trip to San Francisco of many well-to-do people who live on the Pacific Coast—and in some cases even as far as Hawaii—yet it was hardly expected that the admission charges could by any possibility be expected even approximately to pay the heavy expenses incurred.

To the opportunity offered by an exhibit of this scope and quality the public has responded eagerly. Eight thousand entrances were registered in the first fifteen days. That does not sound as big as it is, for an art exhibit only appeals to a limited proportion of a community. Hence the undoubted deficit after the exhibit is over will be made up by the committee of patrons and patronesses.

The first edition of a handsome and very complete illustrated catalogue, which contains a long introduction very enlightening to the humble seeker for light, has already been sold out. Large numbers of people are going on Sundays, when the price of admission is reduced from 50 cents to 25 cents.

Three lecturers, comprising Director Laurvik, Mrs. James, and Professor Clark of Stanford, have been kept busy explaining, expounding, and interpreting to interested visitors, and the public attention paid to the

exhibit has been such as to warrant an extension of the original time fixed. At present November 21st is the limit of the time, but there are hopes in the breasts of constant visitors that it may be extended another week or so.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Columbia Theatre.

After several years upon the metropolitan stages of New York and Chicago, David Belasco's drama, "Tiger Rose," at last takes to the road and we are promised its presentation starting Monday, November 15th, when its story will be told upon the Columbia's ample stage. The theme of "Tiger Rose" is a serious one. The sorrow of its central figures never fail to make an audience weep, yet few attractions, we are told, incite so much laughter.

Aside from psychological reasons is the fact that Willard Mack, its author, injected into "Tiger Rose" a delicious comedy vein to offset the too high tension that would otherwise prevail. In the character of Michael Devlin he is said to have created an Irishman possessed of keen wit with an irresistible tendency to share it with those whose lives he touches. The big, swaggering Northwest mounted policeman entertains an opinion of his personal charm that is a source of amusement.

The broken English and the quaint speech of the storm-tossed little heroine of "Tiger Rose" are a source of amusement, and another thing that brings the heartiest laughter is the fluent swearing by Rose. Conscious of her cleanliness and held by the force and beauty of her love, her audience will become hilarious when ready profanity ripples from the girl's lips.

In the cast selected by Mr. Belasco himself are Signorina Francesca Cappellano, who plays Rose; Bernard J. McOwen, as the policeman; Emilie Lessing, a native Californian, as the Indian squaw; Charles Riegel, James Lewis, J. J. Bertin, and others equally well known.

The Alcazar Theatre.

"The Eternal Magdelene," to have first Alcazar staging at next Sunday's matinee, has provoked wide discussion. It created a sensation for months when Julia Arthur enacted the woman in New York. Its recent revivals in Eastern theatres are breaking its previous box-office records. The theme is as old as the world and will never die. Into its fearless exposition the brilliant young playwright, Robert McLaughlin, put his very heart and soul. His play is acknowledged, even by his sternest censors, as a tremendous emotional work. "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone," is its keynote. As a "woman of the town," a reincarnation of the pathetic figure that has come down through the ages, Elwyn Harvey will be enabled to reveal a new phase of her artistry. Dudley Ayres also has a powerful rôle as Elijah Bradshaw, "the exemplary citizen," with Charles Yule as Gleason, the sensational evangelist; Emily Pinter as a woman of the submerged tenth, Ben Erway as the dissipated young ruler, Rafael Brunetto as the level-headed newspaper reporter, the cast also including Edna Peckham, Gladys Emmons, Henry Shumer, Al Cunningham, Walter Belasco, Frederick Green, and Charles Murphy.

In preparation for Thanksgiving week is Rachel Crothers' recent New York comedy success, "A Little Journey," a romance of westbound overland travel in a Pullman car, culminating with a train wreck in the desert.

The Orpheum.

Laughter and music are the features of "The Spirit of Mardi Gras," headliner on next week's Orpheum bill, starting Sunday. Stage pictures, beautiful in their conception and presentation, will combine with striking costumes and the work of able artists of song, dance, and music to make this a spectacle extraordinary.

Bert Baker serves a dual capacity in vaudeville, that of author and comedian. His present vehicle is a farce called "Prevarication" and deals with a husband who is a distant relative of Ananias, a jealous wife, a private secretary, and his decidedly pretty fiancée.

When it comes to card manipulation, Leip-

zig is as much ahead of his competitors as the ace is above the deuce. He wears the medal of the "Magic Circle," a society of English magicians.

Marie Sabbot and George Brooks have put into a shaker some dances, some dialogues, some songs, and some infectious laughs, and mixed them with delightful personalities.

Claude and Marion continue in vaudeville with "The Argument Still Unsettled." As long as this argument remains without adjustment theatre-goers are assured of fun a-plenty.

Willie Hale and Brother are cosmopolites in vaudeville. Their turn is called "Bits of Vaudeville" and is a miscellaneous assortment of clever comedy, juggling, tumbling, and xylophone playing.

John and Nellie Olms, who style themselves "The Watch Wizards," are indeed wizards—wizards of the prestidigitator type, and their skilful and at times uncanny performance is with watches.

The beautiful and accomplished Barr Twins, Evelyn and Gertrude, will remain one more week in their "Riot of Color."

The Maitland Playhouse.

Theatre-goers of the Bay section will be pleased to learn of the presentation for this coming week at the Maitland of the old-time Maude Adams success, "Quality Street." It was originally written by James M. Barrie for Miss Adams, and her tour of the country was an overwhelming triumph. The story is that of a young girl whose family has suddenly lost its fortune. She is forced to earn her living as a schoolteacher, but in the end she loves wisely and well and all turns out to the pleasure of the audience.

Mary Morris, who had a strong part in "The Faith Healer" recently, is cast for the rôle that Maude Adams made famous. J. Anthony Smythe, last year's favorite, who has rejoined Director Arthur Maitland, will be seen for the first time in "Quality Street."

For the remainder of this week, closing with the Saturday night performance, the play is Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest."

Raoul Vidas.

It was perhaps natural that young Raoul Vidas, who will be heard at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, December 5th, in joint recital with Charles Hackett, leading tenor of the Metropolitan, under the local direction of Frank W. Healy, should have inherited some musical talent from his father, a musician of no mean ability and who was the boy's first teacher. When, however, at the age of five, in his native city of Bucharest, the Modern School of Music saw fit to have him appear in public for the first time at one of their concerts given in the famous Athenæum, Roumania's largest hall, the interest of the public was aroused.

Many found it necessary to stand in order to see the tiny performer, and the tremendous success achieved by this small child's playing brought him renown.

He was seven years old when the royal request came that he appear at the concert given by the late Queen Carmen Sylvia in the palace for the intellectuals—the lettered ones, so to speak—of her country.

Besides Raoul Vidas and Charles Hackett, Mr. Healy will present Louis Graveure, king of concert haritones; Leo Ornstein, the Russian pianist, and Mme. Frances Alda, leading soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House. These concerts will also take place at the Scottish Rite Auditorium. Subscriptions to the entire series of concerts may be had at \$4, \$6, and \$8, the prices for single admissions being \$1.50, \$2, and \$2.50.

Players Theatre.

The ambitious venture of the Players Club in establishing what is at present the only successful repertory theatre in America has met with the hearty approval of the drama-loving public of San Francisco.

The final two weeks of the fall season begins Monday with a number of extra performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore." "Hamlet," with William S. Rainey, will be given its last performance this year on Friday evening, the 12th. Tolstoy's "Fedya" is scheduled for Wednesday night, and the last performance of the bill of one-act plays, including "The China King's Daughter" with a cast of real Chinese and Dan Totheroh's thriller, on Friday night, November 19th. The "Ruddigore" dates are as follows: Saturday, 13th; Monday, 15th; Tuesday, 16th; Thursday, 18th; and Saturday, 20th.

Mobilizing the Power Production.

Four leading scientific societies are studying a plan for mobilizing the power production of a large section of territory between Boston and Washington. The idea is to link up all of the efficient electrical plants in this region, whether operated with water or coal. Long-distance transmission is now entirely feasible. By connecting these plants it will become possible to create a great reservoir of electrical energy which may be tapped as required at any hour of the day and in any part of the territory. Under a modern system coal



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would not be brought out of the mines at all. It would be fed from the veins directly into furnaces and converted into electrical energy. When we become civilized in our industrial development we shall burn comparatively little coal in old-fashioned boilers. Instead of carrying coal to the cities at a tremendous expense to be burned under costly furnaces with a sickening waste of heat and smoke, we will distribute by electric wire. We will operate the railroads by electricity and carry on all of our industrial operations in the same manner. The plan of the four societies means a great power monopoly as a matter of course, but we are learning to look upon monopoly with less terror than formerly, and we are willing to run some risk in order to secure the enormous benefits that are easily possible of attainment.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

The island of Majorca, one of the Balearic Isles off the coast of Spain in the Mediterranean Sea, is believed to have the finest climate in the world. The temperature remains practically stationary at 76 degrees and breezes blow constantly.

Telephone companies in large cities are abandoning the familiar "I'm ringing them" song of the operator. An "audible ringer" that causes a purr in the ear of the caller is being installed.

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Last Two Weeks of Fall Season

"RUDDIGORE" DATES

Sat., 13th; Mon., 15th; Tues., 16th; Thurs., 18th; Sat., 20th; Mon., 22d; Tues., 23d; Thurs., 25th; Sat., 27th; Sat. mat., 27th

4 ONE-ACT PLAYS—FRI., NOV. 19TH

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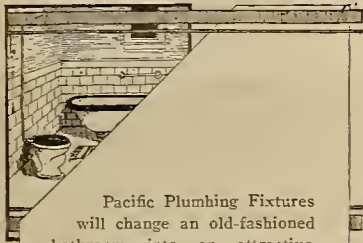
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VANITY FAIR.

We are told that the famous Ritz Hotel in London has been Americanized, and we are rather inclined to resent the constant application of this word to our vices rather than to our virtues. In this case Americanization means that you can have your lunch in five minutes and for the sum of 60 cents, which seems to be a rather high price for dyspepsia.

This frantic haste over meals is an affectation that flourishes in the East rather than in the West. And it is only an affectation. The Easterner, and particularly the New Yorker, who rushes about like a wet hen is not any busier than any one else. He is not going anywhere. He is simply rushing. The same man who eats his lunch like a cormorant will be seen after lunch taking his leisurely ease in the harbor shop. He will spend twenty



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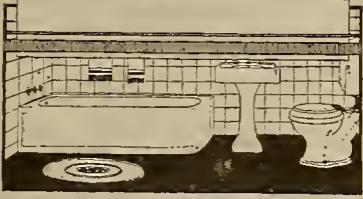
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minutes in having his nails manicured and another ten minutes in the shoelack chair. He is not actually in a hurry. He has nothing special to do, but he has acquired the habit of rushing. The man who has really important things to do will not be found risking his health at the quick lunch table. He will regard his meal as of equal importance with everything else. Generals in the field do not neglect their meals. The men who actually do things are never in a hurry.

But it is good to know that London restaurants are trying to reform themselves. They needed reform before the war, and certainly they need it now. One may not wish to eat in a hurry, but we all like to have our meals quickly served and we like to have food that need not be eaten with the eyes closed and of which the odor is at least not offensive. London restaurateurs say now that the appetite of the public needs tempting. It is not what it was. The strain of the war has had its effect on the general health and the disposition to eat has waned. But another curious reason is advanced. We are told that the popular interest in spiritualism has had an adverse effect on the general appetite. Now why should that be? It is true that ghosts are not given to eating and drinking. In this respect they may be said to set an example of abstinence. But why should an intercourse with ghosts have this depressing effect on those who are still mortal and whose physical bodies must be sustained by something more substantial than spirit communications. There have been times when we ourselves have gayly sported with the ouija board, even lending heed to the giddy gyrations of the moving table. But we never noticed that these diversions had a prejudicial effect upon the appetite. It may be that our state of mind was too materialistic, that we were unable to ascend to those planes where food becomes a superfluity. Evidently there is more in the ouija board than meets the eye. The restaurateur may complain, but the average citizen, oppressed by the H. C. of L., is likely to welcome any expedient that will help him to heat the prices offered. As the noon hour draws near he will saunter around to the séance room instead of to the eating joint, or he may carry his little ouija board in his pocket and seek celestial food in the privacy of his office. And who knows? In the same way he may find a substitute for heat and so beat the coal bill. Indeed this would be even more logical when one comes to think of it. We should hate to elaborate the idea, but it seems probable that communications with spirits would so suggest the idea of heat, so to speak, as to make the usual heating appliances superfluous. The idea might be worked out in some detail, but this may be left for a more auspicious occasion. It is enough now to point out the possibilities.

Most reputable newspapers during the course of the campaign paid no heed to the insidious lie—a lie that traveled quickly as do all such lies—that Senator Harding had negro blood in his veins. Beyond one or two authoritative contradictions this particular lie was allowed to do its worst, although we may doubt if it changed a single vote beyond that of a few imbeciles who ought not to be allowed to vote anyway. But now that the election is over the story may be noted, and perhaps that may best be done by a quotation from the *Times-Star* of Cincinnati, of which Mr. Charles P. Taft is publisher. The *Times-Star* says:

"The story is to the effect that Warren G. Harding's grandfather was Amos Harding and that he married Mary Ann Dixon, a negro. The story is false in every respect. It even has the wrong names for Harding's grandparents. The senator's grandfather was not Amos, but Charles Alexander Harding. Charles Alexander Harding's wife, and the grandmother of Warren G. Harding on the paternal side, was Mary Ann Crawford. She was the daughter of Joshua Crawford of Baltimore and Sophia Stevens, whose family lived in Albemarle County, Virginia. The Crawfords were of Scotch-Irish descent, the family originating in Lanarkshire, Scotland. The first of the family came to America in the seventeenth century.

"The Crawfords appear all through the genealogies of Virginia and are related to most of the prominent families of Colonial days in that state. There was an Amos Harding among Warren G. Harding's ancestors. He was not the senator's grandfather, however, but his great-great-grandfather. The name of his wife was not Mary Ann Dixon, but Phoebe Tripp, who belonged to a well-known Colonial family of Pennsylvania and was a cousin of Frances Slocum, 'the lost sister of Wyoming.'

"Amos Harding lived in the Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania, from 1777 to 1800. He came to Richland County, Ohio, early in the nineteenth century, and died there in 1839.

"As a rule Americans object to lies, and particularly to that type of lie which flourishes only in the dark. Unless the character of our people has changed they will know on election day exactly what they think of the subterranean campaign the Democrats have waged during the past three weeks.

"A political campaign that can not be run in the open, free press of America is not to the credit of any party or candidate. We give below Harding's family tree. It is an ancestry of which any American might be proud. We shall be glad to answer questions about any of the men or women whose names are given and are prepared to prove that there was not a drop of negro blood in any one of them."

The Growling Fish.

A fish that growls and meows like a cat is found in certain parts of South America, Africa, and Australia, and this is considered by scientists to be in many respects the most wonderful fish in the world. It looks much more like a snake than a fish. It has lungs and is obliged to put its head out of water frequently to breathe. Lung fish, as these creatures are called, are a link between reptiles and fishes—the nearest kind to the original stock from which snakes and fishes both sprang, and in the fossil period these ancestors of theirs were scattered over the entire world. One reason these strange fish have been preserved thousands and thousands of years after their pre-historic ancestors were extinct is because they can live easily through long droughts. Alligators and their African

cousins, the crocodiles, are almost the only enemies they have to fear except man.

Their rich salmon flesh is highly prized by the Indians, who go after them with spears.

In the natural state, the African lung fish is about eighteen inches long, but when kept in aquariums and fed the year round, instead of lying dormant for lack of water, they grow to be two feet and a half long and weigh six pounds or more.

It is a fact that there are fish which can not swim. A Brazilian fish, called the maltha, can only crawl, walk, or hop. It has a long, upturned snout, and resembles to some extent a toad. The anterior fins of the maltha are quite small and are not able to get on the water. They are in reality thin paws which are of no service for swimming.

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J. M. MCCARTHY, Cashier.
Dated, October 4, 1920.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mary had been brought up, so to speak, in the front seat of her father's motor-car. At ten she took her first train journey. When they made the first stop she looked surprised. Leaning out of the window, she inquired anxiously of the conductor, who had just swung himself off the platform: "What's the matter? Killed your engine?"

Courtlandt Bleecker, at a dinner in Bar Harbor, deplored the tendency toward immodesty that still persists in women's fashions. "However," he said, and as he spoke he raised on high his sparkling glass of ginger ale, "however, we can always hope for the best, and so, ladies and gentlemen, I offer the toast: 'Here's to the low neck and the short skirts—may they never meet.'"

"I wish," the customer explained, "an alarm clock; one that will waken the servant, but not all the rest of the household." "I am sorry, madam," the jewelry responded regretfully, "but there isn't any such thing. However, I have in all the leading makes the regular kind—those which will waken all the rest of the house without disturbing the slumbers of the servant."

Mrs. Nan Brown, the noted settlement worker, during an earnest plea for funds at the Cooper Institute said: "The great problem now is to educate our immigrant children. Not only do they not understand our

language and our ways, but the war has practically taken from them all sense of right and wrong. A typical case in point is that of the little boy who was recently sent to the reform school. A neighbor was trying to console the lad's mother. 'Yes,' said the latter, 'it is a shame. He was such a good boy, too. Everything he stole he used to bring right home to me.'"

A young couple rushed into the marriage license bureau recently and announced to the clerk that they wished to be married at once. Dan Cupid's executive officer surveyed the couple from under grizzled brows and said severely: "I'm afraid this is a runaway match." "Well, your honor," returned the prospective groom, "I can't exactly say we ran, but we walked pretty fast."

Pat Moran, manager of the Cincinnati Reds, gambled during the spring training season on a lanky youth from the bushes who thought he could pitch. While he was in the box the team hatted twice around, and then Moran pulled him out. "I was away off today," apologized the aspirant. "You bet you were," said Moran. "But you weren't anywhere near as far off as you will be tomorrow at this time. You're released."

She was a stranger to London and was traveling from Brixton to the Elephant and Castle. She had worried the passengers on either side of her as to whether she was nearing her destination. Finally, getting really anxious, she reached over and deliberately poked the conductor with her umbrella. "Tell me, my man," she said. "Tell me, is this the Elephant and Castle?" "No, ma'am, it isn't," sharply replied the man. "It's the conductor."

A number of New York sportsmen, putting up at Bill Barker's Maine camp, found their sport much interfered with by rain. Still—fine or wet—the old-fashioned barometer that hung in Bill's general room persistently refused to "set fair." At last one of the party drew Bill's attention to this curious glass. "Don't you think," he said, "that there's something the matter with your glass?" "No, sir," answered Bill indignantly. "She's a good glass an' a powerful one; but," he added reflectively, "she aint moved by trifles."

George C. Clancy, professor of rhetoric at Beloit College, has the reputation of indulging in rather sharp repartee in his classroom. One of his pupils, a star at football, but not at rhetoric, had spent most of the hour in looking at his watch, yawning and sighing. At the close of the lecture Professor Clancy spoke. "Mr. Smith, why have you looked at your watch every few minutes during the last hour?" Smith got out that he had kept looking at his watch to assure himself that it was still running. "I suppose," retorted the professor, "that you have been sighing every few minutes to assure yourself that you are still breathing."

A Federal official at Washington has discovered that he has still something to learn touching agriculture. Now he purchased a farm as a summer home for his family and finds special delight in walking about the place, commenting on the condition of the crops, and in many ways showing his interest in his possessions. One evening during the summer he was strolling over the farm. The hired man had cut the grass during the day—a very thin crop—and left it on the ground to dry. The official saw it and, calling his man, said: "It appears to me that you are very careless. Why haven't you been more par-

ticular in raking up this hay? Don't you see that you have left drihhings all around?" For a moment the hired man stared, wondering whether his boss was quizzing him. Then he replied: "Drihhings? Why, sir, that's the crop."

At last little Freddy was allowed to visit grandpa all alone. They were great friends and had long waited for the great day. Freddy had the time of his life. Grandpa saw that he wanted for nothing. The small boy gobbled cake and pie to his heart's content, while his pockets bulged all the time with sweets. But there comes an end to everything and Freddy went home again, pale yellow of complexion, and languid and feverish. Mother promptly sent for the doctor, who ordered him to bed and sent him some very disagreeable medicine. Grandpa came next day and was permitted to creep upstairs to see how the sufferer was faring. He found the small boy lying wan and pale on his pillow, but received a watery smile of welcome. "Oh, grandpa," said the weak little voice, "I've been awfully sick, but it was worth it."

A New York theatrical manager was much annoyed by the persistent applications for a "job" made to him by a most peculiar-looking and seedy individual. Time and time again, it appears, the manager had referred this person to his stage manager. "Talk to Hodgkins," he would say, interrupting the man's attempts to name his qualifications. Finally the seedy man in search of a job did seek Hodgkins, the stage manager, who at that time was in the theatre, listening to the efforts of candidates for the chorus. As there were a number ahead of him, the peculiar-looking person would, between songs, interrupt the stage manager with his requests for a job. Exasperated, the stage manager at length turned to the pianist and made him play an accompaniment for the stranger. With some hesitancy the applicant for the job employed what voice he had in song. It was as bad as had could be. Disgusted, the manager stopped him. "And you have the nerve to ask for a job?" he demanded wrathfully. "Certainly," replied the man. "Why, you can't sing a note," said the manager, astonished. "I don't claim to be able to sing," replied the seedy one calmly. "And I don't want to sing. I am a stage carpenter. I was only singing to please you people."

THE MERRY MUSE.

On Seeing an Old Flame in After Years.
With apologies to Leigh Hunt.

Jenny used to be my pet—
Cosy was the swing we'd kiss in!
Time, old top, who love to get
Jokes into your list, put this in:
Say I'm thankful! Say I'm glad!
(Was it really that she kissed me?)
Say I'm married now, and add—
Jenny missed me! —Life.

Who Wrote Shakespeare.

M'sieur LeFranc, who hails from Paris,
Following a Mr. Harris
More or less,
Believes that Shakespeare's dramas are by
William Stanley, Earl of Darby:
That's his guess.
M'sieur Demblon, who likewise French is,
Holds, of dates and facts, such wrenches
Under ban;
Sure as Elsinore's not Jutland,
Roger Manners, Earl of Rutland,
Is the man.

These are foreign theories, Gaully;
A New Yorker thought that Raleigh
Filled the myth;
Colonel Watterson says "Marlowe,"
And a certain Mr. Barlow
Thinks 'twas Smith.

Was it Wilson, Harding, Cox, Ford?
Mr. Looney swears Lord Oxford
Slung the ink.

"J. T. Looney," though illumej,
Sounds a wee hit nom de plumey,
Don't you think?

You may believe it Oxford, Lyly,
Rutland—that some other Willy
Writ these plays;
But you mustn't think that Bacon
Was a poet or could take on
Such had ways.

Francis really had no eye for
Drama; what he loved was cipher,
Law and pelf.
Yet these plays got written. Come now!
Could it be Will cribbed them, somehow,
From himself?
—F. E. Schelling in Life.

Ashes of Shooting Stars.

"Shooting stars" is an unfortunate name for small masses weighing usually only a few ounces that enter the earth's atmosphere from outer space, are ignited by friction with the air, glow brightly for a few seconds and then fall to the surface in the form of dust. These meteors enter the earth's atmosphere by the millions every day, but only a small percentage is visible to the naked eye at any one place. They fall by day and by night, over land and sea, in polar regions and in the tropics. The snowy wastes of the far north are dusted

with the ashes of shooting stars that have been consumed by friction with the earth's atmosphere, which they enter at a speed varying from ten to forty miles a second.

Astronomers quite frequently observe meteoric particles, invisible to the naked eye, flitting across the field of the telescope.

Some of the larger of these masses weigh several pounds, in rarer instances even several hundred pounds. They are thus referred to as meteorites or fireballs. These are not entirely consumed by friction with the earth's atmosphere, but after traveling with loud reports and explosions a distance of many miles, fall to the earth's surface.

Comets, it is generally believed, disintegrate gradually into swarms of meteors and the earth and other planets are constantly encountering these fragmentary particles in their journeys around the sun. Erodic swarms are encountered at certain definite times of the year whenever the earth's path crosses the paths of these disintegrated comets.



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Boiset of Chicago have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Marion Boiset, and Mr. Byington Ford, son of Mr. and Mrs. Tiley L. Ford. No date has been set for the wedding.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Holmes and Mr. Noel Durant took place October 23d at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister in San Mateo. Mrs. Durant is the daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. Frank Holmes. Mr. and Mrs. Durant have returned from their wedding trip and have taken an apartment in town for the winter.

The marriage of Mrs. Anne Stearns Peabody of New York and Mr. Edgar Eyre of London was solemnized last Friday at the home of the bride's father, Mr. John Stearns, at Glen Cove, Long Island. Mr. and Mrs. Eyre have sailed from

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England to visit the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre. Mr. Eyre and his brother, Mr. Edward Eyre, Jr., spent last year in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Anita Virges, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Virges of Seattle, and Major Richard Derby, U. S. A., was solemnized Wednesday at the bride's apartments in Stanford Court. Major Garesché Ord, U. S. A., was the only attendant. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Major and Mrs. Derby will reside at Fort Mason.

The Charity Ball for the benefit of the Little Children's Aid was held Thursday evening at the Palace Hotel. A number of dinner parties were given preceding the affair.

Colonel and Mrs. Sydney Cloman gave a dinner last Tuesday evening at the Burlingame Club. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Edward White, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mr. and Mrs. John Drum, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Dr. and Mrs. Alanson Weeks, and Mrs. Vutler Breeden.

Miss Jean Searles gave a luncheon Thursday at the Cliff Hotel, having among her guests Mrs. Arthur Selby, Mrs. Ward Dawson, Mrs. G. G.

Gilchrist, Mrs. Thomas Greer, Jr., Mrs. Robert Waybur, Mrs. Samuel Eaton, Mrs. George Baker, Jr., Mrs. Jack Okell, Miss Frances Redman, Miss Katherine Maxwell, Miss Virginia Crane, Miss Florence Veach, Miss Marion Jordan, Miss Anne Barbour, Miss Mary Kennedy, Miss Louise Braden, Miss Lorene Kinney, Miss Elva Ghirardelli, Miss Juanita Ghirardelli, Miss Grace Clift, Miss Marie Louise Michaels, Miss Eleanor Carroll, and Miss Lorna Williamson.

Mrs. Danford Boardman was a luncheon hostess last Wednesday, when she entertained Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. Frank Fuller, Mrs. Charles Harley, Mrs. James Bishop, Mrs. John Johnston, Mrs. Erle Brownell, Miss Katherine Burke, and Miss Ethel Cooper.

Mrs. Harry Knowles gave a tea Thursday in Piedmont for Mrs. Daniel Belden.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker gave a dinner last week in Atherton, complimenting Mrs. Delia Fleishacker.

Mr. Howard Spreckels entertained at dinner Monday evening, complimenting Mr. and Mrs. William Heppenheimer, Jr., of New York. Others at the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., Miss Anne Peters, Miss Betty George, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Suzanne de l'Enclos, Mr. James Jackson, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. William Magee, Mr. James Moffitt, and Mr. Frederick Tillmann, Jr.

Mrs. Archibald Treat and Miss Laura Treat gave a tea Wednesday in Sausalito in honor of Miss Helen Spinney, whose engagement to Mr. Frank Ray Bell of Auburn was recently announced.

Miss Mary Emma Flood was a luncheon hostess Monday at the Town and Country Club. Among her guests were Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr., Mrs. Wilder Bowers, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Barbara Kimble, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Elizabeth Oyster, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Ruth Hobart, and Miss Mary Donohoe.

Mrs. Emil Wangenheim gave a dinner last Thursday evening in the Italian Room of the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., gave a dinner last Thursday evening, having as their guests Mr. and Mrs. William Heppenheimer, Jr., Miss Helen Garritt, Mr. Howard Spreckels, and Mr. Cyril McNear.

Mrs. Daulton Mann entertained at luncheon Monday, having among her guests Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, Mrs. Richard Heimann, Miss Elena Folger, and Miss Betty Folger.

Mrs. Ward Dawson gave a luncheon Wednesday at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Laura Miller.

Mr. Prescott Scott gave a dinner last Thursday evening at the St. Francis. Those in his party included Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judge, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Neville, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Mabel Cluff Miles, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Commander Van Antwerp, and Mr. Stewart Lowery.

Mrs. Harry Willard entertained at tea Friday in honor of Mrs. Wesley Gallagher of Shanghai.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farquharson gave a dinner recently for Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenery and Mrs. Humphreys-Davis. Others at the affair were Dr. and Mrs. James Black, Mr. and Mrs. William Shotwell, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Innes, Mr. and Mrs. John Hosteter, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jenkins, Mr. and Mrs. William Crellin, Dr. and Mrs. Walton Thorne, and Mr. Harry Lambertson.

The Misses Barbara and Katherine Sesnon were luncheon hostesses last Thursday, complimenting Miss Laura Miller and Miss Katherine Bentley. Those asked to greet the debutantes included Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Theodore Rethers, Jr., Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Margaret Buckhee, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Helen Brack, Miss Elizabeth Clemens, Miss Doris Fagan, Miss Elizabeth Magee, and Miss Barbara Kimble.

Mrs. Alexander Keyes entertained a group of friends at luncheon Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. George de Latour gave a dinner last Thursday evening, their guests including Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, and Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt.

The officers and board of directors of the Town and Country Club gave a tea last Wednesday for the officers of the Francisco and Woman's Athletic Clubs. The hostesses included Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. Frederick Tallant, Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mrs. Frederick Magee, Mrs. James Flood, Miss Margaret Casserly, Mrs. Harry Poett, Mrs. William Tubbs, Mrs. Platt Kent, and Miss Evelyn Barron. Among the guests were Mrs. Atholl McBean, Mrs. William Smith, Jr., Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Warren Clark, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. James Black, Mrs. Edson Adams, Mrs. Lawrence Harris, Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. William Roth, Mrs. William Shotwell, Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. Charles McIntosh, Mrs. Sigmond Stern, Mrs. William Fitzhugh, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Stanley Stillman, Mrs. Clinton Walker, Mrs. Milton Esberg, Mrs. Frank Fullier, Mrs. Samuel Pond, Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Mrs. John Breuner, Miss Edna Hamilton, Miss Alice Schuessler, and Miss Elsa Schilling.

Mrs. Giles Easton gave a luncheon Friday for Mrs. Daniel Belden. Among the guests were Mrs. Léon Bocqueraz, Mrs. Irving Lundborg, Mrs. George Hammer, Mrs. Maurice Walsh, Mrs. John Lohse, Mrs. Louise Henes, Mrs. Benjamin Reed, Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mrs. Charles Hubbard, Mrs. Stuart Hawley, Mrs. Charles Bates, Jr., Mrs. S. G. Eaton, Mrs. Burr Eastwood, Mrs. Lester Green, and Mrs. Robert Newell.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker entertained at dinner Saturday evening at the St. Francis.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery gave a luncheon Friday in San Mateo in honor of Mrs. William Glassford.

Mr. and Mrs. Uda Waldrop gave a dinner Thursday evening, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Raas, Mr. and Mrs. John Meigs, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allen, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Sabin, Miss

Kathleen Byrnes, Mr. Leslie Taylor, Mr. Austin Sperry, Mr. Ernest Raas, and Mr. Harris Allen.

Commander and Mrs. Leroy Nielson are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Foster are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis R. Brewer are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

CURRENT VERSE.

The Fighters.

We die who had forgotten how to live;
The flashing of sword-blade bright and bare
Consoled us for all life promised and might not give,
Saved us from lust, from memory and despair.

And that loud crying breaking up our sleep,
That dread, disastrous summons heard at morn,
Heard and obeyed, gave us our souls to keep
Who had forgotten the reason we were born.

More dangerous our dreams, our sick delight
More sorrowful, than in the thousand-fold
Ambiguous coils of the unending fight
That death whose bitterest pang is still untold.

Ab! Not from passion did we seek release
But from our comforts—satisfied desires,
From that long masquerade which was not peace,
From little triumphs, fatigue, and sleeping fires.

So from our exultation may take shape
Peace which is neither merchandise nor lust,
Nor that false ease men hunger to escape,
Which is but war without the bayonet trust.

Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, we die
To give peace birth—peace once born among men,
Deformed and stained and twisted into a lie:
We die to bring that peace to earth again.

—From "Selected Poems," by Lady Margaret Sackville. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Child of Adam.

You are sick, O child of Adam.
And there is no peace in your house of flesh
Or joy where your engines reel!
You have put your hope in the rods that rust,
You are watching the world through a turning wheel.

You search no more for eternal things
Or infinite splendors locked in your name—
Your hands must touch and your eyes must see.
The music of gold and the heart are the same.

You are sick, O child of Adam!
You glut your flesh but your spirit begs.
You have lost your love of the task well done.
The iron worms of an iron age
Are boring into your breast—
Go follow an unconcerning dream
And heal your soul of this deep unrest!
Give up yourself to the passionate call
Of multiple truth, become aware
Of beauty lodged in the simplest thing
And life aspiring everywhere!

Go and fall in love with a star,
Look at the blood through a tube of glass,
Watch the wedding of earth and seed,
Study the rocks and the green sea-grass.
Send your mind through time to follow
Tangent lines and fugitive numbers,
Build a race from a hit of bone
Found where the asp of Asia slumbers,
Know the motive back of the deed,
Solve the riddle of thought and brain,
Make a world for the sake of man,
Be at ease with the days again!

You are sick, indeed, O child of Adam!
There is only greed where you stand and work,
And hate where your banners go:
The cogs and the gears of your great machines
Are killing the things by which you grow.
Let the wheels run down and the towers crack,
Let the cannon rust and the fires die—
You must learn to wonder again at life
And see again with your inward eye!
—Scudder Middleton in the Nation.

Children's Book Week.

Children's Book Week, occurring this year November 15th to 20th, has been inaugurated as an annual event in all parts of the United States to encourage children's reading of good books. Locally, Paul Elder has arranged for the following two distinctive events in its support. There is no admission charge.

Annie Laurie will speak in the Paul Elder Gallery on November 15th, at 2:30 o'clock, on "Children and Books," treating her subject separately and collectively.

On Wednesday, November 17th, at 2:30 o'clock, Esther Birdsall Darling, author of "Baldy of Nome," will speak in the same gallery on "Dogs and Other Pets in Literature," and will tell interesting stories of the Far North. Baldy himself will be present. Mrs. Darling will repeat her talk at 4 o'clock on the same afternoon to make it possible for school children to attend. They are cordially invited.

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Bridge Tea.

Bridge has been "trumped" again for "tea." Perhaps no one of the special tea events given by Hotel Whitcomb in the Sun Lounge this season has occasioned more enjoyment than Bridge Tea. In compliance with popular desire, Hotel Whitcomb announces that bridge will be the inspiration for the next tea, which will be given Tuesday afternoon, November 16th, in the Sun Lounge. Another surprise has been provided for the pleasure of guests, the nature of which will be divulged next Tuesday.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William Heppenheimer of New York left Tuesday for the Atlantic coast, after a month's sojourn in California.

Mrs. Eugene Lent and Mrs. Paul Fagan will leave Monday for New York. Mrs. Fagan will return to California in December, but Mrs. Lent will remain in the Eastern city over the Christmas holidays with the Misses Frances and Ruth Lent.

Mr. and Mrs. David Walter have returned to Atherton, after a week's visit in town.

Mrs. William Fitzhugh is spending several weeks at the Ambassador in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry White left for Southern California last week. They are staying at the Alexandria in Los Angeles for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Caldwell of Santa Barbara and Mrs. Joseph Coleman sailed Wednesday for Honolulu, where they will pass the rest of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderhilt, Jr., will arrive Monday from Southern California for a brief visit here before starting for Seattle.

Dr. Herbert Moffitt returned last week from a trip to Arizona.

Mrs. Hoyt Perry left for the Atlantic coast last Thursday. She will return to San Francisco for the Christmas season.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fox will leave next week for New York, and later will visit the former's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fox, in Philadelphia. Mrs. Fox is at present staying at her former home in Pasadena.

Major and Mrs. Charles Norris are spending several days at the Fairmont.

Mr. Samuel Snow returned last Wednesday from the Orient and is staying at the Palace. Mrs. Sherman Stow and Mr. and Mrs. Loren Van Horne came from Southern California to meet him.

Mrs. Randall Hunt has gone to Annapolis to visit Commander and Mrs. Kent Hewitt.

Mrs. Max Garher, who has been visiting at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, has gone to Camp Banning, Georgia, to join Major Garher. Until recently Major and Mrs. Garher have been stationed at El Paso.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stettheimer will leave in January to spend the rest of the winter in New York.

Miss Margaret Scheld has returned to Sacramento, after a visit here with Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison.

Miss Katherine Strickler and Miss Alice Elliott have returned to Los Angeles, after a brief visit in San Francisco. Miss Strickler will come north again next week.

Miss Barbara Kimble and her cousin, Miss Beth Parcells of New York, are spending a few weeks in town with Mrs. Latham McMullin. Before returning to Palo Alto Miss Kimble and Miss Parcells will be the guests of Mrs. Joseph Chanslor in Piedmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland will leave in December for Portland to attend the marriage of Miss Delphine Rosenfeld and Mr. Robert Koshland.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Wright, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hancock, having in Los Angeles, have gone to Santa Barbara for a sojourn of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Esherg have taken a house on Jackson and Buchanan Streets for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenery and Mrs. Humphreys-Davis have left for New Zealand to be away several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Osborne sailed Friday for Java. They will travel around the world and will spend several months in England before returning to California.

Major and Mrs. Ulysses Grant, Jr., have come to San Francisco to reside for the next two years and have taken a house on Pacific Avenue near Pierce.

Colonel Willard Newbill, U. S. A., is visiting in San Francisco en route to Camp Grant, Illinois, from Honolulu. During his sojourn in town Colonel Newbill will be at the Bohemian Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schwabacher and Mrs. Ludwig Schwabacher are passing a few weeks in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williar leave the first of the week for New York and Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron returned last week from a brief trip to New York.

Mrs. Charles Hopkins of Santa Barbara has left for the south, after having spent the summer and autumn seasons in town. Mrs. Bertha Simp-

son of Stockton accompanied Mrs. Hopkins to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kaufman, who have been living in Spokane for several months, have gone to Seattle, where they will reside in future. Mrs. Kaufman's son, Mr. Douglas Alexander, is also making his home in the northern city.

Major and Mrs. Victor Morrison of Santa Barbara sailed Friday for the Philippines, where they will be stationed for two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Tower of New York are visiting Mrs. W. P. Preston in Santa Barbara. They have recently been guests at Del Monte.

Mrs. Willard Sperry has gone to Colusa for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. James Sperry, Jr.

Mrs. Silas Palmer and Mrs. Voorhies Bishop will sail for the United States the close of this month. They have been traveling on the Continent for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cook have returned to San Mateo from Del Monte.

Mrs. Macondray Moore has been visiting Mrs. Edward Pringle in San Mateo.

Miss Cornelia Kempf has taken the residence of Mrs. John Lewis in Montecito for the winter.

Mrs. E. C. Heller has gone to Portland to visit her sister, Mrs. M. Lowenson.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Ehrman will leave for Portland in December for a visit with Mr. Charles Ehrman.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCormick left Saturday for New York.

Mrs. William Miller Graham and Miss Geraldine Graham returned last week to Santa Barbara, after a brief sojourn in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Boist of Chicago have taken the residence of Colonel and Mrs. Lincoln Karmay at Pebble Beach for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Braden and Miss Louise Braden returned last week from New York.

Miss Frances Lent is visiting Commander and Mrs. Francis Pryor at Annapolis.

Hotel Oakland arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Johnston, Seattle, Washington; Mr. Oswald West, Portland, Oregon.

Among the arrivals at the Hotel Whitcomb recently were Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Minaker, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. J. James, Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Coon, Portland, Oregon; Mr. W. B. Lanus, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Manley, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Wilder, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. Ward Lederer, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Jones, Paso Robles; Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Salet, Denver; Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Martin, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Meyers, Livermore; Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Everett, Sebastopol; Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Houston, Hanford.

Registered at the Palace Hotel recently are Mr. H. P. Davis, Mr. W. K. Duntap, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Mr. A. T. McClintock, Reading, Pennsylvania; Mr. A. B. Criddle, Riverside; Dr. Walter Lindley, Los Angeles; Mr. E. M. Whittle, Seattle; Mr. Lorin Van Horn, Merced; Mr. and Mrs. Ivan St. John, Los Angeles; Mr. George Bellis, Portland, Oregon; Mr. S. M. Haskins, Los Angeles; Mr. S. W. Forsman, Pasadena; Mr. W. Yale Henry, Tacoma; Mr. A. S. Hoonan, Seattle; Mr. P. J. Brix, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. Ben Black, New York.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis include Mr. B. H. Bendheim, Chicago; Mr. Richard C. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Carl, New York; Dr. F. L. Pierce, Detroit; Mr. Elmer H. Snow, Boston; Mr. S. G. Morin, Spokane; Mr. Henry Bruce, New York; Mr. and Mrs. William Jones, Tacoma; Mr. Robert L. Day, Chicago; Mr. Danford F. Baker, Los Angeles; Mr. W. L. Elliott, Sacramento; Mr. Beno Moiseiwitsch, London; Mr. Paul H. Sampliner, Cleveland; Mr. Allen J. Holohar, Los Angeles.

Channing Readers.

The first of a series of "group readings" of modern drama, to be given for the benefit of Channing Auxiliary, will occur on Friday afternoon, November 12th, at 3:15 o'clock, at the home of Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood, 53 Presidio Avenue, corner Jackson Street. The plays to be read for the opening Friday are Browning's "In a Balcony" and "The Twelve-Pound Look," by J. M. Barrie. The public is invited, and tickets may be obtained at the door. The Channing Readers are not amateurs. Mrs. Edwin William Stadtmuller, under whose personal direction the entire course is given, is an exponent of the MacLean College of Speech Arts of Chicago, and among the readers are graduates of Emerson College of Boston and other dramatic schools. The first programme will be presented by Mrs. William A. Hammond, Mrs. James C. Crawford, Mrs. Edwin E. Cox, Mrs. Chauncey McGovern, and Mrs. Edwin W. Stadtmuller.

In Japan the telephone number 8 commands a higher price from subscribers than any other. This number, written in its Japanese character, means success and prosperity and costs the subscriber \$500 a year. Another lucky number is 357, for the reason that it is the custom to present children to the Deity on their third, fifth, and seventh birthdays. As a general rule odd numbers are considered luckier than even numbers. Numbers 42 and 49 are particularly unlucky in the eyes of the Japanese. The former is pronounced "shini," which means death; the latter, "shiku," meaning distress and suffering. These numbers are carefully avoided by subscribers, and are usually allotted to police stations, asylums, and similar institutions.

The government has warned the people to look for the orange in their orange drinks. Many of the drinks are just sugar and water with a dash of color, says Washington.

The West Indians used snuff long before tobacco was introduced into Europe.

SPIRITUALISM ON THE AMAZON.

The original exponents of spiritualism were found among the tribes in the region around the head waters of the Amazon by early Spanish explorers, and savage séances are still held there with exactly the same rites as those witnessed by the Europeans so long ago.

The mediums do not employ rappings, table-tipping, or the dark cabinet to call up the dead, but their ceremonies are weird and spectacular in the extreme. When a member of the tribe desires to talk with a deceased relative or friend he visits the medium and states his wish, at the same time making advance payment in the form of feathers, fruit, and various jungle delicacies. The medium requests him to return at a certain hour the next night with as many guests as he cares to invite in honor of the departed spirit.

As soon as the man goes away the medium builds a fire of scented woods, over which he steepes a decoction of green herbs. Many of these herbs are deadly poison, but are so skillfully mixed in measured quantities that one acts as an antidote to the other.

At the appointed time the spiritualist and his invited guests appear and seat themselves in a circle around the fire, but at a respectful distance from it. Absolute silence reigns save for the regular tap of a drum sounded at intervals by a man stationed in the deep shadows beyond the fire.

The medium appears bearing aloft a coconut shell filled with the brew of herbs. He scatters the glowing fire to form a ring and steps into the middle of it, first laying fragrant green sticks on the live coals. Soon clouds of thick smoke rise and envelop him, the men around the fire break into a wild incantation, the drum is furiously beaten, and in the midst of the uproar the medium drinks the poison and casts the empty coconut shell among the spectators. Immediately the chant ceases, the drum is silent, and every eye is fixed on the medium, dimly visible through the smoke.

The drugs take effect at once, his eyes roll, his mouth twitches, his body writhes, and unintelligible cries issue from his lips. These cries are believed to be the voice of the departed. The man who has thus caused the dead to be summoned proceeds to ask questions of the spirit. The spirits are consulted about everything that happens in the village, tribal or family quarrels, contemplated journeys, stolen property, even the planting of crops, and the frenzied and guttural utterances of the suffering medium groveling on the ground in the throes of pain are interpreted by the eager listeners as replies. When the medium finally succumbs to exhaustion and lies motionless in the embers of the sacred fire the assemblage disperses.

These mediums are regarded with great fear and respect and wield more influence in the tribe than the chief himself, but the time

Table Talk

"Cousin Jane was furious yesterday when she saw Ed."

"Why?"

"Oh, she told him one day she would like to be popular."

"And—"

"He sent her name to a matrimonial bureau. Up to date, she's received about 400 letters from men willing to help her manage her estate."

"I'll wager Ed's in hiding."

"No, he's made his peace. He promised to take her to Hotel Whitcomb for dinner next Saturday evening. They are going to dance afterwards up in the Sun Lounge."

Dinner \$1.50.

Dancing Saturday evenings in the Sun Lounge.

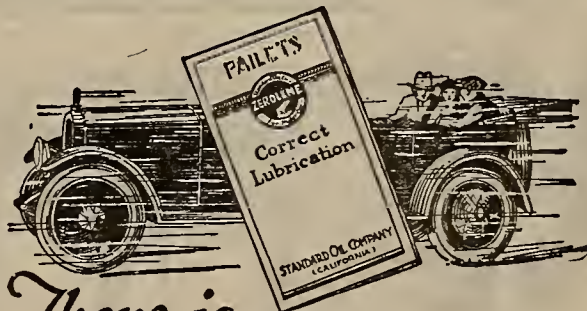
No cover charge.



always comes when there is too much of one herb or too little of another in the poison brew, and then the medium never revives from his stupor.

For the first time in history flour milled in China is being sold in the European market. A shipment has reached Holland and sales are being sought in other countries. China formerly was a large importer of American flour.

Census reports show that Hawaii already is Japanized as to population with 110,000 Japanese out of a total population of 256,000.



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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"A woman is more graceful than a man," observed the Sage. "Not when she's getting off a street-car," commented the Fool.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"What kind of a time is he having on his motor trip?" "Guess he's having a pretty lively time. He sent me a picture postcard of a hospital."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Widow (whose weeds are dark but not dense)—Isn't there something I can put on to keep the mosquitoes from hating me? Grouchy Bachelor—Yep. Clothes.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Nervous Tourist—What if the bridge should break and the train fall into the river? Conductor—Don't worry, sir. This road won't miss it. It has a lot of trains.—*Erie Railroad Magazine*.

"Melanie is fifteen years old. I don't think it is decent of her to appear in public in such a short dress." "Don't worry, dear. She has put on one of mine in her hurry."—*Vienno Die Muskete*.

"Travel improves a man's mind." "Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel; "but the way rates have been going up, a little travel costs more than a whole lot of college education."—*Washington Star*.

He—My dear, I've warned you before and now I must insist that we try to live within our income. She—Oh, very well, if you want to be considered eccentric by everybody in our set.—*Boston Transcript*.

Suitor—Now, what would you say, Max, if I told you that I was going to marry your mamma? Max (confidentially)—I'd give you the tip to hack out of things as quickly as you could.—*Munich Fliegende Blätter*.

"You're no judge of beauty." "Think not?" "No; this is not the most beautiful infant in the baby show." "My eye for beauty is all right. Have you seen the baby's mother?" "No." "Take a look at her."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Mrs. Blank (to laundress)—And bow is your newly-married daughter getting on, Mrs. Brown? Mrs. Brown—Oh, nicely, thank you, ma'am. She finds her husband a bit dull; but then, as I tells her, the good ones are dull.—*Boston Transcript*.

"You know it is stated that a man's heart heats 92,160 times a day," said the young man wearing a Shriner's pin. "Every day?" asked the Eastern Star lady. "Yes, every



If you were my husband, I would insist that you keep your securities in a safe deposit box. At your death you will be protecting your own.

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day." "Well, if a young man's heart didn't heat more times than that the day he proposed marriage to me I consider him a pretty cold proposition."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

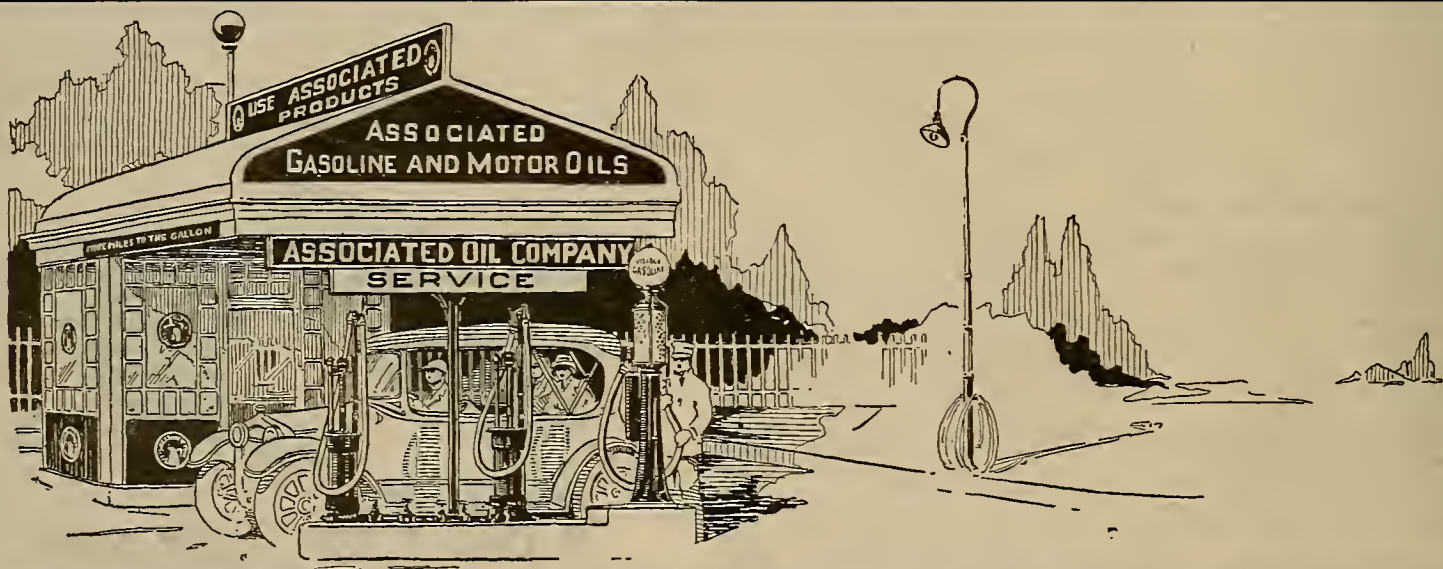
"Do you notice the large number of horny-handed sons of toil who are now riding in Pullman cars?" "I do," replied the traveling salesman. "And for my part, I'm glad to see them." "Why so?" "I'm hearing some brand-new stories in the smoker."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Sommy—Well, old boy, you've got to admit the first man to fly over the ocean was an American. Johnny Bull—Er—possibly. Sommy—You have to hand it to us. First in every-

thing. Johnny Bull—No, hab jove, you aren't. I say, you fellows weren't the first to do it in a boat, yu'h know.—*Boston Globe*.

"What did the bride's father do for the happy couple?" "He bought their railroad tickets." "Ah!" "But the happy pair didn't discover until after they got on the train that their tickets read only one way."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

His Father (at luncheon in the hotel, to son who has just completed his college career)—And have you decided upon your next course, young man? Young Saphead—Indeed I have, pater. What do you say to a shrimp salad with a little caviar?—*Houston Post*.



The Associated Oil Company is now operating the following Service Stations in the vicinity of San Francisco, where Motorists may secure Associated Gasoline, Motor Oils and Greases:

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East 14th St. and 24th Avenue
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Encinal and Central Avenue
BERKELEY
Shattuck and Haste

SAN RAFAEL
4th St. and Petaluma Avenue
BURLINGAME
Park Road and Peninsula Avenue
(State Highway)
SAN MATEO
3d St. and State Highway
HAYWARD
A and Boulevard
LOS GATOS
Santa Cruz and Elm Sts.
NAPA
3d St. at Bridge
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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2278.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 20, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street.
WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Labor Legislation.

Jonathan Bourne, Jr., chairman of the Republican Publicity Association, is anxious that the "open shop" shall form a part of the labor legislation to be inaugurated under the new Administration. We are not told what form Mr. Bourne would wish the new legislation to take, but he asks that it follow the general direction of the open shop.

With all due respect to Mr. Bourne we do not want any legislation at all with regard to the open shop. All that we want is the enforcement of the old legislation, and more particularly of those ancient principles that guarantee to every man the right to live and to work, to make his own contracts, to be his own master, and to conduct his life in the lawful ways most pleasing to himself. All these rights are supposed to be guarded by our existing laws. They have been overridden in a hundred ways. We do not now need any new laws. All that we need is respect for the old ones, a new carefulness for those simplest of human rights that lie at the base of civilization, and without which civilization can not endure.

It is not strange that flagrant class legislation, flagrant discrimination in our law courts, should at last have become so normal as to seem to need legislation for their cure. The spectacle of a President perpetually hat in hand to Mr. Gompers, authorizing legislation specifically exempting labor unions from criminal laws that apply to every one else, the spectacle of a defer-

ential and fawning Congress invariably abject before a labor lobby and before a nation-wide mechanism of coercion, such spectacles as these have naturally set the pace for the whole mass of officialism down to the youngest and rawest policeman. If the new President and the new Congress shall feel that the malady calls for a cure—and there is no greater malady than this—all that they have to do is to see that the Constitution of the United States is obeyed in spirit and in letter, and that no man born under that Constitution shall either be coerced into an organization or punished for remaining outside of it. Such an attitude on the part of the Administration will not fail of its effects upon the lower strata of officialism, and we may yet see the day when all men are equal before the law even in a police court or a mayoralty office.

The Defeat of Wrangel.

When Secretary Colby announced that the Bolshevik government was about to collapse we suspected that bad news would soon be on its way. It has come. The army of General Wrangel has been crushed and the Red forces are now in occupation of the Crimea. Secretary Colby must have been calling on his inner consciousness, but with an external eye on the election. Now we are told comfortingly but idiotically that the Bolsheviks are sure to fall through lack of an enemy to fight against, and so we may congratulate ourselves on their success against Wrangel. But if wars are necessary to the Bolsheviks it seems rather more likely that they will create a war in preference to disintegrating for lack of one. How about a new Polish war?

Does any one seriously suppose that the Soviet government will now thank God that it has crushed its enemies, call home its armies, and proceed with the pacification of its starving people? The whole course of revolutionary history contradicts such an idea. The Soviet government knows well that its only hope of salvation is to win victories and to impress its own people and the world with a sense of its military prowess. It has formally announced that it will call all Asia to arms and its emissaries have already produced a ferment throughout Asia Minor and India, a ferment disastrously fed by the doctrine of self-determination. The road to Asia is now practically open. Turkey is seething with resentment and ready to snatch at any straw to save herself from the peace treaty. Persia is in very much the same state, and British armies further to the south are being seriously pressed. India at the moment seems to be somewhat quieter, but it may be only the telegraph wires that are quieter, and not the people. What must be the effect upon these fierce dark races as they see that the Soviet government has made good its threats and that its armies are able to move in their direction and to overthrow the forces brought against them?

It is true enough that there may be a successful uprising in Russia at any moment, and it is also true that if that should come Europe may find that she has exchanged the frying-pan for the fire. The French Revolution was ended by Napoleon, but this did not mean peace for Europe. Quite the contrary. There can be no successful counter-revolution in Russia except under some great and as yet invisible leader, and are we sure that such a leader would impersonate the prodigal son? It is hardly likely. He would be far more prone to call Russia to a new fury of hate against the nations who stripped her of her possessions, who preached democracy and self-determination to her incompetent provinces and so plunged them in turmoil and anarchy. The counter-revolution will certainly come, and we may hope that it will come soon and before Asia begins to move irresistibly. She is nearly at that point now, a fact, by the way, that might help us to understand the policies of Japan. But the idea that a counter-revolution in Russia would necessarily mean the removal of

the Russian trouble is about as fatuous an idea as the human mind is capable of. It would be far more likely to mean that the real Russian trouble was about to begin.

The New Cabinet.

Most of us believe that we are fully qualified to construct a cabinet for Senator Harding. At least, most of us have one or two favorite statesmen who ought on no account to be omitted, or one or two pet aversions who ought on no account to be included. Public opinion, the most valuable of national assets, is formed in just that way.

No one knows anything about the formation of the cabinet that must certainly be grouping itself in Senator Harding's mind. Wise man that he is, he has kept his own counsel in this respect, and perhaps the very fact of his reticence has encouraged the gossips to gossip a little more than usual. But there is still another factor that widens the field of conjecture. Senator Harding has no bills to pay. No one can demand any special recognition for services rendered, although no doubt there are a good many who will try. Mr. Gompers threw the whole weight of his influence—certainly much overestimated—in favor of Mr. Cox, a strange tactical error for one usually so adroit. There is no organization and no interest that can successfully pretend to have laid the new President under obligations for his election. A usual factor in cabinet forecasts is therefore lacking. There is no one who must be "taken care of."

For these reasons we may look somewhat negligently on the confident assertion of a usually well-informed Washington correspondent that neither Mr. Hoover nor General Wood will be included in the cabinet. Mr. Hoover, we are told, is too insistent on having his own way, and General Wood is by no means popular in certain army circles. Moreover, Senator Harding is supposed to entertain the very proper opinion that a civilian ought to be in charge of the service departments, particularly in times of peace. It is a sound idea and consonant with the experience of the world. The secretaries of the army and of the navy ought not to be specialists. The specialist is liable to forget that he is the servant of the nation as a whole.

Now the *Argonaut* has no particular opinions on the subject of Mr. Hoover, but it has very strong opinions on the general principles that should govern the choice of a cabinet. Mr. Hoover rendered eminent services in an eminent way during the progress of the war. He was the right man in the right place, and it is probable that the world will never know the full extent of its indebtedness to him. But this does not constitute the least evidence that he would shine in the cabinet. There are times when dictatorships are absolutely necessary, times of war and wreck and chaos. But nothing can be more calamitous than dictatorships misplaced. The instincts of autocracy have their values, enormous values, but they have also their enormous mischiefs when they are unseasonable. We have suffered in the past much and grievously from a certain popular conviction that because a man has done some one thing supremely well he can do some other thing equally well. If Senator Harding does not believe that Mr. Hoover is suited to the team work of the cabinet he will do right to pass him over, no matter how conspicuous his ability in spheres where team work was not desirable nor possible. The world is likely to need Mr. Hoover for a long time to come, and it would be the worst of economy to place him where he would be stultified. The *Argonaut*, for one, will accept Senator Harding's judgment in this respect without question.

But there can be no doubt that we have suffered severely from the almost unbroken mediocrity of our cabinets. Here and there the monotony has been broken by a Blaine or a Root, but such oases as these serve rather to emphasize than to redeem the

rounding deserts. The tendency to mediocrity in our cabinets reached the depths under President Wilson. Never before have our governmental departments been placed under control so incapable, so inept, or so mean. Often before it has happened that respectable mediocrity has been exalted to undeserved dignity, but it has never before happened that a mediocrity not even respectable has been regarded as an essential qualification to office, as the *sine qua non* to presidential favors. The dreary array of Baker, Burleson, Daniels, and the rest of them, the perpetual combination of the red flag and the white feather, is without a precedent in our history.

There is no conceivable reason why we should tolerate commonplace men in the cabinet, and we may confidently believe that we shall not have to tolerate them in the immediate future. We do not want autocrats, but neither do we want insignificances, and there is no reason why we should have either the one or the other. America contains as many men of extraordinary capacity as any country in the world, and probably more. And it may be said that any other country would use them, which certainly we do not. If our Harrimans or Morgans or Hills had been born in Europe they certainly would not have been allowed to spend their immense energies in personal achievements. We should have found those energies enlisted in the service of the nation, and we need not doubt that they would have been willingly given to the greatest and the most delicate of all tasks, and tasks far more satisfying to honorable ambition than the pursuit of individual wealth and power. There is probably no other nation in the world so poor in capacities that it would willingly employ either a Baker or a Daniels or a Burleson in any position above a second-class clerkship, and we may doubt if they could get even that. It is true that these particular appointments are exceptional in their absurdity, but it is none the less true that we have systematically boycotted our best men and driven them to private pursuits rather than invite them to the service of the nation. And there is hardly one among them who would be indifferent to such an invitation. Most of the countries of Europe have governing classes consisting of great families that for generation after generation have given their sons to the political service of the nation. The practice has its advantages in inherited experience and the sense of responsibility, but it is wholly unsuited to America. But that is no reason why we should tolerate nonentities. It is no reason why we should boycott our men who have proved their extraordinary capacities in finance, economics, and industry. We have them in abundance and we ought to use them.

There need be no fear that Senator Harding will fill his cabinet with nonentities. But his task is a difficult one. Capacity is by no means the only essential qualification. For example, we do not want the capacity of a dictator, however great it may be. No one can be a success in the cabinet who is unable respectfully to consider the opinions of his colleagues, who has not the faculty for team work, who does not know how to concede and to defer. These qualities may be said to be moral as much as intellectual and we may believe that Mr. Harding is searching diligently for a combination that is by no means common. We may believe also that he is in no way unaware of the extent to which his fortunes will be presaged by his choice of those who will share with him the great task of government. It will be the first indication of success or failure.

The Fruit and Flower Mission.

It has been the custom of the *Argonaut* to recommend to its readers the work of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission, and with particular reference to its charitable activities at Thanksgiving. For forty years this mission has been providing nourishing food and delicacies for the needy sick of San Francisco and each year it has given Thanksgiving dinners to the poor. At present the regular work, irrespective of the season, includes the sending of groceries, milk, eggs, fresh vegetables, and fruit to about eighty families. Half of these receive a weekly box of food, the others, particularly those suffering from tuberculosis, get eggs and milk as ordered by their physicians. All these people are regularly visited by the mission's workers, who do all they can to relieve the necessities of their wards. Work such as this needs no recommendation, but it does need publicity. It is a pleasure and a duty to give it. Every penny contributed to the funds of the mission is expended in the most direct and prac-

tical way. It means a full penny's worth of comfort to some unfortunate person who is in dire need of it, and at this particular time of the year it means a measure of seasonable hospitality and good cheer to those who would otherwise lack it. The address of the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission is 1372 Jackson Street.

The Sufferings of Germany.

Many volumes have already been written to prove that Germany can not possibly comply with the conditions of the peace treaty. They have been ably and conscientiously written, and that their contentions are to some extent justified is proved by the fact that the treaty is being amended and doubtless will be amended still more as need shall arise.

But this is a very different thing from the prevailing conviction that the people of Germany, and particularly the babies of Germany, are starving. That the treaty needs amendment has been cunningly used to present a picture of a Germany first crushed and beaten and then ruthlessly trodden under the heels of her conquerors. It is true enough that a staggering financial burden has been imposed upon Germany, as it ought to be. It is true enough that she is being compelled to make good some small part of the wanton damage that she inflicted upon her victims. She ought to be compelled to make it good to the uttermost farthing and until her iniquity is felt personally by every one of her people. But it is not true that the German people are starving. Beyond a certain shortage of milk there is very little personal suffering, incomparably less than the suffering that is being endured in silence by the people of Belgium, France, Italy, Serbia, and Roumania. All credible reports, many of them from persons of German blood, speak of the people of Germany as having abundance of food and as spending very large sums of money in the rehabilitation of the country, money that ought to be spent in indemnities. By what strange freak of the human mind are we now giving our sympathies to the comparatively slight sufferings of Germany and withholding them from the infinitely greater sufferings that Germany caused throughout the length and breadth of the world?

So far as the German children are concerned, the chief relief of these little ones is actually coming from the very countries that are supposed to be gloating over their sufferings. Many thousands of Austrian children have been sent to Italy, where they have been charitably received by kindly persons whose hereditary animosities are silenced by such distress. Large numbers of German children, train loads of them, are being sent to England, where they are similarly cared for. It seems almost incredible that after all our experiences of German propaganda during the war we should be still so hospitable to deceit as to believe that the people of Germany are suffering physically through the exactions and the vengeance of their former enemies.

Troubles Ahead.

The new administration is fated to meet rough weather as soon as it has crossed the bar. We may as well make up our minds to that. The popular vote was so large that it must necessarily embrace many mutual antagonisms, and all of them hopeful of presidential support. The Republican strength, for example, includes those who follow Hiram Johnson and Borah in their radical assaults on the treaty and the league of nations as well as those who support Lodge and the reservationists in their willingness to accept a league that shall safeguard American interests. There must be some sort of a treaty with Germany, seeing that we are now technically at war with that country, and that treaty must either include or exclude a league of nations. Some one will have to be thrown overboard, and whoever meets that fate may be trusted to make a loud noise at the touch of the cold water.

We need not have much doubt that it will be Johnson and Borah who will thus be consigned to the deep, and as their vocal organs are still in excellent order we may expect a vociferous protest. But Senator Harding will know its exact value. Under no conditions will the people of America withhold their aid from any proper plan to lessen the chances of war. They will not be a party to any wild nonsense tending to the repudiation of national duties assumed by American participation in the war and in the peace. They will make no demand for an unworthy or a selfish isolation. The new President may safely count upon the moral sense of the country, and it will be none the less

moral because of its insistence that a league of nations shall be actually a league for peace, and not for war.

There is another fact that the new President will doubtless remember when the puny storm breaks. The great mass of those who voted for him did so, not because he was for or against the league of nations, but because he was definitely against Wilsonism in all its aspects. They were determined to put an end to a system, root and branch, and so long as they are satisfied that this has actually been done they will be well content to accept the substitute without hypercriticism of its exact methods.

Editorial Notes.

The *North American Review* in the course of an editorial paragraph on the subject of prohibition says: "One expert and authoritative observer recently declared that in New Jersey there were more drunken women and children than ever before. That was because of the home manufacture of beer containing 8 or 9 per cent. of alcohol, instead of the 3 or 4 per cent. formerly produced by breweries. In all large cities there are stores on almost every street, if not on every block, for the sale of hops, malt, and other ingredients and mechanical appliances for the home manufacture of beer, with full directions for their use. * * * In many places the state of affairs is an open scandal, revolting alike to sincere and thoughtful 'wets' and 'drys.' The physical results of such tipping are deplorable. The moral effects, in inculcating contempt for law, are atrocious."

By all means let us celebrate the anniversary of the armistice, but it is just as well that we should do so in chastened mood. Two years ago one might have thought that the millennium had arrived, although the millennium would hardly have been celebrated with quite so much of the cup that cheers and also inebriates. But we know a little better now. At the present time there are nearly twenty nations at war, while the number of revolutions depends a good deal on what we mean by revolution. None the less we have much to be thankful for, even though we are not quite sure what it is.

It is to be hoped that we shall refrain from applying our favorite panacea of legislation to the housing problem. It is all very well to wave a magic wand and say, "Let there be light," but we ought to have learned by this time that light does not necessarily follow the invocation. If builders refrain from building it is not because of "cussedness," but because they find it unprofitable to build, and they find it unprofitable to build because the whole mechanism of supply and demand has been shattered by the war. We might produce an illusionary profit for the builder by fake legislation, such as exempting new houses from taxation, but that would be an experiment that we should have speedily to add to our long list of failures. The plight of those who can not find roofs to cover them is a pitiable one, but there is no real remedy except the adjustments that come automatically, and these seem to have made a good beginning. There is no "philosopher's stone" in government any more than that there is in physics.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Edith Cavell Memorial.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 15, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: During the war you were kind enough to print various letters in regard to the work of California House, and since the war ended you have permitted me to report progress on the establishment of a California House Permanent Memorial Ward in the Edith Cavell Hospital and School for Nurses in Brussels. May I venture to ask you to give me the opportunity to bring my account up to date for the benefit of those among your readers who may not be posted?

The Memorial Ward was opened on the 29th of January, 1920. In the absence of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, M. Paul Hymans, minister of foreign affairs, performed the opening ceremony. In a moving speech he recalled that in the early days of 1915 very little had been undertaken for the employment of wounded and disabled soldiers, and he was kind enough to state that the initiative of this truly pioneer effort at California House had been of an educational importance out of all proportion perhaps to the comparatively limited number of men (upwards of six hundred) it had been possible to train there. The continued association of American generosity with their own attempts at swift rehabilitation would he, he also asserted, the greatest possible encouragement to renewed effort, as it argued an imaginative insight into their heart-breaking problems which would strengthen their purposes, and give them what Europe needed almost as much as actual material help—the assurance of sympathy which is ready to condone inevitable failures and to applaud each and every hard-won success. Permanent memorials had already been established in their hearts and minds which would need no monuments to emphasize them. No Belgian child for generations to come but would bless the name of Herbert Hoover; many other Californians deserved the place they occupied in that splendid roll of spontaneous beneficence, which was

in its truest sense a roll of honor. Outside of California, Monsieur Hymans added, it gave him particular pleasure to note that large contributions to the Memorial Ward were due to the energy of one of the best friends Belgium had been fortunate enough to gain during the war—Mrs. Bayard Henry of Philadelphia. No appeal had ever been made to her in vain. The swiftness of her response had only been equaled by the generosity with which the many friends of Belgium in Philadelphia had supported her. In token, therefore, of their deep appreciation of the unremitting efforts of Mrs. Bayard Henry and the generosity of Philadelphia the Belgian members of the committee of the Edith Cavell Hospital had donated a bed in the California House Ward in her honor to the memory of Captain Howard Henry, who had died on active service in 1919. In further acknowledgment of the work done for their wounded and disabled soldiers by California House, and of the Californian generosity which had made it possible, a bed had also been named in honor of the chairman of the executive committee, to whose initiative its foundation as well as that of the Memorial Ward was due.

After the ceremony a procession followed the minister, the American and British ambassadors to the flower-bedecked ward, every bed of which was already occupied.

To spontaneous Belgian cooperation we owe, therefore, two of the twelve beds in our Memorial Ward; the money for another bed has been collected in Great Britain and dedicated to the memory of a British officer as a tribute to the Volunteer Aid Detachment that gave us untiring, unpaid service for nearly four years. So great is the present demand upon the beds that a proposal was to be brought forward, after my visit in September, for a special pavilion to house them.

May I remind your readers that the California House Ward is ultimately to make part of the great international memorial to Edith Cavell, which is to consist of a large hospital and training school for nurses—the realization of her dream. The plans are well forward, and the city of Brussels has presented a magnificent site. As it is unlikely that the contemplated buildings can be completed before three or four years, it is hoped that the California House Pavilion may demonstrate on a small scale the possibilities of the new scheme.

In conclusion may I add that no expenses whatever have been deducted from the funds; every dollar contributed has been used for the purpose for which it was intended.

The twelve beds have been named:

1. En Reconnaissance a Miss Heyneman.
 2. In memory of Van Dyke Fernald, killed in 1918.
 3. In memory of Julian Biddle, killed in 1917.
 4. In memory of the Boys from Ventura County.
 5. In memory of William Dreer, died in 1918.
 6. In memory of Howard Houston Henry, died in 1919.
 7. In memory of Harry Butters, killed in 1916.
 8. In memory of Douglas MacMonigal, killed in 1918.
 9. In memory of James Alan Ackerman, died in 1918.
 10. In memory of John Backhouse, killed in 1918.
 11. Still unnamed.
 12. Still unnamed.
- JULIE HELEN HEYNEMAN,
Chairman California House Executive Committee,
2518 Buchanan Street.

Mayor MacSwiney.

CHICAGO, November 10, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Permit a distant reader of the *Argonaut* to congratulate your journal and its many readers for your timely article of October 30th on the "Death of Mayor MacSwiney."

The new style of martyrdom could not be better described. The jolly Irishman is an impulsive fellow. He is never quiet at peace or happy unless he is in a fight. The Celtic father who put a blackthorn shillalah in his son's hand when the boy was starting for the fair with instructions to "Hit any head you see" must have sent the same lad to New York, who strutted up Broadway with the brave challenge, "Be-gorra, is there any law in this country? If there is, I'm agin it."

As an adopted citizen he likes our country fairly well as a safe shelter from which to throw stones at England. As a politician he is unrivaled.

It was my experience to witness that most humiliating spectacle in our streets—the July anti-draft riots of 1863. Native citizens assured me they were made up mostly of Irishmen. Their chief "diversion" was in chasing the helpless "dom'd nagurs," beating them with clubs and stones, hanging them to lamp-posts, and burning colored orphan asylums. Colored folk were "Abe Linkum's" habes.

Just after the war, when the weary nation was getting its first breath, the same Irish patriots organized, armed, and led the Freeman invasion of Canada to hit England behind the back from a neutral country.

Only in September of this present year these same disturbers of peace under the name of "Sinn Feiners" broke up a meeting of American citizens who were gathered in Carnegie Hall, New York, to celebrate the tercentenary anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. Under the guise of a group of self-styled "American women pickets," carrying banners and yelling "Down with England," they forced their way into the building and made the assembly to flee for safety.

If some of these Rioters had been killed by the police in trying to maintain law and order they would probably have been added to the MacSwiney list of martyrs.

Our country is gaining new experience with its immigrants that call for better material at our ports or amended legislation to teach the lawless.

W. H. VAN ANTWERP.

Women at the Polls.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 14, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Your Mr. Coryn tells us that "Mr. G. K. Chesterton once wrote an essay to warn us against the fallacies into which we are likely to be led by our habits of generalization." Using this as a text, Mr. Coryn generalizes profusely in an attempt to demonstrate the fallacies in the generalizations of others.

The sum of his generalizations seems to be that women do not constitute a separate and distinct body of voters, that they are not pacifists, that they are capable rulers, and that they are probably the intellectual superiors of their husbands.

So far as it is humanly possible to tell, he is probably correct in his first conclusion. We can be reasonably certain that women as a class are neither Democrats nor Republicans. However, we can not be at all sure that the increasingly watery type of politician now found in public office is not, to a large extent, the result of woman's influence in politics. At least he is of about the same consistency as the males who seem to find most favor with the women's clubs throughout the country.

It is impossible to demonstrate the incorrectness of Mr. Coryn's second conclusion, but it is safe to say that any one who made note of the number of normally Republican women in this state who voted for Mr. Wilson in 1916 may well doubt the soundness of this generalization.

If the women of today aspired to govern as did Queen Victoria there would be no cause for worry. If we may trust such an authority as Mr. Walter Bagehot, she governed well because she governed little. An investigation of the conduct of some of our public officers recently filled by women might

justify a conclusion quite contrary to that reached by Mr. Coryn.

Finally, we must all concede that it is almost impossible to measure human intelligence. However, if the political intelligence of the rank and file of the women who did not take voting instructions from their husbands is to be judged by the public statements of their leaders—let us say in the fight for the community property measure—it is safe to say that the leadership of mere man will not be seriously challenged in this generation.

Yours very truly,

A MALE CITIZEN.

SEVEN YEARS OF DANIELS.

We talk glibly enough of an undivided fleet on the Pacific Coast, and at the back of our uneasy minds is a vision of Japan, at the present moment a little resentful and arrogant and possibly taking stocks of her naval resources and of the great concourse of transports that would be at her disposal in case of need. Of course there is no idea of war with Japan. That must always be said whenever we allow our speculative thoughts to range westward. It is among the conventions that must be observed, and particularly at a time when statesmen are openly referring to such a conflict as "unthinkable," always an ominous word in such a connection. None the less we should like to have the navy on this side of the continent. It would conduce to our more easy slumbers. It would mark a general recognition of the fact that the centre of the world's gravity has been moving toward the setting sun, and that events, to put it mildly, are now more likely to happen in the Pacific than in the Atlantic. And Japan, we may remark irrelevantly, lies on the other side of the Pacific.

But whether the presence of the navy ought to conduce to our more easy slumbers is not, perhaps, as much of a foregone conclusion as we should like to believe. So much depends on what sort of a navy it is. Now all battleships look pretty much alike to the landsman. What does he know, what can he know, beyond the external appearance of leviathan and the glimpses that he may get of her irresistible guns? Everything beyond that is a mystery to him. He knows little or nothing of the hundred and one invisible factors that may make all the difference between defeat and victory. He knows nothing of that mysterious something that is called *morale*, and when it comes to such technicalities as range-finders or the control of turret guns he can hardly be said to be "all at sea," for that is exactly where he is not. All of which means that the finest appearing navy in the world may present itself to the expert eye as useless for purposes of war. And so let us turn to an article entitled "Seven Years of Daniels" appearing in the current issue of the *North American Review*. Its author is Archibald Douglas Turnbull, who has a record of eighteen years in the service. During the war he served in command of escort vessels on the coasts of France and England and also on the staff of Admiral Sims at London headquarters. We may reasonably believe that Mr. Turnbull knows what he is talking about and that when he speaks of the strength and efficiency of the navy he is well aware of what strength and efficiency consist.

Perhaps it would be well to glance first at Mr. Turnbull's summary of the present state of the navy that we are so anxious to see on the Pacific Coast. This summary comes at the end of Mr. Turnbull's article, but perhaps it would be useful to give it precedence. Let us visit, he says, any navy yard. We may be impressed by the crowded masts and spars, but then we shall see that the majority of the ships fly no colors and that no soul moves about their decks. They are the "dead shells of once living entities." Those that are in commission are undermanned and woefully inadequate in trained personnel. In the fall of 1919 only two battleships were considered to be fairly fit for service. It is open to question whether the flagship *Pennsylvania* and her sisters of the Atlantic fleet could do more than undertake short cruises along the coast. The battleships that attended the San Francisco convention were in little better condition. Among all the submarines based upon Newport there are enough trained men for one boat only. Out of a total of three hundred submarines not more than thirty-six have effective crews. Says Mr. Turnbull: "Mr. Daniels found the navy in good material condition, manned by a strong, self-respecting personnel, animated from end to end by a fine spirit and a high purpose. Mr. Daniels, after seven years in office, will leave the navy a battered hulk which it will take years of careful repairing to make seaworthy."

To enter into a diagnosis of the disease called Daniels would require more space than can here be given to it. But Mr. Turnbull does it for us so far as the ordinary limitations of the modern magazine will permit. He confesses that the task has been a difficult one because the malady is so deep-rooted. Mr. Daniels had his own way for seven years, and although there were rumors and a whole series of disquieting facts it was by no means easy to disturb the popular apathy. To say that the navy was in a bad way was to run counter to one of the most invincible of American superstitions that "holds everything American as superlative and therefore unassailable." A combination of circumstances

allowed Mr. Daniels to have his own way in everything, and although he was wholly and utterly ignorant of the navy and of everything pertaining to it, there was one thing of which he was not ignorant, and that was politics. And politics, to Mr. Daniels, meant votes.

At once the navy became a mechanism through which and by which the politician might secure votes. To the eye of Daniels it had no other function whatsoever. It was to be apportioned, regulated, and controlled with a view to the utmost possible product of votes. Now the navy consisted of officers and men, and Mr. Daniels proceeded to count them with an eye to the ballot-box and the sacred principles of true democracy, intent only upon the number of heads and sublimely indifferent to their contents. The officers, being in a minority, were obviously negligible and might be insulted with impunity, but the men, being numerous, should be courted and flattered. So Mr. Daniels visited a battleship, intent on the new electioneering. Waving away the official quarterdeck inspection, he hurried to the fore-castle and called a meeting of the crew. "Boys," he said in effect, "I've come to tell you that I'm going to run the navy for you. There won't be any more of this oppression by the officers. Whenever you think that you aren't getting a square deal, just write and tell me all about it. Never mind about any red tape either—just come straight to me. I'm your best friend and I know you're mine." Mr. Turnbull says:

That the head of the navy should make an announcement so entirely at variance with the regulations of any military or naval organization was a staggering blow to the ship's company. It was perfectly well known that any one with a grievance, real or fancied, could at any time report it through the proper channels and ask for redress. But to write to the Secretary, or the Department, without reference to one's commanding officer, even if heard of, was universally condemned, forward and aft. It is reported, in this case, that after the departure of the Secretary the captain, in his turn, addressed the assembled ship's company. It is unlikely that he had occasion to mount a mess-bench, but it is certain that he spoke with that picturesqueness and force of language for which he is not without his reputation. He intimated that no such practice as had just been suggested would be followed on that ship—at least during his incumbency of the captain's cabin.

Unfortunately, the first seeds of discontent and sedition had been sown, the first "white mice" in the navy had been born.

The education of the sailor man was another fetish of Mr. Daniels. Now the sailor man was already being educated whenever he wished it. His officers were always ready to help him, and it was so understood. But this was not enough for Mr. Daniels. There must be a schoolroom on every ship and the duties of the ship must be regulated accordingly. Scholarship must come first and seamanship after:

When rifles, machine guns, and even ships' five-inch batteries had been firing for several days into Vera Cruz; when nineteen lives had paid for the Administration's flat refusal to allow the admiral commanding to conduct a really military operation; when, due to the withdrawal of our ships from Tampico at the Secretary's, not Admiral Mayo's order, it became necessary to hoist the British ensign on an American yacht to protect American refugees from the fire of Mexican batteries ashore; when all these activities were absorbing the interest of most of the navy in the Atlantic, many messages were received from Washington. Almost the last of these, when decoded, read: "School and similar exercises may be temporarily suspended."

Mr. Turnbull's arraignment is condensed, but precise. It came to be understood throughout the navy that merit was nothing and that pull was everything. The old-timers naturally failed to reenlist. Why should they? They were sailors, and not politicians, and so they stood no chance under the new régime. Then another evil made its appearance, and of this Mr. Turnbull may tell in his own words. He says:

At naval prisons, such as that at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, men duly found guilty by court-martial of serious offenses are confined for varying terms. It was to this class that Mr. Daniels early in his term turned his attention. Very shortly these men began to reappear in the service, and aboard ships, when they had completed only small fractions of their sentences. Protests came at once from many commanding officers. As usual, these availed nothing. It is a matter of written record in the department that not only were thieves lightly sent back to duty, but that men sentenced to long terms for unspeakable crimes against society were released among decent bluejackets. Recent attempts to investigate these matters have been defeated, largely by spiriting away witnesses, but the fact remains. The effect upon the navy was not long ago brought out by Captain Joseph Taussig. This officer will be remembered as the commander of the first American destroyer division to reach British waters in 1917, and as replying to the question of probable readiness for duty off the Irish coast with the remark: "We're ready now!" Captain Taussig was not allowed the court of inquiry which he requested, but he has had the satisfaction of indignantly refusing a "good job for keeping his mouth shut."

The beginning of the war did not mean the dethronement of politics. The need for efficiency was now of the most pressing kind, but it was nearly impossible to secure it at the eleventh hour. It is doubtful, says the author, if a single five-cent piece was ever spent for men, ships, munitions, or any other preparation against possible war at the instigation of Mr. Daniels:

Consequently the enormous work which became inevitable in the first months of 1917 was hurriedly and imperfectly got under way. Immense sums were spent where smaller amounts, applied earlier, would have sufficed. And in the addition of great numbers of temporary officers many mistakes were made, much injustice was done. So far as the Secretary was interested, his anxiety appears to have been directed toward providing for all the young men whose chief professional qualification was the right political view. He took just as good care of those among the countless hundreds enlisting whose names were presented to him by members of Congress or other vote-producers. Thus fine duty and motion were made easy for reserve stay-at-homes while on active service abroad, having only the recommendation of their commanding officers, could safely be disre-

Taking into consideration the amount of major and minor politics involved in the formation of the Reserve, the splendid record made by that body, a record ungrudgingly acclaimed by the regular service, is nothing less than extraordinary.

There is a widespread current of feeling in the country that Mr. Daniels, through the general performance of his department during the war, has redeemed himself. It should be distinctly understood that no credit whatever is really due to the Secretary. Whatever of honor and distinction belongs to the navy is the navy's own. Practically every military step was taken only after a hard-fought battle between "win the war" and "get the votes."

Mr. Turnbull's article ought to be read in its entirety, no matter how intense the resentment it may occasion. It may somewhat dilute the sense of tranquillity we feel at the sight of an imposing array of battleships, but that will be a comparatively small price to pay for a realization that may bring rectification and amendment in its train. And to that end we may repeat Mr. Turnbull's concluding words, already cited, and to the effect that "Mr. Daniels, after seven years in office, will leave the navy a battered hulk which it will take years of careful repairing to make seaworthy."

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 17, 1920.

Proof of the extraordinary dexterity of William Kingston, who was born without arms, is given by a medical expert who visited the English farmer and then wrote: "Kingston highly entertained us at breakfast by putting his half-naked feet upon the table and carrying his tea and toast between his great and second toe to his mouth with as much facility as if his foot had been a hand and his toes fingers. I then put a sheet of paper upon the floor and handed Kingston a pen, which he grasped between the toes of his right foot and wrote three lines as well as most ordinary writers. In fact, as he told me, he writes all his bills and attends to all his own correspondence. He then showed me how he shaves himself with his razor in his toes and how he can comb his own hair, as well as dressing and undressing himself—with the exception of buttoning his clothes. He is a farmer by occupation and milks his own cows with his toes, cuts his own hay, binds it up in bundles, and carries it about the field for his cattle. Last winter he constantly supplied eight heifers with fodder and last summer he made all his own hayricks. He can do all the business connected with a hay field—except mowing—as fast and as well with his feet as others can with rakes and forks. He goes out and catches his own horse, saddling and bridling him with his teeth and toes, and he is so strong in his teeth that he can lift ten pecks of beans by them and can throw a sledge-hammer as far with his feet as other men can with their hands. He began with a single hen and her flock of chickens. With the profit on these he bought a ewe, then a colt and a sheep. Now he occupies and completely runs a small farm."

Heligoland, the German fortress in the North Sea, is fast disappearing, and the Heligoland of 1890, the year in which Great Britain exchanged the island for rights on the East African coast, is reappearing. The change has been brought about by the inter-allied naval and military mission, which under the peace treaty is charged with the demolition of the military and naval works on the island. During the twenty-eight years the Germans were in possession they fortified it at a cost of \$175,000,000. Artificial cliffs were constructed and the area of the island was increased by dredging the Elbe (at the mouth of which it stands) and depositing the material on Heligoland. Great gun emplacements were constructed, harbors were made for war craft, and later airship sheds were built. Now they have all gone. The great twelve-inch guns have been cut up into sections like round cheese, the emplacements destroyed by pick and powder, and the harbor works and the aircraft stations are being dismantled, and it is all being done by German labor under the superintendence of Allied officers.

A Swedish inventor has devised a most unique system of electrical heating for houses of from four to ten rooms, and which is especially intended for localities where electric current is inexpensive. The system consists of two tanks, a motor-driven rotary pump, and the necessary radiators and piping. One of the tanks is placed in the attic of the house and is thermally insulated. In it are placed the heating units, which, normally, are only operated at night, when the rates for electric current are low. In the morning the heating units are disconnected from the supply circuit and the motor-driven pump started. The water flows down the piping and through the radiators by the force of gravity and is collected in a receiving tank in the basement, from where it is pumped and returned to the tank in the attic. It is claimed that the cost of heating a house by this system is about 12 cents per room, with a current rate of 1 cent a kilowatt hour.

Japan trebled its output of coal between 1901 and 1917, producing 29,000,000 tons in the latter year. In 1917 there were 187,000 Japanese underground coal workers.

A marine grass found extensively in Japanese waters yields a fibre which, when mixed with cotton, both strengthens and cheapens thread, usually made of the latter alone.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sam P. Coles, "King of the Newsboys," of London, has been married to Miss Adèle Victoria Robertson, who won many medals for service in the Canadian Red Cross during the war.

Mme. Millerand, wife of the new French president, Alexandre Millerand, is entering into the social and political life of the capital with great interest. She is a charming woman and her influence for good is widely felt.

Hugh Jennings, who resigned as manager of the Detroit baseball team after fourteen years' service, will take up the practice of law, a profession which has engaged his attention during the baseball off-season since his graduation from Cornell University.

Henry Kitchell Webster, who is with the Barnum-Bailey-Ringling Brothers circus, "seeing what he can see" of life under the big tent, says that he is not gathering material for a three-ringed novel, but merely satisfying a boyhood longing to steep himself in the atmosphere of sawdust and tanbark.

Miss Jane Morton, member of one of Chicago's most prominent families, is reported to be ready to forsake horseback riding, golf, tennis, and society to become a stenographer. She is said to have started work at a broker's office on La Salle Street, where she is learning to master business correspondence.

Gertrude Atherton has instituted a new social custom at the Goldwyn studios—that of serving tea in her office there after the day's work. Among the literati who gather around the samovar on Mrs. Atherton's desk are Clayton Hamilton, Rupert Hughes, Gouverneur Morris, and Charles Kenyon, all of whom keep their typewriters humming until after 5 o'clock in the interests of the "shiftin' pictures."

Jabotinsky, the Russian revolutionary Jew, who went to Palestine, organized the military body known as "The Jewish Legion," became implicated in the Easter riots at Jerusalem, was heavily sentenced by the British authorities and immediately released on the arrival of Sir Stuart Samuel, the Jewish governor of Palestine, is reported to be planning to visit the United States. He has sent his thanks to "the American press" for its sympathy with him during his brief imprisonment.

Mme. Marguerita Sylva, one of the principal figures in the operatic world today, is devoting her time toward the promotion of opera in the United States. Her self-imposed task is the formation of an opera house in every city in the country with a population of 100,000 or over. To Mme. Sylva, who has sung in nearly every opera house on the continent of Europe, the absence of companies or other mediums through which the opera can be brought before the public throughout the United States has been depressing.

Mary Young, the latest Broadway star, began on the stage as a child playing Puck in Augustin Daly's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Her success was such that Mr. Daly supervised her education in England, with special reference to a career upon the dramatic stage. In this period she made occasional appearances in the productions of Mr. Daly at his London Daly's Theatre. When she returned to America Miss Young played the lead in "A Circus Girl" opposite James T. Powers. With the Craig Players Miss Young created all of the leading feminine rôles in the Craig Harvard prize plays.

J. Piastro-Borisoff, Russian violinist, is to make his first appearance in this country in the near future. Borisoff's first teacher was his father. In 1901 he became a pupil of Pablo Sarasate. Still later, at the Conservatory of Petrograd, he studied with Leopold Auer. In addition to his musical studies he became a student of landscape painting. Upon his graduation from the conservatory the young violinist received a gold medal as honor student of Auer's class and, as an especial distinction, a famous old Italian violin, called Gobette, the gift of the Princess Helen Altenburg, president of the Russian Musical Society. His diploma accorded him the honor of "free artist laureate" of the conservatory.

Matthias Erzberger, writer and journalist, first came into prominence as leader of the German Catholic party, specializing in the Reichstag on financial legislation. Starting on the lowest rung of the political ladder, he climbed it through his knowledge of involved economics and by aid of his correspondence bureau. He headed the German armistice delegation. Up to the third year of the war, when he introduced his famous peace resolution in the Reichstag, he posed as a Pan-German and the fall of the Bethmann-Hollweg ministry was attributed to him. Son of a village tailor who owed his education to a rich man, Erzberger as vice-premier and minister of finance remained subservient to the great business interests of Germany which compelled Emperor William to abdicate. After the peace terms were made known the pact was called the "Erzberger Peace" and he was the worst hated man in Germany.

Jacques Pintel, pianist, was born in Odessa of French parents. At fifteen he entered the Paris Conservatoire by competition. Here young Pintel studied principally under Charles de Beriot, a pupil of Mendelssohn. In 1900 Mr. Pintel carried off the "Premier Prix" at the

Conservatoire, after which he entered upon his virtuoso career in Paris, touring all of France and subsequently visiting England, where he remained until he began his tour, which included successes in the principal cities of China, Australia, New Zealand, Burmah, and India. Besides this tour, Pintel gave many concerts in London with the London Symphony Orchestra, Queen's Hall and Albert Hall. In Paris he appeared with the orchestra of Edouard Colonne and in numerous recitals.

Metchnikoff wrote long on how to live 100 years, and then died before he was seventy. "Uncle" John Daubney never thought much about how to live, but spent his time "workin' and livin'." And on October 6th Uncle John celebrated his 101st birthday at his home in Taylors Falls, Minnesota, in the beautiful valley of the St. Croix, where he started logging in the wilderness seventy-five years ago. Dean of all the pioneers in Minnesota, he's the last of the "Forty-Niners" and the only surviving member of the Old Settlers' Association.

OLD FAVORITES.

Spring and Winter.

Was it well in him, if he
Felt not love, to speak of love so?
If he still unmoved must be,
Was it nobly sought to move so?
Pluck the flower, but not to wear it—
Spurn it from him, yet not spare it?

Need he say that I was fair,
With such meaning in his tone,
Adding ever that her hair
Had the same tinge as my own?
Pluck my life up, root and bloom,
To make garlands for her tomb!

And, her cheek, he said, tho' bright,
Lack'd the lucid blush divine
Of that rose each whisper light
Of his praises waked in mine;
But 'twas just that he loved then
More than he can love again.

Then, if beauty could not bind him,
Wherefore praise me, speaking low?
Use my face just to remind him
How no face could please him now?
Why, if loving could not move him,
Did he teach me still to love him?

"Yes!" he said, "he had grown wise now:
He had suffer'd much of yore:
But a fair face, to his eyes now,
Was a fair face, and no more.
Yet the anguish and the bliss,
And the dream, too, had been his."

Ah, those words a thought too tender
For the commonplaces spoken!
Looks whose meaning seem'd to render
Help to words when speech came broken!
Why so late in July moonlight
Just to say what's said by moonlight?

And why praise my youth for gladness,
Keeping something in his smile
That changed all my youth to sadness,
He still smiling all the while?
Since, when so my youth was over,
He said, "Seek some younger lover!"

Well, the Spring's back now! the thrushes
Are astir as heretofore,
And the apple-blossom blushes
As of old about the door.
Doth he taste a finer bliss,
I must wonder, in all this,

(Winning thus what I have lost)
By the usage of my youth?
I can feel my forehead crost
By the wrinkle's fretful tooth,
While the gray grows in my hair,
And the cold creeps everywhere.—Lord Lytton.

The Wisdom of Brynhild.

Be wise, and cherish thine hope in the freshness of the days,
And scatter its seed from thine hand in the field of the
people's praise:
Then fair shall it fall in the furrow, and some the earth shall
speed,
And the sons of men shall marvel at the blossom of the deed:
But some the earth shall speed not: nay rather, the wind of
the heaven
Shall waft it away from thy longing—and a gift to the Gods
hast thou given,
And a tree for the roof and the wall in the bouse of the hope
that shall be,
Though it seemeth our very sorrow, and the grief of thee
and me.

When thou hearest the fool rejoicing, and he saith, "It is
over and past,
And the wrong was better than right, and hate turns into love
at the last,
And we strove for nothing at all, and the Gods are fallen
asleep;
For so good is the world a-growing that the evil good shall
reap,"
Then loosen thy sword in the scabbard and settle the helm
on thine head,
For men betrayed are mighty, and great are the wrongfully
dead.
Wilt thou do the deed and repent it? thou badst better never
been horn:
Wilt thou do the deed and exalt it? then thy fame shall be
outworn:
Thou shalt do the deed and abide it, and sit on thy throne on
high,
And look on today and tomorrow as those that never die.
—William Morris.

The American speed record for a naval destroyer was made by the *Satterlee* in a standardization trial over a measured course off Rockland, Maine. She made a mile at the rate of 38.26 knots an hour.

AN ENGLISH WIFE IN BERLIN.

The Princess Blücher Relates Her German Experiences During the War.

The diary of the Princess Blücher, of which a partial survey appeared last week in these columns, extends from the declaration of war to the armistice. The princess, it will be remembered, is an Englishwoman forced by the exigencies of war to leave England with her German husband. In common with a few other ladies similarly situated she took up her residence in Berlin, where she remained without any serious annoyance throughout the war and witnessed most of the events that took place in the German capital. She seems even to have participated in intimate political conversations and to have been allowed some freedom of action in communicating with her friends and in the relief of British prisoners. Writing under date of January, 1917, we find the princess commenting on the status of the emperor and the place that he occupied in the public mind. She says:

I think people in England hardly realize the covert scorn with which people speak of him here. The remarks made often astonish me. "Let him talk as if he had won these victories, and let him believe he is running the whole army." "Send him to the East when there are some prisoners to march past, and he will be pleased; and again to the West when there is a little success to show him, and he will be as pleased as ever." Whilst the emperor himself complains sadly in the same words: "I never know what I am going to do from one day to another," he says. "Today I am packed up and sent off to the East, and tomorrow to the West."

The author tells us that the emperor is in some degree a tyrant and can not always be depended on to keep his promises. He has also certain qualities of the bully, and yet with all these drawbacks he has a great charm of manner and his real friendships are genuine and lasting:

As for the emperor's six sons, there are many malicious remarks and criticisms rife amongst the people; and all the touching anecdotes of the sacrifice of the empress in sending six sons to the front, where other mothers had only one to offer, have long disappeared from the papers. The monster of war has always had a way of passing over the six princes, and preferred the only son of a widow. People are beginning to murmur that they are being too carefully guarded; and granted that they did run into danger at the beginning of the war, they always seem to be now more or less on the staff—and, funny as it may seem, a great many people seem to take it specially amiss that one or other of them is always getting married. "The fact of the matter is," said one of the ministers in a very high position here not long ago, "one of the Kaiser's sons ought to be sacrificed—to appease the people."

We are told a good deal about the shortage of food and clothing. Officialism interfered with everything, and the path of the shopper was a thorny one:

A friend of mine wanted to buy some woolen underwear, and her experiences are typical of war-shopping now in Germany. She saw what she wanted in a shop and went in. The girl who attended her was very obliging and got everything ready, but when the bill was made out she turned to my friend and said, "Where is your 'Bezugschein' (permit of purchase)?" "Oh," said my friend, "I have none." The girl told her it was a trifle, and that she would reserve the goods for her until she obtained one; she need only go to the police station. Off went my friend, and when she arrived at the police station they told her to go to a stationer's, and get a form which is filled in as a kind of control when one moves about. So she departed and returned with this form. "What shall I write on it?" she asked. The answer was, your name, your age, where you were born, what subject you are, and last, but not least—not how much material do you want, but what faith do you profess? My friend filled in all this, whereupon the official stamped her paper, which meant that he guaranteed for the truth thereof, and then sent her off to the place where she might receive the permit. This was a good walk from where she was, and she decided to go next day. When she got there at 4 o'clock in the afternoon she was told the office was only open from 8 to 1 o'clock. Patient she trudged home, to start again next day. When she arrived this time she was asked what the permit was to be for. "For three pairs of combinations," she told the official (there are no discreet secrets from officials here in war-time). "What!" he exclaimed, "you want three pairs? You can not have more than two, one to wear while the other is in the wash!" Shopping becomes a strange thing when controlled by Prussian officialdom.

The author speaks severely of Mr. Gerard. He was a man, she says, of disagreeable, tactless manners, and he offended every one by his breaches of good manners.

References to the unpopularity of the emperor become increasingly numerous as the diary proceeds. In January, 1918, we are told:

The feeling towards the Kaiser is steadily diminishing in loyalty and respect, and the same people who greeted him so warmly a short time ago with "Ave, Cæsar!" are now distributing leaflets in the back streets of Berlin proclaiming, "Down with the Kaiser, Down with the Government," and the police, when called upon to suppress the evil-doers, refuse to act, and are more than suspected of being behind the movement themselves.

The princess makes many references to American intervention, which at first was considered to be ridiculous, but of which the gravity could not for long be concealed. In July, 1918, she writes:

Another discussion touched on the extraordinary way in which Germany has always underrated the importance of the danger coming from America, almost the whole country making fun of and laughing at the idea of an American army. Some one who happened to be present with his majesty at the time when Roumania declared war, and also when the news of the American declaration became known, assured us that on the first occasion the Kaiser came into the room trembling and white as a sheet, his knees shaking as he said, "All is over; I may as well abdicate at once"; whereas on the second occasion he and those round him were jaunty, laughing, and saying that it made no matter at all, as America could never get an army together, and if it did, they were much too far away and could never possibly get their troops over because of the submarines.

I wonder why they did not listen to the few wise people who perceived the danger of the American intervention in all its sinister meaning, as it is now proving to be the final undoing of Germany.

In August, 1918, the author tells us that news of German reverses was steadily coming in. The people gradually learned that the constant "shortening of the front" meant retreat. Moreover, there was evidently a loss of morale and loyalty in the army itself:

Ludendorff has publicly acknowledged the failure of the great offensive; it seems the growing lack of ammunition is the ominous cause of the defeat. So many guns have been left in the hands of the enemy, and there is not enough iron left to make new ones.

There have been public protests against the misleading statements made by Prince Heinrich as to the results of the Marne battle, on the same day that Ludendorff had admitted that their strategic plan had failed. He naively seems to have thought that the opinion of some unknown Turkish attaché, that the Marne battle was a German victory, was of more importance than the confession of the great generals. It is so incredibly foolish to try and hoodwink the people like this, when the truth must ultimately leak out.

The Bavarians have a special complaint that the war reports are always partial to the Prussians. They say that as long as the losses of life and material are sustained by the Crown Prince's army, no mention is ever made of them; but as soon as Prince Rupprecht's army is being beaten, every detail of the defeat is made public, and an open confession is made of the enemy having penetrated the German lines.

It seems impossible now for Ludendorff to force any decisive successful battle this year. Officers here say that his plan of separating the British army from the French was not impossible and would have been successful, if the heavy losses of the Allies had not been so speedily made up again. In a single month 355,000 men were thrown across, and every gun had been replaced.

It is apparently the unity of command which restored the Allied fortunes, and if the American troops go on coming over at the rate of 300,000 a month, the American army alone will soon be as big as the German.

We are told something of the memoirs of Dr. Davis, the emperor's American dentist, and the painful impression made in Berlin by what seemed to be a grave breach of confidence:

The tables were filled with different members of the Herrenhaus, and as all the numerous political grievances of the day were being eagerly discussed, it was interesting enough to listen to them. The articles by Dr. Davis, the Kaiser's American dentist, were the chief topic in the English papers. We all feel that it is not quite square to publish these little private sayings, uttered in confidence in an idle moment, and which take on such a different coloring when seen in the glare of the hostile searchlights of peoples at war. They are significant, however, of the mental calibre of Davis, whose "Memoirs" would have no interest but for this royal gossip. The courtiers here are quite right for once—"If he will make a confidant of a dentist, what else can you expect?"

On my remarking to my neighbor at dinner that I imagined the "Memoirs" were very much exaggerated he laughed and said, "Oh, not in the least; the emperor has often boasted of the home-truths he had been telling his dentist." I asked him what the emperor must think of it now. "Oh," was the reply, "we take good care that he does not see the English papers while there are such things in them."

In September, 1918, the bad news from the front had become unmistakable. The Hindenburg line had been broken and Bulgaria was moving toward a separate peace. A few days later we are told of the terrible state of gloom and depression in Berlin as the breakdown became more and more imminent:

Ludendorff has had a nervous breakdown. The army is practically in a state of mutiny, and one whole division is said to have already surrendered. The soldiers, they say, are already turning on their officers and throwing hand grenades at them, and a train full of officers returning from leave back to the front was stopped, and they were all forced to get out and return home. At the same time one heard of innumerable soldiers writing home indignant at the proposition of an armistice, and saying they will not hear of one on the terms proposed by the Entente.

The population of the Rhine provinces are shuddering at the idea of the huge German army settling down to winter quarters in their land, as they say there is no more discipline left. I even heard of people in Frankfurt being privately advised to leave, as it has been whispered the enemy might possibly be there in a fortnight.

In any case, exaggerated as these reports may be, the universal demoralization of the people is very great, and one has sometimes the impression of a flock of sheep who have lost their leader and are going about in a dazed sort of manner, looking about for a loophole of escape from the impending evil.

The emperor, we are told, never knew the strength of the American army. Ludendorff hid everything from him. The German offensive was wholly the work of Ludendorff and it was strongly opposed by Hindenburg and by Prince Rupprecht:

At the same time the poor soldiers declare that it is not so much the overpowering number of the American troops which has turned the tide, as the fact that there is no more rubber left to make gas-masks, and that they can not face the gas without them; and then the terrible English tanks. The poor fellows shudder at the very name of them. They say they were prepared for ten or twenty, but during the last few weeks they have been advancing in columns of hundreds. Even the German officers admit that this form of weapon is the first military invention which has proved too much for the genius of German militarism.

The emperor implicitly believed everything that was told by the military chiefs. He never even heard of great German defeats, but every small German success seemed to him to mean a German triumph. In October, 1918, we are told:

Gehard heard from the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, whom he met in the Herrenhaus, that the emperor does not mean to abdicate unless he is forced to. He was so terribly cut up by the bad news from the front that he collapsed and retired to bed for three days; but as soon as he received the news of some local success he quite cheered up again, and became as sanguine and hopeful as ever. This change of mood is typical of the Kaiser and all his entourage; they are entirely swayed by the news which is dished up to them by Ludendorff, and seem incapable of forming an independent opinion of their own, otherwise things could never have come to such a pass. If the Kaiser had really investigated all the information of

the last twelve months, and, above all, listened to the pessimists, he would not have been so surprised by the turn things have taken now.

The attacks upon the emperor increased in violence as the full measure of the German defeat dawned upon the people. Indeed there was something repulsive in the venom with which his former adulators turned upon him:

We continue hearing such ceaseless abuse and criticism of Kaiser Wilhelm that I sometimes feel like blushing with shame at people who have always professed such loyalty to their sovereign, and now that the reins of government are slowly falling from his hands turn round and openly rend him. Just those who were amongst the most cringing of his satellites are the most ferocious in their attacks on him, and do not hesitate to denounce him publicly at luncheons and dinners. Many of them he has really made, and these are the worst.

The deplorable part of it is that, whilst condemning them, I have to ask myself whether these people may not be right; and if he really is false. People who know him best, and who try to do justice to his character, say little more than that he is a man of very able parts, possessing a wonderful memory and an unusual capacity for comprehending technical questions of engineering, architecture, etc.

The danger of actual revolution in Germany seems to have been greater than was realized here. The author speaks of the mobs that overran the streets of Berlin, the attacks upon officers, and the general violence that was the order of the day:

Every moment groups of people collected in front of our window, gesticulating and shouting frantically; and to our private dismay, in one wagon-load passing by we distinguished French and Russian prisoners amongst the Germans, all waving the red flag, their faces glowing with delight at the unwanted freedom. We were not a little alarmed, for we knew that if the Germans begin fraternizing with the prisoners and liberating them, we may at any moment have a dangerous rabble of some two million Russians let loose on us, who in their underfed condition would stop short at nothing. The strangest and most disagreeable feeling of all was that nobody knew definitely what was happening and what was the meaning of it all. Every one seemed to be steering for Unter den Linden and Pariser Platz, and as the afternoon wore on we heard that an attack was being made on the royal castle. The great Brandenburger Thor was soon covered with climbers who succeeded in hoisting the red flag on it, and in front of the Adlon Hotel machine guns were placed, and the mob went in, forcing the officers there to tear off their badges. The revolutionists robbed the soldiers of their arms, and strutted about with them to the constant danger of the passers-by.

In her last pages the princess gives us a concluding glimpse of the emperor after his flight to Amerongen. Writing in February, 1919, she says that she had been visited by a friend who had come straight from Amerongen, where he had spent two hours with the emperor:

After having remained talking with the empress for about fifteen minutes he was taken down to the gallery in which the emperor takes his exercise daily, and there he walked with him for two hours. He told us the first sight of him was a great shock. The emperor has grown a long white beard; he brushes his now quite white hair straight back, and his complexion is sallow and unhealthy; but he bore himself with great dignity and spoke quickly and with reserve.

He said that he had felt from the beginning of his reign that the military powers were too strong for him. He had tried from the moment he came to the throne to assert his own authority, but he was too young and perhaps too impulsive. Later on he found that he was powerless in their hands, though he was always trying to break loose and work out his own ideas for his country.

He said that he had enough English blood in his veins to know that the only thing was to go in with England, but he was always talked over by his military authorities and diplomats. Military authorities and diplomats of all countries are responsible for the war, not crowned heads. He will not own or realize that Germany did wrong in her invasion of Belgium. He says that he has proofs that if Germany had not done it England meant to; and that England had made a secret treaty with the Belgian king at the time Lord Haldane was in office, to the effect that they would be permitted to attack Germany through Belgium if necessary.

He would not blame any of his generals by name. He says he knows what marvels they have done for him throughout the war in defending Germany against the whole world. It is only where they began mixing themselves up with the political side that they made the blunders. The only man he blames personally by name is Prince Max of Baden, who, he says, deceived him from the moment he became Reichskanzler by telling him all was going well, and all the time allowing the scheme for his abdication to be worked out behind his back. In fact his abdication was public before he had actually signed it.

He complained most bitterly that he was deceived and lied to from the outset of his reign, and especially throughout the war. His ministers never told him the truth, his military authorities never let him know how things really were, and the naval authorities quoted and stated absolutely fabricated figures.

I did not give my opinion, but I can not help thinking that if a man is an emperor one of his chief aims should be to employ every person and every method by which he can arrive at the truth.

The Kaiser says he was treated as a nonentity by his general staff; that they made a point of contradicting every order or command that he gave; that he was turned out of the room whenever the telephone rang at headquarters, so as not to hear the commands and the real facts. He was never allowed to speak more than a few minutes alone with any one who was likely to give him the truth of what was going on. He was never told the true state of affairs at the front nor the strategy of his generals.

He was hustled backwards or forwards from the eastern to the western headquarters, so as to keep him "out of the way" when his generals were especially occupied.

My informant also told me that the Kaiser deeply regretted the death of Miss Cavell and that the order for the execution had been given by a drunken general who was personally vindictive towards England. The emperor gave an order then that no woman was to be executed without his sanction.

Here we must leave this unusually interesting volume of memoirs, perhaps the only volume of its kind that throws so much light upon the internal state of Germany during the war.

AN ENGLISH WIFE IN BERLIN. By Evelyn, Princess Blücher. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$6.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

The San Francisco Clearing House Association reported clearings for the five-day week ended Saturday at \$150,700,000, compared with \$153,400,000 for the corresponding short week of last year. Saturday's clearings were \$30,200,000.

Total gold reserves of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco were greater by \$9,804,000 on November 12th than on November 5th, according to the weekly combined statement issued on Saturday.

Total bills on hand fell \$13,435,000 and total earning assets the same amount.

A good many citizens have the notion that the transportation law enacted by Congress early this year guarantees a minimum return

be satisfied, even if some individual roads make nothing at all. If the earnings on the combined railroad property of the region are under 6 per cent. it becomes the duty of the commission to readjust the rates.

The Santa Fe system lies in the central and western regions, and its property, therefore, is valued in two regions for rate-making purposes. Some of the Santa Fe's neighbors made money prior to Federal control and some of them lost. That situation may continue to obtain under the new law. While earnings for no road are guaranteed, the machinery of the law is supposed to work in such a manner that railroad credit will be improved, which will help the railroad industry generally, and give the public assurance of better service.

The government, having taken the railroads and used them for its own purposes for twenty-six months, did, after it got through with them and returned them to their owners, guarantee earnings for half a year, to allow time for investigation of rates; but that period expired the last of August. The railroads now depend wholly on what they can earn on the rates fixed by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The logic of the railway situation, in the opinion of many financial authorities, unmistakably points toward such consolidations of interstate lines as are permitted under the new Railroad Act. The committee on railroad securities of the Investment Bankers' Association recently made a definite statement to this effect, adding: "While in the judgment of the committee the law has wisely made such consolidations permissive rather than compulsory, sound business judgment will perceive the business opportunities and can be relied upon to bring about this logical solution of many of the problems involved." After quoting this, a writer on the New York *Evening Post's* financial page comments as follows:

"While the new law makes consolidations voluntary instead of compulsory, it is stated plainly that competition must be maintained in all events. This would indicate that the Interstate Commerce Commission was authorized by Congress to approve the purchase, say, by the New York Central or the Pennsylvania, of connecting lines or an extension of present lines, but that the New York Central and Pennsylvania systems must continue to compete. In the South, the Illinois Central and the Atlantic Coast Line could follow out similar policies. In the West, Atchison, Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, or Rock Island could extend their lines.

"But there are two reasons why recent Wall Street rumors have probably overestimated immediate developments in the merging of railroads. In the first place, necessary financing at the present time would be difficult. Next, there is a question as to whether large companies like the Pennsylvania or New York Central will care greatly to increase their systems."

It appears logical to assume that the far-sighted investor should rearrange his securities holdings to harmonize with the readjustment which is now under way in industrial and economic life (says the A. W. Coates market bulletin).

The last few years have seen abnormal conditions affecting every industry and enterprise. The very word "abnormal" indicates something which can not continue to exist. Some forms of industrial life have been able to prosper enormously at the expense of other forms. As a result, the securities of companies engaged in the favored industries reached price levels radically higher than any one can ex-

pect to be maintained, while, on the other hand, securities of those companies engaged in the favored industries reached low levels down to which we can not expect them to be held as the country returns toward pre-war conditions.

Broadly speaking, those industries engaged in the manufacture and marketing of commodities were the ones which were particularly favored during the last few years, while those corporations whose business consisted of rendering service, rather than the manufacture and sale of things, were adversely affected, their principal hardship coming through the prices which they were obligated to pay for necessary commodities, and the high wage scales enforced upon them by the necessity of competing in the labor market with the producers of commodities.

As commodity and labor prices decline, the corporation which sells service rather than things will find its position and earnings steadily improving. Such companies are those which furnish transportation of people and commodities, and those which furnish electrical communication, power and light—in other words, railways, street railways, and other public utilities.

Industrial corporations, those producing commodities—naturally feel the readjustment before those corporations rendering service feel it. The prices of the securities of many such concerns have discounted the readjustment to a large extent, but as to whether this readjustment has been complete or not will depend upon the extent to which the individual company is or is not loaded up with inventories of high-priced goods which must be sold at declining commodity prices, and upon the strength of its working capital, exclusive of such inventories. Naturally those concerns whose shelves are approximately clean and have converted their inventories of high-priced material into working capital, are those in the best position. Their securities are apparently in line for purchase to hold for "the long pull."

On the other hand, railways and public utilities have apparently just started on their readjustment and upward price tendency, but this movement will hardly attain full swing until the market has recovered from the effects of the downward readjustment of industrials. Before long, according to the opinion of some of the most authoritative analysts in America, the average price of rails and public utilities, which has for some years held an abnormal level below the average price of industrials, will have risen to a level with the industrials, and then will keep on ascending until its normal point well above the average price level of industrials shall have been reached.

This normal and inexorable price level shifting apparently offers splendid opportunities for the wide-awake investor whose purchases of industrial securities during the last few months have not been as profitable as he might have hoped.

While there is no doubt that this country eventually is due for great industrial prosperity, there promises to be an interim of quite a number of months when industrials, generally speaking, will be rather stagnant, but public utilities and rails will be moving steadily upward in price. Foresight, therefore, suggests that the holder of those industrial issues which appear to be in line for a dull period of more or less extent should simply switch over from industrials into the stocks which promise a brisk upward price tendency, stay with them until good profits become available, then take profits and repurchase favored industrials, probably at about the same prices prevailing as at the time he made his switch. When one is attempting to reach a certain objective, either in travel or in finance, it can hardly be said to be "taking a loss" to step from a slow or stationary conveyance into a more rapidly moving one which is headed toward that objective destination.

Such procedure may seem to some investors too much like "taking a loss," and to them is open the alternative of holding their industrial securities, but using them as working collateral with which to purchase rails or public utilities, and thus be in position to benefit by any price appreciation shown either by the old securities or the new. It should be remembered that while the industrial security has depreciated in price, the rail security is depreciated even further below its normal level as a rule.

This readjustment period is peculiarly the time when investor should remember and put to actual use the working power of the securities which he holds and does not desire to market.

The stock market continues its very irregular course, affected at times generally by tight money conditions and at other times, so far as different groups are concerned, by such developments as the continuing liquidation in the market for commodities and most manufactured products, the improving railroad situation, due to the working out of the rate increases; foreign selling, induced by extreme weakness in foreign exchange; belated appreciation of the fact that the public utili-

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ties of the country must be favored with the same sort of constructive rate increases that are enjoyed by the railroads and by the tendency toward lower prices for commodities and wages, while in individual cases special developments, of course, have operated at times to bring about wide fluctuations. If we were in a hull year we could take heart of hope and look forward to a very splendid rise this month in the general averages, but we are not in a hull year, and though prices of many stocks have gone a good deal below their intrinsic value, still, with the hanks loaned up and demanding liquidation on the part of their debtors and probably with the severest money test still to be experienced, we can look only for a great deal of irregularity this month, punctuated by serious declines now and then.

Much is being made of the manner in which new security offerings have been snapped up, and in this connection it has been proclaimed that there is no possibility of that sort of congestion of securities that at times in former markets brought disaster.

We may not necessarily look for disaster from this source now, for the securities that are being offered are netting very large returns and eventually should respond to easier credit conditions when they come. Recognizing the large returns that are offered, there has, however, been very wide participation in

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of 6 per cent. to every railroad. The purpose of this bulletin is to correct that impression.

Following the specific requirements of the new law, the Interstate Commerce Commission divided the United States into four regions for rate-making purposes—(1) the Eastern States; (2) the Southern States; (3) the central part of the country, east of the Rocky Mountains, and (4) the territory west of the Rockies. This done, the commission made a valuation of all the railroads by regions, and then established freight and passenger rates which, in its judgment, would give an aggregate return of 6 per cent. on the total value of the railroad property in each region. But no individual road is guaranteed 6 per cent., nor any other rate of return.

The law fixed 5½ per cent. as the minimum

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earnings on which the combined railroads of a region can safely operate, and gave the commission the discretion of raising the minimum rate of return to 6 per cent., which was done in the case recently decided.

Competition—one purpose of the law—is maintained in every region, and the railroads will fight for business as they did before the war. If any road fails to secure sufficient business to make 6 per cent. on its valuation it is out of luck, and must look to some source other than the government for direct relief; the law does not give it. If any road makes more than 6 per cent. it must split the excess earnings with the government for the creation of a fund from which weak roads may borrow in emergencies. If all the roads combined in a region earn 6 per cent. the law will

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these various financing enterprises, and, indeed, to such an extent that in some conservative quarters not a little attention is being paid to the element of speculation that is entering into the buying and to what has been aptly termed the participation by "joy-riding syndicates" whose demands for speculative purposes have played no small part in absorbing the offerings as they have come on the market.

Just as soon as it develops that the real public appetite for such securities has been

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satisfied we will be running into a period where these speculative syndicates have too many securities on hand and will be forced to dispose of them. Indeed, the situation is not without some dangerous elements, and should they develop they would naturally react definitely on the stock market.

What looks like a good investment at the present time is Standard Oil of New Jersey, now that Standard Oil of Indiana has announced its melon policy, and in view of its own remarkable expansion of profitable production, due to the many new millions that have been provided through the sale of preferred stock.

The expanding earnings of Philadelphia Company are so striking, and its prospects for next year are altogether so alluring, that it looks like another good security to buy and hold, for it is one which offers peculiarly favorable opportunities for profit in place of other stocks that may have depreciated in value even to the extent of 50 per cent. as compared to purchase prices.—*The Trader.*

The present securities market affords many opportunities for estates and individuals to revise their lists of investment holdings and

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to obtain the increased return that is to be had from bond purchases at the present time. All bonds maturing within the next five years can be exchanged now on a favorable basis and advantage taken of the current yields. Also many changes can be made without the loss of security, enabling holders to deduct losses for tax purposes. Care should be taken that there is no impairment of security. Martin Judge, Jr., a bond specialist, with many years of experience in investment circles in New York and San Francisco, offers his services to estates and individuals in the revision of their investment lists.

E. H. Rollins & Sons are participating in an offer of \$2,500,000 Adirondack Power and Light Corporation first and refunding mortgage 6 per cent. bonds due 1950. Interest payable March 1st and September 1st at the Liberty National Bank of New York. Callable in whole or in part on any interest date on or before March 1, 1925, at 107½ and interest, thereafter to and including March 1, 1930, at 106½ and interest, and so on, reducing 1 per cent. every five years to and including March 1, 1949; thereafter at 101½ and interest. Coupon bonds registerable as to principal or fully registered bonds in denominations of \$1000, interchangeable. Coupon bonds in denominations of \$1000 and \$500. Guaranty Trust Company of New York, trustee.

A block of this same issue was offered and sold to the public a few months ago at 84½ and interest. The advance from that price to the present offering price of 87½ and interest is another indication of the fact that

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the market for bonds of this class is strengthening.

Watson & Co. announce that the issue of 5000 shares of the Golden State Motion Picture Corporation, controlling all productions of H. H. Van Loan, is being very favorably received by the public, and as a consequence these shares are having a ready sale. This enthusiasm can only mean that the citizens of San Francisco are determined that the motion picture industry is to have a prominent place in the business life of this city.

An offering of \$50,000 The Heyman-Weil Company (San Francisco) cumulative 7 per cent. preferred stock is being made by Stephens & Co. This stock is exempt from normal Federal income tax and tax exempt in California. The company is the oldest and largest exclusively wholesale dealer in household and kitchen supplies in California, serving over 6000 customers, all dealers with established credit. This preferred stock is safeguarded in the most approved manner and provides a splendid investment, which Stephens & Co. recommend to the investing public. Net earnings for the past three years have averaged more than four times dividend requirements, and, assuming their continuity at that rate, without taking into consideration any increase due to the use of this additional capital in the business, sinking fund based thereon would retire this issue within fifteen years. Net earnings for the first nine months of this year were \$91,110.10, an increase of 44 per cent. over the same period last year.

State public service commissions are taking a firm stand for equitable treatment of public utilities. The following statement, made by the Washington state commission, is typical: "The great majority of people affected have realized that the utilities' expenses, like their own, have expanded, compelling increased revenues. There are some, however, who cheerfully pay \$12 for a pair of shoes for which they formerly paid \$5 and who complain bitterly if the cost of a utility's commodity is increased 25 cents a month, and accuse the commission of a favoritism towards the company if any increase whatever is allowed to meet growing wages and material prices. They seem to forget that the bulk of the expense in operating most utilities is labor, and that each member of the great army engaged in rendering public service is compelled to purchase the necessities of life at the same high cost that confronts us all."

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erties from ruin, preserve the necessary public service for the people, and at the same time be just and fair to the patrons who pay the price. If we should yield to the clamor of politicians, whose stock in trade is reckless denunciation of public utilities and abuse of the commission for permitting them to live, the results would frighten even those irresponsible agitators."

Germans living near the Dutch frontier are envied by all the rest of their fellow-countrymen. Food is plentiful in Holland, and the "meal commuters" from across the line are picking up a lot of calories missed during the war.

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There are parodies that detract from and parodies that enhance the values of the originals, parodies that are benevolent and parodies that are malicious. Mr. Powell's parodies belong to that class that the poets themselves will welcome. They are of the nature of eulogies.

This little volume contains forty verse parodies, and among their "victims" are Chesterton, Masfield, Noyes, Kipling, Yeats, Swinburne, Henley, Rossetti, Whitman, Khayyam, Browning, Poe, and Tennyson.

THE POETS IN THE NURSERY. By Charles Powell. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

From Poultry to Politics.

Crevecoeur, the French colonial settler in America who left his name in the American poultry yard, has found his biographer. Which statement, by the way, is not fair to Monsieur Crevecoeur. For, while the Frenchman is widely remembered because of the rarely good quality of fowl which he succeeded in breeding, he was considerably more of a statesman and a commentator on political

affairs than he was a farmer. St. Jean de Crevecoeur came to America from France about 1764, bringing with him a sort of Thoreau love for the woods and the farm. He established himself in Orange County, New York, and thence wrote communications to French papers which became celebrated for their combined descriptions of hucolic America and comments on colonial politics and trade. The communications are familiar to all students of history under the title of "Letters from an American Farmer." After some years in the United States, Crevecoeur returned to France and became highly active in promoting the development of commerce between that country and America. The story of his life is interesting. It has just been carefully reviewed by Julia Post Mitchell in a doctor's thesis issued by the Columbia University Press of New York.

ST. JEAN DE CREVECOEUR. By Julia Post Mitchell. New York: Columbia University Press.

In Morocco.

Mrs. Wharton shows us how a travel book ought to be written. She visited Morocco in 1918 and now she writes a sort of guide book for the benefit of tourists, who deserve no

benefit, either of clergy or otherwise. Let us hope that Mrs. Wharton's expectations will not be fulfilled and that the tourist horde will not be able to effect the ruin of one of the few hits of antiquity that remain to us.

But it is a wonderful piece of work. Mrs. Wharton almost succeeds in bringing Morocco before our eyes. We see the towns, the valleys, and the oases, the mosques, the ghettos, and the dwellings. They pass before the eyes like a panorama. We almost hear the sounds and smell the odors.

But it is not only of the Morocco of today that Mrs. Wharton writes. She gives us fascinating glimpses of history from the days of Rome onward, of the city of Volubilis, of the sacred city of Moulay Idris, of the ruins of Meknez and of Marrakech. Mrs. Wharton entertains no illusions about Morocco for the Moroccans, and it is indeed pleasant to find a writer so wholly free from the modern political idealisms that have done so much to shake the world loose from its moorings.

IN MOROCCO. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Galsworthy Novel.

"In Chancery" is a sequel to John Galsworthy's finest work of fiction, entitled "A Man of Property." The intending reader, however, should first secure "Five Tales," in one of which, "Indian Summer," Mr. Galsworthy makes us reacquainted with Irene, the wife of Soames Forsyte, whose life was so tragically rent in twain by her flight from Soames' unendurable passion and by the death of Bosinney, her lover.

The characters of the earlier work reappear in "In Chancery," and again the tenacious sense of property in the Forsyte family is dwelt on. So strong and enduring it is that when Soames sees Irene again it revives to all its passionate strength, and with the same urgent passion as in his younger years he seeks to regain possession of his—legally—reluctant property: the still lovely Irene of universal and wistful charm.

Galsworthy appreciators will be exceedingly interested in this revival of a tale that was only partly told. His depiction of the family life and relationships of the numerous Forsytes is the work of a man who has a genius for this sort of thing. He seems to know the withered hearts of old ladies, the withered ambitions of old men, as well as the passionate hearts of youth and the tenacious longings of maturity. The reader always feels an intense sense of reality, while absorbing these family chronicles by a man deeply skilled in an intuitive perception of the secrets of human hearts.

Nor is the novelist's fine perception confined to the depiction of members of the British class, for the portraits of the two French women, both mother and daughter, are models of perspicacity and penetrating insight.

"In Chancery" deals largely with the secret aspirations of mature people, but this picture of middle-class family and social life necessarily includes youthful figures. Into their young hearts the magician sees with the same sympathetic divination, but it is the mature who most deeply interest him. And yet there is a wonderful interest attached to the failing nonagenarian, Soames' father, whose fading flame of life is guarded with such jealous care. Time, that has scarcely cooled those hot hearts of "A Man of Property," has, however, brought this family chronicle down to war-times, so the book writes almost of the immediate present.

IN CHANCERY. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Brief Reviews.

Under the title of "Adèle Doring on a Ranch," by Grace May North, the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company has published a second volume in the Adèle Doring books. Price, \$1.75.

"Coxswain Drake of the Seascouts," by Isabel Hornibrook (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75), is a third volume about Lonny Drake, the Scout who had a merit badge. It is as well written as its predecessors.

"The Green Forest Fairy Book," by Loretta Ellen Brady (Little, Brown & Co.; \$2), contains eleven original fairy tales. Miss Brady has had much experience in the telling of stories and here she is at her best.

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The death of Eugenie occurred at a time when the world was occupied with events greater by far than any that she had known as empress. To what extent this may serve to lessen interest in history that seems now to be almost prehistoric remains to be seen. That it must have that effect for a time seems certain, in spite of the fact that the great war was a result as well as a cause and that many of its roots may be traced through the period of the Second Empire. But whatever obscuration the war may effect upon Comte Fleury's work will be only temporary. Its values, and they are great, will assert themselves in due time. Even the most cursory glance at its pages shows them to be filled with material that no historian can overlook and that will add greatly to our comprehension of a period that will remain as one of the most important in the history of the world.

MEMOIRS OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE. By Comte Fleury. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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Cousin Nancy and the Lees of Clifford. By Gene Stone. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

No event of the present book publishing season has created such a sensation as the announcement made this week that all of the future writings of the most popular novelist in the world, Harold Bell Wright, are to bear the imprint of D. Appleton & Co., New York and London.

"Best autobiography of our time," said Lord Northcliffe last week in a cable to Edward Bok anent Mr. Bok's much-discussed story of his life.

Henry Holt & Co. announce that during the past three weeks the entire eleventh printing of "Abraham Lincoln," by Lord Charnwood, was sold out. A new printing of this remarkable biography is now on the press and will be ready for distribution within a few days.

In her book on "Feminism and Sex-Extinction," which E. P. Dutton & Co. published last week, Arabella Kenealy takes the position that extreme feminism, aiming to eliminate differences of thought, outlook, and occupation between men and women and bring about feminine competition with men in all departments of life, is bound to result in great injuries to the race.

"An Adventure with a Genius," to be published by E. P. Dutton & Co. early in November, presents a piece of modern biography in an uncommonly interesting treatment. The book is the story of Joseph Pulitzer, told by Alleyne Ireland, who was his secretary. It was privately printed some time ago under the title of "Joseph Pulitzer: Reminiscences of a Secretary," but in his preface to the new edition Mr. Ireland explains that he has received many suggestions to the effect that the material is better described as "An Adventure with a Genius."

New Books Received.

How Many Cards. By Isabel Ostrander. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; \$2.

A detective story.

Tales of Wonder and Magic. By Katharine Pyle. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.

For boys.

Old Naval Days. By Mrs. Sophie Radford de Meissner. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Sketches from the life of Rear-Admiral Radford, U. S. N.

The Light of the World. By Guy Bolton and George Middleton. New York: Henry Holt & Co. A drama.

Sunny Boy in the Country. By Ramy Allison White. New York: Barse & Hopkins.

For boys.

The Passing of the Old Order in Europe. By Gregory Zilboorg. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

A general survey of forces.

Marie Claire's Workshop. By Marguerite Audoux. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

A novel.

Touchdown—And After. By Gardner Hunting. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75.

A high-school story.

Four Blind Mice. By C. C. Lewis. New York: John Lane Company.

A novel.

Mr. Preston's Daughter. By Thomas Cobb. New York: John Lane Company.

A novel.

Dainty Sweets. By world-famous chefs. Los Angeles: International Publishing Company.

Compiled and edited by A. C. Hoff.

Coxswain Drake. By Isabel Hornbrook. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.75.

For boys.

The Crooked and Narrow Streets of Boston. By Annie Haven Thwing. Boston: Marshall Jones Company; \$5.

With numerous illustrations.

The Sleuth of St. James Square. By Mcville Davison Post. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

Detective stories.

Peter. By Arthur S. Hardy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.

The story of a dog.

John Baring's House. By Elsie Singmaster. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

For girls.

Puritan and Pagan. By Elizabeth Corbett. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

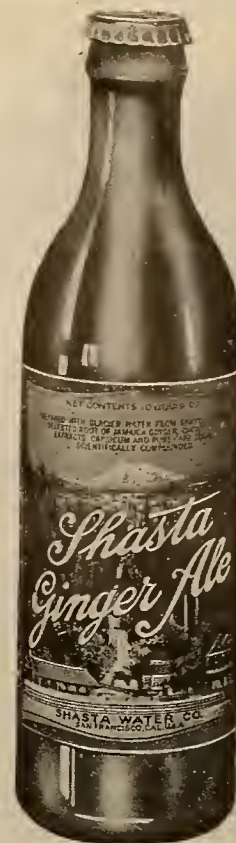
A novel.

Contemporary Verse Anthology. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.

A volume of verse.

Right Royal. By John Masfield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A poem.



The Christmas Child. By Nora Archibald Smith. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.75.

Poems for children.

The Great Leviathan. By D. A. Barker. New York: John Lane Company.

A novel.

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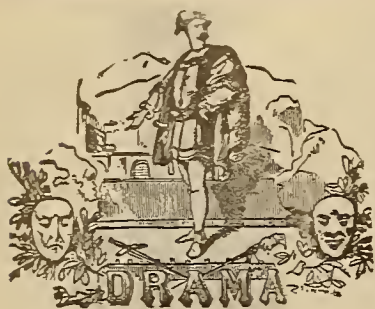
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"TIGER ROSE."

Willard Mack's "melodrama of the Great Northwest" is a Belasco production, but that doesn't say as much as it ordinarily does, for the reason that the company is not, well—exactly first chop. They have economized on us in this respect. One can scarcely blame them. Business is business. The name alone "Tiger Rose" will draw because of the long run the play has had in the East.

There are various signs of economy in the theatrical world today, one of which is the unusual number of stage resurrections of old plays, many of them much better worth seeing than up-to-date pieces by up-to-date writers. So, as "Tiger Rose" is the work of a writer of the immediate present, that, in the estimate of the average theatre-goer, is score one. Score two is the production as a production, scenery, lights, stage groupings, and a magnificent thunderstorm all having the Belasco stamp. Score three is that the company, although not first chop, has been very carefully selected. It is more than probable that Willard Mack had Lenore Ulric, who played the title-role with great success, in mind when he wrote "Tiger Rose." The little Canadian is a creature of fire and dew; at least that was the phrase Mr. Mack had in mind when he compounded her. Then there is a manly, warm-hearted old Scot; also the romantic figure of a doctor, on a blood quest in the far-reaching wilds of the Northwest, for he seeks his wife's seducer. There are, of course, an abundance of young men, most of them in love with the one girl extant; such conditions usually prevailing in Northwests.

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The girl is under the paternal guardianship of the Scotch factor of the Hudson Bay Post, who speaks in a broad Scotch dialect, the girl expressing herself in a prettily conceived patois, while Constable Devlin, R. N. W. M. P., has an Irish brogue, and Pierre La Bey, a Gilbert-Parkerish youth who loves Rose and his violin, uses the same patois as Rose; or tries to.

Now I call that cruelty to animals, having all those dialects in one play. It keeps one on the jump trying to assimilate the various deviations from normal speech, although the players continually made us feel at home by producing phrases in pure Americancese, fully charged with that dreadful, unescapable r that seems to be becoming more and more the ear-mark of the American speech.

That is another sign that the company is not first chop: their crude speech. Still another is shown in faulty technic. Francesco Cappellano, the leading lady, who did a creditable piece of work as Tiger Rose, has a terrifically long and exhausting scene of emotion and wild revolt and struggle against the carrying off by the constabulary of "her man." But the leading lady has not mastered the technic of stage sohs, and she not only exhausted herself, but tired out such of her audience as had the discernment to notice it. Perhaps Miss Cappellano had a sudden promotion and was catapulted into the rôle unexpectedly for this Western tour on account of several qualifications she has: her vivacity, her impetuosity of movement, her success with the dialect, her dark, expressive eyes. But if that is so the lady should hunt up some exponent of stage love—such as Emelie Melville, for instance, here—in every city in which she plays long enough, and receive instruction in the art of stage sohhing.

I don't seem to find any one player in the company to entuse over, although there were traits here and there. The men are a fair, upstanding, athletic group, and I admired Jack G. Bertin's voice, and enjoyed a sense of aesthetic gratification at seeing Bernard McOwen's easy physical poise, and the grace and strength of his movements. Charles Reigel, in spite of the thick Scotch he had to express himself in, was rather simpler and more sincere in effect than the others.

There was one flaw in stage directorship that rather surprised me in a Belasco production. There was a long scene between Rose and the constable in which the latter stood square in front of her, pretty effectively blocking our view of her. Perhaps I may seem unduly severe, for I must admit to dealing rather tenderly sometimes with our local players. But really, when an organization crosses thousands of miles of intervening continent to get here, giving us a play that has had a long and prosperous run, and we look forward joyfully to seeing very good acting, we are certainly justified in pointing out the defects that we are already quite too familiar with in our own home-town players.

As to the play: well, Mr. Mack. I think, has rather over-elaborated the construction of his melodrama. Whistler once said something to the effect that art can be great only when the means by which it is accomplished

remain invisible. Mr. Mack, no doubt, while not hoping to achieve a great art work, at least is willing, no doubt, humbly to use the best means, and he did not use the best when he allowed his machinery to be so plainly visible. To mention one point, when old Tom, with marked deliberation, diverted observation from those in the stage centre and, with no apparent purpose in view save to do his morning's work, descended the trap-door stairs, we knew that that trap-door would subsequently be hated in the spotlight. There is a lot of technic of the kind in the play, but it is a little too obvious.

The author, however, has accomplished atmosphere, and he has located his play in an interesting corner of our big continent. It isn't native drama, but if it isn't United Statesian it is at least American, which brings it pretty close to being native.

THE THIRD POPULAR CONCERT.

Which of our regular local attractions oftenest draws capacity houses? Answer quickly, now—right off the hat. Yes, you're right; the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, with the Orpheum following as a close second. Funny old public! It crowds the houses in musical comedy; but go to the matinee performances, and what a fall, my countrymen. That's because female legs don't draw females. (Please excuse me, female. But, after all, we are.)

Sunday afternoon the Curran was full. The audience had catholicity of taste, for it listened with devotion and solemn ecstasy to the fateful questionings in the Andante con moto movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, wiped the dew from its eyes as the orchestra rendered "Ase's Death" in strains that expressed, oh, with such infinite beauty and sadness, the capacity of the human heart to suffer sorrow and its uncontrollable longing to soften that sorrow with hope.

It no doubt recognized in the music of the "Bacchanal" of "Tannhäuser" a tone picture of considerable analogy to the soulless hubbub a modern American crowd can make on a New Year's eve. It could not fail, as always, to surrender itself to the religious fervor expressed in the soaring measures of the "Pilgrims' Chorus." It gayly insisted on an encore to "In the Hall of the Mountain King," enjoyed like a composite youngster that tinkling trifle, "The Music Box," and insisted on another, and, in fact, surrendered itself utterly to the delight of the harmonies evoked by Hertz' magic haton.

For it seems as if we could note in each concert the growing beauty of tone and the increasing variety of tone colors with which the musicians make their strains breathe the language of the emotions.

They warmed our hearts with notes the color of sunshine in the "Morning" of the Grieg suite. And it seemed a miracle to listen, in one programme, to two compositions rendered with such inconceivable, such heart-subduing, soul-elevating loveliness as the Andante con moto and "Ase's Death."

There were others, all superbly done. We even had moments of keen pleasure in the over-elaborate "Italia." But those specially mentioned were the pearls of great price.

How strange it seemed, as we listened to the "Peer Gynt" suite, and especially to "Ase's Death," that Ibsen, who did not care for nor understand music, could never know how ideal was the marriage of his text with Grieg's tones. Edmund Gosse says that Ibsen made pathetic efforts to appreciate Grieg's "Peer Gynt" music, but all in vain. No doubt many, many readers have been wooed into trying to plumb the unplumbable "Peer Gynt," after hearing Grieg's suite. For "Peer Gynt" is certainly caviare to the general. But their failure is nothing to that of the great Norwegian seer, whose ear was so delicately attuned to verbal euphony, and yet unable to appreciate the mournful soul music of "Ase's Death."

"FEDYA."

"Fedya," out at the Players' Theatre, has nearly run its course, and here I am unenterprisingly late in seeing an extremely interesting performance. The membership of the Players' Club, it seems, has been steadily increasing. This makes a larger number of players to draw on, and there were three decidedly interesting young women in the cast whose work is new to me. Hilda Denizelle, come to think, we have already seen in "The Breaking of the Calm." But to me the other two, Kathleen Rucker and Talmazetta Wilbur—a name, by the way, cunningly calculated to haffle the ordinary memory—are unfamiliar.

"Fedya" is not built on ordinary lines. It contains two acts, of which the first is divided into six episodes and the second into four. Compared to our modern method of having the action of plays, as in "The Doll's House," transpire in one setting one would think all these Shakespearean changes would make the play unreal. Tolstoy, however, can safely defy such conventions depriving him of his quality of lifelikeness. That grim old humanitarian, if he did not know how to live his own life

normally, knew how to depict the lives and souls of others.

Fedya is an erratic, lovable, heart-breakingly incalculable, dissolute young partician, and William S. Rainey invests the character with that aura of romantic charm necessary to draw sympathy and liking for the engaging sinner. He looks like a modern Hamlet in his black mantel, with that artistic looseness to his collar that has its own subtle suggestion. Fedya, like so many of Galsworthy's characters, can not conform, and Mr. Rainey indicates by his dreamy expression, the slack of his lips, and the sudden changes of mood and pose this fatal, temperamental weakness in a man too fastidious to lie or to seduce.

In contrast to Fedya is Masha, the gipsy

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girl, played by Kathleen Rucker with an abounding youthfulness of spirit, a swift, impetuous grace of movement, and a general suggestion of beauty, temperament, and charm that makes one wonder that the regular stage has not claimed this beautiful girl for its own. Lisa, the wife, is played by another gifted young woman, Talmazetta Wilbur possessing an interesting face and presence, an instinct for quiet but penetrating expression, both in feature and speech, and a soft, mellow voice. She speaks well, moves well, acts well, and knows how to make her artistically graceful costumes conform to the mood that she wishes to convey.

Hilda Denizelle, who is also a handsome young woman, played the rôle of the gray-haired mother of a grown son. If Mrs. Denizelle were a surer study she would be a better actress, for an occasional slight uncertainty weakened the effects at which she was aiming. But she gave to the Russian grande dame patrician beauty and the air of good breeding and usefulness to the amenities of the drawing-room to which many more experienced actresses can not even approximately attain. Also she dressed her appropriately.

These three ladies, with Mr. Rainey, were the outstanding figures in a cast nearly thirty characters long. Besides these four interesting impersonations there was a very good comedy characterization by Frederick McNulty, that of an eccentric, tipsy old derelict

who is a combination of egomania, drunkenness, and futility.

In one scene, "an underground dive," in which Fedya is seen at his lowest ebb, Richard Leonard, as the sympathetic and deeply interested artist gently urging Fedya on to ease his breast of his life history, is but a voice in the dimness. But how well that voice expressed the character behind it and the artist's professional and temperamental interest in the self-revealing derelict under his keen yet sympathetic observation.

Besides these already mentioned, there were twenty-three other rôles, which necessitated a doubling up in some cases.

There is so much inferential psycho-analysis in "Fedya," and the seriousness of the play, although mitigated by some comedy, is so thoroughly well established in the consciousness of patrons of the little theatre, that the volatile play-goers have tossed the handkerchief to "Ruddigore," which is well sung, well played, and offers delightful entertainment. Consequently "Fedya" will be withdrawn and the number of performances of the Gilhert and Sullivan piece will be increased, Mr. Rainey assuming the rôle of the gay sailor lad, vide the engaging Easton Kent, who is called East. Nevertheless "Fedya" is to me among the most interesting performances given by the Players Club.

“THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE.”

Why of course! It just dawned on me as Elwyn Harvey entered a dark stage, her shape veiled in the Magdalene's dark mantle, that we had once seen Florence Roberts in this rôle.

"The Eternal Magdalene" is rather an old-fashioned play, but it approximates reaching the sympathies of audiences because of its reproach of the self-righteous citizen, who, from his seat in the odor of self-satisfied sanctity, forgets the sins of his youth and arrogantly hoses all the frivolous and the dissolute with the bitter waters of his condemnation.

The idea in "The Eternal Magdalene" is to show the intolerant activities of a group of reformers who are clearing out the vice element in their town. Elijah Bradshaw—played by Dudley Ayres, the leading man—makes himself very unpopular with an audience because he never smiles, has no toleration for erring humanity, and refuses to let his son and daughter go to "the show." Fate gets it in on Elijah, and the audience had the satisfaction of seeing his well-upholstered library become the background for a series of family tragedies; thus verifying the prophetic curse of a woman of the town who objected to being removed from her home at the behest of the reformers. The Eternal Magdalene is a statuesque female who accepts—or demands—a job in the Bradshaw home. The Magdalene moves around rather aimlessly, but her job is to see that Elijah's hard heart is softened before she gets after some other flinty-hearted reformer.

Becoming disgraced in the eyes of one's fellow-citizens is an excellent method of acquiring humility. Elijah becomes humble all right, and a volatile audience did all it could to help on.

It was a regular hair-trigger of an audience; Sunday nighters, and all ready for laughter. At any rate, when the spectators saw few laughs in sight they kept exploding—the grown-up children part of them—into sighs, snorts, coughs, and occasional giggles and gurgles in the wrong place. The more sensible element, however, gradually shushed off the unruly into being good, and made them applaud in the right places. For the laugh-hunters had shown a reprehensible tendency to applaud, with manifestations of the liveliest sympathy, sentiments that generally are expected to hang their discredited heads.

"The Eternal Magdalene" is a highly artificial play. It is a queer mixture, for the author gets his symbolism too much on the carpet. He—his name is Robert McLaughlin—tried his hand at something on the order of "The Servant in the House" or "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." He did not succeed, but neither did he fail, for in the "eternal Magdalene" idea he really had gotten hold of something. The idea stood for the universality of sin and the forgiveness of sinners, but it is rather cumbersomely worked out. There are several spotlights concentrated on places for the Magdalene and the reformer,

and the author brings in a scene using the scriptural adjuration, "He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone," that Maeterlinck borrowed from Paul Heyse's "Maria von Magdala" to use in "Mary Magdalene."

"The Eternal Magdalene" is an actory play, and I suppose actors like it. But I should judge from its reception by the Sunday night public that its artificialities are too pronounced. The company combatted these artificialities as best it could and gave the audience some of the sensations it wanted. Elwyn Harvey read her rather declamatory text well, Dudley Ayres gave a consistent impersonation of the reformer, and the remainder of the rather long cast did conscientious work.

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The Columbia Theatre.

Beginning Sunday, November 21st, at the Columbia Theatre, "Tiger Rose" starts its second and last week. "Tiger Rose," as has been noted in the reviews given its presentation, is a melodrama. Its cast is headed by a trenchant player, Francesco Cappellano. Associated with her is Bernard McOwen, who plays with reckless devil-may-care a Royal Northwest Mounted Policeman and makes the rôle of Michael Devlin an exceedingly lovable one. Charles Riegel, an old-timer who has been here with the best players from the East, and James H. Lewis are two players whose parts stand out. So does that of Doctor Dan, played by J. J. Bertin, a player with a most resonant, pleasing voice. Frank Bryan makes a typical lover and Emily Lessing as the Indian squaw leaves nothing to be desired.

John Cort's big musical production, "Listen Lester," from a long run at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, comes to the Columbia Theatre on Monday, November 29th.

The Curran Theatre.

"Up in Mahel's Room," which starts on the second and last week of its successful engagement tomorrow night at the Curran Theatre, consists of three acts and is the work of Wilson Collison and Otto Harbach. It may be briefly described as a series of romantic and farcical complications caused by no less innocent an object than a beautiful lady's chemise. Garry gave the chemise to Mahel as a gift in a moment of sentimental aberration and foolishly had it inscribed in hold big letters, "Mahel from Garry."

A. H. Woods has selected an exceptionally good cast, which includes Josephine Saxe, Julie Ring, Sager Midgley, James Norval, Grace Fielding, Harry Bradley, and others.

There will be a special matinee Thursday (Thanksgiving Day) besides the regular matinee Saturday.

The Orpheum.

Kitty Gordon heads the Orpheum bill here next week. Of the statuesque type, her loveliness is so much a matter of record that everybody knows how very handsome Miss Gordon is without being told. As a star she has twinkled brilliantly in the musical-comedy, vaudeville, and picture firmament.

Jack Wilson, comedy celebrity, who, assisted by Frank Griffith and Vera Beresford, will be seen in "The Surprise," is well remembered here. His returns to the two-day always are as welcome as "the flowers that bloom in the spring."

Experience with the United States entertainment units in France made Tony Hunting and Corinne Frances as well known abroad as they are here. They are observing their return to vaudeville in this country next week with "The Flower Shop," a singing, dancing, and talking comedy skit.

Musical critics throughout the country agree that Rae Eleanor Ball is an exceptional violinist. Not only has she splendid technique and a wonderful tone, but she possesses, in addition, temperament and personality. This season she is aided by her brother, Joseph, known to the concert world as a remarkable cellist.

John and Nellie Olms, who style themselves "The Watch Wizards," are of the prestidigitator type. Their skillful and at times uncanny performance is with watches.

Of Dotson, the eccentric dancer, it has been said that he must be related to lightning, for both have the same characteristics. Dotson is a dancer with comedy for a side line.

The Three Weber Girls start out to be an exceedingly good singing and dancing act. Then they change their minds and wind up by being an exceptionally fine gymnastic turn.

"The Spirit of Mardi Gras," musical revue extraordinary, featuring the Mardi Gras Sextet, will remain one more week.

The Maitland Playhouse.

"Hedda Gabler," by Ibsen, will be given this coming week at the Maitland Playhouse on Stockton Street. As the first Ibsen play of the Maitland season, preliminary announcement has attracted more than the ordinary attention. Lovers of Ibsen will recall the play,



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The play will be presented by an excellent cast, including J. Anthony Smythe, who made his first appearance this week, Arthur Maitland, Thomas Miller, Mary Morris, Hélène Marchand, and others.

"Quality Street," which is on the bill this week, closing Saturday night, is a dainty, delightful Barrie play that was given so successfully by Maude Adams.

The return of J. Anthony Smythe, a great favorite, has strengthened the Maitland company.

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VANITY FAIR.

The French Academy has just given its naturalization papers to the word "gentleman" (says Henry D. Davray, writing in the *Anglo-French Review*). Although brilliantly received as a newcomer, the word is really an old friend somewhat changed by time and usage. Etymologically "gentleman" comes from the old French "gentilz hom." The two terms kept for a long time an identical sense and designated exactly the same kind of per-

son. When, however, the Revolution suppressed the French nobility or at least its free development, the word "gentilhomme" fell gradually into disuse. The nobility created by Napoleon and even by the later kings was a kind of second nobility which, compared to the old noblesse, was considered as a little parvenu. Although the term "gentilhomme" was no longer applied to them, it was no less true that many Frenchmen showed the lofty sentiments, the elegance of manners, the nobility of action which corresponded to the ideals of the gentilhomme of former times, and it was in searching the vocabulary for a name for them, not a new, manufactured word, that the English "gentleman" came into use. Whoever, without being a "noble man of race," was well bred and agreeable was denominated "gentleman" to distinguish him from the rest of his countrymen whose merits and virtues, whatever they might be, were of a more ordinary character. It should be noted that a commoner who was ennobled did not himself become a "gentilhomme," but his sons were born "gentilshommes." The distinction is amusing and, after all, judicious. It recalls the saying of a clever Englishman when astonishment was expressed that a certain very rich and vulgar man had been elevated to the peerage: "As they could not make a gentleman of him, they made him a lord."

As one can easily imagine, there is no word more misused in the English language; no

authorities agree on the limits of its application. To certain snobs every professional man and his sons are naturally gentlemen, while every tradesman and his descendants are beyond the pale. Last year, when there were no more war stories and when the peace conference had ceased to interest any one, a London daily asked its readers to formulate the definition of the word "gentleman" and to establish the rules of its application. Inextricable confusion resulted. The replies were so contradictory and so vehement that it was impossible to arrive at an authoritative definition or a reasonable limitation. The brilliant essayist, G. S. Street, was perfectly right when he urged, long ago, the suppression, pure and simple, of this term. If some day this suppression takes place by common consent and no one in English-speaking countries uses the word, the French Academy will have saved "gentleman" from oblivion—and since the English will always need a vocable to designate a gentleman, the British Academy can borrow from the French language the word "gentilhomme."

In Texas during the last cotton-picking season imported negro labor earned as high as \$20 a day, and much of the crop was not picked. At the time of this labor shortage there were more than 100,000 soldiers in Texas.

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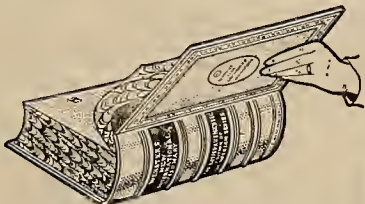
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STORYETTES.

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To a hoy, whose face plainly indicated mental distress a kind old lady said, "What is the matter?" "Pa fell down stairs," replied the boy. "Well, don't cry. He'll be all right soon, no doubt." "Yes, I know," said the boy, "but me sister seen him fall all the way an' I never seen nothin'."

"You are accused of attempting to rob a

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pedestrian at 2 o'clock this morning. What have you to say?" "I am not guilty, your honor; I can prove a lullaby." "You mean an alibi?" "Well, call it what you like, but my wife will swear that I was walking the floor with the baby at the hour mentioned in the charge."

Three-year-old Walter received his first boy's cap the other day. His Uncle John put it on one side of his head so that the bill was turned toward one ear. Then he carried Walter to the mirror. But the little fellow didn't like the effect. He began to twist the cap so that the bill would be in front. "I want the porch over my face," he explained to his uncle.

There is really no reason for believing that there is any truth in a story which is being told of a recent attempted escape from justice. The fugitive rushed wildly into his lawyer's

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office, declared dramatically that he was being closely pressed by the police, and asked the head clerk where he could hide. The head clerk did not hesitate a moment. "Get into the simplified card index case," he said calmly. "I defy any one to find anything there."

A Pink, as the parlor Bolsheviks are now called, got into an argument at a Philadelphia smoker with Editor George H. Lorimer. "We all work pretty much alike," said the Pink. "In other words, we all do the best we can. Therefore, I claim that we all ought to be paid alike, and that would abolish class distinction—rich and poor." "I don't agree," said Editor Lorimer. "This equality idea leaves me cold." "But," said the Pink, "don't we all, after all, row in the same boat?" "Yes," said the editor, "but not with the same skulls."

A traveling salesman died suddenly, and was taken to his home in the West. His relatives telephoned to the nearest florist to make a wreath. The ribbon was to be extra wide, with the inscription, "Rest in Peace," on both sides, and if there was room, "We shall meet in Heaven." The florist was away and his new assistant handled the job. It was a startling floral piece which turned up at the funeral. The ribbon was extra wide, and bore the inscription: "Rest in Peace on Both Sides and If There Is Room We Shall Meet in Heaven."

Sir Auckland Geddes, the new British ambassador, was talking at a luncheon in Philadelphia about seasickness. "There are numerous remedies for seasickness," he said. "Some advise cotton in the ears; others recommend smoked glasses; a champagne diet has its votaries; fasting has its advantages as well; but I, for my part, however, incline to the old skipper's view. 'Oh, captain,' moaned a lady passenger, 'my husband is frightfully seasick. Can you tell him what to do?' 'It aint necessary to tell him, ma'am. He'll do it,' said the old skipper gruffly."

THE MERRY MUSE.

An Athletic Lover.

My sweetheart is keen on athletics;
At tennis and golf she's a "crack";
While I, though I know arithmetics,
Am far from a star on the "track";
But she is not scornful, like some belles,
And does not discourage me quite,
Since I have procured me some dumbbells,
And practice by night!

I used to set forth with a lunch bag
When morning came up with its glow;
But now I must carry a punch bag,
For I am in training, you know.
I go (though I can not say gayly)
To those that give massage and rubs,
While I am conversant (and daily)
With Indian clubs!

I labor with weight and with pulley
Until I feel desperate—well,
I hope I won't turn out a bully,
And yet, yet you never can tell!
For should she persist in evasion
Whenever I woo her to win
I think I should try strong persuasion,
And gather her in!

—Clinton Scollard in Judge.

In the Gazing Crystal.

Out of the East you come, the dreamy East,
Holding what message in your crystal deeps;
Above you loomed perchance some pagan priest
In far forgotten lands where silence creeps.
Perhaps beld by some princess who now sleeps,
Knowing your prophecy as false or true;
What golden tide of fortune near me sweeps,
Or what depth of disaster is my due.

Always I ponder on life's tangled skein,
And far I'm buffeted by tedious tides;
The future's dim wherein I peer and strain,
And from your strength I look for friendly guides;
Tell me shall we forget our growing thirst,
And do I get a flat on May the first?
—Thomas J. Murray in Judge.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Walton Moore and Miss Elizabeth Moore gave a dinner-dance Friday evening at the St. Francis in honor of Miss Laura Miller. Among their guests were Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Virginia Smith, Miss Helen Brack, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Barbara Seson, Miss Katherine Seson, Mr. Monroe Greenwood, Mr. Alpheus Bull, Mr. Shelby Hodapp, Mr. James Pullian, Mr. Henry Cartan, Mr. Edward Engst, Mr. Arthur Adams, Mr. John Knox, Mr. Robert Beale, and Mr. Lawson Poss.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken gave a supper-dance last Wednesday evening. In their party were Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Charlotte Ziel, Miss Helen Pierce, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. William Hendrickson, Mr. John Ziel, and Mr. Barroll McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean gave a dinner last Thursday evening before the Charity Ball, having as their guests Miss Anne Peters, Miss Rosario Moran, Miss Florence Veach, Mr. James Jackman, Mr. William Veach, and Mr. Edward Matthy.

Miss Barbara Benjamin gave a luncheon Saturday, with her guests last attending the matinee. In the party were Miss Francesca Deering, Miss Ruth Whitley, Miss Gertrude Barrett, Miss Irene Barreth, Miss Sophia Brownell, Miss Katherine

Fleet, Miss Elizabeth Watt, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Geraldine Grace, Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr., Mr. Jack Boyden, Mr. John Lusk, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. Porter Seson, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. Robert Miller, Mr. Robert Bowles, Mr. Coy Filmer, Mr. Arthur Devlin, Mr. Homer Curran, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. George McNear, Mr. Russell Wilson, and Mr. John Knox.

Mrs. George Ebright was a tea hostess last Thursday at her Washington Street home.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre gave a dinner before the Charity Ball, having among their guests Mr. and Mrs. William Duncan, Mrs. Charles Buckingham, Miss Marion Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. John Cushing, and Mr. William Jackson.

Mr. Edgerton Wright was a dinner hostess Thursday evening, complimenting Mrs. Thomas Hawkins of Hollister. In the party were Mrs. Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Miss Mary Gorgas, Mr. Cosmo Morgan, Mr. Harvey Wright, and Mr. Edgerton Wright.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., entertained at dinner before the Charity Ball last Thursday, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Platt Kent, Miss Louise Winston of Los Angeles, Miss Evelyn Barron, Mr. George Montgomery, and Mr. John Parrott.

Mrs. Grahame Parker gave a luncheon Wednesday, complimenting Mrs. Roy Bishop.

Miss Katherine Bentley was the guest of honor at a dinner-dance over which Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bradley presided Saturday evening. Others in the group were Miss Mary Davis, Miss Ruth Davis, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Barbara Seson, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Katherine Seson, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Juanita Ghirardelli, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Helen Brack, Miss Amanda McNear, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. James Moffitt, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. James McIntosh, Mr. Clark Crocker, Mr. Gregory Harrison, Mr. Dean Dillmann, Mr. Harry Magee, Mr. Edward Engst, Mrs. Kenneth Walsh, Mr. Jack Boyden, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan.

Mrs. Stetson Winslow gave a dinner before the Charity Ball last Thursday for Miss Marie Louise Winslow.

Mrs. Ward Dawson gave a luncheon Thursday for Miss Laura Miller. The affair was held at the Fairmont, and among the guests were Mrs. Zook Sutton, Mrs. Jack O'Kelly, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Catherine Armstrong, Miss Juanita Ghirardelli, Miss Elva Ghirardelli, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Helen Rodolph, Miss Katherine Maxwell, Miss Virginia Smith, and Miss Sally Long.

Mrs. Arthur Sharp entertained at luncheon Wednesday, having among her guests Miss Geraldine King, Miss Barbara Seson, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Barbara Kimple, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Katherine Seson, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Elizabeth Clemons, and Miss Katherine Bentley.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge were dinner hosts last Friday evening.

Mrs. J. J. Smith gave a bridge-tee Friday in Claremont for Mrs. Thomas Hawkins. Among the guests were Mrs. Curtis O'Sullivan, Mrs. Charles Wheeler, Jr., Mrs. Hans Barkan, Mrs. Felix Smith, Mrs. Henry Van Winkle, Mrs. Stanley Powell, and Miss Anne Van Winkle.

Mrs. Lowell Cooper of New York was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Friday by Mrs. Ralph Palmer. Others in the party were Mrs. Arthur Ford, Mrs. Lloyd Hardie, Mrs. Uda Waldrop, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Frank Allen, Jr., Mrs. Duval Moore, Mrs. Ezra Stimson, Mrs. Stanleigh Arnold, Miss Katherine Pittman, and Miss Marjorie Pittman.

Mr. and Mrs. James Armsby gave a dinner Tuesday evening, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Meiggs, and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Ballard.

Miss Katherine Bentley was complimented at a luncheon Tuesday by Miss Amanda McNear. The affair was held at the Town and Country Club, those asked to meet the debutante having included Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Miss Barbara Kimple, Miss Alysses Allen, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Josephine Moore, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Katherine Seson, Miss Barbara Seson, Miss Geraldine King, Miss Suzanne de l'Enclos, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Charlotte Ziel, Miss Elizabeth Goodhue of Pasadena, and Miss Ruth Hobart.

Major Philip Faymonville gave a dinner Tuesday evening at the Bobemian Club for General and Mrs. William Graves.

Mrs. Frederick Reaver gave a dinner-dance last Wednesday at the St. Francis for her niece, Miss Elizabeth Goodhue of Pasadena. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Margaret Scheld, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Mary Emma Flood, Mr. Wakefield Baker, Mr. Clinton Jones, Mr. Edward Hills, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Richard McLaren, Mr. Dean Dillmann, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. Victor Cooley, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. Harris Carrigan, and Mr. James McIntosh.

Mrs. Harold Mann gave a tea Tuesday for Miss Geraldine Grace. In the receiving party were Mrs. Edward Sheldon, Mrs. Arthur Fennimore, Mr. Alfred Ghirardelli, Mrs. George Romanowsky, Mrs. Jack Mighells, Mrs. Gustav Knecht, Mrs. Gracie MacDonald, Miss Eleanor Parker, and Miss Edith Slack.

Miss Florence Veach gave a tea Sunday afternoon, her guests including Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Albert Rees, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Young, Jr., Miss Louise Braden, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Suzanne de l'Enclos, Miss Helen Garritt, Miss Lorna Williamson, Miss Rosario Moran, Miss Constance Hart, Mr. Edward Matthy, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Grant Black, Mr. William Veach, Mr. James Jackman, Mr. Donald Lewis, and Mr. Bojlar Pouritch.

Mrs. Claire Duffie gave a luncheon Monday in Berkeley, her guests including Mrs. Frank Mol-

ler, Mrs. Paul de Fremery, Miss Virginia Smith, Miss Hatherly Brittain, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Dorothy Cawston, Miss Margaret Webster, Miss Doris Rodolph, and Miss Claire Knight.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold de Ropp are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter at their home in Los Angeles.

The Alcazar Theatre.

The emotional sweep of this week's play, "The Eternal Magdalene" will be followed at the Alcazar next Sunday by a novelty in full accord with the spirit of Thanksgiving week. "Five O'Clock" was pronounced an unusual play when given at the Fulton, New York. Keen interest attaches to its premiere in California, where its author, Frank Bacon, still claims his home, despite a phenomenal success as star and co-author of "Lightnin'," still playing to capacity in its third year in New York. "Five O'Clock" shows how a gifted young fellow was railroaded to a so-called sanatorium and kept there by a crooked relative and his hought "specialist." It demonstrates how absurd a so-called "mental examination" may be made by the expenditure of money. Such is the variety of dramatic incident that Jack Lait, dramatist and noted fictionist, in reviewing its premiere, wrote: "New York never before saw a play like 'Five O'Clock.' Frank Bacon's comedy made an audience laugh uproariously, weep unashamed, and go out delighted, wondering, and talking." Dudley Ayres will personate the same man who was railroaded, with Elwyn Harvey the superintendent's daughter, who helped him regain freedom. There are splendid character types for Ben Erway, Charles Yule, Rafael Brunetto, Al Cunningham, Frederick Green, Emily Pinter, Edna Peckham, and others.

"Crooked Gamblers," November 28th, is another of the many New York current successes that San Francisco would not see but for the Alcazar. It is a comedy of frenzied stock speculation by Samuel Shipman, co-author of "Friendly Enemies," and Percival Wilde, produced at the Hudson Theatre only last July by A. H. Woods, who has released it for the Alcazar only, as it does not tour the Coast.

Raoul Vidas.

Following the American debut in Carnegie Hall, New York, of the gifted young violinist, Raoul Vidas, who will be heard in double concert with Charles Hackett, lyric tenor of the Metropolitan, under the local direction of Frank W. Healy at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, December 5th, the following tribute appeared in the New York Tribune:

"The large audience which gathered at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon upon the occasion of the American debut of Raoul Vidas, French violinist, did credit to its appreciation of musical artistry by the warmth of welcome it accorded him.

"It discovered in him a violinist who will make his contemporaries, even in the first rank, look to their laurels, if he maintains the high standard which his playing yesterday revealed. He came, not as the heralded product of a master's hand, but as an artist standing upon his own merits for recognition. That recognition was not long delayed."

"Mr. Vidas has to a remarkable degree the essentials of the violinist's equipment—an agile left hand, flexible, pleasing tone of fine sonority in the lower register, clearness and brilliance in the upper, distinction in phrasing and warmth of feeling tempered by good taste."

Mr. Healy is also offering other artists, including Louis Graveure, the baritone; Leo Ornstein, pianist, and Mme. Frances Alda, soprano. Season tickets for the entire series can be purchased at greatly reduced rates.

Players Theatre.

Monday begins the last week of the fall repertory season at the Players Theatre on Bush Street. To accommodate the demand for seats for Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore" it will be given every evening but Wednesday and Friday, including a special Saturday matinee on November 27th. Considerable interest has been aroused in the announcement that William S. Rainey will sing the tenor rôle of Richard Dauntless for these last performances. Tolstoy's drama, "Fedya," will be played for the last two times on Wednesday and Friday evenings. The Players Theatre will open again with an entirely new repertory immediately after the holidays.

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Mr. and Mrs. John Mailliard gave a dinner Thursday before the Charity Ball, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Skewes-Cox, Dr. and Mrs. Howard Naffziger, and Miss Marian Leigh Mailliard.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Teague gave a tea Sunday at the Palace following the christening of their little son at Mission Dolores. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sutor, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lacey Brayton, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Knowles, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Bray, Dr. and Mrs. Radford Pearce, Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Derby, Mr. and Mrs. St. George Holden, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Chisholm, Mrs. Macondray Moore, Mrs. Encarnacion Mejia, Mrs. Walter Johnson, Mrs. E. B. Rogers, Miss Mary Ann Sutor, and Miss Louise Maboney.

Mrs. Hays Smith gave a luncheon Wednesday, having among her guests Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. William Devereux, Mrs. Frederick Hussey, Miss Celia O'Connor, and Miss Maud O'Connor.

Miss Laura Miller was the guest of honor at a dinner-dance given Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller. Those asked to greet the debutante included Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Miss Barbara Kimple, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Katherine Seson, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Barbara Seson, Miss Julia Van

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William Crocker, Count and Countess André de Limur, and Miss Helen Crocker left Monday for New York. Count and Countess de Limur will sail shortly for Paris, where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. Marcus Sloane returned last week from a sojourn in Boston.

Miss Ruth Hobart will remain in California this winter instead of joining her mother in Philadelphia. Miss Hannah Hobart will come to San Francisco after the first of the year.

Mrs. Daniel Jackling will return to California for the Christmas holidays. She will be accompanied by her nieces, Miss Alice Moffitt and Miss Eleanor Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Scheeline have reopened their apartments at the St. Francis, after a long visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus have taken apartments at the St. Francis for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hussey will take possession of their new home in San Mateo next week. The property formerly belonged to Dr. Henri de Marville, who resides in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell and their daughters have reopened their apartments at the Warrington for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin have returned to San Mateo from Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark will spend the winter in Paris, where they have taken the resi-

dence of the late Mr. William K. Vanderbilt for the season.

Miss Louise Winston of Los Angeles is the house guest of Miss Evelyn Barron in San Mateo. Mrs. Hamilton Howard will leave next week for New York to spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hearst.

Miss Edith Livermore has taken one of Miss Louise Mahoney's studio apartments on Broadway for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Farmer Fuller have returned from Europe, where they have spent the past two years, and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pike. In New York they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Barr Baker.

Dr. and Mrs. George Lee have taken possession of their new home on East Sixty-First Street, New York. Until recently they have resided at the Plaza Hotel.

Colonel and Mrs. Lincoln Karmany are en route to California from Yokohama, and will arrive in San Francisco the middle of December.

Countess de Buyer, who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Kellogg in Washington, will come to California shortly to be with Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk.

Mrs. Elyse Hopkins has taken an apartment on California Street near Mason for the winter.

Miss Marian Zeile is in Honolulu visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dillingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas will come to San Francisco next week for a brief sojourn before leaving for New York. They will spend the winter in the Eastern city.

Mr. Somerset Maugham of London is staying at Mr. Joseph Redding's apartments until his departure for the South Sea Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lloyd-Butler have returned to their ranch in Oxnard, after a short visit in town.

Miss Cora Jane Flood, Miss Mary Emma Flood, and Miss Christine Donohoe have left for New York. Miss Flood will remain in the East until the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Flood in December, when they will sail for Italy to be gone indefinitely. Miss Donohoe will join Miss Hildreth Meiere in New York.

Mrs. Howard Renshaw of New York has returned to her ranch in Playto for the winter. Mrs. Alexander Rutherford has recently been visiting her.

Mrs. Anne Stow Fithian has returned to Santa Barbara from Los Angeles.

Mrs. Adrian von Debreus and Miss Josephine Ross have left for Santa Barbara, after a brief sojourn in town. They returned Sunday from Honolulu accompanied by Miss Barbara Donohoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor have taken the Buckingham house for the winter.

Count and Countess de Limur and their son, Count Jean de Limur, left last week for Paris. They have been visiting in Burlingame with Mr. and Mrs. Crocker for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Ridgely of Baltimore have been visiting the latter's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent, in Burlingame for the past fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Kaime have closed their country place at Pebble Beach and have come to town for the winter season.

Admiral Joseph Lee Jayne, U. S. N., is staying at the Arlington Hotel in Santa Barbara for several days.

The Misses Alice and Lucy Hanchett have gone to New York for the remainder of the season.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Lowell Cooper of New York have left for their new station in San Diego, after a fortnight's stay in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Verdier left last week for the Atlantic coast en route to Paris.

Mr. Henry Bowie returned last week from Japan. He will remain in California for the rest of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Walter have gone to Southern California for a month's sojourn.

Mr. George Coleman has returned to his home in Montecito, after a short visit in San Francisco.

General and Mrs. William Graves arrived Tuesday from the Philippines and are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Gillespie before leaving for the Atlantic coast. En route they will visit at Fort Wright, Washington, with their son-in-law and daughter, Major and Mrs. W. R. Orton.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grace and Miss Geraldine Grace have closed their house in Santa Rosa and are at the Palace for the winter.

Miss Elizabeth Goodhue of Pasadena is the house guest of her aunt, Mrs. L. L. Morse.

Miss Marian Hollins of New York will arrive from the East next month and will pass the rest of the winter at Pebble Beach.

Major and Mrs. Haldimand Young have taken apartments at the St. Xavier for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Williamson and Miss Lorna Williamson will leave the middle of December for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent spent the weekend at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Hamilton are spending several days in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery have taken the residence of Mr. Raymond Splivalo in San Mateo for the winter.

Colonel and Mrs. Herbert Deakne have arrived from the East, and have taken a house at 2651 Green Street for the winter.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Oakland include Mr. and Mrs. Fred Houser, Atlanta, Georgia; Mr. H. C. Campbell, Portland, Oregon.

Among recent Whitcomb arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. J. Harvey Levey, Paso Robles; Mr. L. D. Swentzel, Kansas City; Dr. and Mrs. Lloyd Austin, Fresno; Mr. J. F. Wise, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Bradford, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Skinner, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Higgins, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Everett, Sebastopol; Mr. and Mrs. J. Lyman, Los Angeles; Mr. James R. Erskine, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Carpenter, New York; Dr. H. B. de Bey, Chicago.

Recent arrivals at the Palace include Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Caverly, Long Beach; Mr. M. H. Lewis, Los Angeles; Mr. A. M. Heimann, New York; Mr. J. M. Alvey, Louisville; Mr. G. H. Hutchins, New York; Mr. Henry Ascher, Kansas

City; Mr. H. O. Hashagan, Mr. Samuel H. Noxon, Shanghai; Captain John F. Blain, Seattle; Mr. Frederick S. Lyon, Los Angeles; Mr. C. A. Johnson, Huntington Beach; Mr. W. Halloran, Kingman, Arizona; Mr. F. von Hermaun, Cleveland.

Registered at the St. Francis are Mr. C. Coniff, Lansing, Michigan; Mr. L. G. Logan, Sydney, Nebraska; Mr. M. M. Munk, Salt Lake; Mr. S. H. Lamh, Dayton, Ohio; Mr. H. A. Goddars, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Miller, Mr. Frank W. Rayer, Reno; Dr. Stanley W. Dowling, Santa Cruz; Mr. C. M. Brown, Redlands; Mr. and Mrs. Phil Metschan, Portland, Oregon; Mr. W. F. Osburn, Eugene, Oregon.

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather.

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, the famous British cartoonist, who is intimately known to us through his books and his comedy, "The Better Ole," will visit San Francisco early in December to deliver his new lecture, entitled "Old Bill, Me and the Income Tax," which he will illustrate with rapid-fire cartoons drawn on the stage.

In discussing present conditions in England, Captain Bairnsfather said that there had been the same psychological reaction there as in other countries. "There is," he remarked, "a universal desire to blot out everything relating to the war. People avoid talking about it as much as possible and turn their thoughts to other things."

"On this account I am devoting my cartoons to subjects unconnected with the war, and am endeavoring, bard as it is, to show the humorous side of the income tax, the strikes, high cost of living, and other painful subjects. 'People in England seem to appreciate this sort of humor, and even in the midst of the recent coal strike I lectured to record-breaking audiences. At Birmingham, a few days before I sailed, I lectured to over three thousand people who filled the largest auditorium in the city, and hundreds were turned away."

"The capacity of the English masses to find humor in practically everything will, in my opinion, save England from any serious radical revolutionary movement. They succeed in Russia very largely because the Slav is a gloomy fellow. In England one hears a great deal about Bolshevism and predictions that something terrible will happen, but as a matter of fact nothing ever does happen, and everybody goes to the football game or the theatre."

"Englishmen, just now, are far more interested in what prices are going to do and who is going to strike next than they are in politics of any kind."

Tetrazzini.

Under the management of W. H. Leahy, proprietor of the Tivoli Opera House, Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini is having one of the most successful tours of her entire career. Recently Tetrazzini, who will appear in San Francisco at the Exposition Auditorium March 27th (Easter Sunday), under the local direction of Frank W. Healy, gave a concert in Minneapolis. Here is what Victor Nilson of the Minneapolis Journal said:

"Luisa Tetrazzini has not begun her farewell tours yet. It is much too early. Returning last night to the twin cities for an appearance at the St. Paul Auditorium after nine years of absence, she is still more the marvel of exuberance, vitality, and brilliancy of voice than ever."

Symphony Orchestra.

Josef Lhevinne, the Russian pianist, will appear as soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra tomorrow afternoon in the Curran Theatre. He will play Beethoven's

Tea Tales



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"How's that?"

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Next Sunday, November 28th, Kajetan Attil will be the soloist at the popular concert. He will play Saint-Saëns' brilliant fantasy for harp. Other numbers will be Mendelssohn's "Melusina" overture, the Andante con moto from Schubert's C Major Symphony, Saint-Saëns' "Algerienne" suite, and Massenet's "Le Cid" ballet suite. The closing number will be Tchaikowsky's March Slav.

Bridge Tea.

Another of the popular bridge-teas arranged by the Hotel Whitcomb took place on last Tuesday afternoon. The score prize given as the compliment of the hotel was won by Mrs. Joseph Rotbchild, who was a table guest of Mrs. A. Weilberg of Cincinnati. The list of patronesses of these charming parties is steadily increasing as the season advances.

"Pomander Walk," a delightful comedy with a London setting, but written by Louis Napoleon Parker, an American playwright, is to be one of the attractions during the month of December at the Maitland Playhouse.

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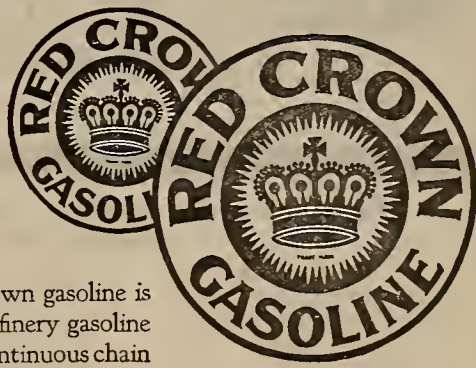
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"Some early influence has made him erratic, I'm sure." "He was born under a crazy quilt, I've been told."—*Judge*.

"I shall marry a girl my exact antithesis." "You have plenty of chances. There's lots of intelligent girls about."—*Christiania Kersaren*.

Wife—Richard, do you know that you are in the habit of snoring? *Hub*—Am I? I am sorry to hear it. *Wife* (dryly)—So am I.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Curious marriage, wasn't it?" "How curious?" "The bride was given away and the girls say the groom threw himself away."—*Boston Transcript*.

"I see where they christened some destroyers with cider." "I suppose that was to pledge them always to be in apple-pie order."—*Baltimore American*.

Romantic Parent—Some still maintain they can see people smuggling on this beach at night. *Little Boy*—Yes, I know. Grandma said it's disgusting.—*London Mail*.

"I met your husband today and he was telling me that he is in love with his work." "Was he, indeed? I must take a look in at the office."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Landlady—Don't be afraid of the meat, Mr. Grant. *Grant* (a new boarder)—I'm not afraid of it. I've seen twice as much meat, and it didn't frighten me a bit.—*London Royal Magazine*.

"Aren't you going to invite Mrs. Blank to your dinner party?" asked Mrs. Blunderh's niece. "I should say not," answered the old lady. "I entertained her once and she never recuperated."—*Boston Transcript*.

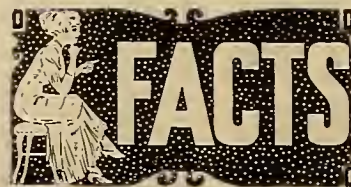
"I see a man was excused from a jury because he frankly said he thought he didn't have sense enough to serve." "His frankness was, perhaps, commendable, but I'll wager both sides were sorry to lose him."—*Kansas City Star*.

"What do you think of that new clerk of yours who looks like a movie star?" "He seems to have made quite an impression on our fair stenographers," said the tired business man. "You didn't hire him to break hearts, I hope?" "No, hut competent stenographers are hard to get. If I can keep him

from showing favoritism, I may be able to hold my present force together for at least six months."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"Who was it said that it takes two to make a quarrel?" asked Mrs. Gabb. "I don't know," growled Mr. Gabb. "But I'll bet a million dollars he wasn't a married man."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"Are you having any trouble keeping your bired man satisfied with his job?" "No," replied Mr. Cobbles. "I worked on his superstition." "How so?" "I paid a fortune teller \$5 to tell him seven-dollar-a-day jobs in town would soon be as scarce as hen's teeth."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.



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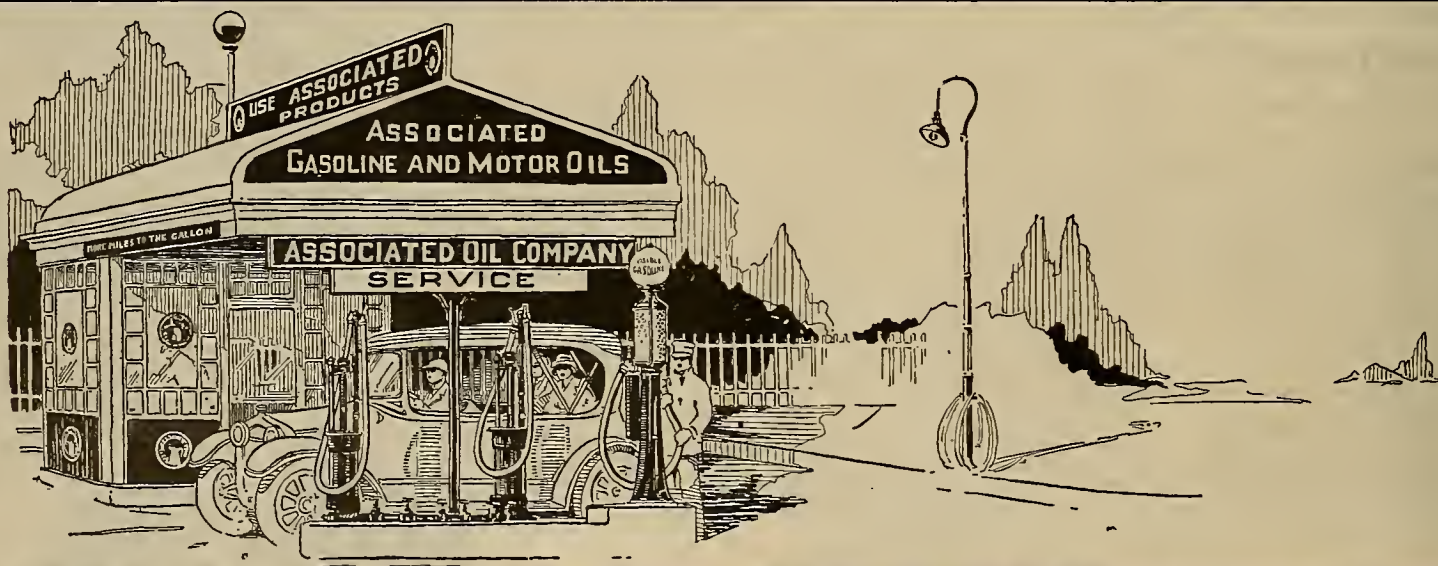
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VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2279.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 27, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. W. M. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The President and the Elections.

The President seems to be in no way cast down by the result of the elections, perhaps because the result was a foregone conclusion. He has recently taken several rides in spite of the inclement weather and—more significant still—Dr. Grayson now goes home to sleep for the first time since the President's illness. There seems to be no doubt that the President and Mrs. Wilson intend to remain in Washington after March 4th, and it is believed that they will occupy the Grayson house on Wisconsin Avenue. Mr. Tumulty will also remain and discharge his new duties as judge of the Court of Customs Appeal. His qualifications for that position are not quite apparent, unless his fidelity to his chief is so considered. Probably there is no truth in the rumor that Mr. Tumulty will become chairman of the National Democratic Committee, but he is sure to remain in touch with Mr. Wilson, and perhaps supply him with the ammunition to be used in attacks on the new government.

Some of the more ardent of the President's champions are expressing resentment at what they describe as a callous attitude toward his illness on the part of his opponents. There is, of course, no ground for such a charge. Sympathy with the President has been marked and general. Party strife may be acrimonious, but it never descends to such a depth as that. More-

over, it is to be remembered that the real nature of the President's illness has been studiously concealed from the public and its gravity denied, even to the point of some violation of the veracities. To this day there is little but surmise and conjecture, often contradictory, as to the President's condition and its fluctuations. Instead of reliable medical bulletins we have been left to the chance observations of reporters and the almost valueless opinions of favored visitors. There is no American anywhere, probably no human being anywhere, who does not hope for the President's complete restoration to health and for his participation in those unofficial counsels that make for the creation and maintenance of public opinion.

Finance and the Future.

The new Congress will be called upon to address itself to questions not so spectacular as the treaty or the league of nations, but even more emergent and more impatient for settlement. We may believe, perhaps with a touch of cynicism, that a situation begun with a scrap of paper will not be greatly mended nor marred by other scraps of paper. At least they must have a secondary place in the order of precedence.

But the economic problem can not wait. Already the air is full of portents, and they refuse to be dissipated by an airy optimism. Agriculture and industry are in a bad way. Prices have fallen during the last six months at an unprecedented rate. There has been over-production everywhere. European markets have been closed to us by the rates of exchange, and our own markets are hampered by our mischievous experiments in government ownership that have led to an almost hopeless congestion. The textile industry is nearly at a standstill. The foreigner is eager to buy, but he can not do so, and at home we are faced with what may be called a buyers' strike. The public has buttoned its pockets and made up its mind to go without. Factories that were geared to the high production level by war and extravagance now find that their goods are unsalable. Prices are being cut everywhere in a frantic effort to unload, and factories are either closing altogether or running on half-time. Depression in the iron trade is marked and there is no activity in the building either of homes or of railroads. Capital, in other words, is frightened. Why should it go in search of profits that must be handed over to the government? National securities may pay a lower rate of interest, but at least they are safe, and they are usually tax exempt. There is nothing to tempt capital into industry. Indeed there is every sort of warning to hold aloof.

There are three factors in the high cost of living that have remained stationary. First there is the deficiency of houses. The cost of building material is extraordinarily high, and this implicates the evils of our transportation and distribution systems. With agriculture suffering heavily there will be no "back to the land" movement. The movement will be the other way. It is to be feared that the only remedy for the housing evil is the inevitable one of foreclosures and bankruptcies that will force reductions all along the line and so stimulate legitimate building operations.

The second factor is transportation. Here, too, the only remedy is time. Government control produced chaos in the railroads and inefficiency became the order of the day. A car of foodstuffs will be spoiled by delay and the loss is added to prices. Indeed the loss is added before it happens by way of precaution. We shall have to wait in patience for the reestablishment of efficiency in railroad service, and with only the poor consolation that we ourselves are responsible.

The third factor is the cost of government. Congress can apply the remedy here, but it is doubtful if Congress will do so. It is too malleable, ductile, compressible, soft. Every department, like Oliver Twist, clamors for more. Every sort of special interest pleads

for relief. Only the louder voices are heard, only the importunities succeed. Merely to slash the appropriations will do no good. What is needed is a coldly scientific survey of the entire field of government expenditures, an actual reorganization of the administrative branches of the government and a distribution of the funds on a basis of actual needs and of the funds that are clearly available. Even the budget system would not give immediate relief. Congress must depend, as usual, on the estimates of the several departments, all of them eager to make a showing, all of them determined to get the uttermost farthing. Congress, it need not be doubted, means well, but then we all know where good intentions lead. It may be said also that we all know what must happen unless clear minds are brought to bear upon a situation involving a general contraction of credit, cessation of industry, bankruptcies, and unemployment.

Some Labor Leaders.

The proceedings conducted in New York by Samuel Untermyer and the Lockwood committee help us somewhat toward an understanding of the high price of building materials and the consequent dearth of houses. The conditions existing in New York, or other conditions analogous to them, may exist here and elsewhere. If so they can be removed without recourse to legislation such as the reckless laws passed in New York to remedy a situation supposed to be economic, but actually criminal.

There are about thirty building trades in New York and it seems that nearly all of them were in a conspiracy to raise the price of materials to famine point and to keep it there. But since labor was a factor in all these trades it was necessary to secure the complicity of the unions, and this was done through the agency of Robert Brindell, who had manoeuvred himself into the position of president of the Building Trades Council. Ostensibly exercising his functions as a champion of labor, as a protector of the workman against a conscienceless capitalism, Brindell seems impartially to have blackmailed both labor and capital. It has already been shown—and the proceedings are still young—that he received some \$50,000 from building contractors, and we may expect to hear of a vastly larger sum when all the facts have been discovered. But Brindell was by no means satisfied with this spoiling of the Egyptians. Everything was fish that came to his net. A labor dollar looked just the same to him as any other, and so we read of a single small union that was forced to contribute \$40,000 to Brindell's income. We are told that nearly every building trades union in New York was organized by Brindell and his associates—for there were others—as a source of revenue to themselves. By a cleverly devised system of officialism they built up a personal machine that gave them almost invincible strength. How this was done by an adroit process of affiliation and delegation need not here be recounted. It is enough that it was done, that the contractors and unions were impartially plundered, and that the long-suffering public went houseless and blamed the war for its misery.

The war is of course responsible for a vast amount of disorganization, chaos, and high prices. It is responsible also for the opportunity that it gave to the remorseless cupidity of combinations and to the rapacity of individuals who were quick to avail themselves of unrest and class antagonisms. The combinations are hard to resist. Their agreements are secret and usually unrecorded. They are often beyond the reach of the law and vulnerable only to the internal forces of competition that always come into play sooner or later. But the predatory labor leader is quite another matter. He is not only a thief, but a traitor. Without his connivance the contractors' combination would be nearly impossible. And his connivance can usually be lo-

no matter how flagrant his treachery to his associates.

How comes it that the labor union is so prone to give its confidence to scoundrels? There has been a long dynasty of them, veritable Napoleons of blackmail such as the late Sam Parks. If they confined their depredations to the employer it would at least be comprehensible. But they do not. They plunder alike their friends and their supposed enemies. No one is exempt. They have flourished in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, openly flaunting their wealth before the eyes of their victims, who must be quite well aware of at least one of its sources. The small union that paid \$40,000 to Brindell must have wondered if they were getting value for their money. They must have known that they were not. Why was Brindell allowed to get such a strangle hold on the building trades unions? Why was he allowed to maintain it?

Labor unionism must know that it is on an ebbing tide, and it may well ask itself why an institution that ought to be beneficent to the whole community is fast approaching a point of execration. The answer is to be found in the quality of its leadership. There can be no real success without honest leadership. The public at large believes that a nefarious situation is indicated by the persistent choice of dishonest leaders, the apparent preference for pirates and highwaymen.

If one-half the energies devoted to corruptions and illegalities had been directed toward efficiencies and responsibilities the labor unions would now be enjoying, not only a universal respect, but a power and an authority sufficient for all their needs.

Psycho-Analyzing the President.

Is it actually true that we unveil our souls and display the hidden mechanism of our minds every time we make a speech or write a book? It has been said that speech was given to us in order that we might conceal our thoughts, but that cynicism will have to disappear if the psycho-analyst can sustain his claims.

Here is William Bayard Hale, for example, who analyzes for us the mind of President Wilson. Some of us will believe that Mr. Hale's task is now a superfluity, but then Mr. Hale's ways are not our ways, and his methods have all the charm of novelty. Moreover, we may learn to avoid the verbal pitfalls into which President Wilson heedlessly walked in his ignorance of psycho-analysis. To be forewarned is to be forearmed.

What does it mean when a speaker or a writer shows a marked preference for a particular letter of the alphabet? Frankly, we do not know, but the curious reader will find all about in Mr. Hale's book, "The Story of a Style." In the case of the President it seems always to mean something disagreeable.

Take, for instance, the letter p. We can not get along entirely without it. But it should be used prudently, and only under proper pressure of propriety. Otherwise there may be invidious inferences. The President, it seems, in the course of a page or so uses the words "processes," "unprecedented operations," "proud punctilios," "preserve without passion," "poisoned purposes," "profess fair play," "purchase peace by passionless processes." This means something dark. So does the excessive use of the v sound, as in "very," "veritable," "vital," "voices," "vitality of a various people," etc.

The President, says Mr. Hale, suffers from "inhibited cerebration," which sounds serious. Hence the p's and the v's. Hence the surplus adjectives, the dodged verbs, the effort after superlatives, the repetition for forty years of a few favorite phrases, the alliterations, the rhymes, the puns, the trailing echo of sounds for page after page. The President is never frank, but "very frank." He speaks of the "very absolute," and the "most universal," and the "absolutely essential." On a single page he tells us of "black darkness," "damp mists," and "slimy mud." The President, says Mr. Hale, does not search for thoughts. He searches for words. Sounds become the substitutes for cerebration.

Now all of these things are evidence that the President is constantly trying to retreat from real life. We do not know why they show it, but they do. Psycho-analysis says so. Thus, and by way of confirmation, we are reminded that the President had a daily movie show in his house, that he is interested in the number 13, that he asks himself rhetorical questions because he shrinks from asking them of any one else, that he conducts mock debates with himself because he is unwilling to match his mind with others. It is this same

inhibited cerebration that leads the President into mistakes. He confuses Poland and Roumania, Prague and Warsaw, supposes Bagdad to be in Persia, runs the Bagdad Railroad through countries far away from its track, confuses Gladstone with Bryce, and assassinates Franz Ferdinand in Serbia instead of Austria.

Now all this is portentous, and particularly the persisting preference for the letter p. How shall we conceal our thoughts if they are to be unconsciously betrayed in such ways as this? Must we all study psycho-analysis in order to circumvent the wiles thus brought against us to our undoing? But then life would be hardly worth living.

What Does Japan Mean?

Our relations with Japan are by no means what they should be, and this may be said with none the less certainty because of the vague and contradictory reports that reach us from Washington as to the construction of the new treaty. It is said that an agreement had been reached by which civil but not political rights were to be accorded to Japanese now in America, but that the Japanese government had suddenly shifted its grounds and demanded all the rights of naturalization. Now the rights of naturalization can not be granted by treaty, even supposing that there were a wish to grant them. They can be granted only by act of Congress, but none the less we are told that the Japanese government is likely to insist and is even prepared to abandon the treaty altogether. We are told also that the restriction of immigration forms no part of the treaty, but that it is provided for by a new "gentleman's agreement."

Now we can consider this matter from two different points of view, and while we may choose which we will, perhaps the really important point is to determine which one has been selected by the Japanese government. We may regard the matter as one that hinges entirely upon naturalization and immigration and therefore to be determined in the usual diplomatic ways. Or we may ask ourselves whether Japan is pursuing a great world policy of which the present conflict of view is a provocative or an aggressive part. If the latter question is to be answered in the affirmative, then we have a situation of which it would be hard to exaggerate the gravity. And we are in no way reassured when we find a statesman such as Count Okuma openly advocating force. In August, 1914, the world awoke from its dream of peace to find itself suddenly and tremendously at war, and from causes of which it knew practically nothing. At least we should now have learned not to describe possibilities as "impossibilities," nor to say that those things are "unthinkable" of which a great many people are seriously thinking. We may remember also that if the attitude of Japan toward America is a part of some greater world plan it is obviously futile to discuss the merits of the situation or to rely on the abstract justice of our own contentions. At once they become irrelevant.

To suppose that Japan is intent upon schemes of reconstruction or that she is dreaming of the idealisms that even with us are now growing a little dim is obviously futile. Japan is doing nothing of the sort. Japan is Asiatic, and no one knows better than Japan that the white and the colored races are now aligning themselves for a contest that must surely come when that alignment is complete. It may be in a year or in a century, but it will come, and events just now are moving fast. When that day shall be upon us Japan intends to be its leader. She can not be blamed for so great a racial aspiration. We, on our part, may have to blame ourselves if we look too steadily at small things, at localisms, when the real issues lie so much further afield. What we have to consider is the ultimate motive behind Japanese policies.

We seem to get glimpses of that motive from more than one quarter. It may be that we misinterpret them, but at least we should open our eyes wide enough to include whatever is visible. For example, we have some reason to believe that Japan fostered the Russian revolution and even gave money for its advancement, that she tried to produce an outbreak in Bengal in 1912, that upon more than one occasion she has been by no means a pacific influence between America and Mexico, that she tried to prevent the ousting of the Manchurian dynasty in China and the establishment of a Chinese Republic, that in 1912 she provoked the Chinese against foreigners, and that upon more than one occasion she has tried to produce a revolution in China. All these

things and many more are set forth by Mr. A. M. Pooley in his "Japan's Foreign Policies," and it may be said that Mr. Pooley has high reputation as a student of Asiatic affairs, and that his previous book, "Japan at the Cross Roads," was banned by the Japanese government. Mr. Pooley—writing, of course, some months ago—says, "That Japan would ever risk a war with America appears inconceivable, but the conditions between the two countries are frankly strained, and if Japan should persist in aggression and America should persist in maintaining her point of view, matters might slip beyond the limits of diplomatic handling." Mr. Pooley believes that there was definite danger of war in 1913. It would be interesting to know his opinion today. Is Japan persisting in aggression? Is America maintaining her point of view? We can partially answer those questions by a study of the bulletins from Washington, of such speeches as that of Count Okuma, and of the inflammatory state of Japanese newspapers and Japanese crowds.

How would Japan be likely to regard the insurrectionary movements now rife throughout Asia, movements created and fostered by the explosive idea of self-determination? Would she favor those movements or frown upon them? Perhaps it does not matter much which she would do so long as she was prepared to recognize facts and avail herself of them. Even if she discouraged them she must know that she can not stop them, and that almost at any moment there may be a conflagration throughout Asia Minor, India, and Africa. Would she be likely to remain inert, inactive, with Asia in flames and clamoring for a leader? Her domination of China is nearly complete, and we may remember that China, too, is Asiatic and would assuredly be sensitive to any Asiatic thrill. We may hug the delusion as much as we please that China loves us because of the Boxer indemnity and that Japan loves us because of Commodore Perry. We are not loved anywhere in Asia, nor is any other white race. Asia for the Asiatics is now a reality. If there should be an alignment of Asiatic races we should find China standing in that line. We need have no doubts about that.

Certainly it is not likely that Japan would deliberately provoke a war with America over a quarrel in which the rights are so obviously against her. None the less she may think that she has much to gain by asserting herself against the greatest white power in the world and so making a spectacular bid for Asiatic leadership. It may be that there are some European powers, jealous of the strength of Japan, who would be by no means unwilling to edge her into a war with America in order thereby to encompass her downfall. Nor must we forget—no nation can now afford to forget—the power of the crowd, and the Japanese crowd seems to be growing more bitter every day. So do the Japanese newspapers.

The *Argonaut* is not alarmist. None the less it might be well for us to think a little less of "local issues," land tenure, immigration, and the like, and to consider both America and Japan as participants in a world convulsion of which the end is not yet, and which presents extraordinary opportunities to national ambitions and racial animosities.

The Red Victory in Russia.

The merchants of both America and Great Britain are anxious to trade with Russia, but there can be no trade on a large scale without official recognition of the Bolshevik government. Without such recognition there can be no embassies, no trade agreements, no consular services. Great Britain, if we may believe the bulletin of the State Department at Washington, is about to swallow the pill and officially recognize the Soviet power. America refuses to do so while Lenin and Trotsky remain on deck. As a result Great Britain expects to do an enormous trade with Russia, of which a large part under more normal circumstances would come to America.

But it is not only on trade lines that Great Britain expects to benefit from the recognition of Russia. At the present time Red emissaries are pervading Asia Minor, Egypt, India, and Great Britain herself, doing their best to foment revolution and trouble of every sort. Russia promises to recall all these agents and to discontinue her insurrectionary efforts in return for recognition.

Such are the facts, and we may speculate as much as we please as to their results upon the Red movement throughout the world. Russia may now claim to have

crushed all her internal foes, Baron Wrangel being the last of a somewhat long list. She may claim to have established the Red régime throughout the length and breadth of Russia and to have demonstrated herself as a going concern. She may claim to have compelled the recognition of the greatest of the European powers. What will be the result elsewhere of such successes as these? Can it be believed that Russia will keep her promise to recall her missionaries? It is certainly strange, to say the least of it, that Lloyd George should have been denouncing Russia as incorrigibly faithless a few months ago and that today he should be accepting Russian pledges as though they were the ark of the covenant.

Editorial Notes.

It is hard to say whether the Socialists will be pleased or displeased by the results of the elections. It is an open secret that they hoped to poll three million votes, and there were a good many of us who feared that they might do so. But the total Socialist vote was only 1,800,000, a total that fell short of expectations, but that is none the less three times the Socialist vote of 1916 and twice the Socialist vote for 1912. Meyer London won back the congressional seat that he lost in 1916, but on the other hand Victor Berger was rejected by Milwaukee after his two victories of 1918 and 1919. Apart from the total Socialist vote for President there is nothing in the Socialist campaign beyond the usual gains and losses incidental to all elections and that leave the matter, so far as Socialism is concerned, pretty much where it was before.

It is a pity that dirty linen should be washed in public, whether the washing be national or individual. At the present time Foch seems to be making charges against Clemenceau and to be doing it so effectually as to turn public opinion strongly against the ex-premier. Details are still lacking, but among other interesting statements it seems that the request for a unified command originated with the British and that Clemenceau not only resisted the idea, but resisted also the appointment of Foch himself to the supreme control. Dirty linen is never an edifying spectacle, but perhaps its display is necessary to the accuracy of history. It seems so in this case.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"Poland: The Opera Bouffe of 'Self-Determination!'"

SAN FRANCISCO, November 22, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: We heard these words in a crowded street-car yesterday, and were struck with their appositeness. All through its long, blood-stained history, clean down to the present, Poland has had, at long intervals, some son or daughter, acting alone and by their own proper authority as Mr. Wilson would say, to sustain the opera bouffe character of her political life. She has produced a heggarily handful of soldiers of fortune, one of whom saved Vienna from the Turks and one who endeared himself to the American colonies. She has brought forth a musician and a singer of prominence, and lastly a brace of romance-historians. Upon this slender talk has been erected a tremendous superstructure compounded of idealism, exaggeration, and simon-pure romance.

Of schools, of any effort for the uplift of the vast submerged 9 per cent. of her population, we read not a word. Of the three normal divisions of society in "barbarous Europe," mazing to relate, we read nothing: the only grade of society that existed, or exists, in Poland is the "Democratic Nobility." r, if you please, the "Noble Democracy." This riddle has been explained by a recent writer in the *Geographic*. Poland," he avers, "was a republic of land-owners in which the serf (peasant) did not count. The man who owned land, r whose ancestors owned land, was a noble. He might match overy for poorness, he might not have a single sole between is feet and the ground, he might have only a rusty old sword o tie to his girdle and only a pie-bald blind horse to drive, nd that a hired one, but he was still a noble if ownership of ind had ever set its approving stamp upon him or his mily. * * * With him peasants were but as worms of the ust. The Russian noble was proud of his peasants, the erman noble was proud of his, and the Austrian noble had ut words of praise for his; but the Polish noble was not roud of his. * * * The Polish peasant ekes out a bard xistence. He lives in a log hut thatched with straw; he eakfasts, dines, and makes his supper of porridge, washing down with poor brandy; and in general leads a life full of ant and empty of pleasure. * * * The nobles' estates are the owned outright by absentees or controlled by them rough full-value mortgages, and they have combined to rce down the peasant farmers' share, with the result that e 'quently goes down to one-twelfth, a wage of slow starva-on, giving rise to a disease of lowered nutrition, the 'Plica olonica.'"

Twenty cents per diem for a long day's work in the salt ines, where men live and die and grow blind from long clusion from daylight; about the same wretched stipend for e gifted artisan who labors at strictly hand work in War-w, Cracow, and Lemberg. Think of that, you bloated ionists! The peasant rises at daybreak and with his wife its in a full day on the farm. If she is unusually active id strong the peasant is congratulated by his neighbors for iving married a "horse." When the baby girl matures, a tle hand is penciled on the door panel, indicating that a isband is wanted within!

This is Poland, the land of Sobieski, of Kosciusko—and a w others.

It will be the privilege of the future historian to depict two e "Wilsonized" nations of this epoch, one lifted to uring fame by a poet, the other by a musician.

NELSON SCOFIELD GIBERSON.

THE AMERICAN PRESS.

It is always interesting, if not always pleasant, to see ourselves as others see us. We may not be disposed to accept the accuracy of the vision. We may even resent what we think to be a caricature. None the less there is a certain delicate compliment even in a caricature, since it is better to be misrepresented than to be unnoticed.

But there is neither caricature nor misrepresentation in the survey of "The American Press" contributed by Albert Schinz to *Revue Bleue*. M. Schinz sees, or thinks he sees, a downward tendency in the American monthly and an upward tendency in the American daily. The monthlies are lowering their standards to reach a wider public, while the dailies, in many notable instances, are developing what may be called an American torism. There are, of course, some important newspapers still bent on the downward path and always ready to trim their sails to the breeze:

Then we have the great yellow newspapers of former times, the *New York World* and the *New York American*, of which only the second still merits that epithet. Thanks to the pernicious power of Mr. Hearst's money there is now a chain of these nauseating sheets, the *New York American*, *Boston American*, *Chicago American*, *San Francisco American*, and so on. These pander to the lowest tastes of the public, with stories of crimes and scandals and poisonous political propaganda. Hearst put his millions at the service of the Kaiser, doubtless hoping thus to promote his personal ambition. Save for these last exceptions, the condition of the American press is, taking everything into consideration, encouraging. During periods like the present, thinking for its own sake is a luxury. A lowering in the standards of American reviews is merely a relative evil, while the efforts of the daily papers, which reach the great mass of readers, to deal seriously with the public problems of the day are a source of congratulation.

But it is the New York weeklies that demand the larger share of the French writer's attention, the "organs of the intellectuals," as he calls them. M. Schinz tries to account for them and to ascribe to them their true value in American journalism:

Americans rate self-control above all other mental habits. It was the quality they admired among us French during the war. This feeling did as much as the atrocities of the Kaiser's army to make them despise the fanaticism and obstinacy of the pan-Germans. Now this admiration for self-control, which made these weeklies pioneers in advocating America's entering the war, made them the first to turn against the Allies after the war. When America became enthusiastic for the Entente cause, they ceased to see the cause in their disapproval of the enthusiasm. As soon as the nation was carried away by its feelings, they assumed it must be wrong; and soon their dislike for emotion turned them against the Allies themselves.

The "organs of the intellectuals" felt it always incumbent upon them to oppose the popular feeling and to range themselves on the side of what they supposed to be the superior minority:

At the time of the armistice there were three of these intellectual weeklies: The *New York Nation*, the venerable organ of American intellectuals; the *New Republic*, a much younger paper, aspiring to be more independent than its conservative colleague, and the *Dial*, which had just moved, from Chicago to New York to join the chorus of its confrères. None of the members of this incredible trio, inspired chiefly with a desire of not thinking like other people, has troubled to take the precaution to escape the charge of deserting the cause of the victorious Allies in order to embrace that of conquered Germany or the Bolsheviks. At times there seems a real emulation of madness among them. Their editors have forgotten entirely the violation of Belgium's neutrality, the atrocities committed by German troops in conquered countries, the *Lusitania*—and all they see now is the suffering of the poor Germans and the harsh terms of the treaty.

M. Schinz reminds us that the *Nation* was unfriendly to France in 1870, although some ten or twelve years before the war it changed its aspect in this respect and in August, 1914, it took up the cudgels vigorously against Germany:

Two or three years later rumors became current of discord in the management. The responsible editor resigned. A few days later there was a sudden shift of scene. Mr. Villard, who is of German descent, and who, although he might conceal his real sympathies for a time, was not disposed to dissimulate his hostility to the Allies, assumed active management of the periodical, as his financial control permitted him to do. He employed as editor a visionary Tolstoian pacifist, who served admirably to disguise his own views in the public eye with a veil of disinterested idealism. Soon after the armistice Mr. Villard secured from the Washington Foreign Office a passport—which could not well be refused without appearing to muzzle the press—and left for Europe. He wrote back articles inspired by a spirit of contemptible enmity for the diplomats of Quai d'Orsay, convened in their sumptuous over-decorated palace apartments, and chanted in contrast the austere virtue and spirit of fair play which reigned in the sessions of the Internationalist Social Congress at Bern, with its simple quarters and democratic atmosphere.

Since the *Nation* has gone from had to worse. Is this due to sympathy for Germany, to mere blindness, or to malice? We do not attempt to answer. It is a most unhappy situation, that's all. However, we need not get excited over this outrageous campaign against us. The bias of the paper is too evident to any intelligent man—and the *Nation* addresses itself to the intelligent public. The government understands the case. When the *Nation* gets too bad it suppresses some of its issues. We might cite numbers where there is hardly a line that is not written in spirit of malice. Perhaps we should add that far from advocating the real sentiment of America, the *Nation's* attacks upon the Allies prove rather that the public opinion of the country is on our side. It is the very futility of its efforts which makes the *Nation* froth at the mouth. The fact that its circulation has grown largely since the war is due in the first place to its vigorous campaign to secure new subscribers, and in the second place to the fact that, in addition to its political columns, it has literary and scientific sections which maintain a high standard. Furthermore, it publishes really interesting documents relating to the war. It has printed a great deal upon Russia. Many people buy the *Nation* to obtain original facts about Bolshevism; not because they are supporters of that movement, but often in order to combat it more intelligently.

M. Schinz then turns his attention to the *New Re-*

public, which, he reminds us, is financed by a wealthy lady who desired to see in America a publication unhampered by financial cares and representing the intellectual élite. Its staff embraces several writers of real talent, but they are all characterized by a peculiar absence of national sentiment:

At the outset the *New Republic* was naturally quite agreed that the monster of pan-Germanism must be crushed. Since that was the popular attitude at the moment, it favored the initial success of this journal. But when Mr. Lippmann and his friends discovered that, in addition to German patriotism, there was also a British patriotism, they reversed their attitude. In this case, too, many Americans supported their course. However, their main object of attack is French nationalism; not because they distrust it more than any other form of patriotism, but simply because America had shown more unreserved enthusiasm for France, and French patriotism has stood in better repute with them than any other—excepting, of course, their native American jingoism. The efforts of this journal to combat America's enthusiasm for France commenced as early as 1917, when Messieurs Viviani and Joffre made their triumphal visit to the country. From that time onward it charged France with asking too much of America. It then took the position that the war ought not to be prolonged merely for Alsace-Lorraine. After the armistice its editors were in the front rank of those who refused to understand France's position, and unblushingly rang the changes upon the charge of imperialism against Clemenceau and Foch. Possibly we are misled. However, we can not avoid suspecting that the editors had a better understanding of the real state of affairs in Europe than they allowed to be seen, but that they simulated this ignorance, so unfortunate for America's European Allies, in order to forward their own ideas more successfully.

The *New Republic*, says the French critic, has at least one advantage over the *Nation*. It knows what it wants. To judge by what the *Nation* prints, it would like to see world-wide anarchy for the benefit of Germany:

The *New Republic* is perfectly clear as to its two great articles of faith. It is definitely opposed to the peace treaty, on the theory that reconstruction is impossible until the nations of Europe renounce their national sentiment in favor of a neutrality, and become completely neutral in spirit, even though Germany may profit by such a course. In the second place, the *New Republic* is definitely in favor of the league of nations, which it believes can be made to remedy the gross blunders in the treaty. We may add that the *New Republic* has done a real service in insisting that America should understand Europe better, and in preaching the doctrine that America has as much need of Europe, particularly of European markets, as Europe has of America.

M. Schinz finally turns his attention to the *Dial*, which has changed its headquarters from Chicago to New York. From the first the *Dial* has been a vigorous opponent of American friendship for the Entente:

Its chief complaint against the Administration is identical with that of the *Nation* and the *New Republic*; that Wilson promised a peace in accordance with the fourteen points, and did not give the country the peace he promised. The *Dial* is not troubled by the fact that Wilson was not the only person at the conference table in Versailles. There is a shade of difference between this paper and the two we have just mentioned. The *Dial* is less antagonistic to France than to England. England is the real enemy. The peace treaty forces America to guarantee the safety of the British Empire, but why should this be? The United States can get along without the British Empire; so let that empire get along without the United States. We believe the editors of this journal are honest, but it seems to us quite possible that they have unconsciously fallen under the influence of pro-German propaganda.

M. Schinz does not believe that these weeklies have much influence. He suspects them to be *poseurs*. Editors who have strong causes do not get excited. They do not foam at the mouth. M. Schinz seems to think that these particular editors would soon change their tone if they should find themselves on the side of the majority. Their policy is to be in opposition, to lead minorities, to represent quality rather than quantity, and to persuade themselves of intellectual excellences which perhaps are more apparent to themselves than to their readers.

In December, 1882, a black boy, seventeen years old, was trying to make his way back to his home and birthplace at Union, West Virginia, from Toledo, Ohio, where he had been a laborer on public works and in coal mines, but he decided to spend Christmas in Charleston. The chief reason that impelled him to stop at the latter town was because he ran out of funds at that point. Instead of waiting for a position, he took the first job which presented itself—that of dishwasher at the Hale House. On the princely wage of \$2 a week he soon was enabled to proceed on his way. The boy who found means to make his way at seventeen has succeeded in making his way ever since. On May 20, 1920, he was elected by the recent general conference at Des Moines, Iowa, by 569 votes out of a total of 734 votes cast, a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the highest honor that can come to a minister of that faith. On Sunday, May 23, 1920, Matthew Wesley Clair, former dishwasher at the Hale House, was consecrated to that high and holy office, and he is now performing the duties of that exalted station. That black boy who had been so signally honored was never a wild, reckless lad. He was born at Union, in Monroe County, West Virginia, October 21, 1865.

Knut Hamsun, Norwegian author, who won the 1920 Nobel Prize for literature, was formerly a conductor on the old Halsted Street horse-car line in Chicago in the early 'eighties.

In Hungary the women do not vote until they are twenty-four, and then only if they can read and write.

The first gas mantles were made of platinum.

BLASCO IBANEZ IN SPANISH EYES.

The *Heraldo de Madrid* prints an article on Blasco Ibañez by Carlos De Batlle and it is translated by the *Living Age*, perhaps as evidence that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country:

In the United States they call him Mr. Ibañez, because they can not understand why a man should have two family names. They see how a person might be called Astor, Carnegie, Blasco, or Ibañez, but they do not approach such prodigality as Astor Carnegie or Blasco Ibañez.

This custom of using both family names is a whim peculiar to old peoples who have an ineradicable tendency to make everything as complex as possible, even to the names of individuals.

So in North America, which is the country of simplicity *par excellence*, men have to content themselves with a single name, and so they have suppressed the Blasco of our novelist and call him simply Mr. Ibañez.

At first glance I may seem to be trite with this subject, but it has its significance. Our Blasco Ibañez has succeeded in gaining the attention of a nation which ordinarily believes itself too busy to devote more than three weeks to any one celebrity.

It is a miraculous achievement to have inspired a real and general interest in the Yankee people. Blasco Ibañez, or Mr. Ibañez, as you please, has accomplished this. Today he is more popular, more generally talked about, perhaps more highly rated in the United States than in Spain itself.

For Spain—we are and always have been slaves to tradition—always selects the moment when one of its sons has broken out from the formidable triangle made by the three streets of the Alcala, Sevilla, and Carrera de San Jerónimo, and is winning triumphs beyond the frontier both for himself and for his native land, to "take him down" and to discover faults in him which no one had previously detected.

This has happened so many times before that it is no novelty in the case of the great Valencian novelist.

His popularity began to decline in Spain—among professional writers rather than the public in general—as soon as France began to pay attention to his works. Every time that one of his books proved a best seller in France and established more firmly his reputation—and likewise that of his native country—some alert and shrewd critic was sure to start up at home, raising a cry of alarm, extending his hands in deprecation, and endeavoring to prevent his innocent fellow-countrymen from falling into the track of foreign adulation.

These pious laborers, these gestures of disapproval, these bursts of righteous wrath in which their authors sometimes tried to disguise their sentiment in a mask of irony, are due to very transparent motives. All our great writers have suffered from the same source. Valera, Palacio Valdés, Galdós, and Picon owe their personal reputation and that of their works mainly to foreign critics. When France and England began to admire them, our own people at home started to disparage them. As soon as other countries read their works, adopted them into their literary circles, chanted their praises, and recognized the strain of genius in their works, their own countrymen tried to show that the time had come to withdraw their books from circulation and to relegate the authors to the pension list.

So Vicente Blasco Ibañez, the author of such purely Spanish novels as "La Barraca," "La Bodega," and "La Cathedral," has had the misfortune to achieve, while still in the prime of life and the fullness of his productive powers, a greater reputation outside of Spain than in his native country. Indeed his foreign fame is almost intimidating.

Certainly there is not in France a single well-read gentleman who does not know his name and admire his works. In the United States he has been welcomed with triumphal honors. The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him at the same time as upon General Pershing. The *Chicago Tribune* has paid him two thousand dollars for a story. A great syndicate of journals, publishing six hundred thousand issues daily, has engaged an article from him every week. Both in Spain and outside of Spain there are many people who are studying Spanish and learning the language merely to read his stories in their native tongue.

For my part I hold the opinion that any man who raises the reputation of Spain abroad deserves the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen. That gratitude is due a Spaniard whose love for his country is only strengthened by his absence from it. It is evident that the world is now curious to see what comes out of Spain, and it is but a short step from curiosity to sympathy and interest.

Spanish is even more studied than French today in the United States and England. France is devoting itself with enthusiasm to the study of our language, and the intellectual movements of our country are receiving respectful consideration. All this is due mainly to the interest and admiration which men like the elder Valera, Palacio Valdés, and Blasco Ibañez have inspired for our literature and language. In the course of the present season in Paris, French translations of ten of Blasco Ibañez' works will be published. This means that during the season the whole French press will be occupied on at least ten occasions, not only with Blasco Ibañez, but with Spain and Spanish literature and intellectual movements.

Naturally there will also be ten occasions when the

Spanish press will feel called upon to publish long articles, endeavoring to show that it is a great mistake to pay so much attention to the works of Blasco Ibañez; attention which could be more profitably devoted to other Spanish efforts.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Lady of Shalott.

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the hearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

—Lord Tennyson.

A Child's Laughter.

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together;
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundawn stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
Wind in warm weather.

One thing yet there is, that none
Hearing ere its chime be done
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven hereafter;
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light,
Heard from morning's rosiest height,
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled
Never forth such notes, nor told
Hours so lithe in tones so bold,
As the radiant mouth of gold
Here that rings forth heaven.
If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale—why, then,
Something seen and heard of men
Might he half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.
—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

One of the latest aspirants for "screen" honors is Miss Margaret Beecher. Her grandfather was Henry Ward Beecher, celebrated preacher, author, editor, anti-slavery reformer. Her great-aunt was Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, creator of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Her father, another Henry Ward Beecher, was captain of the '87 Yale football team. When the great ambition struck in Miss Beecher had finished the last of a series of fashionable girls' boarding-schools. There was nothing very thrilling in a boarding-school for a girl who had spent her summers in a boys' camp in Canada, where she played shortstop on the baseball nine and substitute left tackle on the football team. A few years before, up at Lake Placid, she had been the leader of a gang of "mountaineers" who prowled the highways and lived by stealth. Her qualifications for the screen, as she listed them herself, included stenography, shorthand, a working knowledge in French, elementary Latin, mediæval history, and plane geometry. But not many motion-picture people were interested until they began to hear that she could ride the worst-tempered horse in the paddock, do a double somersault off the top rung of the ladder on the diving floor, swim any distance easily, turn a cartwheel, play any game a boy could play, and never refuse a dare.

Miss Belle Skinner of Holyoke, Massachusetts, who knows France, France's spirit, and the stolid capabilities of French peasants as well as any one American woman, enjoys the unique distinction of having adopted an entire French village. American blood has enriched the soil around Hattonchatel in the Valley of the Meuse, and in memory of this villagers there know Miss Skinner perhaps better than her neighbors in Holyoke. She is the "Marraine" in person to her charges. A half-million francs of her money has thus far gone to help the peasants of Hattonchatel.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

General Ludendorff, who commanded more than 7,000,000 men in the German armies during the war, is now a private in the Bavarian home guard.

Purple is the favorite color of Elinor Glyn, the well-known novelist. When at home she does most of her writing in a room with purple walls and a purple carpet.

Mrs. Edward Bell, wife of the secretary to the United States Embassy at Tokyo, has been formally appointed to the important diplomatic post of counsellor to the embassy.

In addition to a knowledge of Malay, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands speaks French, German, and English as fluently as her native Dutch, and she also knows something of Italian and Russian.

Premier Witos of Poland is a peasant who was put into the position as a figurehead when the Russian advance threatened Warsaw. He likes the job, however, and his shrewdness and keenness have caused the failure of several attempts to oust him.

The recent matriculation at Columbia University, New York, of Edward R. Hardy, at the age of twelve, drew a lot of attention to the lad. The boy, who is the son of Professor Edward R. Hardy, started to school at the age of three and entered high school when eight. It is said that he speaks twelve languages, but is a wholesome American lad, fond of games and athletics.

A busy life has been spent by Samuel M. Babcock, inventor of the Babcock milk-testing device, in laboratory investigation. He was born in New York and educated in Tufts College. For a time he was an instructor at Cornell, but in 1887 joined the staff of the University of Wisconsin. Age has not dimmed his youthful ardor for scientific investigation. Retired as an emeritus professor in 1913, he has continued his work as actively as before.

William B. Miller of Bath, New York, thinks he was the youngest soldier in the Union army during the civil war. In 1861, when he was eleven years old, he ran away from home and became a drummer boy with the First North Carolina Volunteers, a regiment composed of Union men. He served five months with this regiment, and then became a drummer with the Tenth New York Volunteer Infantry, with which he served during the war. He was fourteen years old when he was discharged at the grand review in Washington in 1865.

Mrs. William Haskell of Albany, New York, wife of Colonel Haskell of the old Sixty-Ninth Infantry and relief administrator in Armenia, has returned to this country with a thrilling story of her experience with bandits in the Black Sea. She was on the steamer *Sourfirah* between Batum and Constantinople when bandits, who had hidden themselves on board, captured the ship. Hearing shots, Mrs. Haskell concealed her valuables, and when the bandits forced their way into her stateroom she told them she was penniless and thus saved her property. The brigands forced the ship's crew to lower boats in which they could escape.

One's charm of personality depends, to a large extent, upon the originality of one's likes and dislikes. Perhaps that is one of the chief reasons that W. L. George is so interesting. For instance, Mr. George likes Joseph Conrad, whom he considers the greatest English novelist of the century; he likes orange Angora cats, of which he has two; and he likes his wife, a truly beautiful woman of the finest English type, whose personality justifies the application of the much-abused term "cultured." Then Mr. George dislikes Gilbert Cannan, especially his profile, although he admits that Cannan has written one great novel; he dislikes poetry in any form; and American prudishness.

The French have their Marguerite Audoux, who turned from dressmaking to literature; we have our Mary Antin and our Anzia Yezierska, who emerged from ghettos and sweatshops to fame and competence as writers, and now England has her Ellen Fowkes, a Manchester stenographer and typist, who has produced an English best seller. During week-ends and evenings she has been busy with a novel dealing with Indian frontier life, full of local color and wonderfully accurate. Miss Fowkes has never been to India, and explains her knowledge by a possible previous existence in India. For those who find this explanation difficult we should add that her father, who knew India well, may have told her stories which she remembers.

Saving the lives of hundreds of babies and small children throughout the United States by raising milk goats as a diversion from his law business is the unique pastime of W. F. Reeves of Marshall, Kansas, in the foothills of the Ozark Mountains. Mr. Reeves has found time during his eight years' experience to build up one of the finest and largest herds of milk goats in the country. There is an enormous demand for them because of the strengthening qualities of their milk. I is so great, in fact, that Mr. Reeves disposes of his animals almost exclusively to parents of weak and sickly babies. He has never advertised, yet he can not supply one-tenth of the calls that come to him. Most of the inquiries are from references furnished by the United States Department of Agriculture.

MEMORABLE VERSES.

Professor Charles Mills Gayley Comments on the Poetry of John L. McLane, Jr.

In these days of poetasters, toying with empty forms and the ordered or disordered "chatter of their schools" and only too often babbling "with dark amazement of the crimes committed in the gutter," a voice that sings of thoughts eternal in accents hallowed by the experience of the ages is a boon. Such a voice, both of indignant protest and of thanksgiving for

the bread and wine
That Beauty of her wisdom bountiful
Sets forth before the poet and the sage,

we welcome in the lyrics of John L. McLane, Jr. ("Spindrift": The Four Seas Company, Boston, 1920). Mr. McLane's verses, redolent of the classics, disciplined but spontaneous, passionate but thoughtful, are suffused with divination of the shifting moods of nature, of the glooms of human frailty and the wonder and worth of sympathy and sacrifice, above all of the dream that man can not destroy:

Man with his hands has slain
Much that was good and fair;
Yet from his blood and pain
Beauty shall spring again
With star-dust in her hair;
Beauty, man can not slay, for she
Is mother of eternity!

This quest of beauty—actual or ideal—was the inspiration of the lyricist's "Driftwood," written when he was but nineteen years of age; now that he is twenty the pursuit is renewed. But, before the manuscript of the present little book has left his hands, the heart of the lad is riven with sorrow—and beauty alone can not redress. What he had dreamed to be the source and fulfillment of spiritual endeavor is discovered in fact and by feeling, if not by reason, to be but an adumbration of reality. Now he knows that our light of life, ideal beauty, is but the shadow of something unbeheld; that only through the portal of death, the blackness of intimate darkness, may we win to Beauty undying and behold her—that she is not the "mother of eternity," but the radiance, the grace, of the veritable mother, "the grace of Love that no long shadow can efface"—of Love, always travelling, always creative, whose ways are Wisdom and whose heart, immortal Hope.

The lad has drunk sorrow to the dregs. The friend to whom he had addressed thirteen of these poems (pages 118 to 132), revelatory of the "communion such as friendship brings,"

Hours of friendship such as we
Have stolen from eternity,

the friend of whom he had in a moment of loneliness, numbness, and yearning written,

And yet I sought you, sought you once again
Over the windy meadows dumb with snow. . . .
I thought to find you never, when at last
I found you—the brief pressure of your hand—
The deep, clear light of friendship in your eyes—
And all the waves of darkness, troubled, vast,
Large-sounding waters moaning on the sand
Of my dead days, ebb'd—and the mysteries
Of this your simple friendship thrilled me through
With all the tender lovingness of you:

the friend whom, poetwise, he had adored almost as much for his beauty and surpassing charm as for intellectual power and moral ascendancy, is dead.

On the night of February 20, 1920, Charles MacVeagh, Jr., lost his life in a New Hampshire snowstorm on the summit of Mt. Monadnock. Brilliant, scholarly, clear of vision, independent and forceful in thought, the soul of tenderness and humor, of poetry and manly courage, of endeavor spiritual and practical, a youth of remarkable promise and purpose and unfolding opportunity—the starry certitude of his twenty-three years is eclipsed. In a memorable series of elegiac verses the young McLane pours forth his grief.

Now, of the poetry of personal bereavement there are three main kinds: the rebellious and futile lament; the lament that accepts with fortitude, but as without hope; the lament that converts disaster into more than temporal courage, into assurance of eternal gain. Long ago in twin epigrams Plato crystallized for succeeding ages this last, the spiritual motif—the cry of the heart wounded by the beauty and brevity of things mortal, the prevision of solace indestructible. These little elegies are the apotheosis of grief tempered by tranquil consideration of the mutability of life, the immutability of Something divined that not only justifies the contradictions of earthly existence, but sanctions the age-old yearning for continuing personality and renewed communion of souls beyond the grave. In the better known of the epigrams Plato celebrates the immutability. The verses are translated by Shelley:

Thou wert the morning star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled;
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus giving
New splendor to the dead,—

and in the Greek they are prefixed by that poet to his matchless lament for Keats. The less known epigram,

Now thou desierest the stars, my Star,
Ah, me—
Would I were Heaven with many eyes
To gaze on thee!

is Plato's hyperbole of the triumphant reunion that in his dialogues he had asserted and so valiantly striven to prove. This hope of triumph indestructible, trans-

lated into religious faith by the Alexandrian and the Christian literatures of the Hebrews—so different from the mourning that will not be comforted—is the theme of transcendent elegy in modern times. It glorifies Dante's verses on the death of Beatrice and the sonnets of Michelangelo. It glorifies the French poetry of bereavement and the English from the fourteenth-century Pearl through Spenser and Milton to Browning, Tennyson, and Arnold's "Rugby Chapel."

This faith, though not phrased in terms of any sectarian discipline, is the burden of the threnody written by Mr. McLane immediately after the fatal night of February 20th. The four stanzas of his prologue to "Spindrift" and the two of the epilogue, a sequence in variant sonnet form, dedicated to the memory of Charles MacVeagh, are poetry pure and simple. Prefacing his tribute with the Platonic epigram of the morning and evening star, the young poet produces elegy spontaneous, impassioned, heart-broken but heart-comforting, all the more impressive and persuasive because, instinctively, the tradition hallowed by the practice of the master elegists is preserved. The reader of the volume will recognize in this "In Memoriam" more than promise of poetic achievement. Within the circuit of a setting and rising sun the poet-lover has passed from the ecstasy of alterable joy and reparable grief to passion ineluctable, and has awakened to maturity of imaginative insight and power. From black and bitter debate there issues a starry certitude.

To print selections from a sonnet-sequence is both unjust and cruel; even more so, to print fragments of individual sonnets. But what follows—the first and last of the sonnets of the prologue and portions of the second and third—may suggest some savour of the threnody as a whole:

Oh no more dead than the unsleeping stars,
The music of your lips shall sing for ever,
Beauty exalted, and your love wane never,
Though year by year the lustre of the moon
Wither, and Spring go from us all too soon;
Yet shall Time's fingers twist Love's hindling hairs
Closer about our hearts, for your mute breath
Has stirred to song the silences of Death.
You were the moon of all our devious ways:
Yours was the faith of flowers: yours the pride
Of Beauty's final laughter—now the days,
Hallowed by your pervading light, sweep by
Till Death, grown golden since the hour you died,
Calls us to you . . . it will be good to die.

It will be good to die since you have died:
It will be good to go the way you trod
Wide-eyed, undreaming, like some lovely god
Flushed with the dawn of an unearthly pride.
It will be good to try the ways you tried,
And venture unafraid into the dark
That lies beyond the furthest planet's spark—
It will be good to die since you have died. . . .

To live is to remember, and to die
Ultimate recollection—we through you
Have touched on things eternal, and the sky
That in your new nativity is blue
With unprevisioned radiance shall keep
The sanctity of your untroubled sleep.

Faltering words that can not tell my love—
Faltering songs that can not sing your praise—
The searching loneliness of twilight days
My heart's dumb, stumbling impotence shall prove.
Always your light is with me, near or far,
Eventual love, a light that stoops to bless
One who but feels his kinship with a star
—A love transcending love—a loneliness.
But you and I and these you love are sure
That all is well with you . . . and yet we feel
A strange futility has set its seal
Upon our hearts, knowing we must endure
Silence—God is so silent in His pride—
It will be good to die since you have died.

The continuation in the epilogue is more intimately personal and poetically descriptive, pathetic but courageous with that "unswerving trust in Truth" and in nobility imperishable that characterized the friend who

turned aside
And strode with confidence of youth's clean pride
Into Death's shadows.—Did you toss your head
And laugh imperiously, and make the dead
Suddenly glad to know that you had died?

With the ripeness that comes of years and of studious devotion to art and to the vital significance that alone makes art worth while the young man who wrote this elegy should go far. CHARLES MILLS GAYLEY.

The world's record for ocean crossings is probably held by Captain Arthur R. Mills. He has made 1068 crossings of the Atlantic for the American Line in forty-one years of service, steaming a total distance of 3,000,000 miles, equal to 128 times around the earth. He was decorated by France with the Legion of Honor.

As a memorial to General Gorgas, who cleaned up the disease conditions in the Panama Canal Zone, it is planned to erect in Panama an institute for the study of tropical diseases.

Chicago now has a population of 150,000 negroes. Of this number more than 90,000 arrived from the South since the beginning of the war.

A fifty-five-foot yawl crossed the Atlantic Ocean recently, covering a distance of 2108 miles in fifteen days and nine hours.

Plants with white blossoms have a larger proportion of fragrant species than any others.

ADVENTURES AND ENTHUSIASMS.

Mr. E. V. Lucas, the most charming of essayists, has made a selection of some of his favorite papers and issued them in a substantial volume. Those unfamiliar with Mr. Lucas, if such there be, may be persuaded to make his acquaintance by the following reprint of the little sketch entitled "A South Sea Buhhle":

"I want you," said my hostess, "to take in Mrs. Blank. She is charming. All through the war she has been with her husband in the South Seas. London is a new place to her."

Mrs. Blank did not look too promising. She was pretty in her way—"elegant" an American would have called her—but she lacked animation. However, the South Seas . . . ! Any one fresh from the Pacific must have enough to tell to see soup, fish, and entrée safely through.

I began by remarking that she must find London a very complete change after the sun and serenity that she had come from.

"It's certainly noisier," she said; "but we had our share of rain."

"I thought it was always fine there," I remarked; but she laughed a denial and relapsed into silence.

She was one of those women who don't take soup, and this made the economy of her utterances the more unfair.

Racking my brain for a new start, I fell hack on those useful fellows, the authors. Presuming that any one who had lived in that fascinating region—the promised land of so many of us who are weary of English climatic treacheries—would be familiar with the literature of it, I went boldly to work.

"The first hook about the South Seas that I ever read," I said, "was Ballantyne's 'Coral Island.'"

"Indeed!" she replied.

I asked her if she, too, had been brought up on Ballantyne, and she said no. She did not even know his name.

"He wrote for boys," I explained, rather lamely.

"I read poetry chiefly as a girl," she said.

"But surely you know Stevenson's 'Island Nights' Entertainments?" I said.

No, she did not. Was it nice?

"It's extraordinary," I said. "It gives you more of the atmosphere of the South Seas than any other work. And Louis Becke—you must have read him?" I continued.

No, she had not. She read very little. The last book she had read was on spiritualism.

"Not even Conrad?" I pursued. "No one has so described the calms and storms of the Pacific."

No, she remembered no story called Conrad.

I was about to explain that Conrad was the writer, not the written; but it seemed a waste of words, and we fell into a stillness broken only by the sound of knife and fork.

"I wonder," I ventured next, "if you came across any one who had met Ganguin?"

"Go—what?" she asked.

"That amazing Peruvian-Frenchman," I went on, with a certain foolish desperation. "Ganguin. He lived in Tahiti."

"How comically geographical you are!" was all she replied, and again a silence brooded over our plates.

"Hang it! you shall talk," I said to myself; and then aloud, "Tell me all about copra. I have longed to know what copra is; how it grows, what it looks like, what it is for."

"You have come to the wrong person," she replied, with very wide eyes. "I never heard of it. Or did you say 'cobra'? Of course I know what a cobra is—it's a snake. I've seen them at the Zoo."

I put her right. "Copra, the stuff that the traders in the South Seas deal in."

"I never heard of it," she said, "but then why should I? I know nothing about the South Seas."

My stock fell thirty points and I crumbled bread nervously, hoping for something sensible to say; but at this moment "half-time" mercifully set in. My partner on the other side turned to me suavely and asked if I thought the verses in "Abraham Lincoln" were a beauty or a blemish; and with the assistance of the Russian ballet, some new novels, and the universal unrest I sailed serenely into port. She was as easy and agreeable a woman as that other was difficult, and before she left for the drawing-room she had invited me to lunch and I had accepted.

As I said good-night to my hostess I asked why she had told me that my first partner had been in the South Seas. She said that she had said nothing of the sort; what she had said was that during the war she had been stationed with her husband, Colonel Blank, at Southsea.—*Fram "Adventures and Enthusiasms," Published by the George H. Doran Company.*

A home built in 1683 of heavy oak timbers with a field stone foundation is still in excellent condition in Lopsfield, Massachusetts. It has been taken over by an historical society.

The signature of William Shakespeare written on the wall of Hampton Court, London, and dated 1606, has been pronounced authentic.

One-half of the world's supply of white paper is used in this country.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending November 20, 1920, were \$182,100,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$177,500,000; a gain of \$4,600,000.

San Francisco's seven national banks made an excellent showing on the call of the controller of the currency for statements of condition as of November 15th, four of the seven reporting decided gains in deposits and the declines in the remaining instances being small.

The Anglo and London Paris National, Wells Fargo National, American National, and Merchants' National were the banks reporting substantial gains.

San Francisco banks usually begin to feel

in favor of the waiting buyer. He has not yet been compelled to make seasonal purchases.

It is barely possible that the presidential election has had considerable effect on trade conditions. We have had the same conditions prevailing before in the history of this country. In due time trade will revive and, if the future is to be judged by the past, when the revival comes it will be with a rush. Lower prices will prevail in all lines. In other words, the purchasing power of the dollar will increase.

The wave of economy in buying which we are experiencing in America is also sweeping over all European countries and will have an effect on our exports.

Cancellation of orders heretofore placed, coupled with light demand, has affected many manufacturing lines in widely scattered manufacturing centres. Manufacturers can not afford to run plants, under present high cost of operation, unless their output moves freely. Warehouses full of goods do not pay bills and, under present strained credit conditions, borrowing on warehouse goods is restricted. Hence, there has been a slowing down in many industries. Some plants have been temporarily closed and others have been running on half time or less. This results in unemployment and decreased purchasing power. The shoe and textile trades seem to be especially dull.

That condition can not last long. People must have shoes and knit goods, and if they refrain from buying now they must buy in larger quantities later on. The longer the buying public stints itself in buying, the greater the rush will be when the buying spirit moves them. But even if the rush comes, prices will not be any higher, because the country is today overstocked with merchandise, and manufacturing capacity in the United States largely exceeds consumption in the United States and foreign demand is not taking the surplus.

The decline in the price of hides, wool, and cotton has been heavy and losses in these lines quite severe. Many well-intentioned dealers in these commodities will suffer, which is to be regretted. The high prices which hides and wool reached in the United States invited heavy importation of these articles, just as the high price of sugar, cotton, and rice caused extraordinary importation in these lines. The price of wool and cotton can not be so largely attributed to importations as that of some other articles. It must be that supply of these commodities has caught up and even passed present demand. It is stated that there is enough wool stored in the United States to supply all the demands of this country for a full year.

The decline in the price of the products of the soil has been startling, but results from the fact that there is at last a surplus of these commodities.

It is estimated that 49 per cent. of the population of the country is engaged in agricultural pursuits. The recession in the price of farm products from last year's prices will amount to fully five billion dollars. That means that the purchasing power of 49 per cent. of the population of the country has been decreased by that amount. This recession in purchasing power will necessarily affect business, but we must remember that the farming population of the country has paid off a large proportion of its mortgage indebtedness and accumulated reserves which it can draw upon to tide over a period of depression. This course will probably, to some extent, affect savings deposits in banks, but banks must expect and be prepared for such results. No sane banker has deluded himself with the thought that deposits would continue for all time to pile up as they have been doing for several years past. What we are going through is a gradual return to normal conditions, which is much to be desired. People will meet present conditions by greater economy and greater exertions. It is better to have abundant crops, even if prices recede, than to be short of food supplies.

The country is adopting a lower price basis with relatively little disturbance and slowly but surely the war excesses are being eliminated and our overwrought credit position is being relieved (says the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank in their monthly letter). The fall of prices during October was the greatest ever reported for that month. We are thus getting back towards something like a normal basis of living once more. The process is inevitably preparing the way for better times, and even if there are merchandise failures here and there, the readjustment must be beneficial in the long run. It is absurd to suppose that war prices could continue indefinitely.

That the people are saving more has been shown within the last few weeks by an appreciable increase in savings deposits even at centres where industrial plants are working on a reduced schedule. The investment situation has been materially helped by the broader buying bonds of notes, and seasoned stocks by large and small investors throughout the country. These operations were reflected last

month in the heaviest October bond dealings ever reported on the New York Exchange, amounting to \$331,723,000. For the first ten months of the year the total trading aggregated \$3,073,182,800, as compared with \$2,723,170,500 in the same months of 1919. A feature of the present financing has been the sale of large blocks of bonds and notes put out by industrial companies for the purpose of providing permanently for floating indebtedness. A considerable portion of the \$330,000,000 of new capital issues represented this shifting of loans from the banks to permanent investors, and as this movement goes on it tends gradually to relieve the credit strain.

A large number of industrial companies of heavy capitalization are being formed to undertake important improvement work and to make possible economies in various branches of manufacture. The combined capitalization of the companies so formed since the beginning of the year aggregates nearly \$12,250,000,000, this showing a gain of nearly 20 per cent. for the year. Most of these companies are provided with sufficient working capital to finance them over periods of depression and some are strongly fortified with cash resources. It is significant that the average industrial combination today is much better fortified financially than were the similar companies formed during the period of heavy industrial expansion growing out of the craze for industrial consolidation which followed the organization of the United States Steel Corporation nineteen years ago. The movement to organize new enterprises is still strong and for the twelve months will probably represent a new high record for American industries. The incentive for these combinations seems to be either a reduction in production costs or the building of an organization capable of handling heavy distribution in foreign markets.

The national banks of the country have made a notable record in this year of reconstruction finance. The insignificant number of failures and of losses reported has been remarkable when the intensity of the credit strain is taken into account and the small number of commercial failures indicates how well the banks have taken care of their customers. The Federal Reserve System has functioned admirably and given a good account of itself under the exacting tests of the restrictions attaching to "essential lending" operations. It is not difficult to see what serious distress the country might have been in at this time had it not been for the efforts made to check inflation and to restrict loans to non-productive enterprises. The country has had to make immense advances in connection with the restoration of Europe's crippled industries and the granting of long credits to enable American business men to extend their facilities to foreign customers. This indebtedness has been heavy, but it has represented essential undertakings which could not be financed in any other manner owing to the dislocation of the foreign exchanges and the rise in dollar credits abroad to a level which made it impossible for foreign buyers to settle in the ordinary way for goods and material purchased in the United States. There has never been a year when the banking fraternity has been confronted with a greater number of complex problems, for the whole world has been taken up with the effort to restore the normal order of things in trade and finance.

The \$100,000,000 foreign banking corporation under the Edge law projected by the Americans Bankers' Association and the other corporations proposed under that act are very much needed, and should be put through promptly. We hope that this will be done now that the need has become more apparent.

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The reserve resources and recuperative powers of the country are far greater than at any previous time when a check of this kind was experienced. The credit situation is stronger. The banking situation is wholly different, which in itself is a factor of great importance. In view of the extent of the price declines the comparatively few cases of embarrassment among business concerns of importance is significant.

There is no gainsaying that the fall season has been seriously demoralized by the unsettled which has developed. The buying power of a great many people in the aggregate has been impaired, measuring their ability by the prices that have been prevailing. The general feeling that these prices can not be sustained has been thoroughly confirmed: the public will have nothing to do with them. When the general level is reduced, so that a common basis for trade is restored, conditions are such that business will be quickly resumed. That can not be accomplished now for the fall season, but if business men will set about getting their houses in order for spring trade on a regular basis the situation should be well stabilized by that time and the field cleared for recovery and a long period of prosperity.—National City Bank, New York.

Stockholders of the Western Pacific Railroad Corporation approved the amendment to

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the influx of crop money from the interior at this season of the year, but this fall the movement is late. Between carrying the farmer's crop and the country merchant's stock of goods, country banks find employment for all their funds. Neither the country merchant nor the producer appear willing to reduce their views to meet those of buyers.

Following is the comparison of deposits with the figures of the previous bank call statement of September 8th:

	Nov. 15, '20.	Sept. 8, '20.
Bank of Cal. N. A.	\$82,163,874	\$82,374,464
Anglo	\$8,047,796	\$3,918,418
Wells Fargo	\$6,591,393	\$2,548,634
Crocker National	\$6,208,524	\$6,598,738
First National	\$28,444,519	\$28,791,784
American National	\$18,004,200	\$16,963,753
Merchants National	\$9,645,905	\$9,080,008

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BONDS

nals there seems to be, throughout the East, South, and Middle West, a decided slowing down in business (says the monthly financial letter of the Farmers and Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles). Great hesitancy on the part of buyers is manifested. This hesitancy results from the fear that there are to be further recessions in the wholesale prices of all classes of merchandise. Dealers are loath to stock up at present prices, thinking they may have to put out the same goods at a loss. Merchants with full lines of goods on their shelves, purchased at higher prices than the same goods can be replaced for, hesitate to cut prices to stimulate trade. Retail buyers are holding off, expecting lower prices. The weather, throughout the fall months, has been

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their articles of incorporation, increasing the authorized capital stock from \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000, at their meeting at Wilmington, Delaware, on Friday, according to word received here.

The amount of preferred stock was increased from \$27,500,000 to \$40,000,000 and the common from \$47,500,000 to \$60,000,000. This was an increase of \$12,500,000 in both the preferred and common issues, and prepares the way for a distribution to each stockholder of one share of common and one share of preferred for each six shares now owned.

Additional shares of preferred stock are entitled to the same preferences and voting powers and are convertible into common stock and subject to redemption and retirement on the same terms and conditions and are of the same class and character otherwise as the preferred stock originally authorized.

The removal of government control over the wheat market and of restrictions on the importation of sugar have directed public attention more closely to the fact that Canada is returning to normal conditions (says the Canadian Bank of Commerce in its November monthly commercial letter). It is contended by the wheat growers that from the standpoint of the law of supply and demand there is absolutely no reason why the price of wheat should be lower today than a year ago. The only reason why it is lower, as urged by one of their spokesmen, is "the inefficiency in the selling of wheat this year. Great Britain and other nations are working together and acting in an intelligent manner to get their wheat at the lowest possible price, whereas Canada and the United States, as selling nations, are taking no intelligent action whatever to get the best possible price."

The attitude of the government, however, has been made quite clear. In declining to reestablish control over the marketing of wheat this year the minister of trade and commerce directs attention to the change in conditions. Last year a lack of money made it necessary for most European buyers to seek

advances from the exporting countries in the forms of loans or credits. This situation and the pooling of their requirements by European governments virtually eliminated free buying. This year, however, the grain exchanges are working, and there is independent buying by a number of countries. Under these normal marketing conditions, and following heavy deliveries during October, prices of all grains weakened appreciably.

Some interesting figures are cited by Martin Judge, Jr., American National Bank Building, San Francisco, showing the high bond prices that prevailed for certain railroad bonds fifteen years ago. The same bonds, and similar issues, have been obtainable during the past few months at about the lowest prices at which they have ever sold, although in every instance the equity behind the issue has been enormously increased by the expenditure of many millions of dollars.

Southern Pacific Branch Railway 6s, due April, 1937, sold at 135½ in 1906, now 102. Central Pacific first refund 4s, due August, 1949, sold at 103½ in 1905, now about 74. West Shore Railroad 4s, due January, 2361, sold at 109½ in 1905, now about 74½. Central Pacific Lucin Cut-Off 4s, due October, 1954, sold at 100 in 1905, now about 73. Pittsburg, McKeesport and Youghiogheny 6s, due July, 1932, sold at 144 in 1905, now about 104. Chicago, Burlington and Quincy (Illinois Division) 3½s, due July, 1949, sold at 102¾ in 1909, now about 73. Minneapolis and St. Louis first 7s, due June, 1927, sold at 142 in 1906, now about 100. Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western (Ashland Division) 6s, due March, 1925, sold at 134 in 1905, now about 100. Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville refunding 6s, due 1947, sold at 136 in 1905, now about 101.

There were no 8 per cent. bonds on the market fifteen years ago and very few 7 or 6 per cent. issues. The prevailing rate for gilt-edge bonds was 4 per cent. and these issues often commanded handsome premiums, finding ready markets with insurance companies, estates, and trust funds.

Just at this time careful analysis should be made of all investment lists with a view of taking advantage of present interest rates where it is possible to do so. However, particular care should be exercised, as all the new securities now offering may not stand the test of time.

Under the heading "Is This a Rich Man's Game?" the current number of the *Shale Review* of Denver applies the query to the production of oil from shale, and in answer says:

"Many articles on oil shale which have been printed in recent years lose much of their effect by reason of statements of enormous amounts which it is claimed must be in hand before any company can undertake shale development. These articles commonly speak of the oil shale industry as 'a rich man's game.' One million dollars is fixed as the minimum amount necessary to be available before the treatment of shales and the production of oil can be undertaken. It happens that most of the writers who make these broad statements fail to deal in specific figures, and it would seem that some answer must be made to these extravagant statements.

"In the first place, there are very few businesses at the present time which are not a 'rich man's game,' and nothing requires so much capital as the production, refining, and marketing of petroleum. The richest corporations in the United States are the oil companies. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey was considered to be such a menace to business that Congress enacted a law which

compelled this corporation to dissolve itself into numerous units. If any business in the world is a rich man's game, it certainly is the oil business. Let us see if the shale industry comes anywhere near approaching the oil business, as we now know it, in capital requirements. An oil well can not be drilled anywhere in the United States to a depth of 3000 feet for less than \$25,000, and thousands of wells, many of them barren, have been drilled to this depth which have cost \$100,000. In drilling an oil well the operator engages in a very hazardous undertaking. Even in proven fields he does not know whether he will obtain production or not. He stakes fortunes in the hope that his enterprise will be successful. In the production of oil from shale all the risks of discovery are eliminated. When an individual or corporation proposes to embark in the treatment of shale the volume and richness of the crude product is known definitely. The cost of the plant can be determined to a cent before any money is expended. Shale retorts have been built in the United States which can produce from fifty to one hundred barrels of oil daily that have cost less than one-half the average expenditure for deep holes, even in proven wells. One concern in Denver offers to build a shale retort whose operation will be guaranteed for \$15,000. This retort will produce fifty barrels of oil daily, and if the shale bodies are accessible and the mining conditions favorable this retort can make oil for \$1.50 a barrel and continue to make it for many years. This is not an enormous sum and is very much less than the million dollars which some writers insist must be in hand before shale can be treated profitably. There are very few business enterprises which can be undertaken for such a modest sum of money. The oil shale industry may not be a 'poor man's game,' but it is much nearer a poor man's game than drilling oil wells and many other forms of business enterprise."

George H. Burr & Co. have received the following information regarding the splendid growth and development of the J. C. Penney Company:

"That chain store companies are but little affected by the present depression is plainly evident from the average increase of 28 per cent. in the sales of seven chain store companies in September, 1920, over the same month in 1919. While there is no longer a keen demand for high-priced goods, the low-priced merchandise handled by chain stores is being heavily bought.

"The J. C. Penney Company, which operates the largest chain of department stores of its kind in the world, is having a prosperous year. During the last twelve months this company has increased the number of its stores from 197 to 309.

"As has been the case for many years past, the company reports sales which are showing a steady increase. For the nine months to the end of September they were \$27,206,792 in 1920 as compared to \$18,494,938 in the same period in 1919—an increase of over 47 per cent.

"The company's earnings are reflecting this increased business. For the first six months of 1920 they are reported as \$975,016 after Federal taxes. If this rate is maintained throughout the year, indications point to earnings on the company's preferred stock, listed on the New York Stock Exchange, equivalent to 65.01 per cent."

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RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$26,661,932.48
U. S. Bonds and Certificates	4,105,708.35
Other Bonds and Securities	64,687.50
Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco	150,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit	1,699,463.46
Cash and Sight Exchange	15,275,260.57
\$47,957,052.36	

LIABILITIES	
Capital	\$2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	5,561,286.14
Circulation	1,989,697.50
Letters of Credit	2,197,544.26
Deposits	36,208,524.46
\$47,957,052.36	

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Is It Kind-Hearted Propaganda?

"In the Mountains" is an anonymous novel. It is also a delightful one. Why the writer should be willing to remain the unknown author of such an original, unbackneyed, and really choice and beautifully conceived and written story is, or would be a puzzler, except for one clue.

The story is located in the Swiss mountains, where, in a summer chalet, the delightful character who writes in the first person has retired to be healed of a heart-searing sorrow. Hither come two English ladies, and the lonely chataleine, who falls in love with the younger of the rather old-fashioned Britishly provincial pair, by hook or crook secures them as guests for her lonely chalet.

It would be telling to let out the culmination of the simple, but original and charmingly but not too palpably humorous recital that follows. The reader surrenders himself with zest to reading the chronicle of this Adamless Eden, knowing all the time that the Adam will eventually turn up. And he does, in a most unexpected guise. The air of the little chalet develops unexpected qualities and an atmosphere of truth develops. Also an original and piquant courtship. But the writer never peeps about her kind-hearted propaganda. It is aimed—if propaganda it is—at those people who were guilty of petty persecution of the British wives or widows of German subjects during and following the war. One divines that little tragedies have taken place, and the author's method of changing the tragedy into a cozy domestic drama is warmly welcomed by the sympathetic reader, who says to himself, "Where have I met this enchanting lady before? Was it by any chance in 'Elizaheth's German Garden'?"

IN THE MOUNTAINS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

South Sea Foam.

A bewildering, enchanting mixture of pagan mythology and modern realism, of anthropology and adventures more thrilling than the original Arabian Nights' Tales; of poetry and comedy and tragedy—that is what "South Sea Foam" is, all rendered with an art so fresh that it seems artless.

One wonders at the lavishness of Mr. Safroni-Middleton in pouring into one volume enough "copy" to have made a compete set of works of a more commercial or less genuine artist. The enchanted reader—for literally he is enchanted by all this southern moon-glow—is whirled through typhoons, cannibal melees; through lurlesque romances reminiscent of Charles Lever and island tragedies that leave him ineffably saddened; from the dimly glorious shadowland of the old Polynesian gods to drunken sailors' brawls in havens for criminal refugees; from prose

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poems of a very real heauty to blood-curdling adventures of the weirdest sort. And strange to say, never once does a doubt cross the delighted reader's mind, possibly because he is hewitched. But the witchery lasts in a most satisfactory manner, casting its pale, glamorous shadow over one's memory of "South Sea Foam."

A less consummate artist than Mr. Middleton proves himself to be could so easily have spoiled it all. It was a courageous thing to close his memoirs with the sad note of Soogy's death, after having sounded such rollicking notes as the "Abduction of a Princess." But the hook suffers no consequences as a result of its heterogeneous material. Not once is there a dissonance resulting from the swift succession of such various tales, where hithos and anti-climax would have been the fate of a less sure touch.

Somewhere in referring to one of the delectable old pagan poets Mr. Middleton says that the true poet and literary man is always a musician. Of Mr. Middleton, who is hy profession a violinist, one might say conversely that the true musician is also a poet. But one does not know whether to congratulate him most on his musically written hook or on having lived these wonderful adventures.

SOUTH SEA FOAM. By A. Safroni-Middleton. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.50.

Labor and the Employer.

"Labor and the Employer," by Samuel Gompers, is a collection of Mr. Gompers' numerous speeches, addresses, and articles bearing on the subject of the labor-union movement and the American Federation of Labor since 1883 to the present time. These documents are arranged, not chronologically, but grouped under chapter headings, so that they form an indirect exposition of the subject. Except for the inferential argument, the hook is rather a history of the labor movement as experienced hy Mr. Gompers than a treatise on labor. The volume forms a detailed chronicle step by step of the growth of the unions taken from such various aspects as "Child Labor and Woman in Industry," "The Labor View of Profit-Sharing," "The Union Shop and the Open Shop," "The Shorter Working Day."

Except for occasional papers or speeches for United States Senate committees, lobby House investigation committees, industrial commissions, the *Journal of Commerce*, etc., these articles are not an argument for labor unions addressed to the public, but are straight talks to the working man, papers for the *American Federationist*, or annual reports to the A. F. of L. For the student of economics, for employers, in fact for every one vitally interested in the labor question, these papers should form a reliable source of first-hand information.

Probably the most interesting chapter is "Industrial Warfare," with the subdivisions, "Strikes," "The Boycott," "Picketing," "Violence and Graft," and "Restrictions on Labor Activities." Gompers plainly expresses himself that strikes should be used only as a last resort, but of course justifies them in that capacity. "To know when to strike, and particularly when not to strike, is a science not yet fully understood" is the interesting keynote of one of these papers, addressed to the American Federation of Labor. The reader discovers that the "when not to strike" refers to the strikers' interests—not to the public's. Another clarion note is sounded in a brief paragraph on page 191:

"Show me a country in which there are no strikes and I'll show you that country in which there is no liberty. The state, when it has interfered with industrial affairs, has become the greatest tyrant in the world."

But that speech was spoken twenty years ago, and probably Mr. Gompers did not foresee the tyrant that labor could become in this latter age, with the anarchy of the world war to use as a lever for hoisting wages, and consequently prices, beyond the outside edge of the limit.

On the subject of police striking Mr. Gompers is emphatic. He does not recognize the right of the police to strike, but later makes the apparently inconsistent statement: "The difference between a strike where the public is not inconvenienced and where it is should have no hearing on the justice of the dispute." Mr. Gompers should be more lucid as to exactly what the term "inconvenienced" here means. And then he puts the question, meant as the last word on the justification of striking, "Should the public deny justice to those who may have to strike?" The logical answer is, "It is a one-sided justice when the public suffers."—R. G.

LABOR AND THE EMPLOYER. By Samuel Gompers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50.

Briefer Reviews.

The latest addition to the How to Develop Series, now in course of publication by Edward J. Clode, is "How to Develop Your Will Power," by Claire Tree Major.

"The Sandman's Mountain," by Louis Dodge (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3), is described as "a story for large persons to read to small

persons." Mr. Dodge needs no introduction. His name on a title-page is sufficient recommendation, an additional attraction being the illustrations by Paul Bransom.

Under the title of "Peter" the Houghton Mifflin Company has published a character sketch of a dog hy Arthur S. Hardy. It is admirably done, but what, after all, do we know of the minds of animals?

Those who want a popular but somewhat lightweight and ecstatic hlography of Herbert Hoover will find it in "The Making of Herhert Hoover," hy Rose Wilder Lane, just published hy the Century Company.

"Stories for Good Children," hy Lora B. Peck (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50), consists of tales "drawn from the best imaginative literature of every land and time." Children eight years old can read them easily, and no child will read them without enjoyment.

Roy J. Snell, who has already written some capital hooks for boys, now gives us "Soolook Wild Boy," the story of an Eskimo hoy, thrust out by his own people in a land of snow and ice to die of starvation during a time of famine. It is published, with illustrations, hy Little, Brown & Co.

"The Nurseries of Heaven," edited by G. Vale Owen and H. A. Dallas (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50), is described as "a series of essays hy various writers concerning the future life of children with experience of their manifestation after death." Perhaps that will be a sufficient description for most of our readers.

The Houghton Mifflin Company has published "The Strange Year," hy Eliza Orne White. It is a sequel to "The Blue Aunt," and the children who are the principal characters are the same as in the earlier book, with the addition of an attractive little crippled girl who moves into the neighborhood. Price, \$1.65.

The Modern Students' Library, now being published by Charles Scribner's Sons, already contains some twenty volumes hy great authors. These little hooks are compact in form and admirable in workmanship, in every way worthy of the library shelves. The latest addition is "Emerson's Essays," selected and edited with an introduction by Professor Arthur Hobson Quinn.

"French: A Practical Handbook for Self-Instruction," hy Edouard Dunois, M. A., has been published hy Edward J. Clode. A publisher's note says: "The method of self-instruction as offered in this volume is of a very notable simplicity. Yet the teaching is comprehensive to such an extent that the student may easily derive from it a satisfactory knowledge of the language."

The Houghton Mifflin Company has published "The Dreadful River Cave," hy James Willard Schultz. Like Mr. Schultz's other books, this story deals with real live Indians, not hook Indians, and has plenty of action and interesting Indian lore. It tells the story of a young brave, Black Elk, and his exciting adventures, centering about a mysterious cave behind a waterfall.

Edwin L. Sahin takes an easy first place among the writers of histories for boys and young people in general. His latest volume is "Into Mexico with General Scott," in which

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he relates the adventures of Jerry Cameron, who fought in Mexico by the side of Second Lieutenant U. S. Grant. Those in search of the best books for boys would do well to acquaint themselves with the work of Mr. Sahin. The publisher is the J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.75.

Tourists on battlefields who prod the turf with dainty parasols and inquisitive canes and those romantic souls who sigh for the good old war will do well to read A. Hamilton Gibbs' hook of verse, "Bluebottles," published by B. W. Huebsch, Inc. The author is the brother of Philip Gibbs, who wrote "Now It Can Be Told."

Thuvia

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The Gate of Ivory.

This is the story of Allan Conway, who was so fine a man that he was hardly respectable. Conway is secretary to Richard Gwynn of Maryland, a successful lawyer who is already treasurer of the state and who hopes to be its governor. Now Conway ought to have known that he had no right to fall in love with his employer's beautiful and worthless wife, Eleanor, but none the less he does so, and she with him. But Conway's curious conscience prevents the affair from following the usual course. Unless Eleanor will go away with him and leave her husband he refuses to take advantage of her surrender. But Eleanor will not do this because it means the loss of comfort and social position, and so there is a deadlock and a series of rather tiresome discussions on the ethics of a dubious situation. In the meantime Gwynn has been spending money like water in the pursuit of the governorship. Eleanor runs into debt for her hospitalities and with her husband's connivance steals some bonds from the state treasury, which she can easily do as she is allowed to deposit her jewelry in the vault and to carry a key. When detection becomes certain Gwynn compels his wife to assent to a plan by which the blame shall be placed on Conway, whose silence is guaranteed by his love for Eleanor. So Conway is disbarred and driven into obscurity while Gwynn goes triumphantly forward to the governorship and Eleanor climbs to the top of the social ladder.

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Vice is triumphant and virtue is in the dust. If it be said that Conway is immoral and therefore the sublimity of his abnegation is a contradiction, it may be said that nothing is more remarkable than the goodness of had men.

In some of its parts the story tends to proximity and unreality, but the central idea is a sound one and it is developed with skill and vigor.

THE GATE OF IVORY. By Sydney L. Nyhurg. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

No Defense.

Gilbert Parker is at his best when writing of Canada. This is by no means an implication that "No Defense" is not a good novel. It is a very good novel, but we seem to miss that intimate familiarity with person and scene that has distinguished so many of his earlier stories. "No Defense" is a story of Irish rebellion in the early days. Dyck Calhoun refuses to be enmeshed in the net of Irish revolt, and as already he knows too much of the contemplated French invasion he is accused of a murder and railroaded to jail. On his release, and in desperation for the means of livelihood, he enlists in the navy, participates in mutiny, and sails to Virginia in command of a captured warship. There he would assuredly have been taken and hanged but for his opportune aid against a rising of the slaves and the Maroons. This secures him a pardon at the hands of the governor, Lord Mallow. Of course there is a beautiful Irish girl whom Dyck knew in Ireland and who has preceded him to the colony, and so everything ends up in the way that we still like to consider as satisfactory.

No Defense. By Gilbert Parker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Problems of Today.

This volume by Mr. Moorfield Storey consists of the Godkin Lectures delivered in March, 1920. It is an enumeration and a brief survey of some modern national problems, all of them instantly soluble in a little common sense. For example, the author asks why we allow a little handful of Irishmen to invoke a war between America and Great Britain which would destroy what little is left of civilization, why we allow certain people in the South to amuse themselves by burning negroes, why we allow organizations outside of the law to ruin industries or to deprive large masses of innocent people of the necessities of life. The answer is, of course, to be found in the vicious stupidity of electorates. Education, says the author, is the remedy. But we seem to have tried that. Learning appears to have failed as a prophylactic against chaos.

PROBLEMS OF TODAY. By Moorfield Storey. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Camille Flammarion, probably the most widely known astronomer in the world, has recently been quoted as saying that Americans are depriving themselves of the possibility of communicating with the spirits of their dead by the practice of cremation. His book, "The Unknown," a new edition of which was recently published by the Harpers, is the result of his earlier investigations in the field of psychic phenomena.

"Flame and Shadow," by Sara Teasdale Filsinger, will be published before the end of the month. This is the first volume of her poems to be published since "Love Songs," which won the Columbia University Poetry Prize in 1917.

James Huneker is finding himself perilously near the best-seller category. "Steeplejack" (Scribners), the brilliant critic's autobiography, is reported as one of the books most in

demand on the Pacific Coast. The first edition was sold on publication, the second disappeared in less time than it takes to tell it, and the third edition of the irrepressible "Steeplejack" is going fast.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce that they have just obtained the publishing rights for "A Kiss of Cinderella," Sir James Barrie's play in which Maude Adams starred with success. This will be the first appearance of the play in book form.

New Books Received.

THE CAPTIVES. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company; \$2.
A novel.

AMBASSADORS OF GOD. By S. Parker Cadman. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$3.50.
The fundamentals of preaching.

DEVELOPMENT. By W. Bryther. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.
A novel.

JIMMY QUIGG, OFFICE BOY. By Harold S. Latham. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.
A story of Americanization.

SCOUTS OF THE DESERT. By John Fleming Wilson. New York: The Macmillan Company.
A story.

CLOUDY JEWEL. By Grace Livingston Hill (Mrs. Lutz). Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.90.
A novel.

MAKING GOOD. By Captain McKean. New York: The Macmillan Company.
For boys.

BEING AND BECOMING. By Fenwick L. Holmes. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.
New Thought.

MASTER EUSTACE. By Henry James. New York: Thomas Seltzer; \$2.
Five short stories.

THE BIG-TOWN ROUND-UP. By William MacLeod Raine. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.
A story of Arizona.

THE PEACE TANGLE. By John F. Bass. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4.50.
The desperate straits of Europe under the treaties of peace.

JUDICIAL SETTLEMENT OF CONTROVERSIES BETWEEN STATES OF THE AMERICAN UNION. By James Brown Scott, A. M., J. U. D., LL. D. New York: Clarendon Press.

An analysis of cases decided in the Supreme Court of the United States.

MEMORIES. By Lord Redesdale. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
Autobiography.

LITTLE HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR. By H. Vast. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
Translated from the French.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON IN 1666. By Walter George Bell, F. R. A. S. New York: John Lane Company.

With forty-one illustrations.

TAHITI DAYS. By Hector MacQuarrie. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Illustrated by photographs.

SPENDTHRIFT TOWN. By Henry Hudson, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.25.
A novel.

THE STORY OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IN ITALY. By Charles M. Bakewell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A war narrative.

THE PROBLEM OF THE INTERNATIONAL COURT OF JUSTICE. By Dr. Hans Wehberg. New York: Clarendon Press.

Issued in the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

THE AUSTRALIAN VICTORIES IN FRANCE IN 1918. By Lieutenant-General Sir John Monash, G. C. M. G., K. C. J. B., V. D., D. C. L., LL. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$8.

With nine maps and thirty-one illustrations.

THAT GIRL MARCH. By W. H. Rainsford. New York: John Lane Company.

A novel.

BROKEN COLOUR. By Harold Ohlson. New York: John Lane Company.

A novel.

THE BORROWDALE TRAGEDY. By W. J. Dawson. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.
A novel.

LITTLE PIERRE. By Anatole France. New York: John Lane Company.

Issued in the Works of Anatole France.

EPSTEIN. By Bernard Van Dieren. New York: John Lane Company; \$12.50.

Illustrated with fifty reproductions in colotype.

THE LAST CRUSADE, 1914-1918. By Donald Maxwell. New York: John Lane Company; \$7.50.

With 100 sketches made by the author while on duty in Palestine.



McGovern, Ph. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.60.
For students.

BROKEN MUSIC. By Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.
Selected verse.

HEAD OF THE LOWER SCHOOL. By Dorothea Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
A story for girls.



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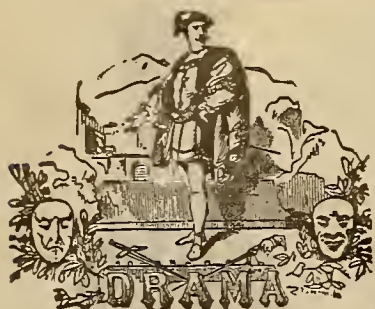
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"UP IN MABEL'S ROOM."

This Collison-Harbach farce belongs to that order of plays that once seen are never remembered. After I had listened to the opening scene for a few moments it suddenly came over me that I had heard it before. Up to that time neither the title nor the underwear motive had stirred up any recollections. They even have the same people; or some of them, anyway; which seems to argue that it wasn't so very long ago that the piece was given here.

"Up in Mabel's Room" belongs to the category of bedroom, slightly off-color farces that are written for gay, youthful, light-minded materialists: people whose idea of heaven is musical comedy and a cabaret, accompanied by a grand feed. They eat well, dress well, play cards well, live well. Their women make the streets gay with their good looks and style. These people help along numerous businesses, for they are great spenders. They keep hotels, cafés, apartment houses, and theatres going by their patronage. They are—anyway their women are while they are young—good to look at and they are often extremely likable in a superficial way.

But oh heaven, think of spending a summer season in the country with them. They have no mental resources but cards, gossip, and stories that are off color, like the situations in their favorite farces. Without being in the least vicious, they like this type of stories. They mean no harm; it is just because of their empty-headed, cheerful, self-satisfied materialism. Generally people of this kind are

practical, often shrewd. They have plenty of domestic virtues, being affectionate in family relations and often, perhaps generally, pay their bills. In fact the world couldn't get along without them, probably. But to entertain one's self at the theatre entirely by their standards would be like eating quail for dinner every day.

"Up in Mabel's Room" is a typical piece of this order. It requires, for suitable presentation, about four couples and a servant or two, a bedroom or two, and a bathroom or two. The women must all be able to carry exceedingly smart clothes with the tip-top of smartness, which we can truly say that Julie Ring and Grace Fielding do—also, in a less degree, perhaps, Gertrude Webster.

The men in a farce of this order must consist of one prime comedian—in this case Sager Midgeley—and a group of others ready to be energetically social, make private frenzied signals to each other, and practice gymnastic farce during the leading scene. Thus Sager Midgeley, who is in appearance a sober, settled, and comfortably rounded out citizen, is obliged to put in a lot of physical exercise rolling under Mabel's bed in moments of guilty terror, while his man servant shoots down into a laundry box at the inconveniently frequent intervals when the alarm sounds. They always have a laundry basket or so in these bedroom farces, and there are so many references to underwear and so much underwear being popped into the laundry baskets that one can not but feel a fastidious sensation about one's olfactories.

What makes these farces fail to offend is because of the heedfulness with which the authors make the characters of unexceptionable respectability. Never a word or a phrase is uttered that you could cavil at. It is merely the idea, and when any article or situation is alluded to that seems to smack of impropriety the voice is respectfully lowered, while the audience laughs hilariously.

Julie Ring—who does her physical share in farce activities by walking miles in Mabel's bedroom—has good looks, style, personality, and a neat, incisive utterance. She looks like a clever woman.

Grace Fielding has a pretty face, a roguish smile, and, like Julie Ring, a dazzling wardrobe. In these farces the numerous changes amount to a fashion display. The women in bedroom-farceland change three times after 6 p. m.; once for dinner, once for a thrilling negligée suitable for the evening gossip, and once into gauzy pajamas for bed.

Besides the women mentioned there is Josephine Saxe, whose carefully cultivated bahysms are too exaggerated. This actress hasn't developed a pin's point since we first saw her in "Twin Beds" and when the baby eyes and baby lips have faded it looks as if Josephine won't have much left. At present she has a wide-eyed gaze, a rosebud mouth, and a seductively curving figure.

Gertrude Webster has a stylish figure and stage presence. Eugenia Geinova did her French maid hit well, and Messrs. Dorbin and Bradley did their servant parts neatly. Besides these, Messrs. Norval and Lewis played

the parts respectively of an enamored suitor and an equally enamored spouse with suitable farcical spirit.

The setting of the first act was extremely handsome, as an indication of the financial ease of the characters, who were suggestive of that large, light-minded, moneyed class in America who take their pleasures gayly and expensively.

"HEDDA GABLER."

For this week Mr. Maitland, recognizing the desire of the present generation to acquire familiarity with the works of Ibsen, has put on "Hedda Gabler." To know Hedda is not to love her, and she is rather apt, like others of Ibsen's masterpieces, notably "Ghosts," to disagree with people's mental digestion.

For Hedda is, in a way, like Oswald, a pathological case. She has the soul of a dissolute youth in a beautiful body, whose chastity she has sedulously preserved, while her curious, inquiring mind is given over to corruption.

It has been said of Hedda that Ibsen never saw her prototype, but huddled her out of the traits of several women. Certain it is that she is not strictly normal, but probably, in creating her, Ibsen wished to give another slap to his detested compatriots the Norwegians, whose petty provincialism did not allow for the natural exuberance of youthful joys. "Look," we can imagine him saying, as he launched his Hedda on a puzzled and rather affronted world, "look at what results in your social life, so devoid of natural vent for temperaments that vary from what is prescribed by your narrow rules."

Hedda, however, must be partly accounted for by being the daughter of an old voluptuary, whose dissolute soul had passed into her maiden's body. She is not a particularly stimulating person to pass the evening with unless she is interpreted by some actress who can express the haleful fascination wherein lay Hedda's baffling and morbid charm.

Therefore we are only seeing Hedda as through a glass darkly. However, the play, like the majority of Ibsen's, is eminently actable, because that greatest master of dramatic construction cast all his prose dramas, even those most given over to mystic symbolism—as, for instance, "The Lady from the Sea"—into a form of simple, everyday realism. Therefore the family life of the Tesmans, the revelation of Aunt Julia's simple-hearted selflessness, the self-interested scheming of the Tesmans' neighbor, Counselor Brack, the prosy commonplaces of Hedda's despised mate, and the intellectual comradeship between Thea and Lovborg, which Hedda ruthlessly seeks to destroy, all these belong to the literature of the world, and those who wish to have a literary acquaintance with masterpieces should know "Hedda Gabler."

The company, strengthened by the return of J. Anthony Smythe, gave, generally speaking, a creditable representation, the work of Mr. Maitland and Mr. Smythe, however, standing out above that of the others.

"FIVE O'CLOCK."

Not a particularly meaningful title that; but then "Five O'Clock" is not a particularly meaningful play. It is melodramatic comedy, written by Frank Bacon, one-time stock comedian at the Alcazar—and among the best they ever had—and at present New York playwright and star.

Frank Bacon "arrived" some years ago: how thoroughly we first learned in "The Fortune Hunter," in which he so beautifully played the rôle of the old inventor. Since then Mr. Bacon has taken to play-writing: doubtless recognizing that the facile public can be amused pretty easily, and that he might as well supply his own vehicles as pay some one else handsome sums to do so. He is the author of "Lightnin'," which is now in the third year of its run at the New York Gaiety. I am told that it is rather a lightweight play, but its long run shows that the author, profiting by his long experience as an actor, has learned what the public wants.

The Alcazar public took very kindly to "Five O'Clock," punctuating the performance with laughter in a way quite soothing to the managerial heart.

"Five O'Clock," however, is not exactly a play one can enthuse over, as it has a number of faults, chief among which is that it is too long, is rather overweighted with plot, and the author handles a rather delicate situation—one in which a daughter has to accuse her father of stealing the authorship of a book from the man she loves—in a manner that does not sufficiently indicate the daughter's sufferings. Nor is the comedy particularly well conceived. There is too much dependence on catchwords, too much repetition.

The chief motive, however, is an interesting one; but stay, which is the chief motive? The incarceration of a perfectly sane man in a private insane asylum or the theft and publication by one man of the manuscript of a book written by another?

Which brings to light still another fault of

the author; that is, an excess of material due to the parallel running of these two main motives.

However, it is a good fault not to have a play too thin and sleazy. And besides, the play shows study on the author's part. He has been looking up the methods used in "the well-made play," as indicated by the amount of intrigue.

The plot leads up to a scene in which the uncovering of a conspiracy for purposes of gain of a sane man's relatives to keep him in a reputed sanitarium—really for "mental cases"—ought to be the principal one in the play. But the comedy element intrudes too much, and the main scene becomes that in which the thieving, reputed author is faced

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and accused, and finally, breaking down, makes open confession.

"Five O'Clock" struck me as a play with considerable possibilities. It has almost enough material for two plays, but it needs shortening and revision to intensify its drama and lighten its comedy.

It has plentiful entertaining possibilities for the general public, and the author is well up in that joyous slang argot to which an audience always takes so kindly.

It took about a dozen players to present the play, Elwyn Harvey figuring as the daughter who, in order to save her sweet-heart, is faced with the painful alternative of accusing her father.

Neither by the playwright nor the actress were these scenes well presented. Miss Harvey's girlish gaiety in her preliminary scenes seemed forced and mechanical, and in the later ones there was not sufficient indication of suffering.

Mr. Dudley Ayres' refined and amiable personality fitted into the rôle of the young prisoner, Charles Yule worked out a very acceptable conception of the independent old

country doctor, and Ben Erway dealt gallantly with the lengthy diatribes of the fool conspirator who spilled the fat in the fire.

Rafael Brunetto nearly drove us to drink by his rapid, indistinct utterance. But in the scene of accusation and confession he came through pretty well, expressing the shamed collapse of an outwardly imposing weakling.

Two new players, one Walter Emerson, the other Edna Peckham, whom we have already seen in a couple of rôles, showed promise in their handling of the over-lengthy comedy stuff of the hellhop and the waitress. And Emily Pinter, Gladys Emmons, and Al Cunningham rounded out the performance by their, as usual, conscientious work.

FOUR ARTS IN ONE.

A union of the arts to produce a harmonious totality was employed with extremely pleasing effect at the Philomath Club this week, the chief motive being the interpretative dancing of Agnes Kalman Rush and Dorothy Manners Dreifus.

"Rhythm" was the theme, the dancers illustrating primitive rhythms by rhythmic movements in time to the beating of a native tomtom until the instinctively rhythmic movements gradually developed into a dance of joyous abandon.

The elfin joy of Pan, the more measured and restrained exhilaration of Terpsichore, the tragic woe of Melpomene, and the cadenced measures plucked from the harp-strings of Polhymnia, the whole leading up to a joyous Bacchanale, an expression of the sun-purpled fruition of autumn's harvest, constituted a programme of unusual beauty. The art of the two dancers is in line with that of Isadora Duncan and Ruth St. Denis, the pleasing addition of literature and verbal music being made to the group of arts. For Miss Edna C. Cohen wrote for each dance an introduction characterized by classic felicity of phrase, while Mrs. A. L. Gump, who read these graceful bits of literature, lent verbal music to the general pleasing harmony.

The music, under the direction of Rodion Mendelevitsh, was played by members of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, the compositions chosen being in felicitous accord with the sentiment expressed in each dance. JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

With live snake necklaces entwined about their necks, several society women of Paris appeared recently in a fashionable restaurant.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Curran Theatre.

"Chu Chin Chow," coming to the Curran Theatre commencing Monday, November 29th, is in the fifth year of its run at His Majesty's Theatre, London. It was produced there in 1916 and has been presented continuously, in spite of air raids, Zeppelins, and all other obstacles. Two years ago F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest presented "Chu Chin Chow" in New York, with scenery and costumes made by the original producers in London, but on a much larger scale. "Chu Chin Chow" proved a gorgeous revelation for American audiences, and now the complete production and cast from the Century Theatre is being presented on tour in fourteen scenes and with a company of 300 people.

"Chu Chin Chow" is a romance of ancient Bagdad and tells the story of Abu Hasan, the robber chief, who disguises himself as Chu Chin Chow, a rich Chinese merchant, and enters Bagdad to rob Kasim Baha, a wealthy miser, and to raid the slave market. His plans are foiled by Zahrat, the desert woman, a slave who brings about his downfall, but not until fourteen brilliant and wonderful scenes with music, dance, and pageant have been unfolded. The music, by Frederick Norton, is especially alluring and tuneful and there are eighteen musical hits in the score. There are 865 dazzling and brilliant costumes of many colors and a mannequin parade of fashion models of ancient Bagdad that exhibits some of the most striking costumes ever designed.

The Alcazar Theatre.

"Crooked Gamblers" has been released to the Alcazar for only representation outside of New York. It is such an up-to-the-minute novelty that it will run for two weeks, commencing next Sunday matinee. This departure from the fixed Alcazar policy of a weekly change is justified by the splendid New York success of a novel play riving with merriment and exciting in its exposé of methods by which crooked stock promoters juggle the market and wring millions from credulous victims "caught coming and going." There is a splendid love story with two tire manufacturers striving for the hand of the same girl and disagreeing about their business policy. But they are splendid in personal loyalty, and although the best man wins in the courtship, both gallantly defeat the plotters who try to ruin their business. Dudley Ayres and Elwyn Harvey head a long cast of graphic character types.

"Watch My Smoke," a new comedy of romance and business by Walter A. Rivers, well-known local newspaper man, has first presentation on Sunday, December 12th. Its hero loses his fear of losing his job, and after telling his "boss" some things that he ought to know, cuts loose for himself and has an exciting experience.

The Orpheum.

The two notables of the present week's bill, Kitty Gordon and Jack Wilson, are chosen to remain a second week at the Orpheum. Due to the unqualified approval meted out by the audiences throughout all Orpheum Circuit cities, Miss Gordon will occupy the headline position during the second week.

Dorothy and Madeline Cameron will delight San Francisco audiences next week. They are described as attractive young women, pretty, smart, chic, and faultlessly gowned. They are assisted in their offering by Edwin Weber at the piano.

William Gaxton will be seen at the head of a capable company in "The Junior Partner," written by Rupert Hughes, author of "Excuse Me" and many successful plays and short stories. In "The Junior Partner" the result of romance and business is shown, and it is demonstrated that the two mix exceedingly well. Gaxton is a light comedian of tried and true quality.

"Pep" is the motive power which Bob Murphy and Elmore White will use in their skit, "A Peppy Arrangement of Tunes and Laughs."

"Telling the Truth" is a pastime in which James McCormack and Eleanor Irving will give their instinct for veracity full play. That is the title of their new act, in which they will be seen on the coming bill.

Charlie Wilson will begin his number at no

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place in particular and will wind up in exactly the same spot. It is his aimless wanderings and meanderings that keep the kernel rattling in the shell.

Hubert Dyer, assisted by Ben Coyne, promises a laugh a second in the skit in which he will appear. Unusual feats are combined with the comedy element.

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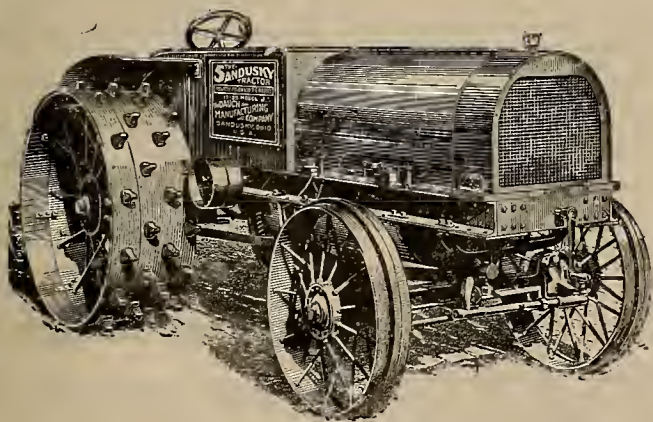
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RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$44,089,514.64
U. S. Bonds to Secure Circulation.....	3,700,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds and Certificates.....	10,460,789.00
Other Bonds.....	9,866,210.15
Other Assets.....	1,551,730.68
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit and Acceptances.....	12,309,232.41
Commodity Drafts in Transit.....	\$ 9,214,835.86
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	28,890,682.51— 38,105,518.37

\$120,082,995.25

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock.....	\$ 5,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	3,540,381.03
Circulation.....	3,672,085.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign, and Acceptances.....	12,309,232.41
Federal Reserve Bank.....	6,630,500.00
Bonds Borrowed.....	883,000.00
Deposits.....	88,047,796.81

\$120,082,995.25

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VANITY FAIR.

It is said that when Mrs. Asquith announced to her husband over the matutinal coffee cups that she had been offered a certain large sum of money for her memoirs Mr. Asquith replied: "My dear, I hope they are not worth nearly so much as that." Mr. Asquith evidently knew wherein consisted the value of a lady's recollections and that their market price would be exactly commensurate

with their scandalous nature. The respectabilities and the decorums have no value nowadays. We are not interested in our neighbors unless they are doing something that they ought not to. At least they must be the objects of some reasonable suspicion.

From this point of view Mrs. Asquith's memoirs may be said to be well worth the sum paid for them. English society is seething with indignation and also with foreboding, for it seems that there is more to come, and no one knows where the next blow will fall or the extent to which its force may be increased or mitigated. Mrs. Asquith is said to be enjoying the situation to the full.

But in the meantime her accuracy is being challenged. For example, she tells us a story about Robert Louis Stevenson. She says he paid long visits to John Addington Symonds, and then she quotes Mrs. Symonds as saying that the Stevensons "were not particular, and that what with hemorrhages, ink, and cold mutton gravy, her beautiful sheets were much spoiled." This brings Sir Sidney Colvin into the field with the assurance that the Stevensons "were never guests in the Symonds' house at all," and then comes the publication of a letter written by Mrs. Symonds in 1911 to the effect that she should have "made

notes" of the Stevensons' "housekeeping" at Davos, which was "amusing and original." Evidently Mrs. Asquith has been caught in *flagrante delicto* and the value of her supposed reminiscences is severely impugned.

But what a nasty business it all is. There seems to be hardly a line in these memoirs that usefully adds to our knowledge about any person or place. Life would become unbearable, social intercourse impossible, if the terror of the diarist were always before our eyes. We talk easily and readily because we know that our words have only a temporary vitality, that they will probably be effaced from the minds of their hearers in a few hours. What shackles we should lay on our conversation if we knew that we might be talking to some pestilent diarist who would duly record or misrecord every casual word. Suppose Mrs. Symonds had actually said the rather repulsive thing about the Stevensons attributed to her. We are all liable to such utterances in private talk, utterances that are washed from the memory before the evening is over, but that would look indescribably bad in print, separated from circumstance, environment, tone of voice, gesture, and a dozen other modifying factors. There is no reputation on earth that could be sustained under the weight of a publication of private and domestic conversation. The known presence of an irresponsible diarist would put a blight of silence upon any social gathering in the world. Without the assumption of reticence and confidence we should remain dumb as oysters in one another's presence.

No one should keep a diary. Either it will be a complete record, in which case it will be explosive, or it will be an incomplete record, in which case it will be valueless. Least of all should there be an attempt to record the conversations of others. It is as much a violation of confidence as the reading of another's letters. Even the police warn us that whatever we say may be used in evidence against us, but the diarist issues no such warning. The wretch hegules us into indiscretions by the guaranty of the dinner-table or the drawing-room and then nullifies the guaranty by the atrocity of the diary.

It was a rule at the court of Queen Victoria that no inmate of the house, and particularly no lady in waiting, should keep a diary or make any effort to record what might be seen or heard. Probably the rule was not always kept. To exclude all reference to royal life and royal visitors from private correspondence would be a task greater than flesh and blood could perform. But nothing was ever published that could be described as a breach of confidence. Several diaries relating to the German court have been published, and notably the diary of the ex-emperor's American dentist, which was a gross and vulgar breach of confidence. There have been some two or three really great diaries, such as Pepy's and Evelyn's, but the average diarist is none the less a nuisance and worthy of excommunication with hell, hook, and candle.

A reinforcement for the world demand for lumber is preparing in British East Africa, where there are between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 acres of woodland to draw upon, and a new industry, very infantile at present, is expected to grow so rapidly that the government is now considering plans to improve the harbor facilities for exporting the forests. The best wood is suitable for wheelmakers and wagon-builders and the making of wood block paving, railroad ties, bridges, ox yokes and ax, pick and tool handles. It also makes good flooring and lining boards. The builder, however, must needs be of a patient disposition if he postpones building until these British East African woods are available. Meantime there are new sounds in some of the African forests, the rhythm of the woodman's ax, the huzz of the sawmill, and the puffing of oversized locomotives on the narrow-gauge tracks that are penetrating from the main line of railways into the woodlands. And many a workman, no doubt, will some day work with tools whose handles grew in an African forest.

For a long time it has been known that various forms of dust when mingled with air in certain proportions are capable of producing explosions when brought into contact with them. This danger sometimes exists in flour mills, an instance being the explosions, some years ago, of three flour mills at Minneapolis. It was then demonstrated by experiment that two ounces of flour in two cubic feet of confined air, when ignited, would cause a violent explosion, and it was calculated that the contents of a flour sack distributed through 4000 cubic feet of air would cause an explosion capable of throwing a weight of 2500 tons to a height of 100 cubic feet. A case is of record where sugar dust in a confectionery factory caused an explosion and in another case dry soap proved equally dangerous.

For a judge to indulge in smoking while on the bench is quite common in the courts of India.

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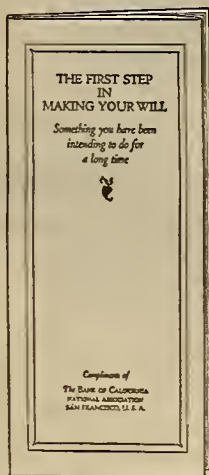
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J. M. McCARTHY, Cashier.
Dated, October 4, 1920.

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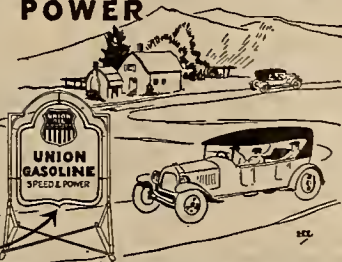
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The young man was giving a graphic account of a narrow escape he had had from an enraged hulk. "I seized him by the tail," he exclaimed, "an' there I was! I was afraid to hold on and I dare not let go." "Between the horns of a dilemma, as it were," ventured Miss Duhious. "No," replied the young man. "I wasn't between the horns at all; and besides, he wasn't a dilemma; he was a Jersey."

A young man who had been in the city only three days, but who had been paying attention to a pretty girl, wanted to propose, but was afraid he might be thought too hasty. He delicately approached the subject as follows: "If I were to speak to you of marriage, after having only made your acquaintance three days ago, what would you say to it?" "Well, I should say never put off till tomorrow that which you should have done the day before yesterday."

When John McCormack was singing in grand opera, as Signor Foli, some years ago, he had on one occasion to sing from a stage balcony which was hardly strong enough to support so heavy a man. The stage manager told off two assistants to hold it up from beneath, but before Signor Foli was more than half through one of the men below said, "Be jahers, Moike, the Oitalian is mighty heavy." "Let's dhrop him, Pat; he's only an Oitalian, after all." Voice of Signor Foli above: "Will ye, ye devils, will ye?" "Tare an' 'ounds, Pat, but he's an Oirishman! Hould him up for the loife of yez!"

Two Chinese sought to settle a difference about a missing dog before an American judge in a Far Western township. Neither could speak a word of English (or American), so the impatient judge asked the interpreter to find out what kind of a dog it was. The question was put, and the Chinaman replied something like this: "Yung kin a ho chkung yoo fuwl ee hi ksky la; seelwik'ho yng pung hi eekskcooflee yngung hoo; tsi ti foo hwlfski hi png heela kski la hoonyung hi kski ja—" At this juncture the judge interrupted brusquely and demanded of the interpreter again what kind of a dog the trouble was all about. The interpreter replied: "A hlack dog, your honor." "Thank you," said the

judge, awarding damages to whichever of the disputants understood him first; adding: "And see here, young feller, it's a good thing for you it wasn't a hlack-and-tan."

In a collision between an auto and a load of hay, the driver of the latter was projected into the village road on his head and lay there semiconscious until two occupants of the more speedy vehicle lifted him out of the dust and started to carry him toward the sidewalk. "Shall we take him into that undertaker's shop there, or to the drug store farther down the street?" asked one of the hurden-hearsers. The victim raised his head with alacrity and vociferated. "Take me to the drug store first, you darn fool!"

A Pittsburgh lawyer was conducting a case in court not long ago and one of the witnesses, a hurly negro, confessed that at the time of his arrest he was engaged in a crap game. Immediately the lawyer said, "Now, sir, I want you to tell the jury just how you deal craps." "Wass dat?" asked the witness, rolling his eyes. "Address the jury, sir," thundered the lawyer, "and tell them just how you deal craps." "Lemme outen heah!" cried the witness uneasily. "Fust thing I know this gem-man gwine to ask me how to drink a sandwich."

Elsie, about to be married, decided at the last moment to test her sweetheart; so, going to her friend Maude, the prettiest girl she knew, she said to her, although she knew it was a great risk: "I'll arrange for Fred to take you out tonight—a walk on the heach in the moonlight, supper, and all that sort of thing—and I want you, in order to put his fidelity to the proof, to ask him for a kiss." Maude laughed, blushed, and assented. The plot was carried out. The next day Elsie visited her friend and said, anxiously: "Well, Maude, did you ask him?" "No, Elsie dear." "No! Why not?" "I didn't get a chance; he asked me first."

It was an outhound car and it was crowded to the doors. The woman had a child in her arms and it was whining and bawling, as is the regulation habit of small children in crowded cars. The mother was doing her best to quiet the child, but was not having any success. The audible comments of the other passengers anent babies in general and

this one in particular didn't help soothe the mother's growing irritation any. Finally the car reached George's Cross, and the conductor loudly cried out the name of the place: "George's Cross! George's Cross!" "Of course George is cross," cried the mother with flashing eyes, "and so would you be if you were cutting your hack teeth!"

Two old school chums chanced to meet again, and spent an interesting hour exchanging reminiscences. "But, I say, old chap," began one suddenly, "you say you are in the grocery line. I thought you wanted to go on the stage." "So I did," confessed the other, sheepishly; "but—er I—discovered I wasn't suited for it." "A little bird told you, I suppose?" The other man hesitated, and his face slowly flushed. "Well, no, not exactly," he said; "but they might have been birds if they had been allowed to hatch."

A woe-hegone specimen of the tramp tripe made a call at a rural residence to ask for aid. The door was opened by a woman of angular proportions, severe in demeanor, and uncertain age and temper. Having speedily ascertained the object of the unexpected visit, in raspy tones she observed: "I shall not give you anything. If you had been wise you would not have come here. Do you know who I am?" The weary wanderer replied that he had not the pleasure of knowing. "Well, I'm a policeman's wife, and if he were here he would take you, and very quickly, too." The tired tramp looked at her quickly for a minute, and then replied: "I believe you, ma'am. If he took you he'd take anybody."

Lawson Purdy, secretary of the Charity Organization, said in a brilliant address on charity in New York: "Charity bestowed on the professional heggar is worse than wasted. A gaunt scarecrow with a red nose knocked at the back door of a farmhouse one bitter December day. 'Charity, lady,' he croaked. 'Charity for the sake of the Christmas feast wot's approachin'.' Here he coughed dismally. 'Lady,' he went on, 'I got a splittin' headache and a hackin' cough, and—' But the wise farmer woman interrupted him. 'A splittin' headache and a hackin' cough?' she said. 'Then you won't mind goin' out to the woodshed and splittin' the kindlin' and hackin' them oak logs. When you're through I'll give you a good square meal of—' But the sufferer with a gesture of rage and disgust was already hurrying on his way."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Pastoral.

Just as the sun was setting
Back of the Western hills
Grandfather stood by the window
Eating the last of his pills.
And Grandmother, by the cupboard,
Knitting, heard him say:
"I ought to have went to the village
To fetch some more pills today."
Then Grandmother snuffed a teardrop
And said, "It is just like I suz
T' th' parson—Grandfather's liver
Aint what it used to was:
"It's gittin' torpid and dormant,
It don't function like of old,
And even them pills he swallows
Don't seem no more t' catch hold;
"They used to grab it and shake it
And joggle it up and down
And turn dear Grandfather yaller
Except when they turned him brown;
"I remember when we was married
His liver was lively and gay,
A kickin' an' rippin' an' givin'
Dear Ezry new pains ev'ry day;
"It used to turn clear over backwards
An' palpitate wuss'n a pump
An' give him the janders and yallers
An' bounce around thumpy-thump;
"But now it is torpid and dormant
And painless and quiet and cold;
Ah, me! all's so peaceful an' quiet
Since Grandfather's liver's grown old!"
Then Grandmother wiped a new teardrop
And sighed: "It is just like I suz
T' th' parson: Grandfather's liver
Aint what it used to was."
Ellis Parker Butler.

Contemporary Humor.

On Monday, I read that clothes would be cheap;
That prices were certain to fall.
On Tuesday, I read—the words made me weep—
There'd be no reduction at all.
On Wednesday, I read that clothing would slump.
But cloth would go higher by far.
On Thursday, I read that neither would jump,
But both would remain where they are.
On Friday, I read I should buy right away,
An act I should never repent;
But Saturday counseled a fortnight's delay,
And a saving of thirty per cent.
And so, to make the week complete,
I read the Sunday "funny sheet."
—Arthur H. Folicell in Leslie's.

"What does it mean by 'being candid,' pa?"
"Speaking unto others as you would not like
them to speak to you."—Boston Transcript.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cunningham of London have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Evelyn Cunningham, and Mr. Seward Simons of Pasadena, son of Mr. and Mrs. Seward Simons. Miss Cunningham spent last winter in San Francisco with her aunt, Mrs. Charles Farquharson. No date has been set for the wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett gave a dinner-dance last Wednesday evening in San Mateo to celebrate the seventeenth anniversary of their marriage. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stetson, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Kierstedt, Mrs. Edward Howard, Mr. William Page and Mr. Robert Coleman, Sr.

Mrs. Francis Langton entertained at tea last

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Thursday in honor of Miss Louise Poulsen of Portland, Oregon. Among those asked to meet the visitor were Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. George Pinckard, Mrs. Ralston Page, Mrs. Frederick St. Goar, Mrs. Zook Sutton, Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mrs. Robert Waybur, Miss Emelle Tubbs, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Anne Dibblée, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Margaret Madison, and Miss Aileen McIntosh.

Mrs. Arthur Sharp entertained at tea Thursday in compliment to Miss Barbara and Miss Katherine Seson. Others at the affair were Miss Margaret Buckhee, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Barbara Kimble, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Bernice Mitchell, and Miss Katherine Bentley.

Mrs. Arthur Lord was a luncheon hostess Monday at the St. Francis.

Mrs. George Wolff gave a bridge-tea Wednesday afternoon, her guests including Mrs. Douglas Short, Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Harry Dodge, Mrs. Frederick St. Goar, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. Elmer Jennings,



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Mrs. Russell Slade, Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mrs. Alfred Oyster, Miss Mabel Hathaway, Miss Isabel Jennings, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, and Miss Josephine Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Gillespie gave a tea Friday at the Palace for General and Mrs. William Graves, those in the party including Mrs. Sigmund Stern, Mrs. Frederick Funston, Mrs. Aileen Doe Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Eskridge, Lieutenant Hollmann, U. S. A., Mr. W. W. Chapin, and Colonel Louis Chapple.

Miss Elizabeth Goodhue of Pasadena was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Tuesday by Mrs. Horace Van Sicken. Her guests were Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mrs. Marshall Madison, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, and Miss Helen Pierce.

Mrs. Joseph Ehrman gave a luncheon last Monday at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Heimann were dinner hosts last Wednesday evening, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Jack Neville, Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas, Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott, Mrs. Elkins de Guigné, Mr. William Crocker, Mr. Willard Drown, and Mr. Russell Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sahlein entertained at dinner Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Wood gave a dinner Wednesday evening for Miss Helen Wood. Others in the dinner group were Miss Dorothy Clark, Miss Jacqueline Kesling, Mr. George Boardman, Mr. Jack Sutton, Mr. Austin Wood, Mr. Marshall Hale, Jr., and Mr. Scott Smith.

Dr. and Mrs. Cullen Welty gave a dinner Friday evening before the "Winter Frolics." Those at the affair include Miss Eleanor Welty, Miss Isabelle Bishop, Miss Eleanor Morgan, Miss Aileen McNutt, Miss Dorothy Kierulff, Miss Dorothy Meyer, Miss Sue Alston McDonald, Miss Marie Welch, Miss Margaret Deahl, Mr. Willard Drown, Jr., Mr. Alston Hayne, Mr. David Conrad, Mr. Warren Doble, Mr. James Adolotte, Mr. Roland Johnston, Mr. John McKee, Mr. Albert McKee, and Mr. Norman McKee.

Mrs. Edward Howard entertained at tea Sunday afternoon in San Mateo for Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Howard.

Mrs. Frederick Britten of Illinois was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Friday by Miss Mary Louise Phelan. Others in the group were Mrs. Britten's mother, Mrs. Peach; Miss Britten, Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, Mrs. C. H. Bentley, Mrs. Charles Fay, Mrs. F. P. Pings, Mrs. James Rolph, Jr. and Miss Ada Sullivan.

Miss Helen Pierce gave a luncheon Thursday at the Town and Country Club for Miss Elizabeth Goodhue of Pasadena.

The Misses Betty and Doris Schmiedell gave a luncheon Friday for Miss Katherine Bentley, their guests including Miss Alysse Allen, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Barbara Seson, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Katherine Seson, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Margaret Buckhee, and Miss Barbara Kimble.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Howard were complimented at dinner a few evenings ago by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park. Others attending the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schuyler, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr., Miss Evelyn Poett, Miss Sophie Beylard, Mr. George Howard, Jr., and Mr. Leroy Nickel, Jr.

A ball will be given at the Civic Auditorium on the evening of November 30th for the benefit of the Seamen's Institute.

Mrs. Frank Anderson gave a luncheon last Wednesday for Mrs. Robert Oxnard.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear gave a dinner-dance Tuesday evening for Mr. Barroll McNear. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Page, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Margaret Madison, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., and Mr. William Hendrickson.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Cumberson gave a dinner last Wednesday evening at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

Miss Helen Garritt gave a supper-dance a few evenings ago, her guests having included Commander and Mrs. William Glassford, Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Hays Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, Miss Anne Peters, Mr. James Jackman, Mr. Tallant Tubbs, Mr. Howard Spreckels, and Mr. Frederick Tillmann.

Mr. and Mrs. William Seson gave a ball last Wednesday evening at the Fairmont to introduce their daughters, the Misses Katherine and Barbara Seson. In the receiving party were Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Helen Brack, Miss Amelia Hogan of Los Angeles, Miss Margaret Buckhee, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Bernice Mitchell, and Miss Elizabeth Moore.

Mrs. Julius Young gave a luncheon Friday in Oakland for Miss Dorothy Cawston and Miss Laura Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham gave a dinner Friday evening for Mr. Bruce Kelham, the group later attending the "Winter Frolics."

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller gave a luncheon Monday at the Woman's Athletic Club.

Miss Jean Searles gave a luncheon Tuesday at the Clift Hotel, her guests including Miss Dorothy Grissim, Miss Katherine Seson, Miss Barbara Seson, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Margaret Buckhee, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Hope Somerset, Miss Therese Williams, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Bess Parcells, Miss Geraldine King, and Miss Helen Brack.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt gave a dinner Thanksgiving evening, their guests including Miss Mary Jolliffe, Miss Harriet Jolliffe, Miss Frances Jolliffe, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen, Miss Claudine Spreckels, Mr. James Moffitt, and Mr. Howard Spreckels.

Mrs. Marshall Madison was a luncheon hostess Monday, entertaining Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Henry White, Mrs. George Wolff, Miss Louise Poulsen of Portland, Miss Dorothy Crawford, and Miss Josephine Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Howard were the guests of honor at a dinner given Saturday in San Mateo by Mr. and Mrs. Duplessis Beylard. Those asked to greet the bride and bridegroom were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clark, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Howard

Park, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schuyler, Miss Ruth Hohart, Miss Sophie Beylard, Miss Evelyn Poett, and Mr. George Howard, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bentley entertained at dinner Tuesday evening for Miss Katherine Bentley and Miss Juanita Ghirardelli. Those attending the affair included Miss Suzanne de l'Enclos, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Barbara Kimble, Miss Elva Ghirardelli, Miss Barbara Seson, Miss Katherine Seson, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Margaret Buckhee, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Helen Brack, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Mr. James Pitt, Mr. Howard Spreckels, Mr. Henry Carton, Mr. Donald Edwards, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. Porter Seson, Mr. Frederick Beaver, Mr. Kenneth Walsh, Mr. Kenneth High, Mr. Alpheus Bull, Mr. George McNear, Jr., Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. William Hendrickson, Mr. James Moffitt, Mr. Arthur Brown, Jr., Mr. William Magee, Jr., Mr. Harwood White, Mr. Walter Hush, and Mr. Robert Bowles.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Harrison are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Clark are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

As a great shock to their many friends, the news has been received of an automobile accident ending fatally to Miss Alice Elliott and her brother, Mr. John Elliott, Jr., the daughter and son of Mr. John M. Elliott of Los Angeles. The accident occurred on the night of November 17th in Hollywood.

The Channing Readers.

The enthusiastic audience which greeted the first of the readings in the course of modern drama which is being presented by the Channing Readers this season insures the decided success of each of these events. The play to be given on Friday afternoon, November 26th, is "Beyond the Horizon," by Eugene O. O'Neill, a son of the great actor, James O'Neill, which has been one of the great successes of the year in New York, where Richard Bennett has been playing it for many months. The Channing readers are probably the first to introduce this new play on the Pacific Coast. These "group readings" for the benefit of Channing Auxiliary are held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Austin Wood, 53 Presidio Avenue, corner Jackson Street, and the hour is 3:15. Tickets may be obtained at the door. Mrs. Edwin William Stadtmuller directs the production, and reading with her are Mrs. William A. Hammond, Mrs. James C. Crawford, Mrs. Joy Lichtenstein, Mrs. Eva Merzhach, and Mrs. Chauncey McGovern.

The Columbia Theatre.

"Listen Lester" will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, commencing with Monday night, November 29th. It ran for nearly a year in New York without interruption, one of the longest runs on record, and when it is considered that eight weeks of that time were during the hottest weather New York had known in many years, the record is all the more astonishing. Besides Fred Heider, the cast includes June Roberts, Delano Dell, Betty Kirkbride, Earl Higley, Claire Grenville, Francis Donegan, René Brown, Evelyn Paul, Nellie Muir, and the Four Entertainers, as well as what is said to be the daintiest, danciest chorus seen for a long time.

Bridge-Tea.

The third bridge-tea on the winter programme of Hotel Whitcomb will be held on Tuesday afternoon, December 7th. Those who have been attending these special tea events in the Sun Lounge will need no introduction to this next tea. Auction bridge will again be the game of the occasion, and as usual there will be a delightful surprise to further increase the pleasure of the guests.

Inventions enabling us to converse and communicate with friends at a distance are coming on so rapidly that the next logical step will be connection with every ship at sea and planes in the air. Ten years hence we will carry our pocket telephone in our vest, like a watch, and be able to talk half around the world to any one else provided with a similar instrument.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Major and Mrs. Charles Norris, who have been at their country place in Saratoga for several months, will leave in January for New York. They will go to England for a brief visit before returning to California. Major and Mrs. Norris returned last week from Medford, Oregon, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston.

Mrs. Daniel Koshland and her little son arrived last week from New York and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland. She will leave for Portland next week to attend the marriage of Miss Delphine Rosenfeld and Mr. Robert Koshland.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis McComas left Saturday for New York to remain until after the first of the year.

Miss Mary Donohoe and Miss Louise Winston of Los Angeles left for the south Tuesday evening. Miss Winston has been spending a month in town with Miss Donohoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Whitehouse will spend the winter in Washington, the former having been transferred to the national capital from the American Embassy at Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Howard arrived last week from Boston and have taken the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Johns in San Mateo for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Schwabacher arrived last week from Seattle for a brief visit with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sahlein. They will leave for Los Angeles next week to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Selfridge have arrived from Southern California to spend the winter season in San Francisco.

General and Mrs. William Graves left Saturday for Fort Wright, Washington, to visit their son-in-law and daughter, Major and Mrs. Edward Orton.

Mrs. Harry Stetson and her cousin, Miss Evelyn Poett, will leave for Boston the first of December to be gone until after the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. George Page has taken apartments at Stanford Court for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, who returned recently from their wedding trip, have taken an apartment on Vallejo Street near Fillmore.

Miss Louise Poulsen of Portland is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton.

Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and her son, Mr. Herman Oelrichs, have returned to New York from France.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels returned last week from New York.

Mrs. Elia Williams and Miss Margaret Williams have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. David Walter have returned to Atherton, after a sojourn of several days in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor will return to Montecito next month from New York.

Captain Edward Harrison, U. S. A., has returned from a two years' absence abroad.

Mr. Harwood White of Santa Barbara came north last week and will spend the rest of the winter in San Mateo with his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Edward White.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham are at Woodside over the holidays. With them are Colonel Edwin

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Whitmeier, U. S. A., Mr. Francis Upton, and Mr. Vail Bakewell.

Mrs. Arthur Munger has returned from a visit with Mrs. Frederick Klamp in Hollywood.

Mr. Walker Salisbury returned last week to Burlingame from Salt Lake City.

Mr. Richard McCreery left last week for New York, and after a short visit there will sail for England to join Mrs. McCreery. They will return to California in January.

Mrs. Willard Drown has returned from a visit in Medford, Oregon, with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breckenridge returned last week from Washington. They have taken a house in Palo Alto for the winter.

Mrs. Albert Dibblee and Miss Anne Dibblee left Saturday for New York. Miss Dibblee will sail soon for Italy with Miss Anita Dibblee.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilder Bowers have returned from a trip to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa have postponed their return to California until the Christmas holidays. They will visit Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Russell in Los Angeles before opening their house in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch returned last week from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hawkins have returned to their ranch at Hollister after a short sojourn in town.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Peahody of Santa Barbara spent last week in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch returned a few days ago from Washington. They will spend the winter in Burlingame.

Miss Helen Pierce is spending a fortnight in San Francisco with Miss Margaret Madison.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Hamilton of New York spent the week-end in Saratoga with Senator Puelan and Miss Mary Louise Puelan.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Spieker have left for a fortnight's visit in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger and the Misses Betty and Elena Folger are spending the Thanksgiving holidays at Del Monte.

Mrs. Grace Hayne is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robin Hayne in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. John Galsworthy have arrived in Santa Barbara for a visit of several weeks.

The Misses Miriam and Betty Elright are passing the Thanksgiving holidays in town with Dr. and Mrs. George Elright.

Miss Alice Hicks left Wednesday for Los Angeles to remain over the holidays with Mrs. Frank Hicks.

Among those registered at the Hotel Oakland are Mr. J. G. Tate, Portland, Oregon; Mr. Carl B. Macon, Cincinnati.

Registered at the Palace are Mr. T. E. Allen, Phoenix, Arizona; Mr. Kemper Campbell, Mr. Le Roy Edwards, Los Angeles; Mr. W. W. Herrin, Seattle; Mr. Charles Seyler, Jr., Los Angeles; Mr. J. G. Fralick, Boise, Idaho; Mr. Gilbert Ross, Carson City, Nevada; Mr. Will H. Bennett, Salem, Oregon; Mr. N. I. Porter, Salt Lake City; Mr. Jesse L. Boyce, Phoenix; Colonel Hiram W. Welch, General George A. White, Portland; Mr. S. M. Spaulding, Mr. Lee Phillips and family, Los Angeles; Mr. Mark Lipman, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Millham, Rochester, New York.

Registered at the Whitcomb are Dr. and Mrs. Guy Manson, Fresno; Dr. and Mrs. C. F. English, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. Paul Swigert, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Burton, Sacramento; Colonel Joseph Birkenshaw, Australia; Mrs. H. D. Rowe, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Spaulding, St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Goodwin, Hanford; Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Clark, Fresno; Mr. F. F. Garside, Tonopah; Mr. Arthur Nichols, Portland.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis include Dr. Charles M. Fox, Dr. B. J. O'Neil, San Diego; Mr. J. R. Sutherland, Kansas City; Mr. W. A. Coons, Minneapolis; Mr. J. J. Neville, Salt Lake City; Mr. W. G. Herbert, Philadelphia; Mr. E. O. Watlis, Ogden, Utah; Mr. M. L. Taylor, New York; Mr. W. A. Robbins, Portland; Mr. E. J. Ferris, Spokane; Mr. Charles E. Keegan, Brooklyn; Mr. L. T. Russell, Portland; Mr. George S. Elbert, Pittsburg; Mr. E. E. Ledlie, Detroit; Mr. Lindsay R. Rogers, Fresno; Mr. H. E. Pitt, Chicago; Mr. B. A. Guy, Mr. Harold A. Sinclair, New York; Mr. and Mrs. John G. Conrad, London.

The Maitland Playhouse.

Since Maitland Playhouse patrons have proved their partiality this season to plays by George Bernard Shaw, they will welcome the news that still another Shaw play is to be produced at the Stockton Street house this coming week.

"Fanny's First Play" is the name of the satire selected by Arthur Maitland. In "Fanny's First Play" we have that rare phenomenon, an author satirizing himself as well as other playwrights. It is the story of a young girl whose father lives in the past and believes his daughter akin to him. When she returns from school she tells of having written a play. Fond father decides to have the play produced and invites the leading critics to be present at his home. Then he discovers that his daughter has written a problem play. It will be the first presentation in San Francisco.

For the remainder of the week Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" will be the attraction at the Maitland.

Thousands of Washington's war workers whose names did not appear in the estimate books of the various departments were paid by lump appropriations. This is the tangle which Congress will have to straighten out in the next session.

"That millionaire who was sued for breach of promise is no fool." "How is that?" "He hired a lady lawyer to defend him who was better looking than the fair plaintiff."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

PICTURES.

People who love color should not fail to see the remarkable exhibit of the Grosbeck pictures in the Rahjohn & Marcom gallery. The artist is an unusual colorist and a vigorous depicter of unbridled action. His pictures are characterized by a virile joy in creation, even though they may be portraying tragedy.

Mr. Grosbeck has many war pictures in the exhibit, among the most striking of which are those of the war horses, whose distended eyes and nostrils express the frenzies of terror suffered by these patient, unresisting slaves. There are groups of plodding refugees, some fine examples of the artist's delight in architecture, and every painting is characterized by remarkable beauty of color, the artist showing an especial affinity for blue—a wonderful blue blent with turquoise and green—and orange.

There is also an exhibit of Mr. Grosbeck's work in black and white.

* * *

At the Print Rooms there is an exhibition of local interest. It consists of the work of Miss Miriam Gerstle, a young girl in her early teens. Some of the pictures show such immaturity of stroke that it is rather a mistake to have added them to the exhibit. The principal qualities of the young lady are, however, originality, unconventionality, and a decided feeling for the grotesque. She brings out the individuality of her subjects, or perhaps imagines it into them. At any rate there is an arresting quality to her portraits, and the series of illustrations of Eastern tales show undoubted and unusual talent. "Hagar," "The Woman," "The Courtesan," "A Manchu Legend" are interesting examples of the young lady's marked talent for patterning her composition and infusing her pictures with the spirit of the Orient, while "Lilith" has that peculiar exoticism and exaggeration of treatment characteristic of the artistic grotesquerie of Aubrey Beardsley.

Charles Hackett.

"Every Italian opera railbird in New York was at the Metropolitan last night to hear a remarkable new tenor who had made a reputation in Italy during the war."

The foregoing was the introduction to a story which appeared in the New York Times, following the impressive debut of Charles Hackett, the brilliant American tenor, who will be heard at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, December 5th, in joint recital with Raoul Vidas, the young Roumanian-French violinist, under the management of Frank W. Healy. The story continues: "Hackett has a high, clear voice and even clearer enunciation, as shown in that first aria. As Almaviva he was a charming figure of youth, high spirits, lover-like ardor; indeed, change Charles to James K., and Count Almaviva could have been Rupert of Hentzau hack on last night's stage."

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But aside from distinguished appearance, Mr. Hackett has as a singer also the elusive quality called style, and no opera was more calculated to display it than Rossini's aristocratic old comedy of music and manners in Seville."

Other artists to be presented by Mr. Healy are Louis Graveure, Belgian haritone, January 18th; Leo Ornstein, pianist, March 4th, and Frances Alda, soprano, April 3d.

So acute is the housing shortage in Calcutta, India, that work has been started on two camps on the outskirts of the city, where the homeless will be put up in tents or in huts if possible. Arrangements are being made to cater to the occupants of the camps at a moderate price, and every effort is being made to keep the charges as low as possible. "Winter" in Calcutta is ideal and life in the camps will not be a great hardship. Plans for the construction of the camps were precipitated by the news that the Prince of Wales might visit the city. This would bring thousands of visitors, for whom there would be no accommodations. Even in the "off" season there has been a shortage of rooms and rents are high despite the recent Rent Act, and with the return of residents who have been away for the summer many will be unable to find accommodations in the city.

Air travel over the English Channel is becoming almost as common as ferry traffic. A new line is to be established between London and Amsterdam.

Kolh and Dill will follow "Listen Lester" at the Columbia Theatre, offering their new production of "The High Cost of Loving."



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"Our waiter has a faraway look in his eyes." "So he has. I wonder what's on his mind?" "Evidently it isn't my order."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"He calls it a 'Portrait of a Lady.'" "He's alone in his belief. The artists say it's no portrait and the women say she's no lady."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Mrs. Willis (whispering to her husband at fashionable dinner)—That one there is the fish-fork, John. *Mr. Willis*—Don't I know it? I've fished it out of the gravy three times already.—*Houston Post*.

Mistress—How did you happen to leave your last position? *New Maid*—The lady fired me. *Mistress*—Ah, she was dissatisfied. *New Maid*—Naw. She was a sorehead. I run for alderman ag'in her and won.—*Town Topics*.

Husband (discovering the hall full of packages)—Heavens! You must have had a successful shopping day. *Wife*—Yes, dear, and that isn't the best of it. I have actually got something that I am going to keep.—*Toledo Blade*.

"Going away this summer?" "Guess not. Pa and ma can't agree." "What's the matter?" "Pa wants to go somewhere where he can play golf, and ma insists on going to a place where golf has never been heard of."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Mrs. Flatbush—I see a ten-hour bill for domestic servants is now before the California legislature. *Mrs. Bensonhurst*—It won't work. *Mrs. Flatbush*—Why not? *Mrs. Bensonhurst*—How are they going to make a cook stay for ten hours?—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Husband (newly married)—Don't you think, love, if I were to smoke, it would spoil the curtains? *Wife*—Ah, you are the most unselfish and thoughtful husband in the world; certainly it would. *Husband*—Well, then, take the curtains down.—*Carolina Tar Baby*.

Mrs. Bacon—What is your husband ranting about in the kitchen? *Mrs. Egbert*—He's expressing his opinion of the cook. *Mrs. Bacon*—Dear me! I should think he'd be

afraid to speak to her in that way. *Mrs. Bacon*—Why should he be afraid? You know she left yesterday.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"So you graduated from a harher college? What is your college yell?" "Cut his lip, cut his jaw, leave his face raw, raw, raw!"—*Florida Times-Union*.

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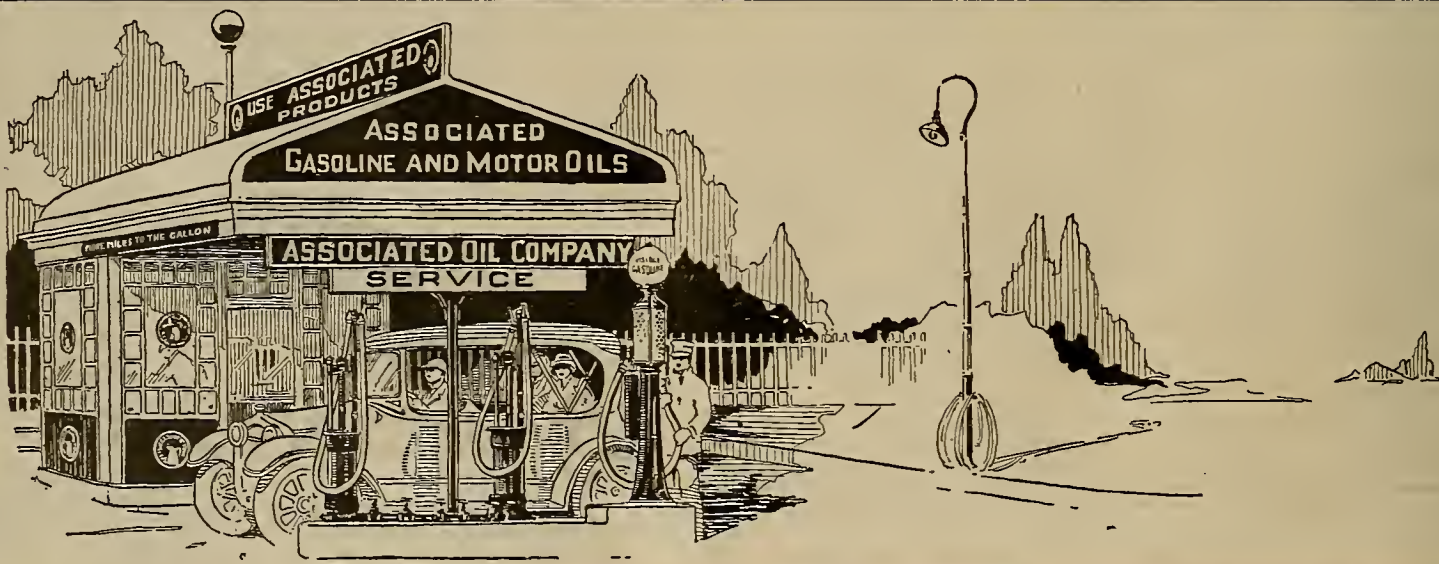
Farmer Fumhlegate. "She is listening in on the party line while a lady who stutters is relating in confidence to another lady who is deaf the details of a right revolting scandal."—*Kansas City Star*.

"Mrs. Gaydog is seeking a divorce on strictly modern lines." "Zatso? What grounds?" "Incompatibility of political beliefs."—*Kansas City Star*.

"There's a lady up in front who wants to huy an Oriental vase," said the curio dealer's assistant. "Does she look as if she had money?" "Yes, hut she docsn't look as if she'd had it long." "Good. I'll wait on her myself."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.



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JOS VALLEY PRN

The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2280.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 4, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Happy Belgium.

Every one knows that Belgium has made extraordinary progress in its work of rehabilitation. With the signing of the armistice the whole country became a hive of industry. There were labor troubles, but they were purely economic and not political. At a time when Bolshevism reared its head in nearly every other country Belgium seemed to be exempt. The moment the nation was liberated from the German incubus it bent its back to the work of reconstruction, and with results that are the admiration of the world.

These are the obvious facts, and now they are rather startlingly explained by Eugeni Artom in *La Tribuna* of Rome. Belgium, says Mr. Artom, was almost entirely occupied by German troops and its government practically ceased to exist, or at least to function. To the casual glance this may seem to be a misfortune, but actually it was a beneficence. There being no government, there could be no governmental interference or regulation. The machinery of commercial and economic life was momentarily frozen, so to speak, but it was not changed. All that was necessary on the German withdrawal was to set the wheels again in motion and the mechanism began to work in the old way. The German occupation was bad enough, but at least Belgium was spared from the busy and mischievous hands of its own officialism.

Enough said! We have "been there" ourselves, and

we know. Most of the other war countries know also. All alike experienced the sudden and enormous expansion of government activities, the fever of regulation and organization that pervaded them, the horde of incompetent and pretentious theorists whose meddling fingers were thrust into every mechanism of life to its undoing, and that constituted a plague subsidiary in its mischief only to the war itself. Now that the war is over we have to get rid of these pests, but Belgium never had them. And it need not be said that the pests do not want to go. Regulation is their long suit, and particularly the regulation of things that need never have been regulated at all. It will take us years to unwind ourselves from the cocoons of red tape that have been spun around us, to get rid of the inspectors with their infernal note-books, the agents, the secretaries, the bureaucrats, and the reconstructionists. It may be doubted if we shall ever get rid of them except by main strength, for "they seldom die and they never resign."

Happy Belgium with no war government, with nothing worse than Germans to contend against. No wonder she is prosperous.

Sinn Fein versus America.

The riot that disgraced New York on November 25th and that resulted in the practical destruction of the Union Club brings us face to face with a problem that must be settled speedily and settled in the right way. We must know whether this nation is to be governed by Americans and in accord with American ideas, or whether it exists for the furtherance of Irish ambitions and the wreaking of Irish vengeance. At the present moment the question seems to be in doubt.

The main facts will be remembered. A congregation of some five thousand persons who had attended a MacSwiney memorial mass at St. Peter's Cathedral was suddenly transformed into an infuriated mob by the sight of a British flag displayed on the premises of the Union Club. The British flag was not alone. There were also the American and the French flags in honor of the Allied war nations. A ferocious attack upon the club was at once directed by the whole of the congregation and the building was practically wrecked and its contents destroyed. Order was eventually restored by the police, who arrested some four or five persons, including a representative of the club, who was charged with carrying a sword cane. Mgr. Lavelle seems to have done what he could to restrain the mob, although he, too, made a demand for the removal of the British flag, a demand that was properly refused.

The incident would be disquieting enough if it were no more than an isolated explosion of superheated Irish nationalism. But it was very much more than that. It was the expression of a conviction long entertained by certain classes of Irishmen and of which they would now do well to rid themselves, a conviction that they occupy in America some sort of a favored position, and that law and order in America must always be subservient to the violent dictates of their divided patriotisms. They may urge in extenuation of their crimes the kindly toleration that has usually been extended to them, but they must now be warned that such toleration is at an end and that the government of the United States is not a branch of the Sinn Fein. Furthermore it may be said that those few Americans who try to advance their own political fortunes by truckling to Irish influence and palliating Irish misconduct are about to find that they can not serve two masters, and that "loyalty" to Ireland will imply disloyalty to America. During the war we were confronted with the nuisance of the German-American. Now comes the no less and affiliated nuisance of the Irish-American. The German-American was suppressed, and sometimes by definitely unpleasant methods, and his successor and coadjutor would now do well to mend his

ways lest some worse thing befall him. The treason laws are not dead, and to seek to embroil the United States with a friendly power is an act of treason. Every participant in the New York riot is a traitor to the United States. So is every one who sympathizes with the rioters. The immunity that such persons have enjoyed will not be perpetual.

But there is another and even graver aspect to this question. It is difficult to believe that the Roman Catholic Church would allow itself to participate in a political movement inimical to the policies of this country, that it would use the confidence given to it in America for the advancement of its own sacerdotal or political aims in Europe or elsewhere. Still more difficult is it to believe that the church would have other than a stern condemnation for crime, or even for those agitations that, directly or indirectly, might tend to subvert the authority of the government or to make of it an appanage to any foreign agitation whatsoever. None the less we must face the fact that the five thousand persons who attended the cathedral in New York were so little influenced by the solemnity of that occasion, so little touched by the Christian graces that should have been imparted, that they descended instantly to the level of wild beasts, that Mgr. Lavelle appealed to them to disperse "for the love of Ireland" rather than for the love of America, and that he himself tried to secure the removal of the British flag. Nor can we in any way evade the conviction that the church, if it would, might easily mitigate the murderous hostilities now being waged in Ireland, if only by a stern denunciation of the wanton murder of policemen and of civilians, trapped like rats, unresisting and defenseless. We know nothing and wish to know nothing of the political policies of the church, nor of its temporal aspirations, nor of the diplomacies that it may exercise. But if those political policies and those diplomacies are seeking to make use of the Irish influence in America in order to further aims and hopes that are not distinctly American, then it may be said that the church is on a perilous path, and one from which its best friends would guide it. The church ought not to associate itself with movements inimical to the policies of the American government. It ought not to incite nor to permit any hostility against any foreign flag. It ought not to countenance the Sinn Fein contention that the Irish flag may be displayed upon all occasions, but that whoever displays another foreign flag shall be stoned. If it must be said—and it is now emphatically said—that the government of the United States is not an appanage of the Sinn Fein, so, and with equal emphasis, must it be said that it is not an appanage of the Vatican.

Candor compels the admission that the swollen and offensive audacities of the Sinn Fein in America are largely the product of the base truckling for votes that characterizes so many of our politicians and statesmen. It is veritably the curse of our political life, repulsive to every honest dignity, an abiding rebuff to the self-respect that is thus warned from the political field. The merit of every question is judged only by the votes that are involved. A mean and pitiful counting of heads is the arbiter of every decision, it dictates every opinion, governs every speech, and controls every pen. It is the hope of the criminal and the despair of the honest litigant. It pervades every branch of our official life. It is the fruitful parent of corruption, injustice, and cruelty. And in the end it must mean the destruction of democracy and of all those popular powers that are now so misused.

It is strange that so few of our statesmen have learned the power of popular appeal that comes from independent and fearless speech, from the manful utterance of free and unbiased opinion. The average voter places a far higher value upon character than upon creed. He esteems courage far more than the mis-

expediences, the paltry suppressions and evasions by which the average politician tries to prove his fitness or to hide his moral incapacities. Unfortunately the average voter usually has no other choice than between rival cowardices meanly trying to conciliate and to hoodwink as many factions as possible and without the smallest concession to honest conviction. Small wonder that the Sinn Fein should take advantage of such a situation, that it should relentlessly use the bludgeon of its many votes to compel and to coerce those whose only standard is votes, who have no other gauge of good and evil than the ballot-box.

Puritanism by Law.

It would be well to refrain from the laughter naturally evoked by the proposal to place all Sunday activities under Federal control and to secure that end by means of an amendment to the Constitution. We may awake some fine morning to find that it has been done.

As a matter of fact the movement is actually on foot, and when we learn that it is sponsored by the same agencies that steered the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act into port we may be excused for taking the business somewhat seriously. The Anti-Saloon League at the present moment is more powerful than the government of the United States. Legislatures fawn upon it and obey its orders with abject eagerness. Congress is its most humble and obedient servant, hastening to sign upon the dotted line any law presented to it. If the Anti-Saloon League intends to compel us to go to church on Sunday, it seems likely that to church we shall have to go—or to jail. There was a time when wholesale infringements of personal liberty were impossible in America, but that time has passed. If the policeman may forbid us to drink a glass of wine by our own firesides why may not the policeman herd us to church or take our children to Sunday-school in the patrol wagon? If the prohibition law is constitutional—and the Supreme Court says that it is—why should it not be equally constitutional to compel us to go to church or at least to compel us not to go to the movie? If the Federal government may make it a crime to drink a glass of beer why may it not equally be a crime to smoke a cigar or to drink a cup of coffee?

The advocate of Puritan legislation has now the strongest possible case for himself, indeed an irresistible case. He may argue with fine plausibility that if we may be coerced into the saving of our bodies, how much more important that we be similarly coerced into the saving of our souls. The argument may lack force in the great centres of population, where the saving of our souls has been intelligently relegated to individual effort, but it would by no means lack force throughout rural America, where church attendance is the preëminent sign of grace. Wherever there is an acceptance of the old theology there also is a fertile soil of public opinion for the sowing of Puritan seed. The nation is by no means represented by the people who crowd the busy metropolitan street.

It has been said cynically but truly that there is no conceivable Puritan legislation that can not be passed in America by the aid of money and an adroit use of the necessary mechanism. We all know something of that mechanism, but the Anti-Saloon League knows it all. It knows the exact effect to be produced by its swarms of lecturers, clergymen, physicians, and press agents, by its "drives," "days," hikes, crusades, lobbies, and special Sundays. It has only to press the button and its army of hired reformers begins to move. A few years ago such a picture would have been a ludicrous one, but it is not a ludicrous one now. We know now that there are no limits to the oppression that majorities may exercise upon minorities in the name of democracy. We know also that the liberties for which men were once willing to die are now lightly thrown into the gamble of the ballot-box. Certainly there is nothing to laugh at in the new constitutional amendment intended to regulate our Sunday activities.

Greece—Who Next?

A proverbial national ingratitude once more finds expression in the Greek elections. Venizelos has been rejected, and there can be little doubt that Constantine will be invited to return unless there are objections from France and Great Britain, which is hardly likely. The Greek people can govern themselves or be governed in any way they please. At the same time they may discover a vast difference between the good-will and the ill-will of the western European powers. Con-

stantine will find that his kingdom has nearly doubled in size under the strong hand of Venizelos. Can he keep his gains without the western sympathies and aid that made them possible? It is much to be doubted. At the present moment the Greeks are fighting against the Turks, and the new premier, Rhallis, is preparing for fresh efforts against the enemy. But it is supposed to be a desire for peace that led to the overthrow of Venizelos on the general principle that the Greeks always want some new thing. Greece will lose her gains unless she is prepared to defend them. The elections seem to show that she has no such intention.

In the meantime we may suppose that all the exiled kings are jubilant. They see the beginnings of an era of reaction, and they are wondering what place they will have upon the list. None need despair. There will be a stirring of dry bones even in far-away Amerongen as the sister of the Kaiser recalls the promises of restoration made to her by her imperial brother.

We were a little premature when we assumed that the end of the war meant also the end of royalties. We forgot the law of reaction that has now shown itself in Greece, and that is obviously stirring in Austria, Hungary, Bavaria, and elsewhere. The shifting winds are quite as likely to favor autocracies as democracies.

Mr. Ford, Anti-Semite.

Mr. Isaac Landman, editor of the *American Hebrew*, has made a tactical mistake in challenging Mr. Henry Ford to a public investigation of his charges against the Jews of the world. In the first place Mr. Ford is mentally incapable of an intelligent response to this or any other question except gas engines. And those who take Mr. Ford seriously are not likely to be influenced by rules of evidence that lie outside the sphere of what they are pleased to call their minds. Moreover, a challenge is precisely what Mr. Ford wants. Publicity is his breath of life.

None the less the matter is not without its serious aspects. Mr. Ford owns a daily newspaper, and it has the wide audience that wealth can always give to any eccentricity. His peculiar brand of an atrocious anti-Semitism takes the form of reiterated assertions of a conspiracy "to establish a Jewish imperialism over the world," and that such conspiracy exists "with the cognizance and active support of certain individuals, and these individuals must have somewhere an official head." Now this rubbish was not invented by Mr. Ford. He only adopted it. Its origin is a certain book now notorious throughout Europe, and shamelessly circulated and defended by various highly placed people who ought to know better and who do know better. The book, in its turn, is based on an inflammatory document said to be in secret circulation among the Jews of the world and expressive of their malign intentions. It was first issued very many years ago as a part of the anti-Semitism of that day. It has now been resurrected, amended, and brought up to date in an effort, already largely successful, to revive one of the most hateful movements that the world has ever known. The new anti-Semitism is already active in Europe and is said to be growing fast in that poisoned soil. The effort to propagate it in America is an act of Satanism, and Mr. Ford seems to be the agent of that Satanism.

Mr. Ford is commonly said to be a self-made man. He is not in the least a self-made man. The only thing that he ever made is a gas engine, and the resulting millions that amply rewarded him. It was popular credulity that made Mr. Ford, the pernicious tendency to fawn upon any man who has made a conspicuous financial success of anything. When we have said that Mr. Ford has displayed a remarkable mechanical cleverness we have said everything that can be said in his favor. Over and above that he is a pestilent nuisance. He began to be a nuisance when in the silliness of his vanity he despatched his Peace Ship to Europe. His vanity was still further inflamed when President Wilson sent for him to consult on the state of the nation and eagerly recommended him for election to the Senate. Incredibly ignorant and vain, he began to think of himself as a sort of "red" Messiah commissioned from on high to promulgate a peculiarly ugly form of radical internationalism. In almost any other country he would never have been thought of except as a clever automobile maker, perhaps to be rewarded by some trumpery decoration of the fourth class, although in recent years his reward would probably have been a term in some European jail for treason. But here

he is made the confidant of rulers. He becomes an expert on matters of government of which he knows no more than the man in the moon. And it is only by the undeserved blessings of Providence that he is not at this moment in the United States Senate. But however mischievous his record may be, he seems now to be intent upon worsening it by fomenting one of the most infamous forms of religious hatred.

The Two Vanderlips.

American merchants need be under no apprehensions that Mr. W. D. Vanderlip has stolen a march on them by the concession granted to him by the Russian government. Doubtless they could all have similar concessions if they took the trouble to ask for them, and particularly if they happened to have names suggestive of banking responsibilities. Readers of the *Argonaut* are hardly likely to confuse Mr. W. D. Vanderlip with Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, but there can be no doubt that this confusion exists in thousands of minds who now believe that Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, the banker, has successfully entered into negotiations with the Bolshevik chiefs and finds them on the whole to be very good fellows. Mr. W. D. Vanderlip, who has obtained the concession for a piece of frozen wilderness in eastern Siberia, is an adventurous prospector already well known in Alaska and who is now intent upon trying his luck elsewhere. He is in no way connected with Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, although the Russian officials in announcing the deal were careful to suppress his initials in order to produce the confusion that now exists.

Mr. W. D. Vanderlip seems to be a Bolshevik, naked and unashamed. Interviewed in London, he almost wept with emotion as he contemplated the moral splendors of the Soviet chiefs. The *New York Herald* quotes him as saying: "Lenin is not only a Washington, a Lincoln; he is both. * * * Fifty years ago Lincoln was defiled and crucified the world over. Now they have placed a beautiful statue of him in the heart of London, facing Westminster. Washington built up our government; Lincoln freed 3,000,000 people and held our Union together. Now Lenin is building a government and freeing 150,000,000 people. It will not be many years before they will have a statue of him here in London."

But we need not trouble ourselves with the political opinions of Mr. W. D. Vanderlip. It is hardly possible to imagine anything less important. All that we need know is the one fact that Mr. W. D. Vanderlip is not Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip.

Our Experts.

It is evident that lean years are ahead for our intellectual experts who have been shedding the light of their erudition upon Washington. Since 1913 they have had a glorious time playing with that magnificent toy, the government of the United States. The school men and the writing men, the self-confessed sociologists, the critics of things as they are who would show the world how to lift itself by its bootstraps, the visionaries, the pinks and the pale reds, have run riot through the government structure, careless and happy as children taking a clock apart to find whence comes the tick. They have not found the tick, they can not get the works back into place, they have done infinite damage to the house, they have piled up gigantic burdens of costs, and have made the family a nuisance to the neighbors. Now their playthings have been taken away from them and they have been turned out to make their own living, and a new control has been established to set the house in order.

The net results have been to discredit the value of academic minds in conducting the business of the government. The scholar has suffered in popular estimation. The demand of the day, as voiced at the polls on November 2d, is for practical common sense in public affairs and a minimum of untried theories.

But, it would appear, the nation is not entirely rid of the academic minds. They are to set up what is equivalent to a political salon at Washington, to offer that critical comment on the conduct of the government for which they think they are equipped. Thus we expect to see the Washington home of President Wilson after March 4th become the intellectual centre of that group, the degree of its activity depending on the condition of Mr. Wilson's health.

There is no reason why a political salon such as this should not have a career in Washington. Whether Mr. Wilson will show good taste in continuing his resi-

dence at the capital is another matter and one for his own decision. Senator Harding's cabinet, if it shall come up to expectation, is not likely to be dismayed by the criticism of Mr. Baker, Mr. Daniels, or Mr. Burleson. It is more likely to be amused, and the country with it.

Editorial Notes.

Mr. De Valera made a mistake when he allowed himself to defend the assassination of Irish policemen and soldiers on the ground that they were "enemy spies" who rightly deserved death for their activities. He may have elicited a cheap cheer from his auditors by this condonation of murder, but the American people at large did not cheer him. Here in America there is a detestation of murder, no matter what its object. There may also be some apprehension as to the effect upon our own malcontents of a doctrine that murder is a legitimate weapon of the agitator and that the worst of crimes becomes lawful when committed in the name of freedom.

One of the largest religious bodies in America demands that the protection of the flag be refused to all American citizens who "in foreign lands are doing that which is outlawed at home." It need hardly be said that this refers to prohibition. But why stop here? Why take two bites at the cherry? Why not demand a severance of diplomatic relations with all foreign governments refusing to conform their own laws with the Eighteenth Amendment?

It is evident that the British voter does not intend to be dragged at the wheel of the labor chariot. The following summary of the results of the recent municipal elections is furnished by the *Weekly Review*, which says: "In the seventy-one leading boroughs, according to the *London Times*, the Labor party nominated 747 candidates, but returned only 199. In Bradford not one of the twenty-three Labor candidates was elected, in Birmingham they secured only two seats out of twenty-three attacked, in Plymouth two out of twenty, in Southampton three out of twenty-four. In all the great industrial centres, in fact, including Liverpool, Birkenhead, Manchester, Huddersfield, Leeds, Cardiff, Oldham, Warrington, the Labor candidates were turned down by the electorate. The most significant feature of this victory is the fact that the working class itself contributed to this defeat of the men professing to speak for them. In Liverpool not one in five of the hundred thousand workingmen who pay subscriptions to the Labor party voted for Labor candidates, with the result that all of them were rejected."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Fruit and Flower Mission.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 22, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Thanksgiving Day is with us again, and with it your gentle reminder not to forget the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission and the fine work that is being done in bringing sunshine and turkey to homes that otherwise would be cheerless and hungry. To that end kindly receive on behalf of the mission the enclosed fifty dollars.

Yours truly, M. R.-M. F.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 24, 1920.

M. R.-M. F.—Gentlemen: Once more, dear friends, the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission extends to you its heartfelt thanks for your Thanksgiving remembrance of \$50. Your unflinching kindness to us through all these years has always been a tremendous assistance to us in carrying on our work in caring for the sick. Such consistent cooperation as yours is rarely found, and be assured that it is received with our greatest appreciation.

Yours very sincerely,

SAN FRANCISCO FRUIT AND FLOWER MISSION.
EVA N. NEUBAUER, Corresponding Secretary.

The fourth estate, referring to newspaper workers, is credited to Edmund Burke, who is quoted in Thomas Carlyle's fifth lecture on "Heroes and Hero Worship" as saying: "There are three estates in Parliament, but in the reporters' gallery yonder there sits a fourth estate, more important far than they all." This was in 1839. In this country, where class distinctions are not made politically, little is ever heard of the three estates, the nobility, clergy, and the people, but the term "fourth estate" is comparatively common.

Discovery of a race of pygmies, averaging only four feet in height, is reported by an explorer who returned from Central Africa. The tribe is called the Mambuti and they are known as daring hunters of elephants and rhinoceroses.

A total of 6978 persons were killed and 149,053 injured on United States railroads during 1919.

The United States uses approximately 48,670,000 barrels of oil in a month.

London has 5716 taxicabs and 3316 omnibuses.

GORKY ON LENIN.

At the beginning of the Russian revolution its most implacable enemy seemed to be Maxim Gorky. Today Maxim Gorky supports the revolution and hails Lenin as the savior of Russia and of the world. We are not told what has produced the transformation. It is enough that it exists.

Gorky tells us in the pages of *L'Humanité* what he thinks of Lenin. Perhaps we need not take Gorky too seriously nor absolve him from those enthusiasms that rightly belong to the literary artist, but that are not among the highest qualifications of the historian or the statesman. But at least Gorky is always interesting. We lose nothing by occupying momentarily his point of vision.

Lenin himself holds the view that the part played by the individual in the development of civilization is negligible. None the less Gorky thinks that without Lenin the revolution would never have been what it is. And there, of course, he is right:

Once I compared Lenin relatively with Peter the Great, and the comparison was treated with scorn and regarded as extravagant. But it was a relative comparison: in my opinion Lenin's rôle as a Russian social reformer is less important than as a world revolutionary. He is not only the man to whose will history has entrusted the terrible task of stirring to its very depths that human ant-hill, variegated, ill-constructed, and idle, known as Russia; his untiring will is a battering-ram, the blows of which are shattering the monumental constructions of western capitalist states, and the primeval blocks of despotic and hateful eastern empires.

Gorky is mightily indignant with those people who accuse Lenin of instigating civil war and the terror while they have only praise for those others who prolong the Russian misery in order that they may perpetuate the mould and rust of an ancient and doomed society:

All these "great men"; the most infamous of cynics, Clemenceau; the "naïve and romantic democrat," Woodrow Wilson; the Socialists who voted credits for the organization of the European war; the scientific men who invented asphyxiating gases and other horrors; the poets who cursed the Germans in 1914 and the English in 1918; all the mould and rust of an ancient society in decomposition has dealt a deep, perhaps a mortal, wound to European civilization with its base hand; this it is which with refined cruelty is continuing the torment of Russia by contributing to the continuation of the civil war, stifling our country by the blockade, killing our little children with hunger and cold.

Errors, if we must speak of them, are not crimes. Lenin's errors are those of an honest man, and there has never yet been a single reformer in the world whose actions have been infallible. But those others, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and their like, act undoubtedly like convicts and professional assassins when they condemn a whole people to the torments of hunger and cold, and when they encourage the continuation of a wholly meaningless civil war, for except "Bolsheviks" there is no force in Russia capable of holding power and rousing in the exhausted country the energies which are essential to productive labor.

Gorky assures us that his personal sympathy with Lenin plays no part in what he writes of him, but here we must be allowed to judge for ourselves on internal evidence. He regards Lenin as a being under observation, and then he gives us an impression of Lenin's speeches:

This man is speaking at a meeting of workers; he uses very simple words, with a tongue as sharp as steel and logic as incisive as an axe; but in his rough speech I have never heard coarse, demagogic expressions, nor any banal seeking for fine phrases. He speaks always on the same theme: the need of uprooting social inequality among men, and the means of accomplishing this. This ancient truth comes from his lips with a rough and implacable sound; you always feel that he believes in it unshakably; you feel how calm is his faith, the faith of a fanatic, but of a scholar-fanatic, not a metaphysician or a mystic.

It seems to me that what concerns the individual scarcely interests him at all; he thinks only of parties, masses, states, and there he has the genius' gift of foresight, the intuition of an experimental thinker. He has the happy clarity of thought which is attained only by intensive and uninterrupted labors.

Gorky, having swallowed the revolution, swallows with equal avidity all that the revolution implies. He compares modern civilization with ancient Rome and demands its destruction:

It is natural that Lenin should appear to the small bourgeoisie in all countries like an Attila come to destroy the Rome of bourgeois comfort and well-being, based on slavery, bloodshed, and robbery. But just as ancient Rome deserved her fall, so the crimes of the world of today justify the necessity for its destruction. It is a historic necessity: nothing, nobody can avert it.

We hear protests about the worth of European civilization, the necessity of defending it against the invasion of the modern Huns. . . . These words are not sincere, and have no meaning except from the lips of a revolutionary; but from the lips of the organizers and accomplices of the shameful massacre of 1914-1918 they are loathsome lies.

The revolutionist can always construct—in imagination—the universe that is to be. He can always see visions and dream dreams, and usually they become for him, if for no one else, a living reality. And so Gorky asks, What is Lenin's vision of the new world?

And I see the magnificent picture of the world as a great jewel, adorned with the facets of the labors of free humanity. All men are reasonable, and each is conscious of personal responsibility for all that he does or that is done around him. Everywhere garden cities enclosing majestic palaces; everywhere the forces of nature, subjected and organized by the mind of man, work for man, and he himself has at last become the true ruler of the elements. His physical strength is no longer wasted in coarse and dirty labor; it is transformed into mental energy, and all his powers are devoted to the study of the fundamental problems of life, to the solution of which thought has been applied in vain for centuries, because it was disturbed and dispersed in necessary efforts to explain and

justify the phenomena of the social struggle, and crushed by the conflict between two irreconcilable principles.

Labor, made nobler by technical science and adapted to social requirements, has become the joy of man. Human reason—the most precious principle in the world—really set free at last, has become fearless.

How like it all seems to the speeches of Robespierre a hundred years ago. Iridescent dreams drowned in blood. A roadway to the stars paved with the tortured bodies of men. Be my brother—or I will kill you. Says Gorky again:

I do not think that I have ascribed to Lenin dreams to which he is a stranger; I do not think that I have surrounded this man with romantic glamour; I can not imagine him in my own mind without this magnificent dream of the future happiness of all creatures and of a luminous and joyful life. The greater a man is the bolder are his dreams.

Lenin is more of a man than any of our contemporaries, and although his thoughts are obviously occupied in the first place with political matters, which a romanticist might call "narrowly practical," I am convinced that in his rare moments of relaxation this militant idealism carries him on into a future of far greater beauty and sees far more than I myself can imagine.

The fundamental aim of Lenin's whole life is the happiness of mankind, and that is why he must of necessity catch a glimpse, far down the centuries to come, of the end of that magnificent process to the initiation of which he has devoted all his will-power with the courage of an ascetic. He is an idealist, if by that we mean the concentration of all energies on one single idea: the idea of the general happiness. His private life is such that in an age of strong religious faith Lenin would have been regarded as a saint.

It is a pleasant picture, and, once more, how strangely like the pictures of Robespierre, of whom Lenin must surely be the reincarnation. Few more tender-hearted than Robespierre or with more shrinking from the torrents of blood through which he waded. Evidently one must beware of these men who are thus devoted to the happiness of the race. They are dangerous. Lenin, like Robespierre, suffers intolerably at the thought of killing:

Sometimes the flame of an almost womanly tenderness for man burns through this rough policy, and I am sure that the terror has caused him intolerable sufferings, although he can hide them very cleverly. It is unlikely and unthinkable that men whom history forces into the irreconcilable contradiction of killing some for the sake of the liberty of others should not suffer soul-crushing torments. I have seen eyes in which this poignant suffering is written for life and can not be erased. I have a physical shrinking from all kinds of murder, but these men are martyrs, and my conscience would never allow me to condemn them.

I find that in talking of Lenin one wants involuntarily to talk of all kinds of things—and clearly it could not be otherwise in speaking of a man who is at the centre of everything and above everything. Of course it would be possible to say many more things about him individually than have been said here. But I am embarrassed by the man's modesty, his total lack of ambition: I know that what little I have said will seem to him superfluous, exaggerated, and absurd. Well, let him laugh, as he well knows how; but I hope that many people will read these words not without profit to themselves.

I am writing of a man who had the temerity to set in motion the process of the social revolution in Europe in a country where a large number of peasants want to become well-fed bourgeois and nothing more. Many regard this temerity as madness. I began my work as instigator of the revolutionary spirit with a hymn to the madness of brave men.

And among all the mad men, says Gorky, Vladimir Lenin is the first and the most mad.

SIDNEY CORYN.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 1, 1920.

ARNOLD BENNETT AND "OUR WOMEN."

W. L. Courtney in the "Daily Telegraph."

There are many reasons, doubtless, why we should peruse with careful attention Mr. Arnold Bennett's book entitled "Our Women." But there is one very interesting reason. At the end of the book he describes to us an ordinary, everyday quarrel between husband and wife—not very serious, concerned with small points, but sufficiently disconcerting to both parties involved in the quarrel, and therefore very typical of what Mr. Bennett calls "sex-discord." He describes it first from the point of view of the man, who naturally thinks himself tremendously aggrieved, and next from the point of view of the woman, who is equally sure that she is in the right and her husband monstrously wrong. The same incident wears a perfectly different look as approached from the two sides, and the obvious moral is that a good deal more than half of conjugal difficulties would never occur if it were possible for the ordinary human being to regard an incident, not from his own point of view, but from that of others, and especially the other party in the dispute. It is an exceedingly happy illustration of those smaller, non-essential things with which the average philosopher fails to concern himself, but which in reality make all the difference between placid contentment and an emotional life punctuated by stormy episodes.

Nevertheless, though he is so successful in this, Mr. Arnold Bennett must be accounted a brave man. Why? The reasons are manifold. In the first place, in writing about "Our Women," an author must of necessity deal with his own experience, and that very likely is not shared by others. He advances to wide generalizations based on particular instances. Women are careful to point out this defect of logic, for it complicates the question in more ways than one. The favorite criticism to pass on the feminine mind is that it is incapable of forming generalizations, and that it exaggerates particular instances. But here is a case in which a man writing about the other sex does indeed lay down wide and general statements, but does it on the strength

of exactly those singular and isolated data which he blames the woman for considering too highly. Moreover, it is very obvious that, while many books are written about the characteristics of women, very few have as their subject the characteristics of men. The obvious explanations are that men are too uninteresting for a general study, or perhaps they are too much alike, or it might even be found that a woman critic is too well aware of the limitations to her experience to venture on the difficult and shifting grounds of psychological analysis.

Many other considerations come into this question. Men are more or less alike. That is the result of a public school training supplemented by university discipline, the total result being that not only young men, but also middle-aged men, retain the impress of their past education, and having assimilated it more or less in the same fashion are as a matter of fact as like as two peas. Women, just because they have not undergone the peculiar discipline of the male, and perhaps because nature has been more prodigally bountiful to them, differ very widely from one another. That adds to the interest, but also makes it much more difficult to arrive at conclusions. The man who writes down his views perhaps only knows a few varieties, and perhaps is even foolish enough to think that the few varieties he knows exhaust the whole category. Books like that which Mr. Arnold Bennett has written are often read very carefully by males, but are apt to be neglected by female readers. The latter know that their sex is infinitely diverse, and that part of the empire which they exercise over humanity rests on the fact that after every analysis they remain more or less of a mystery. It is only a very young man or a fool who will declare that he understands women.

The question is, what should be our starting point in an inquiry of this kind. There is no doubt about Mr. Bennett's starting point. He begins with the assumption that there is, and always has been, a "sex-discord." Conditions and circumstances no doubt vary in the different ages, but the central element remains always the same, and the tragedy of the situation is that, while it is true to say that man is the complement of woman and woman the complement of man, yet they are eternally antagonistic. Probably women are more aware of this rivalry than men are. Men in that easy complacent superiority, which many of them think they possess, dismiss sex discord as a negligible thing. Surrounded by the many conditions which support and maintain them in their fancied position of superiority, they ignore or explain away the notion of rivalry, whereas the woman, who has all along had to struggle in order to achieve her present status, is only too conscious that she must make use of every wise and wily feminine device to hold her own. I suppose there is nothing except the "aesthetic temperament" which is so widely discussed as the notion of "sex-discord." It runs through nearly every one of the novels produced in our modern age. It is probably exaggerated, for we are very much the victims of words. Just as the aesthetic temperament is supposed to excuse the ordinary obligations of morality, so the sex discord is accounted as a potent reason why marriage is so perilous an institution.

It is not easy, of course, to say what is the chief and predominant quality in the female mind, but almost certainly it is not a consciousness of sex discord. Probably it is the "mothering" instinct which, obviously, blunts the edge of sexual rivalry. It is a platitude, no doubt, to assert that every woman is a born mother, but this is a case in which one need not be afraid of platitudes, because discussion of the subject is generally vitiated by an absurd desire to score points and excoigate epigrams, however paradoxical and absurd. Every woman is a born mother, and if she does not find something to mother she is a disappointed failure. Anything will serve as a reason for the exercise of her maternal instinct, but something, if it is only a cat or a dog, she must have. The normal woman in happier circumstances not only tries to mother her children, but, above all, accepts the position of mother with regard to her husband. And here follows a very widely-spread mistake on the part of her masculine critics. They regard her from their own point of view as the wife who has charm, the companion who has sympathy, the possession or chattel which completes their life and satisfies their physical and social instincts.

But the strongest element in women is, if we take the large average, not a craving for love or wealth or social prestige, but the consciousness that she must have something to look after and tend and manage, and even protect from others. From this follow her chief excellences and her chief defects. Her tenderness and sympathy rest on the fact that she knows how valuable she is as a nurse or guardian. But from this, too, comes a less lovely thing—the instinct to domineer. Such a result is, of course, not inevitable, but it not seldom occurs. She can not conceive of a happiness other than that which appeals to herself; she rarely allows the object of her affection to be the architect of his own happiness. It is happiness as she understands it that she wants to secure for the male, and this contrast or discord between two different ideals—the male ideal of comfort, the female ideal of success—is the blot whence spring ugly features which we associate with sex discord.

Mr. Arnold Bennett repeats the old dogma that women like to be mastered and controlled, but in many

cases that is not true. It may or may not be for her happiness that she should be controlled and mastered, but her own opinion is widely diverse. She knows that Nature has given her the most important and solemn function of supplying the state with citizens. Whether she realizes it or not, she is the finished product which Nature thinks most about, and just because she fulfills so grandiose a task she feels that any other position than that of superiority is intolerable. A girl alternately worshipping and bullying her dolls is only the first imperfect sketch of a woman cajoling, adoring, mastering, and domineering her male associates. But whatever general remarks one cares to make on a difficult subject of this kind, every critic must end with the acknowledgment that the subject is too diverse and too complex to be finished off-hand. It is possible, for instance, that the "Grande Amoureuse" has not got the maternal instinct fully developed. It is also possible that education and an increasing experience in worldly matters, especially in businesses hitherto confined to men, may gradually alter feminine characteristics. As Mr. Bennett points out, education and new modes of employment certainly tend to change the old idea of love, but that is, perhaps, too delicate a point for general discussion.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly; at dead of night;
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought—as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow—
How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory.
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But left him—alone with his glory! —J. Wolfe.

The May Queen.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
Tomorrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad new year:
Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me tomorrow to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side'll come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh, and green, and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot over all the bill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale'll merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
Tomorrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad new year;
Tomorrow'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May. —Tennyson.

The tarantula is said to have derived its name from the town Taranto, in Italy, where this species of spider is said to be especially common. The graceful dance of the southern Italy, called the tarantella, is the only relic of the tarantism which in early days was supposed to have been produced by the bite of the tarantula. This was a dancing mania, nothing more or less, and the world eventually learned that its real cause was to be found in the epidemic then sweeping the country of an exaggerated hysterical condition, and not from madness and depression distributed into the system by the tarantula's poison.

San Salvador, smallest of the Central American states, is preparing for an inrush of oil men owing to the discovery of petroleum near the eastern frontier.

The ten invaded and pillaged departments of France have produced this year 500,000 tons of wheat and one-fourth of the nation's oat crop.

INDIVIDUALITIES

Mrs. Juliette Low, founder of the Girl Scout movement, is seventy years old.

President Taft's son Robert has been elected to the Ohio house of representatives.

William Hohenzollern has received more than \$25,000,000 in salary as King of Prussia since his flight to Holland.

Former German Crown Prince Frederick spends much time making horseshoes at the village blacksmith shop in Wierengen, Holland.

E. O. Excell, noted singer and hymn-writer, was recently reported near death. He began life as a brick-layer, but one day Sam Jones, the evangelist, discovered him singing at his work.

Mrs. W. E. Stone, noted mountain climber, is a woman of marked personality. She radiates cheerfulness from a pleasant face bronzed from outdoor living. Before her marriage, in 1889, she was Miss Victoria Geitmueller. She is well known throughout the Northwest. Her husband, Dr. Winthrop Ellsworth Stone, has been president of Purdue University since 1900.

Miss Mary O'Connor picked a most fitting day for her debut in the motion-picture game eight years ago. It was on the 17th of March that while visiting relatives in San Francisco she received a telegram stating that the script writer of the Vitagraph had fallen and broken his leg and would she please come and take his job. She packed up that morning and left for Los Angeles. Today she is probably one of the highest salaried women in pictures with the exception of some of the big stars.

Vittorio Airoldi, famous Italian pilot instructor, was recently decorated by King Victor. Airoldi was born in California. He has been wounded several times, has five silver ribs, and in one of the last air encounters with an Austrian pilot a bullet from the enemy destroyed his right eye. Although he speaks English it is with a pronounced Italian accent, for he says that despite his American birth and the fact that he spoke English exclusively during his boyhood, long residence abroad, surrounded by Italian officers and soldiers, has made him forget that early vocabulary.

Miss Alice Houston, editorial head of the advertising business of E. B. Wilson, Inc., is a most attractive and thoroughly feminine young woman in appearance and manner. Her voice is low and sweet, but that does not prevent her from presenting her thoughts logically. She was born in Kansas and was graduated from the Kansas University. Then she came straight to New York and got a position as a stenographer. She proved to be a good stenographer and soon commanded a good salary, but it didn't satisfy her to be simply putting down at dictation other persons' thoughts. She had ideas of her own, and as one of the places she obtained was with the Wilson Advertising Agency she soon developed these ideas. They bore fruit at once, and from this beginning Miss Houston went on to invent or apply the inventions of others to effective means of publicity.

Alice Robertson, who was elected to Congress from Oklahoma, was born in the Indian Territory in 1854. The family had settled at Tullahassee Mission, in Wagoner County, near Muskogee, and worked among the Indians during the civil war, undergoing many hardships during that time. Later came the opportunity to attend school at Boston, graduating later from Elmira College, where she took the Master of Arts degree. A position in the Indian Office at Washington was next, but the call to return to the West was too strong, so after a few months under "Miss Corson, first cooking school teacher, and Miss Huntington, first teacher of social welfare work," she returned to the Indian Territory. She became the first domestic science teacher in the territory. She also learned typewriting and shorthand, and was the only stenographer in the section for many years. As such she attended many conventions and learned first hand of political doings and other worldly affairs.

George Julian Zolnay, sculptor, chevalier of the Roumanian Order of Merit and one of the first contemporary artists to declare, long before the great war, the doom to which German kultur was headed, sees a better art as one of the fruits of the insensate conflict. Thoroughly cosmopolitan by education, Zolnay is peculiarly American in spirit, vision, aggressiveness, and executive ability. Obstacles seem easily to give way before his vigorous manner of tackling them. He believes in American art. To help foster it he left New York fifteen years ago in the midst of a prosperous season and set up home and studio in St. Louis. His work at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition as one of the art directors and at the master school of sculpture of the American Woman's League in University City are well known. He shook the dust of New York from his feet when he was both prosperous and beloved, and nine years later St. Louis felt his loss so keenly, when he started for Washington, that seven-column headlines in the daily newspapers proclaimed his decision to go. For he was the same rejuvenating force as president of the St. Louis Artists' Guild as he is now as the president of the Society of Washington Artists and the Arts Club of Washington.

AMERICAN TOWNS AND PEOPLE.

Mr. Harrison Rhodes Describes Some Distinctive Features of East and West.

Is it true that more Bostonians die on Friday than on any other day because they thus make sure of being in the special Saturday night obituary notices? Mr. Harrison Rhodes, who writes of "American Towns and People," does not vouch for the statement. He only says that it is "solemnly asserted." But he seems to believe the story of the unwise stranger who remarked on the extent to which the old Bostonian families had remained in the saddle and who was crushed by the correction that "there are almost no Bostonians living here. Almost all the Bostonian families went back home at the time of the Revolution." Equally illuminating is the story of the American lady in Europe who was asked some question about her compatriots and who replied: "I'm not sure that I'm the best person to ask. You see I'm a New Yorker and I know so few Americans." Mr. Rhodes tells us also of two occupants of orchestra seats at the New York opera who were surveying the ornaments of the boxes, viewing with special pleasure a famous lady in white satin, the more exposed portions of whom were covered with the loveliest pearls. "Yes," commented one of the observers, "Mrs. X is looking wonderful tonight. And I think it's so nice that every one here knows she is such a good mother." Even Chicago does not escape the shafts of the anecdotist, but can it be true that some visitors to Chicago once asked to be shown the lake and upon its being pointed out to them from the windows of the club expressed surprise, since they had supposed that was the Pacific Ocean? Even august Washington does not wholly escape. There was a time when even senators were distinguished by a certain unrepresentable primitiveness, so that when some *beau monde* ladies said, "We had the senator to dine last night," every one knew who was meant, as there was only one senator who could be trusted to eat in the open.

But we may leave these Eastern insignificances and turn to the latter half of Mr. Rhodes' volume and to his remarks about the West. But Mr. Rhodes is by no means sure that there is a West:

Some cynic of the smoking-room tells you that Los Angeles is the metropolis of Iowa and backs up his paradox by figures proving that a great part of its citizens originate under the government of Des Moines. Once your suspicions are aroused you are, even during the railway journey, intent upon anything which might serve as proof that there really is a West. These indications are not too frequent; the continent was, only lately, crossed with so poor a result as only three prairie-dogs sighted, and one superannuated cowboy of about eighty, who was obviously either a survivor, a mere museum piece, or some decrepit Eastern galvanized into this fancy-dress parade by his memories of Buffalo Bill. The West suddenly becomes shadowy and elusive.

But if the old West is gone, there is still California, and Californianism is something "as amazing and as different as Westernism can ever have been in that earlier day." It is something, says Mr. Rhodes, which would well repay years of loving and intent study:

The Californians, in spite of their comparative hauteur in the Pullman, are accessible enough. Many of them, even on the transcontinental trip, may be "met." Indeed, they travel freely, constantly, and easily to and fro, making nothing of four nights out of Chicago, and training their infant progeny, as may be richly observed in the train, to the same happy facility of movement. (It should be said, parenthetically, that as far as that goes, all over the country motherhood seems merely to incite American women to travel, by preference in sleeping-cars.) These returning Californians have been East for various alleged purposes of business or pleasure. But it is really as missionaries that they have gone, to bring the bright gospel of Californianism to those benighted races which still persist in living east of the High Sierras.

All parts of California are close to the wild places and they are always accessible. The good road and the bad car have attended to that. Camping and all the pioneer crafts are still a real part of a true Californian from childhood on:

Even week-ends and Sundays are used in pleasant outdoor expeditions. In spite of the automobile, the Californians can still walk. Of course they do not use such an old-fashioned expression; they "hike"; this new word, as Boy Scouts have already found, makes a thing that had grown dull a real pleasure. The railway and trolley stations late Saturday afternoon are an amazing sight. They swarm with boys and girls in "hiking" costumes of khaki. The young ladies are all in trim, tight knickers, to be distinguished from the young men only by their superior shape, by their beauty of countenance, and by the students' caps in bright colored velvet which surmount them. There are undoubtedly more young ladies in knickers in California than anywhere else in the world. In some cases there is a woman in skirts along; this strange raiment possibly indicates the chaperon, though more often it would appear that the expedition is undertaken in that Arcadian lack of guile which is still so strong a national characteristic. Did Daphnis and Chloe "hike"? The young ladies are almost always, by a mysterious but welcome dispensation of Providence, small and exquisitely pretty—indeed, they look like moving-picture actresses, which is, of course, the highest Californian praise. And the whole scene has a quality of musical comedy which is gay and invigorating.

It goes without saying that Mr. Rhodes has something to tell us about California morals, and particularly the morals of San Francisco. But can it be true that the Eastern visitor is sometimes disappointed by a decorum alike unsuspected and unwelcome?

Reluctantly shall some space be here given to this same question of Californian morals. It is amusing how cultivated and dashing and intelligent it is always thought in America to attack towns as being Puritanical. Los Angeles was once termed "chemically pure," and it still reels from the

blow. The Iowan population would like it to be well understood that life has been considerably jazzed up since its transference to the Coast. San Francisco has, on the other hand, been perhaps too much advertised by its loving but injudicious friends, for it is quite plain to even the tourist's eye that, instead of being the Isle of Cytherea, the place is congested with good and respectable women (often excessively pretty and smart), and that it goes its way, as a busy, lively city should, with not much more nor much less of undue gayety than usually falls to the lot of towns of its size. Yet up and down the length of the state you hear philosophical thinkers asserting that California saps the moral sense.

(Here, indeed, one had best not to be too sure that the wish is not father to the thought. There are ladies who have not succeeded in being very bad in the East and, arriving at the full bloom and California about the same time, have come with the hope of misconduct springing eternal in their very human breasts.)

Mr. Rhodes seems to think that Los Angeles and the "movies" are equal and convertible terms. There are still some cave-dwelling ladies who believe that one may be Angeleno and yet be ignorant of the movie world, but they are fighting a losing fight:

Of course in the social fight against movie people there are naturally dark and desperate stories of dissipation always abroad. If she believed them, no lady, faubourg or otherwise, could fail to react unfavorably. But such legends grow only too easily. We can not be quite sure that the stars give parties so wild that at regular intervals during the long night the local police pass through the rooms and tearfully plead with the hostess to moderate the gayety of the guests—of course no mere policeman would dare give actual orders to a really important movie artist. If such parties take place, those who attend them may be felicitated upon seeing Babylon and Imperial Rome revived. But rigid investigation discloses the fact that many a Hollywood social evening consists merely in the decent yet pleasurable experience of hearing some moving-picture director tell the other guests how great he is. In any case these rumors of an extremely full free life scarcely stem the tide of stellar popularity.

The élite of Los Angeles struggled against the "movie" tide, but they were worsted. Indeed they were even laughed at, and they had to succumb:

You may possibly, at a Los Angeles dinner party, keep the conversation off the pictures while the soup is being served; after that it is difficult. As to the people on the street-cars, in the cafeterias and the hotels, they shamelessly adore the topic. They turn to the movie star as sunflowers to the sun. From ten thousand altars incense burned to the favorites streams toward the unstained California blue. And the United States postal service might reasonably excuse its breakdown by making a statement as to the number of letters received daily by the adored ones from every quarter of the civilized and uncivilized globe.

A good day will bring by the morning post to a really beloved movie actress as many as eighteen hundred and sixty-seven letters from unknown remote worshippers. And there are times when the chief secretary for personal letters and her corps of undersecretaries and stenographers faint beneath the burden. The letters are infinite in variety; they range from those of simple admiration and gratitude for assuagement of soul to the definite statement that the writer is leaving East Esopus by the 10:20 train on Monday and would like to marry the object of his affections as soon as possible after his arrival by the Santa Fé on Saturday. The colossal scale of the movies may be somewhat guessed at by the fact that there are always at the Los Angeles hotels gentlemen who have just come to marry the leading movie actresses or to reclaim the lovely but evil vamps.

The "movie" people are interesting to watch. Here alone success may come overwhelmingly before one is twenty-one, although what terrible thing happens to "movie" actresses of thirty one can not imagine:

All the things you read about in the newspapers do really happen in the Los Angeles and Hollywood hotels. You may come home to lunch and find that they have been shooting a picture in the office and that the company in full finery and paint are lunching all around your own table. There may be, for example, a bride in white satin and orange blossoms, lovely ladies in evening dress, distinguished old men—Heaven only knows what they represent—covered with foreign orders, and once there was—oh, fair and unforgettable memory!—a ravishing small actress, dressed, for some dark reason, as a jockey in pale blue, tight-fitting waistcoat, and a smart blue broadcloth jacket! The contrast to the respectable families from the Middle West who occupied the other tables near by was piquant, and the experience, let us hope, for everybody broadening.

It is only about five years ago that the pioneers of the new bonanza came to California. They thought there might be something in the pictures, but these pioneers are now the old aristocratic picture families:

Before the stories are forgotten some one should write the history of this bonanza period. It was like '49 and the rush for California gold, or like Virginia City when fortunes in Nevada silver mines were made overnight. In January a man was driving a taxicab, in June he was directing moving pictures. In October actors from the East were horrowing five dollars to pay for hall bedrooms, in the spring they were insisting that their employers give them what are termed "open contracts" in which the salary is delightfully left to be filled in by the actor himself. Almost without knowing it, the movie people had stumbled upon unbelievable deposits of the precious metal. It seemed to be there for any one who chose to pick it up. Salaries became princely. Actresses you had never heard of were guaranteed twenty thousand a year; and directors were counted failures if they fell below a hundred thousand. And a frenzy of spending seized upon every one. Automobiles, pipe-organs in the house, horses, dogs, jewels, swimming-pools, and vintage champagne! If cigars were not lighted with hundred-dollar bills it was only because in the days of an earlier boom Coal Oil Johnny had already done it.

The "movie" has produced a definite state of mind, and rather an autocratic one, as fits an industry that may be about to take charge of the world. The "artistic temperament" naturally plays its large part, and indeed there is now more of the "artistic temperament" than the world has ever before had to cope with:

The whole question of how acting is to be achieved with a cold and unresponsive camera taking the place of an infatuated public might possibly be here discussed. Of course there is always a certain public—the director, the others of the company, and the few outsiders who by hook or crook always manage to be present—yet it is not an adequate audience. And, besides, the conditions of picture-making necessarily permit only a small bit of drama to be done at a

time. That is to say there is no long passionate flow of the story to warm up temperament and sweep the artist emotionally away. For example, suppose they are shooting a great moral-uplift picture to be entitled "The Senses." A beautiful vampire is ready in an evening gown of purple chiffon. Around her middle is bound a small tiger-skin—to indicate that she is not a good woman. In a minute she will be asked to lead astray a fattish, middle-aged fellow who looks like a prosperous broker, but not like a devastator of female hearts. She has nothing to buoy her up, to induce the necessary reprehensible emotion, you may suppose. But when the camera man is ready a small, rather dirty violinist, fully equipped, steals stealthily forward, and almost under the lovely creature's nose draws forth from his instrument the low, thrilling strains which immediately inspire her to have her will of her victim.

Never before have the charms of music to thrill a savage breast, or to bring tears to the largest, loveliest, forget-me-not blue eyes been so thoroughly recognized. The sister art is constantly employed, sometimes even at the cost of perfect harmony, as when, side by side in the studio, a bit of Beethoven is being played by a New England ex-schoolmistriss on a melodeon to stimulate the actors in "Her Fatal Sin" and a jazz tune super-jazzed by a colored quartet so that the hero of a comic may with greater comicality fall into a coal-hole. It is now even said that one director "cutting" a film feels that his temperament makes it essential that he do so to the melody from a string quartet.

Temperament takes strange forms, and among them are the breaking of contracts and an occasional divorce:

Everything is grist that comes to the mill of temperament, if it is no more than having all your meals upstairs on a tray or wearing sables in August. One does one's best, if it is only the little actress who lets her fellow-guests see that her gentlemen friends always call her at least fifteen times to the telephone during dinner in the hotel dining-room—a matter accomplished by arrangement with a bellboy if anything goes wrong. There is one great man who would not consider crossing the continent without his private band which plays after dinner in one of his private cars; he is for the moment quenching the fire within his breast. *Chacun à son goût*. Another, a famous comedian, prefers to everything the liquid eloquence of his favorite "yes-men" tell him antipathically how great he'd be in "Hamlet," if only the damn play was screenable; and legend, so often apocryphal, even says that an agreeable and accomplished monkey who inhabits Hollywood and may generally be seen whenever a scenario contains a good simian part, is himself not averse to the pleasures of being interviewed by some humble and worshipping writer for a moving-picture paper.

The author devotes a concluding chapter to the American child. Because families have grown smaller he supposes the value of the child has enhanced:

An English visitor in the middle 'eighties notes with grave consternation the difficulty American parents have in keeping children from swearing and from calling their parents by their given names. It would be hard to say today just how general swearing has become among our best children, but in any case we may be sure that if they swear it is considered part of their charm as it is of parrots. As for calling father "Arthur" or "Woopsy," that goes without saying. And old gentlemen who in the early nineteenth century would have belched fire had they been addressed as anything but "Sir" will now fawn upon children, pleading with them to be called "Cousin Howard" or "Scootums." Anything as formal as the old modes of address seems rigid and chilling, and likely to lose to their elders that approbation by children which is now so essential to any self-respect.

Mr. Rhodes seems to think that there may be too much scientific knowledge about children. It must not be allowed to rub off the remaining bloom:

Once upon a time there was a very beautiful little girl with golden locks who lived like a princess with her very modern and scientific father and mother in a large house upon a little hill where many wild strawberries grew. A well-meaning but unscientific grown-up guest (a wretched bachelor, of course) suggested one day, when he happened to be breakfasting alone with the little girl, whom he very much liked, that she and he should spend the morning blissfully gathering the sweet-perfumed little berries which they would eat at lunch with the thick cream which came from the nice cow in the barn. The lovely little girl said, "No, thank you," but her lip trembled. Then the foolish old bachelor again explained and urged his delightful plan, upon which the lovely little girl burst into tears and rushed from the table. The scientific mother a little later explained that by the doctor's orders the lovely little girl had never in all her life been allowed to eat any uncooked fruit!

There have been many books written about American cities. Doubtless there will be many more. Mr. Rhodes has chosen the best of all tones in which to approach his subject, the tone of gentle and kindly badinage.

AMERICAN TOWNS AND PEOPLE. By Harrison Rhodes. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

It is no doubt true that nearly all human inventions have been suggested by natural objects. Frémont of the French School of Mines points out an interesting example in the case of the screw, the fundamental idea of which, he believes, was suggested to primitive man by the spiral shape of the edible snail. It was not the shape of the shell that suggested the screw, but the spiral motion which it is necessary to give to the body of the snail in order to withdraw it from the shell. This at once showed that an object of a screw shape embedded in a solid powerfully resisted attempts to withdraw it by a straight pull. The hint was enough, and the screw became one of the earliest of man's inventions.

A "phantom herd" of buffaloes, reported for years by Indians to be grazing in the Mackenzie River Basin in the Canadian Northwest, has at last been discovered by a white man, F. H. Kitto, a Canadian engineer. He estimates the herd at 1000 head and says the Indians of the country report a larger herd farther north.

Ships and cargoes valued at eight billion dollars were sunk during the war. Hundreds of these ships may be salvaged and made fit for service.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending November 27, 1920, were \$133,300,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$159,100,000; a decrease of \$20,800,000.

A loss of more than \$16,000,000 in the gold settlement fund of the Federal Reserve Board was mainly responsible for a decrease in total gold held by the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco of \$16,682,000 during the week ending November 26th. Total reserves fell off \$20,475,000 principally for the same reason.

The general deflation movement continues, and toward the end seems to find progress accelerated as the financial effects of the decline in prices bear their hardest at times when potential buyers either have not the funds at their disposition or are holding off

our workmen do not succeed in bringing vastly increased efficiency as compared with that in the past few years, we will be compelled to reduce wages materially if we are to continue an important factor in world commerce.

It is plain to be seen that slack business is permitting the employing interests to weed out the more inefficient among their employees, and it should not be long before the business of the country is booming along in much smoother fashion than it has for a decade.

Copper and other metals have been under decided pressure of late, and until the excess war supplies are absorbed we may not look for much advance in this market.

Independent steel interests are rapidly working toward the Steel Corporation's schedule of prices, and it seems to me that the trend in steel prices is certainly to a level considerably under the schedule. The big test will likely come next spring.

Farming interests are disposed to sell grains a little more freely, and must continue to do so if the buying power of our agricultural regions is to be felt materially.

We have seen cotton after its very sharp rise to four or five hundred points from the bottom of the year revert to the low prices. There is very little snap on the buying side of the cotton market as yet, though naturally the lower prices go the more dangerous it is for operators on the short side.

A recent compilation has shown that the four previous big bear markets of the last twenty years ranged in length from twelve months and twenty-nine days to fourteen months and twenty-four days and included a down-swing in average prices of from 38 to 45 per cent.

It is generally figured that the present bear market began November 3d last year, and to date there has been a decline in the percentages of something over 36, which all may mean little or nothing except that as a matter of psychology Wall Street is prone to figure on "past performances," and the suggestion is plainly evident that we are very much nearer the low prices on this movement than the high prices which we are likely to see during 1921.

We may see a good many bear attacks on the market from time to time within the next three or four months, as different industries are affected by the credit strain and the necessity to liquidate. At the same time we should not close our eyes to the fact that a great many stocks are selling at ridiculously low prices and among them are a great many that are not only absolutely unaffected by the general tendency toward liquidation of inventories, but, on the other hand, many are positively benefited thereby.

The public utilities, for instance, and all the companies that cater directly to them are in position to profit enormously from the lowering costs of things they buy. This is particularly so in regard to copper costs. So far as the railroads are concerned, their technical position, which was weakened by the too impetuous buying on the part of the public, has been straightened out again and there are bargains all through the railroad list.

In general we may figure that much liquidation is still to come from financial concerns in the interior, and especially in the industrial centers where promotions were going ahead pretty rapidly in various lines and where business mortalities must cause a good deal of derangement, but, on the other hand, lowering prices of securities find an increasing number of strong interests willing to buy, and the market should very soon be in position to respond in a splendid rise to the sort of buying that generally precedes the January reinvestment demand.—*The Trader.*

The National Bank of Commerce in New York issues the following statement regarding current market conditions:

"The country's credit requirements have, during the period under review, reached a maximum level. Pressure may for a time continue at this current high level, but no substantial increase is anticipated in the demand for banking accommodations, either for crop financing or to meet commercial and industrial requirements. The credit position is essentially sound and the future is to be regarded with confidence.

"The banks and reserve institutions have financed the enormous volume of current requirements with no weakening of their reserve strength. The beginning of a reduction in the aggregate of these requirements is now evident. Loans of reporting member banks of the reserve system expanded steadily until the middle of October. A moderate contraction is now shown. Interior banks in diverse sections of the country are moderately increasing the volume of their purchases of commercial paper, an evidence of the release of funds from other employments. They have also begun, in a small way, to reduce their borrowings with other banks. Such contraction as has occurred is not of large volume. It is important, however, because, in the present difficult situation, it indicates an ability

greater than might have been anticipated, on the part of both the interior banks and their customers to liquidate outstanding obligations. It indicates also that the future trend will be toward the contraction rather than expansion of such obligations.

"Open market rates on commercial loans have continued unchanged on an 8 per cent. level, with country banks purchasing paper in fair volume. Call money was tight, ruling throughout most of the period at from 9 to 10 per cent, but easing at the close to 7 per cent. The continuing high rates in the call money market reflected the general stringency of credit rather than the requirements of the stock market, where sharp liquidation continued throughout the period. Both demands for and offerings of time loans on securities were nominal. Moderate offerings of time money may reasonably be expected shortly, as funds are released from other uses. This would result in lower quotations. Prime bank acceptances were in active demand and in reduced supply.

"The determining factor in the entire situation continues to be the reluctance of consumers to buy, partly because of their expectation that prices may go even lower, and in part because of the curtailment of purchasing power of large sections of the buying public. Farmers are not purchasing actively at present because prices of the products which they have to offer in exchange have declined sharply. Wage-earners hesitate to purchase because their earnings are being curtailed by increasing unemployment and in some cases by reduction in wages.

"The adjustment of prices to new conditions of supply and demand has proved difficult. Two factors on the buying side of the equation offer much encouragement, however. In comparison with those classes whose income increased rapidly during the period of rising prices, the decline in prices which has already taken place has increased the purchasing power of salaried employees and persons in receipt of fixed incomes from investments. Large crops assure a fair volume of buying throughout the agricultural parts of the country, especially the grain states. Farmers unquestionably are delaying their purchases until the prices of what they must buy approach the level at which they must sell their crops. As that level is approached they will buy in increasing volume, because their position is essentially sound."

When the Pacific Studios in San Mateo are completed and actual work starts on the first production of the Golden State Motion Picture Corporation there is going to be a flood of motion-picture people coming here. This is the belief of H. H. Van Loan, noted scenario writer and author of "Mickey Flynn," the initial picture of the Golden State Company.

According to Mr. Van Loan, what the producers need is a little encouragement, and when they see that this part of the country really wants them they will come. "Truly, I believe the film people could be lured to any part of the world if the proper inducements were made.

"I expect to see," said Mr. Van Loan, "within the next year a number of prominent cinema projects launched here, both by old and new organizations.

"The Pacific Studios are going to be the finest in the land, and they will attract producers from everywhere. Film men are always looking forward to better pictures, and they will soon discover that with the superior equipment of the new studios they will be able to realize their ambition."

Production on "Mickey Flynn" is to start as soon as the new studios are ready. The rain has delayed work on the project and the plant will not be ready as soon as expected.

Present plans for "Mickey Flynn" call for an elaborate production, to cost in the neighborhood of \$100,000. The best directors and actors in the country will be obtained. Already Mr. Van Loan has engaged such noted players as Gaston Glass, Wallace Beery, and Ethel Kaye. At least four months will be spent in making the picture.

To some extent the public's growing reluctance to buy commodities is "a strike of consumers against unconscionable prices," but, in the opinion of the New York *Evening Post*, the situation may be largely attributed to the sheer exhaustion of the public's purchasing power. This cause of the business slump has not been sufficiently emphasized, we are told. During flush times people actually bought much more than they needed for their immediate necessities, and they are now living on these reserves, which must be used up, at least to a considerable extent, before there can be any revival of buying. In other words, the public is "commodity saturated." As the *Evening Post* puts it:

"Wage-earners not only bought silk shirts, but bought them by the half-dozen and dozen, and it must have been the same in the entire field of dress. To millions with a very moderate income there had been preached for years a counsel of perfection: that it is more economical to buy high-class goods than

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shoddy, and more economical to buy two or three suits of clothes and get long wear by frequent change than to buy one suit and consume it rapidly. It was the same counsel of perfection, or the same regret, so often expressed in connection with the tenement poor, who pay more for their coal and ice than the millionaire does because they have no storage facilities. The war for the first time made it possible for a great many people to buy in quantity.

"Are people as shabby as they are reputed to be, in protest against high prices? Are shoes and clothes marooned on the merchants' shelves because people are resoling their old shoes and wearing old overcoats, or because they are wearing new shoes and clothes purchased on a generous scale in times of prosperity? One reason for the present partial paralysis of commodity markets may be that the public is commodity saturated."

An obvious corollary to the proposition thus stated by the *Evening Post* is that once people have worn out their present stock of shoes and clothes and furniture, they must start buying again. And the date can not be so very many months ahead.

Whatever injustices or impositions the public may have suffered in the past by reason of the one-sided bargains driven by the utility corporations and the high-handed methods by

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which some of them enforced their contracts and squeezed out of them every possible cent of profit, no one will deny that the more recent situation has represented too great a reaction from the old order, and many of the corporations have come upon conditions where they were unable to make a decent living.

Happily another change is now in progress—a reaction from the reaction; and sensible officials and communities are recognizing the fact that these public service concerns must be allowed to get something out of their activities—if not to the extent of assured profits, at least to the extent that will save them from insolvency and at the same time enable them to keep the service efficient. It is an economic axiom that "when a business stops growing it begins to die," just as it is said of man that when he ceases to progress his retrogression is under way.

So if the public utilities of any community are not keeping up with the needs of that community, and are therefore hindering its development and convenience, everybody should be at once interested in ascertaining the cause of the delinquency and assisting in its cure. Out of this new conception of service and co-operation has grown the idea of partnership between the public and the utilities companies, the sense of give and take—a principle that is gaining ground all the time and that is consequently improving the outlook for all concerned.—*Salt Lake City Deseret News.*

The acquiring of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad by the Western Pacific Railroad emphasizes the force of a guarantee as applied to corporate securities. The Denver and Rio Grande, at the time of the construction of the Western Pacific, guaranteed by endorsement on each bond to pay the interest on the \$50,000,000 Western Pacific first mortgage 5 per cent. bond issue in the event the interest was not fully earned by the Western Pacific. What happened is now history, and incidentally law, but the court ruling to force the guarantee has greatly improved the position of guaranteed bonds.

It was the custom in earlier days, when a strong railroad wished to absorb another property, to guarantee the payment of the principal and interest on the outstanding funded debt of the purchased lines. This was usually accomplished by stamping on each bond a clause setting forth the unconditional guarantee of principal and interest.

Some of these old issues of bonds, not so generally known in the far West, occasionally come into the market for sale. There are some Southern Pacific issues of this type which are now available to yield more than 7 per cent. over a long period of years. Discriminating investors are buying these bonds, according to a report made by Martin Judge, Jr., American National Bank Building, San Francisco.

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and offer \$50,000 City of Los Banos, California, 5½ per cent. water bonds, tax exempt in California and exempt from all Federal income taxes.

The City of Los Banos, with an estimated population of 1500, is situated in the western part of Merced County on the Southern Pacific Railroad. The surrounding country is an irrigated farming section devoted to general farming, stock raising, and dairying. It is the principal city on the west side of the San Joaquin Valley and has a very large country tributary. Los Banos is an old, substantial, and well-built city. It contains three banks with over \$1,500,000 deposits, several creameries, a condensed milk factory, two cheese factories, warehouses, good schools, etc.

These bonds are issued for the purpose of acquiring the present water-works system and improving, enlarging, and extending it to meet the needs of the city.

The Blankenbom-Hunter-Dulin Company announce that the \$200,000 issue of Tuhs Island Company first mortgage 7 per cent. serial bonds recently offered by them has been certified by the state superintendent of banks as legal investment for savings banks and trust funds in California.

A syndicate composed of E. H. Rollins & Sons, E. F. Hutton & Co., Spencer Trask & Co., and Paul A. Schoellkopf are offering \$4,000,000 Niagara Falls power first consolidated mortgage Series AA 6s, 1950, at 87½ and interest, to yield 7 per cent.

The Niagara Falls Power Company owns and operates all the hydro-electric power plants on the American side of the Niagara River at Niagara Falls and controls the power plant on the Canadian side of the Falls owned and operated by the Canadian Niagara Power Company. The present aggregate installed generating capacity of the four generating stations on the American side of the Falls is approximately 373,500 horsepower, and the additional 112,500 horsepower installed in the generating stations of the Canadian Niagara Power Company brings the aggregate of the system plants up to 486,000 horsepower. Plans have been perfected for an ultimate combined capacity of about 620,000 horsepower.

The Series AA Bonds are to be issued under an indenture to be executed as a supplement to the first and consolidation mortgage, which covers all the tangible and physical properties, plants, transmission systems, improvements, water and other rights, franchises, etc., now owned by the company for the development and transmission of power, and all property hereafter acquired by it through the proceeds of the first and consolidation mortgage bonds, as well as all bonds and shares of capital stock (except qualifying shares of directors) of the Canadian Niagara Power Company now owned or hereafter acquired, subject to existing liens on a part thereof. The first and consolidation mortgage bonds are secured by a direct first mortgage upon real estate, electrical machinery, and a transmission and distributing system of large value and constituting an important part of the company's properties.

The real estate interests, power houses, transmission systems, etc., owned by the Niagara Falls Power Company and the Canadian Niagara Power Company and the investments pledged with trustees under various mortgages are carried on the consolidated balance sheet under date of September 30, 1920, at \$53,999,366.77, or \$23,733,366.77 in excess of the total funded debt of the two companies outstanding in the hands of the public, including the \$4,000,000 of the Niagara Falls Power Company first and consolidation mortgage Series AA 6 per cent. gold bonds to be presently outstanding. The equity in these properties beyond the total funded debt outstanding in the hands of the public, as represented by the present market values of the preferred and common stocks, is easily over \$23,000,000.

The proceeds from the sale of the \$4,000,000 first and consolidation mortgage Series AA 6 per cent. gold bonds will be used to reimburse the company's treasury for part of the expenditures involved in installing three new generating units, each with a rated output capacity of about 37,500 horsepower, building a new central control station, connecting the various plants on the American side of the Falls with high-tension lines, dredging and deepening the hydraulic canal, building additional penstocks and installing other equipment for the efficient distribution of the additional power.

An earnest effort is being made by the Good Railway Service Association of California and other public-spirited bodies to aid the railroads in a campaign to relocate freight cars on the lines of their owners in order to provide proper opportunity for renewals and repairs and thus improve the quality of the equipment offered to shippers. To this end car service rules requiring the shipper to load cars to or in the direction of the owning road will be rigidly enforced.

Mr. John S. Dym, chairman for Northern

California of the Good Railway Service Association, which is comprised of more than 600 public-spirited men, explains the situation as follows:

"During the Federal administration of the railroads the freight-car equipment was practically pooled and interchanged indiscriminately regardless of ownership, which naturally resulted in cars being widely scattered. Some Pacific Coast railroads have not seen their own equipment for three years, and naturally this equipment while in the hands of other roads was given only running repairs.

"Since the return of the railroads to their owners a consistent effort is being made, under mutual agreement of all roads, as established by car service rules, to relocate freight cars on their home lines. At present, therefore, shippers are required to confine the use of cars of the railroads on which the shipment originates to shipments for local points on the line and to use foreign road cars into foreign territory. If shippers generally will cooperate in the matter it will redound to their benefit by improving the car supply and the quality of equipment provided.

"Shippers in placing orders for cars should show destination and routing in order to give the railroad the proper opportunity to furnish a suitable car for off-line shipments. In the event that this is not done and the car is loaded without the permission of the railroad on which the shipment originates, it would make it necessary to transfer the freight—so it is to the advantage of shippers to avoid danger of expense and delay by cooperating with the railroads to the end that every one may be better served."

The growth in world debts and paper currency has not been checked by the return to peace. The additions to world national debts, which averaged \$40,000,000 per annum during the war, were \$44,000,000,000 in the year just ended—the second peace year. The additions to world paper currency, which averaged \$9,000,000,000 per annum during the year, were \$12,000,000,000 in the first peace year and \$25,000,000,000 in the year just ended.

A detailed discussion of world national debts and paper currency, appearing in the November issue of the *Americas*, issued by the National City Bank of New York, prepared by the bank's statistician, Mr. O. P. Austin, shows that world national debts, which increased from \$43,000,000,000 in 1913 to \$212,000,000,000 at the date of the armistice, were \$256,000,000,000 one year later and \$300,000,000,000 in November, 1920, two years after the armistice. World paper currency, which increased from \$7,500,000,000 in 1913 to \$43,000,000,000 at the date of the armistice, was \$55,000,000,000 one year later and \$82,000,000,000 in November, 1920, the end of the second peace year. The ratio of gold to world paper currency, which averaged 66.3 per cent. in 1913 and 17.6 per cent. at the close of the war, was 13.5 per cent. at the end of the first peace year and 9.2 per cent. on the second anniversary of the armistice. Annual interest charges on world national debts, which were about \$1,750,000,000 per annum prior to the war, were approximately \$9,000,000,000 per annum at its close, and now more than \$12,000,000,000 per annum. These figures are in all cases based upon the pre-war par value of the currencies of the respective countries, but are in all cases exclusive of currency or other obligations of the Soviet government of Russia.

Most of the after-the-war increase in national debts and paper currency occurs in Europe. National debts in North and South America show an actual decline in the second peace year and but a trifling increase in Asia, Africa, and Oceania, while national debts in Europe increased \$30,000,000,000 in the first year following the armistice and \$45,000,000,000 in the second year, just ended. Paper currency, which increased about \$2,000,000,000 in North and South America in the second year and showed a slight reduction in Asia, Africa, and Oceania, increased \$11,000,000,000 in Europe in the first year following the armistice, and \$26,000,000,000 in the year just ended. Europe's share of the world national debt is 86 per cent. and of world paper currency 88 per cent.

These post-war increases in national debts and paper currency are, says the writer, largely a result of "budget deficits," especially in the European countries, and were the subject of much attention and sharp criticism at the recent Brussels financial conference of the league of nations. The operations of governmental machinery, paid for in a greatly depreciated currency, are necessarily many times in cost those of the pre-war period, while the mere interest charges on national debts are now more than a billion dollars a month, and with these conditions national expenditures have run far in excess of receipts from taxation and can only be met by increases in national debts or new issues of paper currency. Reports submitted at the Brussels financial conference indicated that three-fourths of the governments of the world are now showing annual budget deficits and that eleven of the twelve European countries, reporting there

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showed annual expenditures in excess of receipts from ordinary sources.

The tabulations and accompanying discussion show national debts of seventy-five countries and colonies at the beginning and end of the war and also at the end of the first and second years following the armistice; the currency statement, which shows gold and paper currency in each of fifty principal countries for corresponding dates, also shows the ratio of gold to paper currency in each of the countries in question and at the respective dates above mentioned. Copies of the tabulations and discussion accompanying them can be obtained on application to the National City Bank of New York.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

An Exiled Empress.

The author, Miss Agnes Carey, spent a year with the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough, England. The empress seems to have been very communicative, making frequent references to her life and describing incidents and adventures that had never been published. Miss Carey, on her part, faithfully transcribed everything that she heard, usually the same night, and as she seems to have done this with conscientious care her book may almost be regarded as the story of the empress herself. We can easily forgive the inclusion of a few trivialities and irrelevances, the result of literary inexperience.

Among the incidents described by the empress are the escape from Paris and a secret visit to the emperor while he was a prisoner of war in Germany. Dr. Carey, who piloted the empress out of Paris, told her that she had once saved his life at Constantinople and he was happy to return the service. Speaking of the mob that surrounded the Tuileries, the empress said: "Nothing in nature, neither storms nor the angry elements, can give one the faintest idea of a people in violent anger. Without experiencing it, no one can imagine what it means to have a whole people howling against you—it is horrible."

EMPERESS EUGÉNIE IN EXILE. By Agnes Carey. New York: The Century Company.

Marie Claire's Workshop.

The appearance many years ago of "Marie Claire" was deservedly hailed as a work of art. It was the story of a young French girl, told with absolute fidelity and with all the detail and delicacy of a cameo. Now we have a sequel to "Marie Claire," describing her life in Mme. Dalignac's workshop, the girls who worked with her, their privations, fears, hopes, and love affairs. Mme. Dalignac was "a saint on earth," but, like most other saints, impractical, unbusinesslike, timid, and confiding. The workshop was a failure and we leave Marie Claire at the dawn of a still greater adventure that looks by no means promising. Marguerite Audoux knows better than any other French writer how to reproduce a phase of life as a complete reality, and because of this she can afford to dispense with some of the recognized mechanism of the novelist.

MARIE CLAIRE'S WORKSHOP. By Marguerite Audoux. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

Camouflage.

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R. A., seems to think that we are still far from appreciating the extent and the skill of the German camouflage system. He says that evidence of the German methods was laid before the authorities early in March, 1918, but it was officially repudiated until the end of the war. As a matter of fact the Germans covered large

areas of the country with huge structures designed to represent agricultural land and the normal incidents of the landscape, and these had been prepared far in advance of the war and with skilled attention to the manipulation of shadows and to all other details that might serve their end.

The author now presents to us the whole art of camouflage based in the main upon a study of German achievements. He shows how the whole appearance of a countryside may be radically changed, how roads are hidden and false roads constructed, and how the most formidable of military works are disguised as tilled fields. Perhaps only the expert can appreciate this work at its full value, but certainly it is not one to be overlooked by those concerned with what must be called a war weapon of the highest value. Mr. Solomon not only explains his ideas in the most lucid language, but he reinforces them with numerous admirable illustrations, many of them tinted and showing what was actually done during the war.

STRATEGIC CAMOUFLAGE. By Solomon J. Solomon, R. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$9.

Four Blind Mice

"Four Blind Mice," a novel by Cecil Champain Lewis, has the virtue of an unusual plot, handled adroitly enough to sustain interest. It has another virtue in that the author has not sentimentalized over his characters, as do so many other admirable writers who insist on dividing the sheep from the goats in their factitious universes.

With so excellent a beginning for a story with psychological and detective interest it is a pity that the style is weak and hackneyed, and that the four character who give the story its singular inept title are sketchy in outline and weak in coloring. The character drawing is not inaccurate—it is simply unsure, as if done by a hand not yet confident of its power.

The best passages of the book are in the opening chapter, where an illusion is successfully created of the oppressive heat, the sultry

showers, and the mosquito-laden atmosphere of Rangoon. However, as the book progresses (and it rapidly does so) the reader must regret the frequency of the hackneyed, rather kiddish, expressions and the vagueness of the principal characters—a vagueness largely due to a lack of conversation on their part. They are almost as silent as they are blind.—R. G.

FOUR BLIND MICE. By Cecil Champain Lewis. New York: John Lane Company.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

The George H. Doran Company has just published "Margot Asquith: An Autobiography," a piquant hook of reminiscences, the publication of which has caused a profound sensation in England.

Before leaving on his lecture tour, during which he will speak in most of the principal cities of the country, W. L. George had a conference with Brock Pemberton concerning his preparation of a play to be produced by Mr. Pemberton.

There was no dissenting voice raised when Mark Twain was proposed for the Hall of Fame. But one ballot was required to elect the creator of Huck Finn to the company of America's immortals. Under the rules which govern election to the American Pantheon a name may not be proposed until ten years have elapsed since the death of its bearer. The nominating committee lost no time in this instance, for it is just ten years since Mark Twain went to join his fathers.

Mr. Jesse W. Weik, who was the literary associate of William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, in the writing of Herndon's "Life of Lincoln," read the advance sheets of "The Paternity of Abraham Lincoln," by William E. Barton, published by Doran.

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Nuova: The New Bee by Vernon Kellogg

Children and grown-ups will enjoy the tale of Nuova's adventures not only for the charming story, but also for the authentic bee-lore. Illustrated in color by Milo Winter. \$2.25.

The Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie

"To the great trio of American autobiographies, Benjamin Franklin's, Booker Washington's, and Henry Adams's, must now be added a fourth—the story of Andrew Carnegie's marvelous career."—*Boston Transcript*. It would be hard to find a better gift for young or old than this absorbing, inspiring, and most readable hook. Illus. \$5.00.

Life of George Washington by Henry Cabot Lodge

"This hook reveals Senator Lodge not merely as a student of American history, but as a writer of exceptional skill,—a writer who can make history both entertaining and authoritative."—*Boston Transcript*. New Edition with introduction by Senator Lodge, and 24 full-page illustrations. 2 vols. \$7.50.

The Diary of a Forty-Niner by Chauncey L. Canfield

An interesting and vivid account of the adventures and day's work of a gold miner, with an added element of interest in the love story which runs through it. \$3.50.

Songs of Dogs and Songs of Horses by Robert Frothingham

"For the dog lover 'Songs of Dogs' is indispensable, while 'Songs of Horses' stands out as one of the most colorful of anthologies. As hooks from which to read aloud, they could scarcely be matched."—*New York Post*. Each \$1.65. Sportsmen leather edition \$3.00. Boxed with "Songs of Men," \$4.95. Leather, \$9.00.

Songs of the Trail by H. H. Knibbs

Ring, swinging poems of men and nature in the rough by a distinguished poet and novelist of the West. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Mary Marie by Eleanor H. Porter

"Mary Marie" has just the touch of optimism, humor, and good cheer that make Mrs. Porter's hooks ideal for Christmas gifts. The Sunbeam Girl brings joy and happiness to every reader, young or old, and has been called "The most intensely alive and adorable girl who has frightened American literature for years." Illus. \$2.00.

The Italian Twins by Lucy Fitch Perkins

Over a third of a million copies of the Twin Series have been sold, and the many millions of children who have been made happy by their doings will welcome this latest addition to the famous international family. Illus. \$1.75.

The Dreadful River Cave by James Willard Schultz

A thrilling Indian story written by one of the last of the old-time frontiersmen, who has actually lived through the scenes he so vividly describes. Illus. \$1.90.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Little History of the War.

Out of the endless multitude of little histories of the late war one has come from France that will probably outlive all the rest. It is brief, compact, graphic, and satisfying. The author is H. Vast, "honorary examiner for admission at L'Ecole de St. Cyr." The translator is Dr. Raymond Weeks of Columbia University. The title is "Little History of the Great War." The feature of this work that renders it so worth while is its comprehensiveness. It not only tells the story of the struggle itself, but it goes back into the causes leading up to the conflict and leaves the reader with a full and intelligent appreciation of the whys and wherefores. In addition the volume contains twenty-seven maps representing practically every important phase of the geography of the contest. These include, besides maps of the battlefields, such subjects as the Middle Europe Scheme, Peninsula of the Balkans, Alsace, Saloniki and Gallipoli, Armenia, Pre-War Colonial Africa, Former Russian Empire, Trentino and Carso, Bagdad, Syria and Palestine. The style throughout, as is to be expected in a French work, is clear, luminous, and entertaining.

LITTLE HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR. By H. Vast. Translated by Raymond Weeks. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Legal Decisions on State Rights.

Students of law and history interested in the conflicts between the state and Federal governments in the United States have been provided with a valuable publication by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. It is an analysis, prepared under the direction of James Brown Scott, of the decisions of the

Supreme Court on various issues involving relative state and Federal rights and jurisdiction. The volume contains upwards of 500 pages and covers some eighty historical decisions, dating from 1799 to 1918.

JUDICIAL SETTLEMENT OF CONTROVERSIES BETWEEN STATES AND THE AMERICAN UNION. Edited by James Brown Scott. London, England: Clarendon Press.

The Fire of London.

"For two and a half centuries the Great Fire of London has awaited an historian." This sentence heads the preface to a book just published by the John Lane Company of New York and London, entitled "The Great Fire of London in 1666." The work is by Walter George Bell, F. R. A. S. San Franciscans in particular will find pleasure in Mr. Bell's book, and will be surprised, probably, at the rather close parallel between the experiences of that remote period and of San Francisco's holocaust in 1906. Evidently great fires are all more or less alike; also they all seem equally unable to put an end to the cities which they devastate. Mr. Bell's tale of London, the fire, and the reconstruction of the city afterward confirms this conclusion.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON. By Walter George Bell. New York: John Lane Company.

Briefer Reviews.

"Blueberry Bear," by J. L. Sherard, published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company, and with illustrations in color, is a good bear story for good little children.

"Song Devices and Jingles," by Eleanor Smith (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50), is designed especially to help the large numbers of little children apparently without musical gifts—the so-called "monotones" and the musically dependent.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have published "Peggy Stewart, Navy Girl: At Home," by Gabrielle E. Jackson. This is the first of three volumes—all under the general title of "Peggy Stewart, Navy Girl"—in which the various experiences and adventures of the little heroine will be followed.

"The Light of the World," a three-act drama by Guy Bolton and George Middleton, has been published by Henry Holt & Co. The characters are the peasants who took part in the Passion Play at Oberammergau, the hero being Anton, the carpenter. This play was produced at the Lyric and Manhattan Theatres, New York City.

To be unable to catch fish after reading "Goin' Fishin'" by Dixie Carroll, is sure proof of a hoodoo. For here is every needed information and tip about weather, bait, tackle, strategy, and outfit, and all written so delightfully that to read the book goes far to compensate for the lack of a vacation. The publisher is the Stewart & Kid Company, Cincinnati. Price, \$3.

"Being and Becoming," by Fenwicke Lindsay Holmes (Robert M. McBride & Co.), is described as "a book of lessons in the science of mind." Turning the pages at random, we find the following gem: "Again, suppose there is a house to be sold. You may say to Universal Mind: 'I now turn over this house to you, for I have no further use for it. Give me its equivalent in what I can now use.' Then specify what you wish and expect it to come. Spirit then has a channel to manifest a sale for you."

New Books Received.

PEGGY STEWART, NAVY GIRL. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.75. A story for girls.

THE COMEDIENNE. By Wladyslaw S. Reymont. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2. A novel. Translated from the Polish.

THE PARTS MEN PLAY. By A. Beverley Baxter. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2. A novel.

THE FAMOUS MRS. FAIR AND OTHER PLAYS. By James Forbes. New York: George H. Doran Company.

"The Chorus Lady," "The Show Shop," and "The Famous Mrs. Fair."

THE CONTROL OF PARENTHOOD. Edited by James Marchant, LL. D., C. B. E., F. R. S. Ed. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50.

THUVIA, MAID OF MARS. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. A novel.

THE LEOPARD PRINCE. By Nathan Gallizier. Boston: The Page Company. A novel.

LINCOLN, THE WORLD EMANCIPATOR. By John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50. A character study.

THE SEVEN WIVES OF BLUEBEARD AND OTHER MARVELOUS TALES. By Anatole France. New York: John Lane Company. Issued in the Works of Anatole France.

SAN CRISTOBAL DE LA HABANA. By Joseph Hergeshimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. A book about Habana.

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH POLITICS. By Raymond Leslie Buell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$3.50. A general survey of French conditions.

AMERICAN POLITICAL IDEAS. By Charles Edward

Merriam. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.75.

Studies in the development of American political thought from 1865 to 1917.

MOON-CALF. By Floyd Dell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. A novel.

DRAKE, NELSON, AND NAPOLEON. By Sir Walter Runciman, Bart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Biographical and critical.

POOR WHITE. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$2. A novel.

HELPING THE RICH. By James Bay. New York: Brentano's. A play.

FLAME AND SHADOW. By Sara Teasdale. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.75. A volume of verse.

VENIZELOS. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.50. First volume in the Modern Statesmen Series.

A TALE THAT IS TOLD. By Frederick Niven. New York: George H. Doran Company. A novel.

THE SPELL OF BRITANNY. By Ange M. Mosher. New York: Duffield & Co. With introduction by Anatole Le Braz.

THE MARCHING YEARS. By Norman Bridge, M. D., A. M., LL. D. New York: Duffield & Co. Autobiography.

THE STARS IN THE POOL. By Edna Kingsley Wallace. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2. A prose poem for lovers.

SEVEN O'CLOCK STORIES. By Robert Gordon Anderson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. With twenty colored illustrations.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A GENIUS. By Alleyne Ireland. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50. Recollections of Joseph Pulitzer. A new edition.

ROADS TO CHILDHOOD. By Annie Carroll Moore. New York: George H. Doran Company. Views and reviews of children's books.

THE SEVEN PARSONS AND THE SMALL IGUANODON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. An inverted legend.

AWAKENING. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2. For children. Illustrated.

A SPANISH READER. By H. C. L. Balsbaw. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.65. For students.

ARCHAIC: THE LITTLE ARMENIAN. Translated from the French of Charles H. Schnapps. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2. Issued in the Little Schoolmates Series.

SHADOW-SHAPES. By Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2. "The journal of a wounded woman."

NATURALISM IN ENGLISH POETRY. By Stopford A. Brooke, M. A., LL. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3. A changed fashion in poetry.

THE STORY OF A STYLE. By William Bayard Hale. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc.; \$2. A psychoanalytic study of Woodrow Wilson.

GOIN' FISHIN'. By Dixie Carroll. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company; \$3. About fish, weather, and baits.

MAZZINI'S LETTERS TO AN ENGLISH FAMILY, 1844-1854. Edited by E. F. Richards. New York: John Lane Company; \$5. Illustrated.

RIVIERA TOWNS. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; \$6. With thirty-two full-page illustrations.

A CYCLE OF ADAMS' LETTERS. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Letters of Charles Francis Adams, Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and Henry Adams, 1861-1865.

PREJUDICES. By H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf; \$2.50. A second series.

PAWNS. By John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50. Four one-act plays.



KARL MARX. By Achille Loria. New York: Thomas Seltzer; \$1.50. An interpretation.

THE BORZOI, 1920. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. A record of five years' publishing.

THE DIARY OF A SPORTSMAN NATURALIST IN INDIA. By E. P. Stebbing, F. Z. S., F. R. G. S. New York: John Lane Company; \$5. With illustrations.

THE PROBLEM OF THE PENTATEUCH. By Melvin Grove Kyle, D. D., LL. D. Oberlin, Ohio: Bibliotheca Sacra Company. A new solution by archaeological methods.

THE HOUSE WITH A BAD NAME. By Perley Poore Sheehan. New York: Boni & Liveright. A novel.

DOMNEI. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; \$2. Revised edition of the novel first published as "The Soul of Millicent."

AMERICAN TOWNS AND PEOPLE. By Harrison Rhodes. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. With illustrations.

THE PRODIGAL VILLAGE. By Irving Bacheller. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. A story with a moral.

CHRISTMAS ROSES. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.25. A novel.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY. Told by C. S. Evans. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

SONG DEVICES AND JINGLES. By Eleanor Smith. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50. Illustrations in colors by F. Liley Young.

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"CHU CHIN CHOW."

Those who revel in gorgeous spectacle may congratulate themselves that "Chu Chin Chow," now in its fifth year at London, has been sent out to San Francisco. Personally I prefer, always, always, *always*, real plays about real people. But "Chu Chin Chow," which is a musical extravaganza, has many artistic claims to the imagination. The costumes and settings, which are opulent and beautiful in the extreme, are designed by London artists; the music, which is by Frederick Norton, is dramatic, colorful, and saturated with the atmosphere of the Orient.

The dances and floating draperies, the rich, harmonious colors, the patterned and carefully designed stage pictures are feasts for the eye. There are several sweet-voiced singers in the cast, and the love lyrics were very sweetly sung by Roy Cropper, a young man with a pleasing tenor, a fine athletic body, but only a limited amount of temperament.

Eugene Cowles, who will be forever associated in the memories of San Franciscans with "Robin Hood," was the invaluable dispenser of organ-like tones which filled the air with vocal rhythm while the magnificently clad slaves of Kasim Baba marched in and out with fanciful paces and contributed to the beauty of the splendid spectacle. I am still wondering why the miser, Kasim Baba—billed as the richest and meanest man in Bagdad—did himself so extremely well in the matter of splendor of appointment in his palace and his slaves. However, we wondered

during a whole act about various things, having overlooked a printed summary of the play on the programme. For if you value your piece of mind, you who read and intend to go, do not neglect to read that synopsis, for the players put on—intentionally—a sort of old-time exaggeration of vocal delivery which is hard to understand. I don't believe—having been rather far back; in the "R" row, to be explicit—that I understood three consecutive words of Elsie Malstad, "the singing slave girl," who is young, sweet-voiced, and pretty, but who twitters her dialogue indistinctly.

Thorai Lake was very good as Chu Chin Chow. Tall, imposing, rather dead in manner during Chu Chin Chow's moments of fearful menace, he served well as a figure to affect the imagination. Marjorie Wood, "the desert woman," without real beauty of face or figure, possesses dramatic impressiveness. Besides, her features lent themselves to the suggestion of an Asiatic woman of alien race, her movements were wild and free, and her speaking voice full, strong, and musical.

Adelaide Mesmer as the head wife of the wealthy miser had good vocal delivery, and her features possessed decorative and dramatic value.

Albert Howson as the miser had to employ the distressing speech of a senile old wheezer who afflicted us during the miser's moments of loquacity. Fortunately he was obliged to remain silent the greater part of the time, although the actor came out strong when the terrible brigand threatened the life of the Kasim Baba, who bounded around the stage with the convulsive movements of a beheaded fowl as he begged for mercy.

Don W. Ferrandou established a rapport with his sympathetic audience because of the abandon of Ali Baba's alcoholic smiles and wine-exhilarated dances.

These are the most prominent ones in the cast, but there are others, only the list is too long to further particularize. There was a singer, though, Edgar Kiefer by name, who charmed the audience by a long and lovely lay he sang; a song full of Oriental enchantment. And there were pantomimists, and an impressive fortune-teller, and negroids, who are always picturesque adjuncts in Oriental spectacles. The music wove strange enchantments, for it is well in harmony with the totality of this immense spectacular extravaganza, which is an adapted stage version of the story of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves."

I can imagine with players of the very best—for although these were good as usual—and I reiterate, I do not blame, for business is business, and we are far away—but as usual they have not given us first best. We kept approaching moments of poetic illusion, there was music and poetry and beauty in the air, and yet they never quite yielded us the Great Illusion. The imagination was not made wholly captive. Now why was that, with all this lavishness of music, spectacle, and drama? Simply because our imagination is affected through the imaginations of others. These people, carefully selected though they are, are not first-class artists, and therefore have not first-class imaginations. We approximated

reaching the Great Illusion. And probably less sophisticated theatre-goers reached it; but I should say that the old stagers just sailed in and enjoyed a rarely magnificent spectacle as spectacle. We are not wont to see anything of this kind again in a hurry, and it was a big venture to come so far away. If you have the loose cash in your jeans go, by all means. You won't find much to laugh at, the comedy element having been rather neglected; but from this truthful account you may perceive that the management gives generously even for the big money that is charged.

They are, as is the custom, telling a huge whopper when they claim that there are 300 on the stage. But there are as many as we want; enough to fill the stage, and almost crowd it, for that matter. And I don't believe that we have ever seen anything more magnificent than the opening scene—that in which Chu Chin Chow and his suite are received as the guests of Kasim Baba—with its color and glow, its golden background, its panoramic figures, and the superbly designed architectural proportions and effects of the scene. There is, too, a fine Chinese cast to the figures and costumes of Chu Chin Chow and his suite, and it is very evident that they are designed after Chinese models.

"FANNY'S FIRST PLAY."

There was quite a to do over "Fanny's First Play" when it first came out—1910 in England, 1914 in New York—due to the originality of the scheme—i. e., presenting Fanny, Fanny's Victorian papa, and the dramatic critics in a prologue, and again in an epilogue, after the performance of Fanny's play, when the critics show a plentiful lack of initiative in giving their opinions. Shaw, of course, got it in on the critics, each of whom, naturally, represented one of the real London article. This, possibly, was of more interest to the critics than to the general public; at any rate they wrote considerably about the play, not in the spirit of warfare, however, as Shaw, in satirizing them, did it without malice.

"Fanny's First Play," in its entirety, is one of the most popularly witty of Shaw's comedies. Impartially Shaw gives good-natured slaps at men and women, at wives and husbands, at French and English. In accordance with his invariable habit he presents a deeply thought-out criticism of the human species which is, to the unthinking, farce pure and simple, because the popular conception of the human species is so very different from Shaw's. Shaw always looks under the skin of the human animal, and sees him as he is. The human animal, however, views the species through a sentimental haze. These two irreconcilable points of view assist the great satirist in his sardonically conceived task of holding up human nature to exhibit its folly by laughing, as at a series of delightful absurdities, at what is really founded strictly on truth.

Thus Margaret Knox, when the policeman laid hands on her, in swift, atavistic abandonment to primitive rage promptly knocked out two of his teeth, and with some surprise, but without shame, she heard issuing from her lips a flood of abuse couched in words that she had not known hitherto existed in her inner consciousness.

As to her father, whose respectability is deeply shocked by learning of his daughter's arrest, in his perturbation he voices his real feelings by saying, "I don't care what happened if only people don't find it out."

This is the whole idea of the play; the revelation by unconscious human nature of itself, the whole lighted up by Shaw's flow of wit and humor, so that the audience is kept in a state of continual laughter. He satirizes, in Savoyard, the self-satisfied ignorant but business-like theatre manager; the complacent parents who believe that their ponderous society and that of their contemporaries can satisfy the social yearnings of the younger generation as embodied in their children. He makes fun of the sturdy, unashamed British snobbery which is exhibited in rank profusion on the discovery that the Gilberts' footman is the impecunious son of a duke. He shows up the stodginess of British conventionalities by placing them in contrast to the one bit of nature in the group; which gayly dares to flourish in the joyous personality of Miss Delaney, who is outside the pale and therefore dares to be herself. He shows us the wretched Mr. Knox, his entire being outraged by his daughter's unconventional outbreak, finding his only comfort in life in the society of his equally shocked wife, because they share the guilty secret; only to discover later, however, that his wife has passed her marital lifetime in a state of inward criticism and revolt.

Fanny, the writer of the play, is neatly dressed down for her twentieth-century precocity by the great Trotter; presumably he represents William Archer. (Flawner Bannal, of course, must be that essence of mid-Victorianism, Clement Scott.) In return, this young representative of modern, youthful independence and irreverence tells the great critic how her fellow-students at Cambridge

patronize and make game of him because his views are irreconcilable with their modernness.

Nobody, indeed, in the play is spared except the Frenchman and Juggins, the ducal footman, who maintains his dignity and his prestige unimpaired throughout the play; probably because Shaw respected his creation, since he, the son of a duke, dared to repair his impecuniosity by doing the one thing he felt he could do.

The Frenchman is, of course, Shaw. That is he becomes Shaw when he launches a long oration in which he compares the French and English, to the credit of the English, whom he conceives as being represented by his young revolvers. This is Shaw at his most

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tedious, for the great polemic always sticks to his point that the playwright has the right to suspend the logical, onward movement of the play in order to give way to a discussion or an exposition.

Shaw, who declares that he who believes in art for art's sake is "a fool, a hopeless fool, and in a state of damnation," can do this, and hold the spectators to the theme because of his brilliant wit and unflinching humor.

But he interferes pretty thoroughly with the merit of the comedy, and "Fanny's First Play," which is a very pronounced example of Shaw's later and more modern abandonment to his theories in this respect, can not stand comparison with some of his earlier works, in spite of the hilarious response which audiences give to its perpetual appeals to our sense of humor.

Mr. Maitland and his company made us properly acquainted with the play because of particularly conscientious work and an enlargement of the company which allowed for suitable presentation of the characters.

The play begins with a long conversation between the eminently practical theatre manager, an embodiment of prose, and Count O'Dowda, a sort of poetic Victorian survival, who lives in Venice and keeps his ears stuffed with cotton wool in order to keep out the shockingly vulgar accents of modern English life. Mr. Lee Willard's stately unctuousness and his rotund distinctness made him suitable to the rôle, and Mr. Maitland was quick to take his cue in the matter of contrast.

Miss Audra Due's rather throaty utterance for some reason toned in with the character of the advanced Fanny. The emancipated Shaw, having just disposed of one excessively long conversation à deux, immediately follows it up by another in which we learn of the impassable gulf that yawns between the two generations, incarnated by Trotter the critic and Fanny the playwright. These over-long conversations, the lengthy discussion between the Knoxes and the Gilbeys, and the prolonged monologue by Du Vallet—who is merely a mouthpiece for Shaw—constitute some of the pronounced faults of the piece. But its witty satire, which audiences receive in the spirit of farce, makes it go.

Also all audiences will take kindly to the

coster-girl "daughter of joy," who stands as a symbol of social emancipation. This character, which gives a rôle full of fat to the player of it, was acted with so successful an assumption of Dora Darling's jocund view of life that Mary Morris, who maintained the mood successfully during the whole of the progress of a rather lengthy play, found that she had made something of a hit; in fact, quite a sizable one.

Mr. J. Anthony Smythe looked foreign, if his tongue did not seem particularly so, as the Frenchman, and he was suitably imposing as the elderly critic; and the remaining members of the long cast were conscientious contributors to the merit of the general performance.

A WALL STREET PLAY.

For this week—and next, also, it seems—the Alcazar has secured a special privilege, "Crooked Gamblers" not yet having been released for presentation at any other theatre outside New York. It is a play which shows up the crooked methods by which the inside speculators on Wall Street play fast and loose with the money of investors by undue inflation of stock values.

I will not attempt to recite the devious methods followed by Turner, the plucky Wall Street schemer and gambler of the play. I know I should fall down in the effort, yet, nevertheless, they made the tortuous financiering followed fairly plain.

The play, which is by Samuel Shipman and Percival Wilde, is an effort to let the public inside the hack door, so that they may view the doubtful methods of the Wall Street skinner on the hunt for easy millions. Out of this idea the collaborating pair have evolved a play with plenty of snap, quite a plot, and containing a big scene in which is shown the great culminating fight between a bull and a bear. Up to that time the piece was a sentimental comedy with a strong business flavor. Now it became realistic melodrama. Excitement was in the air. Two officers were seen, one above the other, the action rapidly shifting from the upper to the lower and back again, as the lights rose and fell and window brokers rapidly signaled, while the bull and the bear yelled at each other in the rage of conflict.

The piece does not pretend to literary merit, and the humor is commonplace. But the dialogue is concise, the action well sustained, and the culminating scene quite exciting. One can easily imagine a New York audience hanging with tense interest upon such scenes, that aim at reflecting the financial experiences of many New York citizens. No doubt the play there "went big." Here, however, the audience retained its serenity, although looking on at the staged financial exploits of the Wall Street competitors with considerable interest.

What would be apt to occur to a San Franciscan, however, in seeing a play of this subject and its reception by a San Francisco audience, is the realization that San Franciscans are no longer plungers in the speculative mart. The audience regarded with amused curiosity the antics of the skinner and the skinned, but they had an impersonal air, as of those looking on at something that was not a reflection of their own experiences.

San Francisco has "done time" at this sort of thing during the great days of the Comstock. The old guard has its memories of the big days when stocks were shooting skyward and thousands were rapidly changing hands. But somehow the city eventually became vaccinated against wildcat speculation, and this sort of thing that we see in "Crooked Gamblers" plays a very, very small part in our business world. Odd, when you come to think of it, because ours is just the community, with all the mixed foreign strains in the communal veins, to enter into this kind of speculation with a joyous whoop.

It took eighteen people to represent the characters of the piece, which has very superficial characterization, but plenty of bustle and action. The company handled the play very satisfactorily, Dudley Ayres having the fat rôle of the hulk who tasted first ruin and then victory, while Ben Erway, Elwyn Harvey, Rafael Brunetto, and Charles Yule were other principals on hand to help on the excitement at the crucial moments.

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The Columbia Theatre.

"Listen Lester" has already established itself at the Columbia Theatre as one of the most successful musical comedies of several seasons. It is now on its second and last week, thoroughly delighting capacity audiences at every performance. Fred Heider is the featured member and is ably assisted by June Roberts, Delano Dell, Betty Kirkbride, René Brown, Francis Donegan, Earl Higley, Claire Grenville, and the Four Entertainers. Matinées will be given Wednesday and Saturday and the engagement will terminate with the performance on Sunday night, December 12th.

Kolb and Dill come to the Columbia on Monday, the 13th, with their new production of "The High Cost of Loving."

The Curran Theatre.

At the Curran Theatre on Monday, F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest will offer their extravaganza, "Chu Chin Chow," an animated fable of Bagdad, with its mighty cast and ensemble of three hundred and the fourteen bewildering scenes of Oriental splendor, for a second and last week.

"Chu Chin Chow," originally produced at His Majesty's Theatre, London, by Oscar Asche on August 31, 1916, is still playing to capacity houses, and the American production to be seen here is an exact duplicate of the famous London equipment. The Comstock-Gest offering has just completed another phenomenal run at the Century Theatre, New York.

The same cast as appeared at the Century Theatre in New York, headed by Marjorie Wood, Henry Latimer, Eugene Cowles, Roy Cropper, Don W. Ferrandou, Alfred Howson, Elsie Malstad, Adelaide Mesmer, Hattie Carmontel, Gladys Earlsot, Edgar Kiefer, and a ballet of sixty.

Owing to the great length of the performance the management requests that all spectators be in their seats at 8 o'clock. The usual matinées will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

The Alcazar Theatre.

"Crooked Gamblers" is such a tremendous hit and exerts such wide popular appeal that its continuance at the Alcazar next week is demanded. "Watch My Smoke," a new comedy of love and business has first production at the Sunday matinée, December 12th. It is by Walter A. Rivers of San Francisco and has already been accepted for early New York presentation. "Watch My Smoke" tells a story of deep human appeal, but treats it in a comedy vein. The plot concerns a "wage slave" who feels that all he needs is a little "nest egg" to be able to tell his employer a few things about his business and to demonstrate his latent capabilities. He gets the "nest egg," which has the effect of practically making a new man of him, and the results that he accomplishes give rise to many funny situations. A pretty love theme is threaded through the story. Dudley Ayres will have an exceedingly well-suited rôle, and Elwyn Harvey should score a personal triumph. The other members of the cast should likewise find ample opportunity for their individual talents.

An early offering of comedy and romance is "The Things That Count," in which Alice Brady scored so brilliantly for many months at her father's Playhouse. It is another of the many Alcazar offerings new to the Pacific Coast.

The Orpheum.

Grand opera lovers will have an opportunity of hearing a composite of their favorite arias at the Orpheum next week in Mme. Doree's Operalogue. The selections will include choice portions of "Tales of Hoffman," "Pagliacci," "La Traviata," "Carmen," "Faust," and others. Mme. Doree's Operalogue is described as presenting the most famous of the "Operatic Sweethearts" in some of their most beautiful and inspirational flashes.

"The Magic Glasses," an allegory giving a glimpse of yesterday, today, and tomorrow, is a playlet which is sure to appeal to the imagination. Marie Nordstrom is the author and she has succeeded in making her sketch a sort of amusement melting pot. A doctor has invented "The Magic Glasses," and the wearer of them can see into the future. A young girl unable to decide between two suitors, dons the glasses and sees her life first with one and then with the other.

Laurel Lee will contribute a few scintillating moments to the coming bill. She is spoken of as a girl who is truly different, not alone in the style of her professional routine, but in the way she entertains.

Bigelow and Clinton will make merry for local vaudeville lovers. Their fun is in song and story, with a piano.

The Garcinetti Brothers will add an extra touch of original comedy to the bill with their hat-throwing stunts. By throwing the hats on each others' heads, they interpret various characters by the angle at which the hat is



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The Cameron Sisters and William Gaxton and company in "The Junior Partners" both will remain one more week.

"Pop?" "Well, Junior—" "Got a silver dollar in your pocket?" "Yes, but—" "Lend it me a little while; I'll give it back." "But why do you want a silver dollar?" "I want to try it in my slingshot." "Shoot it?" "Yep." "What for?" "Oh, just for the novelty of seeing a dollar go a long way."—Youngstown Telegram.

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VANITY FAIR.

The late Ward McAllister, who was a sort of gatekeeper to the society enclosure, tells us in his memoirs of some of the difficulties of his position. It may be said that Mr. McAllister exercised toward the world of society somewhat the same functions that St. Peter is supposed to exercise toward the Kingdom of Heaven. He decided who should be admitted and who should be excluded, and there was no appeal against his verdict. He informs us in the aforementioned book that society aspirants came to him with tears in their eyes, and with their pedigrees and bank books in their hands. If McAllister would but satisfy himself that their credentials were in order, if he would but extend to them a measure of recognition, they would have no difficulty in entering the charmed portals. They would henceforth be among the guests at the most exclusive houses and their pictures would duly appear in the newspapers in more or less close proximity to those of the favorite pugilist, the new movie star, or the much "wanted" criminal.

The study of "society" as presented to us by the newspapers might well engage the prolonged attention of the most agile pen. One would suppose that society was a sort of occupation inconsistent with all the more ordinary pursuits of life. Some one is always "giving it up" in order to do something else, just as one might give up the ministry, for example, for real estate, or cease to be a soldier in order to be a sailor. One can hardly open a newspaper without reading of some such act of renunciation, such as "fashionable young woman gives up society for the study of chemistry," or for the Red Cross, or for community service. One would suppose that the society life was wholly incompatible with any other sort of activity. A choice must always be made. And now the movie has joined in the rather monotonous chorus. The Wild West hero rescues the fair Eastern maid from the villain or the Indians or the hold had men who are in pursuit of innocence and virtue, and of course he would like to marry her, but deep in his chivalrous heart is the haunting dread that she will not be willing to "give up society" for his sake. He need be under no concern upon this point. She will. Here, at least, the movie is true to nature.

It seems quite easy to get out of society. One has only to employ oneself in any way whatsoever and at once the renunciation has been made, or so one may judge from the newspapers. But how does one get into society? New York settled this matter some years ago by boldly publishing a list of the "Four Hundred." Either you were in that list or you were not. There could be no discussion and there was no border line, no twilight zone of uncertainty. Then the list was reduced to the "One Hundred and Fifty," which meant ostracism and social extermination for the excluded 250. It was an autocratic and a heartless proceeding and it was ruthlessly done. But outside of New York there were no such convenient lists. Apparently every little vil-

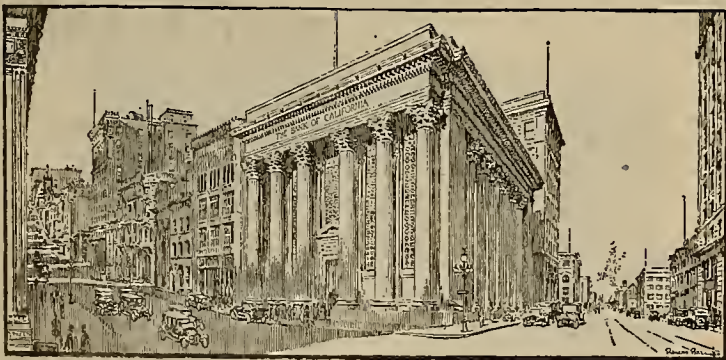
lage in the country has its "society," whose doings are recorded with all the solemnity of the metropolis and in identical terms. We read of their "prominent society women" who give ice-cream and cake on the "front stoop" and do all the other things favored by those who have won the coveted prominence and intend to keep it. Society seems to be constituted of a few people who have agreed to be exclusive and who never have any difficulty in persuading their abject and fawning fellow-citizens to do them homage.

Mr. Harrison Rhodes in his "American Towns and People" tells us that Americans, and indeed all the untitled inhabitants of all republics, are never sure of their position. "Ladies in America are discovering at last that, failing patents of nobility or any authoritative list of the Four Hundred, one of the best ways of making people believe you have a social position is to behave as if you had one. We may be thought to cite a case of extreme aplomb in the lovely lady who arrived an hour late for a dinner party on a night when she had not been asked, bringing with her two other guests whom she had taken the liberty of inviting, but whose names she had forgotten! Of course considerable personal charm is needed to carry off this sort of thing, but, even so, indisputable social position only could render it attractive rather than merely careless or rude."

Mr. Rhodes notes the fact that during the war, any woman who did war work was at once described as a society woman who had given up society in order to do so. Of course it was necessary that the work should be somewhat distinctive. If it was unique, all the better. "It would be pleasant, even now, to tell the story of the ambitious lady who failed to get on any of the really fashionable war committees, and ultimately made a delightful place for herself by the fortunate discovery of the obscure but deserving race of Uro-Russicks and the immediate organization of a committee for their relief."

The future of the American society woman is a little dubious just at present. Some of them mean to head the revolution that is supposed to be coming, and so they are busy listening to Bolshevik lecturers in their drawing-rooms and experiencing positively delightful thrills. But there are others, says Mr. Rhodes, who "feel themselves already mounting the tumbrils with a sense of kinship to the French aristocracy of Louis XVI's day—and it may be guessed that it is the ladies most recently arrived in the sacred inclosure of society who feel most strongly how like the old nobility they are going to be in case of trouble."

Heart disease is not the harrier to an active life of usefulness as has always been supposed, said Dr. Frederick Brush to the National Society for the Promotion of Occupational Therapy. Nothing is gained and much lost by telling cardiac patients not to work, not to marry, not to play, and so on. Under proper supervision the person with heart trouble can take a large part in active life.



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WILL IRRIGATE AFRICAN DESERT.

One of the greatest reclamation projects the world has ever seen is planned for the heart of Africa. It is nothing less than the irrigation of a desert. The author of the plan, now before the African governing authorities, is Professor E. H. L. Schwarz, and his design is to reclaim vast areas of the Kalahari Desert. Streams draining this arid region are to be dammed and a large shallow lake created, irrigating 10,000 miles of potentially productive territory between the Zambezi and Orange rivers, considered to be among the most promising land in the whole of Southern Africa.

Professor Schwarz is in Europe answering the critics of the project, the chief objection being that the evaporation from the large surface of the proposed storage lake would be so great that it would absorb a very large proportion of the water. Even the critics, however, admit the urgent necessity of arresting the process of desiccation which is steadily increasing over the whole region between the uplands of South and West Africa protectorate on the west to the Transvaal and Southern Rhodesia on the east.

The Kalahari Desert covers fully 120,000 square miles and is part of the immense inner tableland of South Africa, with an average elevation of 3000 feet. It has been called "the Southern Sahara" and like the great desert of the north is arid and scarred by the beds of dried-up rivers.

The soil, however, is different from that of the Sahara. Red sand is on the surface, but occasionally limestone overlies shale and conglomerates. The Kalahari has been likened to an ocean, the ground being undulating, like the ocean at times of heavy swell. The crests of the waves are represented by sand dunes, rising from thirty to one hundred feet. There are also mud flats, which form small brackish lakes after heavy rain. A tough, sun-bleached grass, growing knee high in tufts at intervals of fifteen inches, covers the dunes.

Next to the lack of water the desert's chief characteristics are the tuberous and herbaceous plants and the large numbers of big game. Of the plants watermelons, hatter and sweet, supply water for man and beast; while the game includes elephant, giraffe, eland, lion, leopard, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, buffalo, zebra, quagga, kudu, gnu, and other kinds of antelope, baboon, and ostrich.

The Kalahari is the home of wandering Bushmen who live off the game, killing their prey with poisoned arrows. Along the western border dwell Hottentots, who are cattle raisers. The great bulk of the desert's inhabitants, however, are the Ba-Kalahari, the oldest of the Bechuana tribes; these are natural agriculturists, who cultivate carefully the meagre produce of their difficult gardens, and rear small herds of goats. They have been described as grave and morose.

One curious thing may be related as pointing the need and importance of the work Professor Schwarz plans. Where there is no running stream or open well, and the natives desire water, they tie a long bunch of grass to a reed about two feet long, and insert the end of the reed, with the grass, in a hole dug at a spot where water is known to exist underground, the damp sand being rammed down firmly around it. An ostrich eggshell, the usual water vessel, is placed on the ground alongside. Then the water-drawer, usually a woman, sucks up the water through the reed, cleverly squirting it into the adjacent eggshell, through another reed or a straw, one end of which is in her mouth, and the other in the shell.

Professor Schwarz believes the time is not far distant when the whole of the Dark Continent will be brought measurably within the control of civilization, and urges the Kalahari project as a test of modern scientific methods applied to the rebellious unproductive portions of the earth's surface.

Vincent Pinto of Philadelphia has recently devised a clock which fathers all over this country may find useful! Inside the clock there is a separate mechanism, and when the hands of the clock point to 11 this mechanism is set into operation and a voice issue from the clock, saying: "Eleven o'clock; time to go home!" Thus are callers upon his eighteen-year-old daughter apprised of the hour and a gentle hint is given them that it is about time for them to depart. The hour-hands of the clock are so adjusted that, when the hour of 11 is reached, contact is established with a phonograph inside the clock, on the record of which the fatal words are recorded. The clock is about the size of a grandfather's clock, though according to the inventor, who was a clockmaker in Italy, it could all be packed into an ordinary alarm clock. Mr. Pinto has also fitted up his clock so that it will call the hours, the half and quarter hours, in addition to chimes.

Women are permitted to smoke on the bathing beaches at Long Island by order of the chief of police.

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STORYTTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Bobby's mother took him out to the park the other day, and as they stood watching the birds in their enormous cage the little fellow observed a stork gazing at him. "Oh, look, mother," said Bobby. "The stork is trying to see if he remembers me still."

"Have you ever appeared as a witness in a suit before?" asked the bully-ragging attorney. "Why, of course!" replied the young lady on the witness-stand. "What suit was it?" "It was a blue suit with a white collar and white cuffs and white buttons all the way down the back," replied the young lady.

Dickson had been absent from his "office" for several days and on his return a friend insisted on knowing where he had been. "Out to see a friend of mine who has a still," confessed Dickson. "And did you sample his stuff?" the friend demanded. "I guess I must have," he sighed; "there are still two days I can't account for."

A middle-aged suburbanite, overtaken on an afternoon stroll by a young married friend who was taking a memory training course, inquired as to the progress the latter was making. "Doing fine!" was the reply. "Fill your pipe from my pouch—I'll tell you while we perambulate." But the last word was hardly uttered when he made a right about face and returned at the double on his tracks. In the evening he met the middle-aged friend who called to return the pouch. "Thanks,"

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smiled the owner. "I suppose you wonder why I left you so abruptly. Law of association—worked beautifully. The word 'tobacco' followed by 'perambulate' reminded me of something." "Important?" "Well, yes. Don't breathe a word to the wife. I'd left the perambulator outside the tobacco store and the baby was in it."

Fresh from Boston, the lawyer in the frontier town had just finished a glowing summing up for the defense. There ensued a long pause, and the Easterner turned in some embarrassment to the judge. "Your honor," he asked, "will you charge the jury?" "Oh, no, I guess not," answered the judge benignly. "They aint got much, anyway, so I let them keep all they can make on the side."

"Germany's attitude toward peace is ominous," said General Laurin Lawson at a luncheon in Louisville. "Germany reminds me, in fact, of the new parlor-maid whose mistress said to her: 'And above all things I expect you to be reticent.' 'Yes, ma'am, certainly, of course, ma'am,' said the new maid. Then she leaned towards her mistress with shining eyes. 'And what's there to be reticent about, ma'am?' she asked."

"Hiram," said Mrs. Cornstossel, "what hand wagon are you going to ride on?" "Me-hitable," was the reply. "I know how I am goin' to vote, but I won't be flourishin' on any hand wagon. I was not sufficiently prominent to have a seat and be examined by the admirin' populace. I'm only one of the fellers that are supposed to be proud and happy if they are invited to climb down every now and then and crank up the car."

Johnny liked ice-cream, but he drew the line at turning the freezer. One day when his mother returned home she was agreeably surprised to find him working away at the crank as though his life depended on it. "I don't see how you get him to turn the freezer," she said to her husband; "I offered him a dime to do it." "You didn't go at it in the right way, my dear," replied the husband. "I bet him a nickel he couldn't turn it for half an hour."

The speaker was energetically orating in behalf of a candidate for Congress. "What we want," spoke up a man in the audience, "is a man from the rank and file as our representative; a man from the common people, not one of these dudes that don't know anything but how to wear a long-tailed coat." "And that is just exactly what my candidate is," the speaker came back; "one of the common people. And by no stretch of the imagination could you call him a 'dude.' Why, his idea of dressing up is to button his vest."

An American admiral used to tell the following story against himself. He had a congressman for a guest, and having run out of his favorite brand of whisky, made up with some he could not guarantee. He explained this, and added, "Here, however, is some brandy that I've kept untouched, for a good deal more than twenty years." "Hand me over the whisky decanter," was the rejoinder.

"Why?" asked the admiral. "What's the matter with the brandy?" "That's what I want to know, Bob," said the guest; "but if you have had it untouched in your possession for more than twenty years, there must be something pretty bad the matter with it."

A stout woman always took two theatre seats for herself so as to be more comfortable. On one occasion the attendant said: "Excuse me, madam, but who is going to use your second ticket?" "I am going to occupy both seats," replied the woman. "Just as you like, madam, only they happen to be on opposite sides of the aisle."

Bill and Sam met for the first time in several months. It was the conventional greeting, in which each "asked after" the health of the other, and they drew off to one side of the street to have a few moments of conversation. "Where've you been all these days, Bill?" Sam inquired. "You haven't been laid up, have you?" "Yep, been laid up for a time." "You aren't looking awful good. Hope it wasn't anything serious." "Not very serious, but it's the first time I've been out in three months." "What was the matter with you?" "Nothing at all, as a matter of fact, but I couldn't make the judge see it that way."

A certain clergyman always felt it his duty to give each couple a little serious advice before he performed the marriage ceremony. He usually took them aside one at a time, and talked very soberly to each regarding the great importance of the step they were about to take, and the new responsibilities they were to assume. One day he talked in his most earnest manner for several minutes to a young woman who had come to be married. "And now," he said, in closing, "I hope you fully realize the extreme importance of the step you are taking and that you are prepared for it." "Prepared!" replied the bride, innocently. "Well, if I aint prepared I don't know who is. I've got four common quilts and two nice ones and four brand-new feather beds, ten sheets and twelve pairs of pillow slips, four linen table cloths, a dozen spoons and a new six-quart kettle, and lots of other things."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Time to Go.

If she wants to play or sing,
It's time to go;
If o'er your watch she's lingering,
It's time to go;
If she wants your signet ring,
Frat house pin and everything,
(Speak, oh Death, where is thy sting?)
It's time to go.
If the parlor clock strikes two,
It's time to go;
If her father drops a shoe,
It's time to go;
If she sweetly says to you,
"Stay a little longer, do!"
Get your hat and then skiddoo—
It's time to go. —California Pelican.

Hoard.

An aged bibliomaniac,
He stoppeth one of three;
"I seek for ancient magazines
To fill my sets," quoth he.
"I've hunted high, I've hunted low
At bookstores second-hand,
I've tried the men who peddle junk,
But nowhere in the land
"Can I find a trace of what I need
To make my sets complete.
My search for periodicals
Seems doomed to meet defeat."
"What ho!! What ho! You aged man,"
The stranger then replied,
"Go forth, go forth as I direct,
And do not turn aside.
"Go, seek the dentist's waiting-room,
The doctor's office, too,
And on their tables shall ye find
The stuff ye have in view!"
"Ye shall find Godey's Lady's Book
Of 1817,
And Golden Hours and Lippincott's
And Swinton's Magazine,
"Ye'll find the New York Ledger there
And Puck of '94,
With all the musty almanacs
From centuries of yore.
"So go and loot those waiting-rooms—
I'm giving you the hint—
And you shall find whatever is
Completely out of print."
The old man did as he was bid;
He filled his sets, and then
He sold the rest of what he found
To junk and garbage-men.
This made him rich. But dentist folk
And doctors gazed upon
Their waiting-rooms and never knew
That anything was gone!
—Berton Bracey in Life.

"I should like to go to New York," said the weary and subdued traveler. "Are you asking for information," said the young woman at the desk, "or are you merely telling your troubles?"—Washington Star.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Younger have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Virginia Younger, and Mr. Gaston Ashe. No date has been set for their wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Fechteler and Mr. John Vernon Manners, son of Dr. and Mrs. William Sutton Manners of Montclair, New Jersey. Mr. Manners was in the Aviation Corps during the war. Miss Fechteler is the granddaughter of Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow of San Francisco.

The engagement of Miss Evelyn Cunningham of London and Mr. Leonard Simons of this city comes as a pleasant surprise to her many San Francisco friends. Miss Cunningham is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Latimer Cunningham of London, England, and spent last winter in California, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Charles D. Farquharson. No definite date has been set for the wedding, but it will no doubt take place in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grace gave a hall Friday evening at the Palace to introduce their daughter, Miss Geraldine Grace. In the receiving party were Miss Laura Miller, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Barbara Seson, Miss Katherine Seson, and Miss Elizabeth Magee. Preceding the hall Dr. and Mrs. James Black gave a dinner in compliment to Miss Grace.

Mrs. Douglas McBryde and Miss Beatrice McBryde gave a tea Friday at the Woman's Athletic Club in honor of Miss Alice Hicks of Los Angeles. Others at the affair were Mrs. St. Clair Garnett, Mrs. S. M. Edwards, Miss Josephine Drown, Miss Barbara Kimble, Miss Marion Wirtner, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Barbara Seson, Miss Idabelle Palmer, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Dorothy Gehbart, Miss Katherine Seson, Miss Libby Smith, Miss Frances Revett, Miss Cecile Mohn, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Betty Payne, Miss Edith Lent, Miss Miriam Ebright, Miss Phyllis Flowers, Miss Joan Byrne, Miss Jean Donaher, Miss Evelyn McGaw, Miss Helen Deamer, Miss Audrey Willett, Miss Barbara Willett, Miss Elizabeth Lacombe, Miss Margaret Cheney, Miss Florence Agen, Miss Grace Grady, Miss Rosario Moran, Miss Helen Ryan, Miss Helen Lichtenberg, Miss Martha Mohun, and Miss Gertrude Martin.

Mrs. Harry Bates was a luncheon hostess at the Franciscan Club last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Cuthbertson gave a dinner Thursday evening at the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

Miss Geraldine Grace was the guest of honor at tea given Monday at the Woman's Athletic Club by Mrs. Arthur Fennimore. The guests included Mrs. Francis Langton, Miss Cecile Brooke, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Katherine Seson, Miss Barbara Kimble, Miss Barbara Seson, Miss Margaret Buckbee, Miss Geraldine King, Miss Katherine Bentley, and Miss Helen Brack.

Mrs. David Goodale of Philadelphia was complimented at tea Monday by Mrs. Milo Robbins. Those asked to meet Mrs. Goodale were Mrs. Horace Clifton, Mrs. Harry Dodge, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Mervyn O'Neill, Mrs. Wclwyn Dallam, Miss Ola Willett, Miss Sara Wright, and Miss Catherine Wheeler.

Miss Julia Van Fleet gave a dinner Friday evening before the Grace ball. Among her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Mr. Frederick Van Sicken, and Mr. Lewis Martin.

Miss Bess Parcells was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Saturday at the Claremont Club by Miss Therese Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas entertained at dinner at the Fairmont on Thanksgiving, having with them Mr. and Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kimble, Miss Barbara Kimble, Miss Virginia McMullin, Miss Mary Emma Thomas, and Miss Grace Thomas.

Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., entertained at tea last Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mrs. Frank Hooper, and Miss Julia Van Fleet assisted the hostess in receiving the guests.

Lieutenant-Commander John Gates, U. S. N., gave a dinner Wednesday evening on board the U. S. S. New Mexico. The dinner group was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton.

Mrs. Robert Nuttall entertained at tea last Tues-

day at the Fairmont, her guests including Mme. Charles de Cazotte, Mrs. Athearn Folger, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Coppinger of Paris, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, and Mrs. le Brun.

Miss Charlotte Ziel was the guest of honor at a luncheon given last week by Mrs. Harry Johnson at the Franciscan Club. Others at the luncheon were Mrs. George Pinckard, Mrs. Leavitt Baker, Mrs. Alan MacDonald, Mrs. Studebaker Johnson, Mrs. Scott Brooke, Mrs. Hugh Porter, Mrs. Philip Brown, Mrs. Edwin Berg, Mrs. John Selfridge, Mrs. John Thomas, Miss Katherine Kraft, and Miss Jean Boyd.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Palmer gave a tea Thanksgiving Day to celebrate the seventeenth anniversary of their marriage. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle, Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Messer, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Slade, Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dibble, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mr. and Mrs. John Polhemus, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grace, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grace, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson, Mrs. Ryland Wallace, Mrs. Louis McDermott, Mrs. William Morrow, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Miriam Gerstle, Dr. James Eaves, Mr. Halsey Rixford, and Mr. Maurice Hall.

General and Mrs. John McDonald gave a dinner and bridge Wednesday evening at their home on Alcatraz Island.

Mrs. Horace Clifton gave a tea Saturday for her little daughter, Miss Caroline Clifton. Among the younger matrons who attended the affair with their children were Mrs. Harold Casey, Mrs. James Towne, Mrs. Harold Fletcher, Mrs. Herbert Jones, Mrs. Charles Wheeler, Jr., Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Leroy Briggs, Mrs. Otis Johnson, Mrs. W. H. B. Fowler, Mrs. Clement Gray, Mrs. Alan Cline, Mrs. Hamilton Murray, Mrs. Empey Robertson, Mrs. Otto Grau, Mrs. Chester Moore, Mrs. Wyatt Eustace, Mrs. Werner Lawson, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Germaine Vincent, Mrs. E. W. Currier, and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse gave a dinner Thursday at Del Monte, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. John Rosseter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Goodfellow, Mr. and Mrs. Tacey Ford, Mrs. Harold Cook, Count de Limur, and Captain Andrews.

The members of the Junior League will give a benefit entertainment at the Fairmont on December 17th and December 18th. The affair is under the direction of Mrs. Ralston Page.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond gave a dinner last Thursday evening for Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hammond.

Miss Margaret Madison gave a luncheon last Wednesday for Miss Elizabeth Goodhue of Pasadena. Among her guests were Miss Alyse Allen, Miss Geraldine King, Miss Jane Carrigan, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Margaret Buckbee, and Miss Aileen McIntosh.

Father Robert Seson.

Father Robert Seson, M. A., will make his first public appearance as a professional reader on Thursday afternoon, December 9th, in the Maitland Playhouse at 3:30, when he will begin a series of readings with "An Hour with the American Poet, Joyce Kilmer." Father Seson was born in San Francisco fifty years ago, attended the public schools in Alameda, and received his degree at Santa Clara College. He spent several years in Italy and France studying music and vocal expression under various masters. He pursued his theological studies at the Gregorian University, Rome, and was ordained a priest in Rome on March 31, 1900. Returning to America, he served as pastor in San Rafael, Mill Valley, and Sebastopol. He then became professor of voice culture and the spoken word in the Catholic University, D. C., in the Dominican House of Studies. During the spring and summer months of the past year he has been in Boston studying expression under Dr. Curry, famous scholar and teacher.

Symphony Orchestra.

For the concert tomorrow afternoon in the Curran Theatre the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will repeat the interesting programme offered yesterday, which contains two works new to San Francisco. These are the B Flat Symphony of Chausson and the Variations on a Russian Theme by six of Russia's foremost composers. The programme will close with the Prelude and Love Death from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde."

For the popular concert on the following Sunday a programme consisting mostly of favorite light classics will be offered, although two new numbers will also be included. The new works are the suite of characteristic dances from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Mlada" and the "Momento Capriccioso" of Weber, arranged by Bodanzky. Other items on the programme are the "Bartered Bride" overture of Smetana, Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" suite, two of Brahms' Hungarian Dances, Beethoven's Menuet, the Liebesfreud of Fritz Kreisler, and Nicolai's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

The Quebec government is probably the leader in the New World in forest preservation. It plans to plant two pines or spruces for each one cut down, and has an elaborate patrol of its forests, including airplanes for fire detection.

A Scotch banker left his two daughters legacies of their "weight in five-pound bank notes." The elder daughter received about \$256,000 while the younger and plumper one inherited \$286,700.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Soul from Prison.

It was a soul from Tartarus
That sought again the upper world,
From past the hill of Sisyphus
And where Ixion's wheel was whirled.

One moment of our mortal year
The tortured soul its freedom gained
From that deep vale of all, most drear,
Where unforgiven ones remained . . .

Reprieved from penitential flame
And Furies' rain of lashes thonged,
The soul on its old errand came
To seek that one whom it had wronged.

Oh, seven times seven times—and more,
Ere then the injured it had met,
Its prayer with sighings to outpour:
"I sinned—hast thou forgiven yet?"

And seven times seven the spirit, spurned,
Had fled to that deep vale of all.
One pardoning word—and it had earned
The Fields that men Elysian call.

Once more it sought the wrong'd one out:
"Hast thou forgiven yet?" it sighed.
"Yea, I forgive thee—have no doubt!"
Most eagerly the other cried.

The soul, from Tartarus set free—
So wan, so seared of lip and brow—
Stayed yet to ask: "How may this be,
Thou hearest, and dost pardon now?"

Replied the other: "Far away—
Oh, far from here—I climbed a road;
And with me, on that God-sent day,
Went One who bore a heavy load.

"Yet, burdened so, He turned His eyes,
And, searchingly, to me did speak:
'When next the soul from prison cries,
See not in vain that soul shall seek.'

"A further word He spake—'twas this:
'Forgive—wouldst thou forgiven be . . .'
So, haste, thou soul, to taste of bliss
My sin has long withheld from thee."
—Edith M. Thomas in New York Sun.

Riding with Allenby.

As I dream, it seems to me
I have ridden with Allenby!

On a day, in the time long gone,
I rode into the heart of the dawn
Out of Gaza. My desert steed,
Son of a sire of the Nedjid breed,
Took the breath of the morning sun
With never a pause till we had won
O'er rocky sweep and o'er sandy swell
To the riven House of Gabriel.
Then, ere the shut of the eve, we came
Where the last red streamers lit with flame
The mosque of Hebron set in the vale,
With its towering minarets, and its tale
Of Isaac's and of Abraham's tombs,
Where only the Faithful in the glooms
May bow, while faintly the crescents flare,
And the swart muezzin calls to prayer.
Thence on to Bethlehem we sped,
With the dome of Allah overhead,
And never a sign of a cloud in view
To blur the breadth of its gold and blue.

So he marched, and it seems to me
I have ridden with Allenby!

Then Jerusalem, and the hill
Of Golgotha, and the sacred, still
Church of the Holy Sepulchre!
The Vale of the Mount, and the ceaseless stir
Of pilgrim feet where the Christ once strayed,
Under the cruel Cross down-weighed!
I rode by Jenin with its palms
Clear cut against the noon-day calms;
I rode by Nablous, I rode by Nain,
And over the wide Esdras plain
Up the slope to Nazareth,
Where out of the dim bazaars the breath
Of the shaven sandalwood was blown.
I skirted the snow-crowned mountain zone
Of Hermon, and saw the morning star
Silver the roofs of Kerf Hawar.
And then I looked on the lovely loom
Of orange, pomegranate, and citron bloom,
(A bowler that to the Prophet's eyes
Was a prescience of Paradise)
And came to Damascus by the gate
That leads to the ancient Street called Straight.

So he marched, and it seems to me
I have ridden with Allenby!

Never again the Turkish blight
On all this land of lure and light!
Never again the brutal ban
From far Beersheba unto Dan!
Rather the beam of His promised Peace
In this home of holy memories!
His peace for all men under the sun
From Nehu north to Lebanon;
His peace through the hand that set them free!

I have ridden with Allenby!
—Chinton Scollard in Asia.

Bridge-Tea.

Social calendars are being busily marked, for Tuesday afternoon, December 7th, has been announced as the date for the next bridge-tea in the Sun Lounge at Hotel Whitcomb. Society folk are not missing any of these teas, that are so charmingly different from the ordinary social activities. Hotel Whitcomb has also filled another long-felt want by securing for these bridge-teas the service of an expert player to instruct those who wish to become more skilled in auction bridge.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kingsbury returned last week from a trip to New York.

Commander and Mrs. William Glassford spent the weekend in San Mateo with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch.

The Misses Miriam and Betty Ebricht have returned to Menlo Park, after a brief visit with Dr. and Mrs. George Ebricht.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering will return from New York the middle of December.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley returned last week from Philadelphia, where they have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler.

Colonel Frederick Johnson, U. S. A., has been visiting in San Francisco en route to Washington from the Orient.

Mrs. John Johns has gone to Canada for the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Ames will spend the late winter in California, having taken the Gillespie house in Montecito for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nickel will come to San Francisco to reside permanently within a few days.

Mrs. Henry Horn is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Garden, in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Charles Dillmann and Miss Corinne Dillmann have returned to Sacramento, after a brief sojourn in town.

Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild spent the weekend at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope have returned to Burlingame from Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan and Miss Eleanor MacGowan have returned to Los Angeles, after a brief visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. Harriet P. Miller of Santa Barbara has taken an apartment at the St. Xavier for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park have returned to Burlingame from a visit in Santa Barbara with Dr. C. C. Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker spent the Thanksgiving holidays at Del Monte.

Miss Alice Hicks of Los Angeles was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacBryde over the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Meiggs, and Mrs. E. T. Stimson joined Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Armsby at Del Monte for Thanksgiving.

Mr. Frank Griffin left last week for Washington to be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hammond have been enjoying a short visit in San Francisco with Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Betty George, Mr. Philip O'Connell

of Stockton, and Mr. James Jackman formed a party at Del Monte over the weekend.

Within the week Mr. J. W. Byrne has returned from a trip to Europe. At Paris recently Mr. Byrne fell in with Mr. and Mrs. Vladimir Artsimovitch, who after many adventures contrived to escape from revolutionary Russia. They are sojourning indefinitely in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfield and Mrs. Florence Schloss returned on Sunday from a six months' visit to Europe and New York.

Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer has returned from a trip to New York.

Mrs. Henry Lund, Jr., has returned from New York and has taken possession of her new apartment on Hyde and Greenwich.

Miss Mauricia Mintzer has gone to Boston to visit Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt and Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen returned Monday from the country, where they passed the week-end.

Admiral and Mrs. Alexander Halstead have returned from San Mateo, where they passed several days with Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin.

Senator James Phelan and Miss Mary Phelan will leave next week for Washington to remain until the spring.

Lady Rothermere and Miss Ireland of Edinburgh, who have been visiting at the Fairmont Hotel for several days, have left for Honolulu to spend the winter.

Mr. Joseph Redding will leave within a few days for England, where he will spend the next few months.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Miller who have been visiting here from Pittsburg, sailed Wednesday for Honolulu to spend the winter.

Admiral Hugh Rodman returned Sunday from the southern part of the state, where he had gone with the congressional party.

Mr. and Mrs. William Smith have returned from Northern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donohoe have been entertaining Commander W. H. See at their home in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jackling will return from New York within a fortnight and will take possession of their apartments in the St. Francis over the holidays. They will be accompanied West by the latter's nieces, Miss Eleanor Spreckels and Miss Alice Moffitt, who are at school in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Hamilton have returned from Saratoga, where they passed the recent holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wirtner are spending several weeks in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dyer took their departure Tuesday for the south and will visit in Santa Barbara for several weeks. Over the past week-end they enjoyed a trip south with Mr. and Mrs. Norman Livermore, whose house guests they have been while in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries and Mrs. Fries' brother, Mr. Summitt L. Ilecht of Boston, left Monday for a trip south and later on will go to New York.

Miss Laura E. Bosqui is spending the winter at Long Beach.

Captain E. H. Campbell, U. S. N., recently on duty at the Naval War College, Newport, Rhode Island, is assigned to this Coast as chief of staff to the battleship force and is now attached to the flagship *New York*. Mrs. Campbell is visiting her father, Mr. George H. Strong, at 271 Lee Street, Oakland.

At the Palace: Mr. Eldridge R. Johnson, New York; Dr. and Mrs. Martin Powell, Stockton; Mr. Royal D. Mead, Honolulu; Mr. A. J. Delongchamps, Reno; Mr. C. S. Hartley, San Diego; Mr. and Mrs. Prichard O'Neill, Los Angeles; Mrs. E. L. Smith, Portland; Mr. W. H. Estabrook, Trinity Center; Mr. William Bray, Milwaukee; Dr. Ed Bryant and family, Los Angeles; Mr. H. W. Collins, Pendleton, Oregon; Mr. Gartry Schuler, Phoenix, Arizona; Mr. S. Fukunaki, Japan; Mr. W. L. Cornwell, Mr. William Ladew, New York; Mr. F. E. Wheaton, Minneapolis; Mr. R. H. Brown, Portland.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis are Mr. Dwight Edwards, Portland; Mr. E. E. Edsall, Chicago; Mr. H. F. Alexander, Tacoma; Mr. W. A. Pickering, Kansas City; Mr. C. A. Bailey, St. Joseph, Missouri; Mr. T. M. McKenna, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; Dr. H. H. McCarty, Spokane; Dr. William D. Donohoe, Salt Lake City; Mr. Wally Ayres, New York; Mr. G. A. Sands, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. George Wilson, Clinton; Mr. and Mrs. Metschan, Portland; Dr. and Mrs. Fred W. Hahn, Sacramento; Mr. D. P. Harris, New York; Mr. J. R. Meyering, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Hamilton, New York.

Hotel Oakland arrivals include Mrs. George S. Willard, Los Angeles; Mrs. J. H. Birks and daughter, Miss Geraldine Birks, Pasadena; Mrs. M. M. Holly, Denver; Mr. S. O. Crawford, Portland, Oregon; Mrs. James Blackner, Chicago; Dr. and Mrs. E. G. Howard, Los Angeles; Captain D. Southwick, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. W. Coatsworth, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Price, Sonoma; Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Hubbell, Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Riley, Sacramento.

Whitcomb arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. George B. Roop, Hollywood; Dr. A. Woods and family, Perth, Australia; Mr. V. A. Kristenson, Los Angeles; Mr. E. A. Robinson, Portland; Mr. E. E. Ellendoom, Holland; Mr. C. V. Duchabean, Mexico; Mr. C. J. Johnston, Honolulu; Mr. Walter J. Lyon, Los Angeles; Mr. G. D. Coleman and family, Java; Mr. W. W. Healy, Sacramento; Mr. George H. Bartlett, Sonoma; Mr. Charles F. Scott, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Johnson, San Pedro; Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Sloan, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. R. Harris, Visalia.

ART NOTES.

In the Gump gallery there has been on exhibition a collection painted by Maynard Dixon of really remarkable views of the great West in its most imposing manifestations. This artist has felt and rendered all the wild, natural beauty of the West—its vast, vaporous skies, its rolling prairies, its mountains that bound the prairies, their sides seamed and scarred by ancient water-courses. The artist, in poetic mood, has caught something of the suggestion of the Eternal in those wide, far-distant spaces depicted, which give such a feeling of remote distances that the pictures are like so many openings in the walls.

There are storm-colored clouds fringed by rain whose wetness one can almost feel on the cheek, rolling foothills, and stretches of levels overgrown by the native sagebrush.

There are pictures of hardy rangemen herding the patient cattle, the tepees of Indians, and some striking Indian subjects painted solus.

In fact the author has imprisoned on his canvas the real glow and spirit of the Wild West. There are also some fine Californian views painted in Inyo County.

Another artist, Rudolph Berson by name, has an exhibit in the Rabjohn Marcom gallery, his paintings being confined to land and water-scapes seen along the coast from the bay down southerly.

Mr. Berson's tastes lead him toward the painting of typically Californian scenes stamped with a picturesque quality: various views of the San Juan Capistrano Mission, the bay at Monterey, Fishermen's Wharf, and the like.

The young artist, in spite of his long years of study in Paris, has not got out of touch with the essence of California. His pictures are bathed in the sunshine-colored glow native to this state, and whether he portrays a foggy day, a fishing fleet, a farmhouse, a wheatfield, or a lone pine, the Californian recognizes the native coloring and atmosphere.

Both of these exhibits, we hope, will see the light in New York, where, when the homesick eyes of a wandering Californian rests upon them, their golden glow should dissipate some of the chill induced by an Eastern winter.

The Maitland Playhouse.

"Rutherford & Son," a powerful drama by Githa Sowerby, an English playwright, will be given its first production in San Francisco this coming week at the Maitland Playhouse. "Rutherford & Son" was first produced at the Court Theatre in London and has been declared by critics to be one of the best written plays of the century. It is the story of a man who is the leading factor in a business firm insisting upon old-fashioned methods; methods that are contrary to the desires of his son and finally lead to ruin.

"Fanny's First Play," another first production for San Francisco, by George Bernard Shaw, is giving the audiences this week at the Maitland the keenest pleasure. It is a remarkable performance and bids fair to establish a new attendance record for the season. The Shaw satire will close with Saturday matinee and evening performance.

A New Technic.

Sitting in a barber's chair, a new technic occurs to us. We find that as soon as we have announced that we do not want a shave, a shampoo, a face massage, or an invigorating vacuum vapor, our friend the artist loses all interest in the haircut that we do want, and

Tea Tales



"Mother and I started our Christmas shopping yesterday."

"Did you? I haven't thought about Christmas yet!"

"Well, we like to start early. Why, I've taken care of half my Christmas list already."

"Lucky child!"

"Lucky is right! We met some friends and had the nicest tea party here at Hotel Whitcomb after our shopping tour."

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in fact rather looks down on us altogether. Therefore from now on we will keep him in suspense. We will pretend to be making up our mind, and say we will let him know about that shampoo and massage when our haircut is finished.—*New York Evening Post.*

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Mother—Is Johnny well yet? *Little Dick*—I think so. I heard his mother scoldin' him this morning.—*Answers.*

"In the old days I used to go on my vacation to get away from hooze." "And now?" "Now it's different."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

He (proposing)—I've saved up enough to live at the rate of \$10,000 a year. *She*—For how long? *He*—Oh, six months.—*Boston Transcript.*

"That office hoy gets on my nerves." "Why so? He doesn't whistle." "There you are! Why doesn't he? That's what I want to know."—*Toledo Blade.*

"Is this good soup, waiter? I'm terribly fond of soup." "Yes, sir. Can recommend it very highly, sir." "Well, bring me a couple of dollars' worth."—*Kansas City Star.*

Brown—That new cook of ours makes everything out of the cook-hook. *Derby*—Then that must have been one of the covers I tasted in the pie last night.—*Cornell Widow.*

"Yes," said the snobbish young lady, "I realize that it takes all kinds of people to make a world, and I can say I am very glad I am not one of them."—*American Legion Weekly.*

Redd—I see Black has got a four-thousand-dollar car. *Greene*—How did he get it? *Redd*—The car? *Greene*—No, the four thousand dollars. *Redd*—Oh, he hasn't got that yet.—*Yonkers Stoesman.*

Nurse—I don't know why you're crying. You have a nice new little sister. *Only Son (who already has four sisters)*—Yes, darn her! Now I'll have to tend the furnace all my life.—*Cleveland Press.*

"What is considered a good score on these links?" "Well," replied the youthful caddie solemnly, "most of the gents tries to do it in as few strokes as they can, but it gin'rly takes some more."—*London Windsor.*

"We had to leave," said Mrs. Clinchpenny, "because my husband couldn't stand the high altitude." "Oh," imperiously returned Mrs. Scattercoin, "our folks woulda stayed, no matter how much it cost."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

Mrs. Blifkins met Mary Smith, whom she had recommended to a neighbor for a situation. "How are you getting on at your new place?" asked Mrs. Blifkins. "Very well,

thank you," was the reply. "I am glad to hear it," remarked Mrs. Blifkins. "Your employer is a very nice lady, and you can not do too much for her." "I don't mean to, ma'am," replied Mary.—*London Answers.*

"This is a rotten world," mourned Gloomy Gus. "Oh, I dunno," yawned Weary Willie, as he stretched himself at full length in the grateful shade of a tree. "If this was only work and we got paid for doin' it, it wouldn't be so bad."—*American Legion Weekly.*

Disgusted Professor—What did you come to college for, anyway? You are not studying. *Bobby Rohroh*—Well, mother says it's to fit me for the presidency; Uncle Jim, to sow my

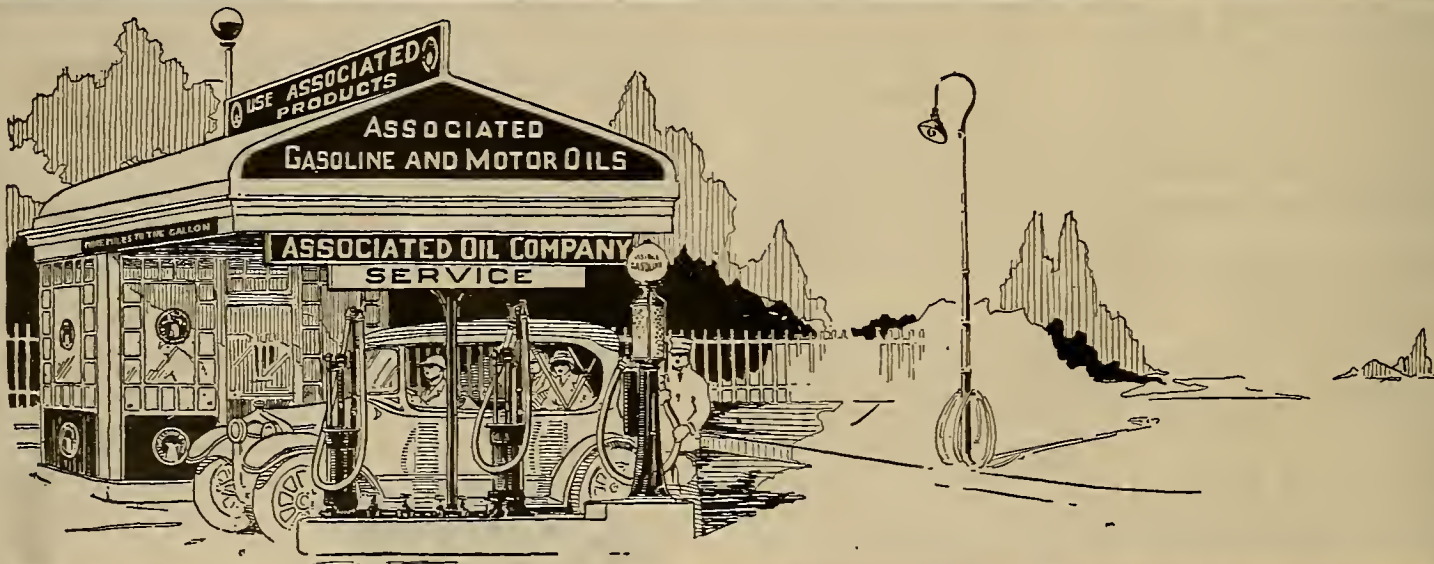
wild oats; sister Helen, to get a chum for her to marry; and dad, to bankrupt the family.—*Boston Transcript.*

"I reckon we'll have to settle down in one place," remarked Plodding Pete. "What for?" asked Meandering Mike. "If they keep hoosting railroad rates, stealing any little bit of a ride is liable to be classed as grand larceny."—*Washington Star.*

"Why does your hired man spend so much time standing by the railroad tracks?" "Hop- ing for history to repeat?" "Eh?" "That is the exact spot he was standing in when a chorus girl on a train waved her hand to him last summer."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



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VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2281.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 11, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street.
WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The President's Message.

The President's annual message to Congress will be read with a certain sense of disappointment. Its references to domestic affairs are of the commonplace order, perhaps one might even say perfunctory, and its prevailing tone toward the great events of the world is one of despondency.

The chief recommendations urged upon Congress are the passing of the budget bill, economy in expenditures, simplification of taxation, and the proper care of soldiers and sailors. All of these aims are eminently proper. All of them might have been secured long since if the President himself had so willed. The budget bill died under the presidential veto, although it has since been amended. Economy is the remedy for an orgy of governmental extravagance without a precedent in the history of the country. In the same sense it may be said that the simplification of taxation is necessitated by the fiscal incompetence of those who devised the present system. That the vocational training of soldiers and sailors has been so largely a failure is due to the incapacity of those entrusted with the task. Thus the main domestic features of the presidential message are concerned with the rectification of blunders that should never have been made, blunders, moreover, that might have been adjusted long since.

That the President should deplore the failure of Europe to respond to his democratic ideals is perhaps

natural. He says that the old world "is just now suffering from a wanton rejection of the principle of democracy." It might be pointed out that the nation that deliberately chooses autocracy because it prefers autocracy is acting quite as democratically as the nation that pins its faith to ballot-boxes. But there is another consideration that may have escaped the President's attention. He went to Europe as the representative of democracy, as a sample, so to speak. But he allowed the whole world to see that his democratic ideals both at home and abroad were consistent with an autocratic bearing to which even Europe was unused, and that he himself had moved heaven and earth, and not without a temporary success, to expunge democracy from the American government. If the President himself had been democratic he might more successfully have recommended democracy to Europe. He should have remembered the good old adage that "handsome is that handsome does."

The Church and Sinn Fein.

The Sinn Fein attack upon the Union Club of New York has been resented by large numbers of Catholics, who object to the identification of their church with a disreputable organization, or with any other movement embarrassing the government in its policies toward foreign and friendly powers. The proper resentment of these Catholics has taken the form of a letter addressed to the Most Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, Archbishop of New York. The letter is so direct, so unequivocal, that it is here printed in full, together with the names of its sixty signatories:

New York, November 26, 1920.

Most Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, Archbishop of New York—

Most Reverend and Dear Archbishop: As Americans and Catholics we protest against the infusion of politics into our beloved church. It is particularly deplorable that an outrage upon American liberty should have taken place upon our national day of thanksgiving, and coming as it did from a mob of people who had just attended mass at the cathedral. In order to remove any doubt as to our condemnation of this un-American proceeding we are sending a copy of this communication to the press.

We are very respectfully,

Schnyder N. Warren	Mrs. J. Rich Steers
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew	Mrs. Harry Sedgwick
Dougherty	Mrs. John G. Agar
Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hoguet	Mrs. Paul G. Thibaud
Mr. and Mrs. W. S. O'Connor	Mrs. N. C. Reynal
Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Murphy	Mrs. C. Jennings
Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bristed	Mrs. E. C. Patter
Mrs. J. H. Johnston	Mrs. Ernest Iselin
Mrs. John B. Duer	Mrs. John B. Ryan
Mrs. W. H. Dougherty	Mrs. C. F. Clark
Mrs. F. R. Childs	Mrs. J. M. Macdonough
Mrs. J. A. O'Connor	Geraldyn L. Redmand
Mrs. J. D. Ewing	J. R. Steels, Jr.
Mrs. O. Horsey	Nelsan Dougherty
Mrs. J. B. Taylor	S. N. Warren, Jr.
Mrs. J. B. Taylor, Jr.	Adrian Iselin
Mrs. H. Henderson	G. M. Barden
Mrs. C. Wyatt	L. E. Binsse
Miss L. Iselin	G. K. Huntan
Miss E. Murphy	H. B. Binsse
Miss E. S. Hamilton	Ramsey Hoguet
Miss E. A. Clarke	J. A. McCreery
J. M. Macdonough	Mrs. Leo Everett
R. St. G. Walker	Mrs. A. Pattersan
Eugene Reynal	Mrs. H. Mills
R. F. Redmond	Louis Keller
J. L. Redmond	Miss M. M. Kearney
	Mrs. Alfred Chapin
	Miss Harriett Phillips

Those who signed this letter believed that they were doing a duty to their church, as indeed they were. They believed that it should be done in a public way, and they were right. They did not expect to influence the archbishop, who had been so unmindful of his great

responsibilities as openly to subscribe to the Irish loan, as to recognize De Valera as president of the "Irish republic," and by his sermons and speeches to inflame rather than to assuage the murderous passions that have been unchained in Ireland. The archbishop is a leader of the Catholic church in America. He knows well that his political opinions are held in abhorrence by large numbers of good Catholics in America and elsewhere. He knows well that his church as a spiritual organization has no more to do with the political aspirations of Ireland than with those of Haiti or the Philippines. He knows well that his behavior is not only an embarrassment to the American government, but that it is actually provocative of war, and that war would certainly have ensued if these reiterated insults to a friendly power had been matched by other and like insults passing westward across the Atlantic instead of eastward. If the Catholic church in America is a participant in international politics, if it is active in support of political schemes that are not American, it is well that we should know it. Indeed, we intend to know it. But if this is not the case, then we must judge the archbishop guilty of subordinating the true interests of his church to his own personal and political sympathies, and in so doing to have played a part that is neither Christian nor American. The letter that has been printed from sixty Catholics of New York is an encouragement to believe that the archbishop does not represent the Catholic sentiment.

But there is something more that must be said to the Archbishop of New York. In his reply to the letter that has been quoted he complains of the "lack of good breeding" that it displays. That, of course, is a matter of opinion that need not here be debated. But the archbishop passes quickly from the question of manners to that of church discipline. He can forgive the discourtesy, but "I can not overlook the more serious breach of Catholic etiquette and discipline. These ill-advised people are guilty of as nice a piece of church Bolshevism as I ever expect to look upon again. The disorder by the crowd on Thanksgiving Day before the Union Club was a serious breach of the law of the land; the protest to the head of the diocese, through the medium of public press, on the part of a few Catholics, most of whom I, though archbishop, never heard of before, is a serious breach of the law of the church, which fixes in her canons the proper procedure for complaint or protest in church matters."

Here we have two "serious breaches of the law," in one case the law of America, in the other case the law of the church. The archbishop seems to think that they are of equal importance, and here we must take issue with him. The law of America was violated when five thousand persons coming from a cathedral mass attacked the Union Club like wild beasts in order to enforce the Sinn Fein practice to display their own foreign flag upon all occasions and to prevent the display of any other foreign flag to which they are pleased to object. Monsignor Lavelle cooperated with this breach of American law when he personally demanded the removal of the obnoxious flag, and he emphasized his misconduct when he appealed to the mob "for love of Ireland." But on the other hand the breach of church law seems to consist in some violation of "the proper procedure for complaint or protest in church matters." Now the Argonaut is not versed in church law. It is unfamiliar with ecclesiastical "etiquette and discipline." Instinctively it dislikes those terms. But it has very definite opinions as to the procedure proper to American citizens who believe that the peace and safety of the country are endangered either by a wanton provocation to other nations or by the crimes of the hyphenated, whose real sympathies are on the wrong side of the hyphen. Publicity is the proper procedure in such cases, even though publicity is not

happen to be in accord with the niceties of "etiquette and discipline." That the archbishop should apparently attach an equal gravity to these two breaches of the law, American and church, is alike disconcerting and illuminating. That good and loyal Catholics should thus be arraigned for their proper and public defense of America against those intent upon her embroilment, that they should thus be scourged into the secret channels of ecclesiasticism, is still more disconcerting and still more illuminating. The *Argonaut* is of opinion that the American public will applaud publicity in defense of America, even though that publicity happens to be a violation of an "etiquette and discipline" that is sectarian rather than national.

In thus dealing with the more aggressive of the American activities of the Sinn Fein it may be permissible to say a word with regard to a certain commission of inquiry into the government of Ireland that is now in session at Washington. The proceedings of this commission are published regularly in the newspapers of the country. They are designedly presented in the form of an official report in order to create the impression of Federal origin and authority. Doubtless they deceive many, as they are intended to do. It ought not to be necessary to say that this commission has no official status whatever. It was instigated by the editor of the *Nation*, a weekly newspaper that vociferously championed the cause of Germany during the war, that is now offensively Red, and that is actuated, not by a love of Ireland, but by a hatred of England. The "commissioners" were appointed by the *Nation*, and a glance at their names and records is sufficient to show their predilections and the conclusions at which they are expected to arrive. The British government has naturally refused to participate in this impudent farce, although it willingly gives passports to such of its enemies as wish to offer their worthless testimony. The latest witness to reach America is Mrs. MacSwiney, who emitted a farrago of nonsense in New York and who is now in Washington to edify a commission that is alike bogus and packed, and whose asseverations of impartiality are falsified by the record of its members. The object of the commission is, not to heal the wound, but to inflame it; not to induce peace, but war; not to aid the American government, but to embarrass it. The spirit of this farcical commission is the same spirit that instigated the stoning of American sailors by Irish mobs in Irish towns, and that would gladly have compassed the sinking of every American warship in order that Great Britain might thereby be weakened in her struggle against Germany. We have lamentably learned to identify the American pro-German with the Bolshevik and both of them with the Sinn Feiner. That the reports of this commission should be welcomed and displayed by American newspapers makes of them *particeps criminis* in an act that verges upon treason. It is a pitiful comment upon their intelligence and upon their patriotism.

The *Argonaut* believes that the people at large are awakening to a situation that may easily pass beyond their control. If Great Britain had directed against us any one of the insults that we have allowed to be directed against her there would be war at this moment. There would probably be war if she permitted a hostile commission, masquerading as a government commission, to investigate our doings in Haiti or in the Philippines and to summon witnesses from America. There would probably be war if the congregation of—let us say—Westminster Abbey had wrecked a building for the offense of displaying the American flag, or if the House of Lords had ventured to pass a resolution condemnatory of our control of Haiti. Great Britain has not uttered even a word of remonstrance against these wanton outrages. But they have to be stopped. Our foreign relations and our domestic peace shall not be endangered by the Sinn Fein. It is significant of the pass to which things have come that the *Argonaut* should be nearly the only newspaper in California that does not truckle to and fawn upon these ruffians, that dares to denounce them as traitors to America and enemies of the republic. It is a course that the *Argonaut* intends to pursue, even though it should become necessary pointedly to direct the public attention to state and municipal officials who seek to attain office through subservience to elements of the population that Americans it is their peculiar duty to abash and to vilify. They gain nothing by this subservience and

they have never gained anything. They are despised by the very elements that they try to conciliate, but they are usually too stupid to know this. It may be possible to bring them to some sense of political decency.

President Wilson Joins the League.

Why has President Wilson consented to act as mediator between the insurgent Turkish forces of Mustapha Kemal and the government of Armenia? Is it another example of the "magic wand" idealism that has already wrought such irretrievable mischief throughout the world? Or is it a last-ditch attempt to involve America in affairs with which she is in no way concerned?

It does not matter which it is. It may be either or both. The fact remains that the President, at the conclusion of his term of office, has accepted an undertaking of extraordinary complexity, one that lies at the heart of the European tangle and that involves a treaty, one that must inevitably be bequeathed to his successor, an undertaking that indirectly does the very thing that the electorate has just determined shall not be done. If it be actually true as officially stated from Geneva that General Leonard Wood is to be sent at the head of an army of volunteers, then the situation becomes one of extraordinary gravity. It may easily mean that we shall find ourselves at war with Turkey and in some sort of contact with the Red armies of Russia.

We may reasonably wonder if the President has the least idea of the maelstrom of political forces that centre around Armenia. The Treaty of Sevres, intent upon the weakening and punishing of Turkey, gave to Armenia certain rights and liberties at the cost of the Ottoman Empire. Thereupon Mustapha Kemal, himself in rebellion against the Turkish government for its concessions to the Allies, proceeded to attack Armenia, and was himself attacked by the Greeks, who also were beneficiaries at the expense of Turkey, but who will now probably surrender to Turkey the whole of their gains. In the meantime Russia had been interfering with Armenia and had persuaded the Armenians to adopt a Soviet government, and this Soviet government is now the government of Armenia. When Mustapha Kemal advanced upon Armenia he was sternly warned by Russia to keep his hands off. Lenin wrote him a note to the effect that "Armenia is a Soviet republic. Cease fighting her." At the present time there is an armistice between Armenia and the Turks, the Armenians having renounced their gains under the Treaty of Sevres in favor of Turkey. If the terms of this armistice hold good, if Greece relinquishes her war, as she must certainly do under Constantine, then Turkey becomes practically as powerful as she was before the war. But the Allies can not very well permit the tearing up of a treaty of which the ink is still wet, and a treaty that was intended to secure the impotence of Turkey. But what can they do? They can not make war upon Turkey, nor upon any one else. They can no longer persuade Greece to make war in support of the treaty. Naturally they hail the mediation of President Wilson in the conviction that America will enforce his decisions. President Wilson, in other words, has joined the league of nations.

It is hard to understand why there should be all this knight errantry about the Armenians. No such thing was apparent during the many centuries when Turkey was oppressing and massacring the Serbians and the Montenegrins. The Armenians are the least attractive and the least deserving of all these eastern peoples, and they have now willingly become Bolshevik. Why does the President refuse to negotiate with the Soviet government of Russia and at the same time enter into relations with the Soviet government of Armenia? What difference is there? Actually there is nothing to mediate, seeing that Armenia and Mustapha Kemal are already in agreement as to the restoration of the Turkish power. It looks very much as though the President had set our feet on a road of which no man can foresee the end, a road that we had definitely determined to avoid.

Immigration.

Labor is clearly apprehensive of what may happen to it at the hands of the new administration. Mr. Gompers did all that he could to defeat Senator Harding and he is now afraid of retaliation. But Mr. Gompers may make his mind easy. There will be no retaliation. In point of fact Mr. Gompers took himself a good deal too seriously. He talked largely about the labor vote

and as though he could direct it wherever he pleased, but there is no reason to suppose that he controlled a single election. His antipathies were elected and his affinities were rejected in a dozen places. The "labor vote" was just about as mythical as the "women's vote." Some of it went one way and some another in accord with the old rule of party affiliation.

Just now the labor men are clamoring against the flood of immigration and demanding a closer regulation. It will be difficult to secure any comprehensive revision of the immigration laws at this session. The President would be sure to veto any drastic measure and, moreover, congressmen have by no means made up their minds on the matter. On the other hand, there is an insistent popular demand, with the voice of labor leading the chorus, for some provision of law to check immigration. What might very well happen is that Congress, finding itself unable at the short session to revise generally the immigration laws, will enact, before adjourning, a joint resolution suspending the immigration laws for one year and barring all immigrants for that period who can not show an absolutely compelling necessity for coming into the United States.

Such a measure would solve for a moment the Japanese dispute, for it would effectively stop Japanese immigration along with all other.

Release Unto Us Barabbas.

There is nothing particularly new about the gangster outrages that have aroused so much public fury during the last few days. The fury is new, but not the crimes. It is a matter of general knowledge that there have been scores of victims during the last year or so, but their sufferings have not been thought worthy even of a newspaper paragraph. We may estimate the normal official view of such matters from the fact that the district attorney is quick to express his fear that "political pressure" will be exercised in favor of the criminals, and that a police official is equally quick to assuage public wrath by the assurance that the offenders shall henceforth be excluded from the prize ring. It is true that the matter has become much more serious as a result of the murders at Santa Rosa, and probably the prosecutions will now be pushed to a conclusion. But we should much like to know the nature of the "political pressure" foreseen by the district attorney. He is said to have hinted also at pressure from other quarters. What did he mean? Will he not take the public into his confidence and give us details of the organizations that interfere in favor of criminals? Does the new chief of police know anything about these things? This seems to be a propitious time for candor.

The *Argonaut* is not among those who believe that this disgusting evil is to be cured by the exemplary punishment of half a dozen men, exemplary as their punishment ought certainly to be. Indeed, the evil will be aggravated if the supposed cure is allowed to stop there. Nor will it be cured by the feverish "raids" and "rounds up" in which the official mind delights. We all know what these things mean, and they mean nothing except one more dose of soothing syrup offered to the ever credulous public. The real evil is to be found in the unseen government of the city, in the subterranean powers that supply us with the officials whom we like to think that we have chosen and elected, and who then control those officials just as a showman controls his puppets. There is not a voter in the city who does not know of this unseen government, who does not know that it corrupts our judges and poisons our whole municipal system. With an almost ineradicable apathy we have watched its work, and by our silence we have given to it our consent. There is no essential difference between lawlessness in high places and lawlessness in low places, between official venality and thuggery, between jury fixing and rape. In tolerating one we invite the other, make the other inevitable.

The remedy is to be found, not in punishments, nor raids, nor rounds up, necessary as these things may be, but in elections. And the remedy will not be found until the average voter can be persuaded to cease his perpetual clamor for the release unto him of Barabbas.

Editorial Notes.

We have all heard the pacifist stories of soldiers who lost both legs and both arms in the war and who had to be brought ashore in baskets. As was said of the immortal Mrs. Harris, "there aint no sich a person."

Secretary Baker tells us that no American soldier lost both arms and both legs, nor did any soldier lose both legs and an arm, nor both arms and a leg. Eleven Americans lost both legs at the thigh, one lost both legs at the knee, nine lost both legs below the knee, one lost both feet, and three lost one arm above the elbow and one leg at the thigh. We all know that lies are justified in a good cause, whether it be the winning of a reform election or an advocacy of the league of nations. But this particular lie has now been nailed at the counter. One would suppose that the facts were bad enough without it, but then "every little helps."

What a dreadful thing! Government chemists at Washington are experimenting with poison gases and gas masks. And now there are various gentlemen with long hair and ladies with short hair who are asking how war can be abolished while our own dear government is so active in its military preparations. The *Argonaut* may confess to sharing in the surprise. It is surprised that the government has so much sense; that contrary to all the precedents it is locking the stable door *before* the horse has been stolen.

A Republican leader is reported as saying that the solid South will never be solid any more. Prediction is always a hazardous venture, but at least it may be said with certainty that the South is by means solid at the present time. The four states of Maryland, Missouri, Oklahoma, and Tennessee went Republican, the Democratic pluralities of 1916 changing into substantial Republican pluralities in 1920. Moreover, Kentucky elected a Republican United States senator.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

An Irishwoman on Ireland.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 5, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: With great interest I have read articles and letters about Ireland in your interesting paper, and if you will allow me I would like to tell your readers what I know on the subject. I am Irish and have lived a great deal in Ireland and know my people well, and am sure that it is greatly our own fault that her condition is so terrible at present.

When last in Ireland I went into the question of independence with many people in the north and in the south, and with all classes, and I can assure you that the bulk of the best, most honest and honorable people are against any separation from Great Britain, only they dare not say so openly. They said in substance: "We were well off; never so prosperous and peaceful; our sons were not forced into the war, though we were proud of our boys who volunteered and fought so well, and to think that we should be upset in this dreadful way by agitators who have nothing to lose and hope to gain much for themselves, especially foreigners who have no Irish blood in their veins; and does any one think that if we were a republic we should choose a dago (only they used another word) as our president? Do many Americans know that in the year 1800 the Irish Parliament passed an act uniting the island with England, Scotland, and Wales, and this was confirmed by the British Parliament the next year and has lasted 120 years, and during that time England has done well by us?"

I grieve to say that not only foreign agitators, but our Irish priests, have helped to stir up our people to the present state of frenzy. In 1915, when the British Empire was in sore straits, the Rev. Father O'Flanagan, an influential and eloquent priest, in a lecture delivered by him in the city hall in Cork said that he "looked forward to seeing Ireland an independent republic in alliance with Germany, able to use the harbors as submarine bases, from which they could reach out and destroy the commerce of England."

Now could any fair-minded person think that England could allow this?

Then, again, the north refuses to separate from England or to be ruled by the south. "If we are to be given our choice," they say, "we will stay by England, and she can not be so cruel as to abandon us. If she does we will fight and have a separate republic of our own."

I have been told by Catholics here in America that England tries to prevent all freedom in religion and persecutes the Roman church. There is no shadow of truth in this. England has always been noted for her liberality towards all religious beliefs, and in all the countries where her rule has been and the national belief is helped and guarded in every possible way.

Suppose the Mexicans, say in Mexico and Arizona, where the population is more Spanish than American, rebelled against the Union, claiming that they are a separate nation and were there first, and declaring that they wished to be independent and rule themselves, and began to arm themselves, burn Federal buildings, and assassinate Federal officers. I am inclined to think the performance would be stopped with such overwhelming force and so little delay that it would hardly have time to get started. I get many letters from Ireland saying that if Americans only knew the harm they did by interference in Irish affairs and sending money to keep the rebellion going they would be sorry and refrain.

AN IRISHWOMAN.

War on Cancer.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 6, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: This is an announcement that a campaign of publicity is being inaugurated by the American Society for Control of Cancer, having as its object the enlightenment of the lay public in relation to cancer and its many problems, its history, its increasing frequency in occurrence, and the possibility of its cure.

Upon the roster of this society are the names of a large number of men eminent in medicine and surgery throughout the United States and Canada. In the prosecution of this work the society is meeting with very cordial cooperation on the part of the lay press, through whose columns the greatest publicity will be obtained. This is an abrupt departure from former professional traditions. Full justification for its under-

taking is manifest in the following facts, all of which are capable of verification:

First—Cancer destroys nearly 100,000 lives annually in the United States.

Second—Every tumor, lump, wart, mole, or chronic ulcer, internal or external, is potentially malignant. In other words, there is a possibility at any period of a transition from the benign to the malignant.

Third—The incidence of cancer has doubled numerically since 1880.

Fourth—Sixteen per cent. of all deaths occurring after the fortieth year are due to cancer in one of its many forms. In other words, 14 per cent. of all males and 18 per cent. of all females who have attained forty years of age will die of cancer.

Fifth—So far as is known up to 1890 no case of breast cancer had been cured by any method. At the present time, and upon the positive statement of the most careful observers, fully 40 per cent. of breast cancers, properly treated within six months after discovery of the growth, can be permanently cured.

Sixth—A much larger percentage of cures are effected in the smaller and more superficial growths. In this variety of cancer permanent cure can be effected without extensive operation and frequently without any operative interference. Such patients experience little or no pain or loss of time. Frequently the patient can continue at his work during treatment.

Seventh—Proper treatment in chronic ailments of internal organs preclude the later incidence of cancer. It is a well-known fact that cancer is prone to develop in the scars succeeding chronic ulceration of the stomach, bowel, and other internal organs. Fully 90 per cent. of cases of stomach cancer are known to have suffered originally from gastric ulcer.

A fuller development of the various phases of this subject will appear in the lay press from time to time, and it is to be hoped that the dissemination of accurate knowledge concerning this general subject will result in a more rational procedure on the part of those who are threatened or those who are suffering from incipient malignancy.

This undertaking will be locally in charge of the undersigned, assisted by Dr. Alton R. Kilgore of San Francisco.
DR. THOMAS W. HUNTINGTON,
Director in Charge of Publicity.

M. PAUL HYMANS.

On the 6th of April, 1886, Ernest Renan, in one of the Hibbard lectures on Rome and Christianity, said: "Politics is not everything here below. What the world wanted, after the frightful butchery of centuries of antiquity, was gentleness, humanity. Of heroism they had had enough; those martial goddesses, eternally brandishing their lances from the summit of an acropolis inspired no more emotion. The earth, as in the time of Cadmus, had devoured its most noble sons."

In the choice of M. Paul Hymans as president of the league of nations there has perhaps been an unconscious recognition that a military conception of the future will appeal to few in a world once more so mortally sick and tired of strife. He is the personification of urbanity. His fine, keen, intellectual face radiates *bonhomie*, his manner is one of winning cordiality. That he can stiffen into immovable determination he proved very lately, resigning from his position as minister of foreign affairs in Monsieur Delacroix' cabinet rather than give up one jot of those principles for which he stood. Though a Liberal, he is, in appearance and *finesse*, very much of an aristocrat, exquisite, fastidious, contemptible, reserved. His self-control is often misunderstood, and he is characterized as cold, but nobody who ever heard him speak in public during the war could give ear to such a verdict. He speaks in clearly modulated, almost measured accents, and his voice, though light in timbre, is vibrant and has extraordinary carrying power, so that each word is crisp and sharply audible, but his emotion takes the form of passionate intensity rather than of fiery eloquence. He has the literary instinct for the right word, and his speeches read as well as they sound. In listening to Lloyd George one is inclined to wonder whether he is not sometimes the victim of his own impassioned fervor, but Monsieur Paul Hymans leaves one no loophole for irrelevant personal reflections; he holds his subject and the attention of his audience in a grip that never relaxes for an instant till his voice ceases, and he has that rare gift in an orator—he knows when to stop.

Newspaper reproductions have made his face familiar to the man in the street. His fine-profile has the clean-cut precision of a head on a Roman medal. That thin, pale, almost colorless countenance with its regular features, the full gray hair *en brosse*, the gray moustache clipped squarely over a small, mobile, most humorous mouth, is given added force of character by eyebrows, so thick and black that they are almost like stage eyebrows, stuck on above eyes of clear, penetrating brilliance. His spare figure, erect and lightly built, that seemed to grow visibly thinner during the heavy years of 1914-1916, when he was minister to the Court of St. James, is wiry and strong as steel—and his mind has much of its temper. Polished, witty, and even sharply ironic as he may be when occasion arises, he is the product of a civilization the war has done much to obliterate. In our rougher code of manners one might be inclined to question whether a man so suave could be at the same time sincere, but it is only necessary to appeal to Monsieur Paul Hymans on some question about which he feels strongly to see how his eyes flash, his mouth hardens, and out comes a defense of his point of view so succinct that there can be no possible doubt in the mind of his hearer as to his real opinion. In public he may be, he undoubtedly is, a master of the art of conversational fencing, of feeling his way to a con-

clusion that shall voice the general sentiment, even if it is at variance with his own. In the world of politics and diplomacy it is too often necessary to subordinate personal preference to policy, but on momentous matters his record makes it safe to infer that he would stick very obstinately to his guns, at whatever cost, against any odds, with scrupulous and self-sacrificing devotion.

Tense and highly strung, he preserves nevertheless, even under attack, an enviable demeanor of pleasant calm. Those who have been fortunate enough to see Monsieur Hymans at home, either in London or in Brussels, may be pardoned for wondering how much of that calmness and poise he has caught from Mme. Hymans. Small, slender, delicate, with beautiful, pensive eyes and low voice; speaking very little, but always to the point; at once persuasive and intelligent; with such ready graciousness in the dignity of her quiet presence, she is the most restful, the most unaggressive of modern women.

Perhaps no man was ever confronted with a more colossal task than Monsieur Paul Hymans in August, 1914. From a small prosperous state of comparative insignificance Belgium was suddenly uplifted into a position of tragic preëminence; the whole world hung breathless upon the desperate defense of those young, untried Belgian troops; and her ministers to France and Great Britain had to assume overnight a burden of responsibility almost overwhelming in its weight. In those early days, with the horror of war almost stupefying the great mass of his compatriots, His Excellency Monsieur Paul Hymans became, not only the mouthpiece of his suffering country, but the centre around which every one of the energies of those tremendous days revolved.

His imperturbable quiet, intense but decisive, wasted no force on any expression of the obvious. Like his great compatriot, Cardinal Mercier, he seemed always master of his time; there was in his manner nothing of the hurried, harassed, almost breathless absorption which was the somewhat trying attitude of lesser men and women in high positions. They received each visitor with an eye on the clock and one finger on the bell which was to end the interview which had not yet been begun. If Monsieur Hymans was swayed by the same intolerable impatience, his unruffled serenity never betrayed it. He could, however, rebuke an inconvenient inclination to digress by no greater severity than was implied by a shade of deeper gravity in his own demeanor, but no one was quicker to seize the relief of a swift witticism, which lent a welcome gleam of humor to the grimmest situation. During the short time accorded to any visitor, even in those packed, relentless hours, he gave to each subject under discussion the most complete and unwavering attention.

At a time when impatience, not to say ill-temper, is the note of international relationship it is invaluable to have at the head of the most important experiment in the history of the world a man of such consummate tact and intelligence, with a mind and tongue so disciplined. His power of concentration, his long experience as a diplomat and as minister of foreign affairs during the most difficult years before and since the end of the war, should make him an admirable president of that league of nation which must ultimately develop and grow out of the present inchoate and incomplete assembly. The appointment of a man at once so supple and so sincere, of such imperturbable urbanity and savoir faire, who nevertheless remains a practical idealist, imbued with the humanizing spirit of modern internationalism, a man of high principle and scrupulous integrity, should fill with hope those to whom the unutterable stupidity of violence has been driven home with the cruellest force during the six years in which, in some form or other, it has grimly and hideously persisted.

JULIE HELEN HEYNEMAN.

While various experiments had been made with so-called "laughing gas," or nitrous oxide gas, in America prior to 1846, it was seventy-four years ago this month that the first practical operation under ether was performed in the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. A peculiar feature was that the sulphuric ether was given, not by one of the house physicians, but by a young dentist, who had been experimenting on himself and had gone to sleep for eight minutes. He rushed over to the hospital and asked a chance to demonstrate his discovery. A man about to have a tumor removed from his neck gave permission to have the "new-fangled dope" applied. The dentist went to work and the tumor was removed. The patient, opening his eyes after the operation, cried, "Gentlemen, this is no humbug," and with that remark ether was given to the medical world. Oliver Wendell Holmes came forward with a name for the process, and the liquid and the dictionary gained "anesthesia" and "anesthetic." In three months it was being used throughout the civilized world.

Due to improper ventilation in the mines at least 1000 metal miners die annually in the United States, causing a loss of time aggregating millions of dollars and untold suffering to the miners and their families.

The census of the seal herd on Pribilof Islands this year shows as a total 1,500,000 seals, the largest number known since the government took charge of the seal industry.

THE HOLY HERMIT OF LISSADELL.

Rosamond Langbridge in the "Manchester Guardian."

It was the people of Lissadell who said he was a holy hermit, although, to do him justice, he never gave it out himself that he was that. But what else would he be at all, with a mat of big, long hair down to his shoulders, and a beard he never cut, and terrible long nails on him? And hadn't he said to Matty O'Kane, when Matty offered him half of a bar of kitchen soap—Sure, what would he want with the like of that? For, if he didn't wash himself, sure enough he must be very holy, for didn't Saint Bride herself say she would think shame to scour her sinful body with a cake of, scented soap? And then, again, there was the terrible fright the sight of a shawl put him in, and weren't all the sainted martyrs that same way?

Mag Mahony, who was in dread of nobody, was the first woman he had spoken to in Lissadell. With relentless curiosity she had pursued the hermit to the opening of his hut, purely to put the question to him: Was it true what the people were saying—that the herons watched the waters of the little loch for fish for him, and when they had it caught, would hold it in the beak, "as cute as a pet fox," until the holy hermit had taken the fish away from them? When Mag had asked him that, gravely he had bent his head, as if, perhaps, to imply, "Oh, is that what they are saying?" but Mag noticed that he had not contradicted it. So it went round Lissadell that the herons fed the holy man; for, if they did not, where else would he get his bit and his sup? For never a copper coin was seen on him; he did not beg, he never worked, and he never went next nor nigh a shop. And wasn't it a sure thing that a harmless, poor hermit would do no poaching in McGinty's woods, for all that Miss McGinty had once remarked she got the smell of something extra good, and it rising out of the black pot over the hermit's stick fire? But Miss McGinty "had no nature," for she was a sour old maid. Then, plainly, it was as true as truth—the herons fed him.

On the outskirts of McGinty's woods the hermit had fixed himself a shanty beside the stony shore of the little loch, fern-fringed and heron-guarded. One wall of the shanty was formed by the wall of the craggy hill against which he had reared the hut; and the hut itself was nothing but a furzy den, furze-thatched and bracken-lined, with a tiny hole in the furze for a window, and an opening for the door so low that the shawled women who scared the life from him had the tireless joy of watching him crawl from them to the safety of his fastness upon his hands and knees.

It became known, however, that no shawl would be accepted altogether which carried an offering of apples, potatoes, or even a pig's foot in its folds. And in this manner, gradually, the women overcame his shyness, and at the same time quenched the great thirst of their curiosity; and whatever chat he had with them was wise, and sometimes wonderful, until at last it grew the custom to consult the hermit on whatever thing was ailing you. The bigger the matter, of course, the bigger the lump in the folds of your shawl. In this way the reputation of the hermit was a thousandfold increased, for it did not take long for Lissadell to discover that the most startling intuitions which fell from his ascetic lips were in the matrimonial and courting line. And, he being a single holy man who was disgusted at the bare sight of a shawl, how would he get these foreign revelgious matters to his holy, harmless ears.

It was Matty O'Kane who first dared, with the help of the cooked half of an old hen, to bring such sacrilegious amters to his holy, harmless ears.

"Holy sir, I am this great while courting Katie Shanahan, with pardon to you," he said, "and she'll have nothing to say to me. What would I do to make her come around?"

"Are you visitin' the house much?" inquired the hermit, after a moment of meditation.

"Me shadder is never away from the door," replied Matty.

"Sure, I knew that," said the hermit, "before 'twas out of your lips. Take your big brogue and your long shadder from the door, and it won't belong before she's lonesome after you.

"For the women will fret
After what they can't get.
What is under their shawl
They don't vally at all."

Matty was so taken by the rhyme that the hermit got the other half of the old hen that was put by for Matty's supper. And after that Mag Mahony came to him. She was only three months married, and already her husband was neglecting her. "And what was the cause of it, now?" said Mag.

"You are a small little bunty of a woman," replied the hermit, and something came into his eye like the flash in the eye of a wicked ass. "but there is one part of you is too long altogether, and that is the part of you that's doin' the damage."

"And what part of me is that?" said Mag. "And I've a lovely pair of home-knit socks for you that'll be as soft as moss on your two feet if you'll make me a poetry-rhyme the same as you made it for Matty O'Kane."

"What is waggin' and red,
And stuck fast in your head?"

Replied the hermit.

Mag thought a moment, and then she burst out laughing at her own cleverness. "And is it my tongue, holy man?" said she.

"If you want to keep love, let you coo like the dove, And not screech like the cocks. An' now where is me socks?"

replied the holy man.

"I am thankful to you for the poetry-rhyme," said Mag, as he was going, "but there's great wonder on me that the saints do be talking secrets to your innocent reverence the same as they'd do to any ould married man."

One evening a dusty-footed stranger-woman tramped into Lissadell, from a great distance, by the look of her, to consult the holy man. Mag Mahony, Matty O'Kane, and a few others volunteered to put her on her way, and they arrived there as the sun was going down upon the hermit's evening meal. The embers of his brushwood fire still glowed, and he was drinking from the stony loch, as the stranger-woman drew along the road to him. One glance, however, at the company, and the hermit dashed like a rabbit for his den.

"He must be very holy," said the stranger-woman, in a voice which sounded as though it might hold the possibility of sarcasm, "for he's as shy as the young hares."

"He is always that way," answered the company, "at the cut of a strange shawl."

And now they heard the hermit feverishly engaged in putting up his nightly barricade before his door.

"Come out to me, your reverence," said the stranger-woman, "for I am in great straits with the Devil's own vagabond of a husband that has left me and ten little childer purely starving in the home, while he goes traipsing the world's end for his own content."

There was a moment's pause, and then the hermit was heard speaking in a foreign whine which did not seem to resemble his old familiar tones.

"Let you quit bothering," he replied, "for I am at me exercises."

"Put out your hand to me through the winder, so," replied the stranger-woman, "that I may get the good of your blessing if I can't see your face."

"If I do so," replied the hermit, "will you go 'way, for you have me annoyed?"

"Oh, I will so, holy man," said the stranger-woman.

After a longer pause than ever a great, black, hairy hand appeared.

"Aha!" screamed the stranger-woman. "Fast have, fast hold!" and she seized hold of the hairy hand with all the strength of her own two. "Come out to me, ye idle vagabond, or I will have you in Roscommon Gaol!"

Then the hermit uttered a string of curses so horrible that the company feared to be blighted, and fled, screaming, to a little distance from the spot.

They watched. Then they saw the stranger-woman make the gesture of one who snatches up a lighted stick from the embers and stoop beside the hut. And slowly smoke curled upward from the holy hermit's den. Finally it seemed as though some violent cataclysm overthrew the hut, and out of it the hermit leaped, sky-high, the people said, and went running, running, running down the road to Lissadell, and after him ran the stranger-woman brandishing a lighted torch.

Charles V. King of Spain and Emperor of Germany in the sixteenth century, was a pious ruler. Toward the end of his life he conceived the curious idea of rehearsing his own funeral, not because he wished to have the event go off without a hitch when the time should come, but because he thought the performance of the ceremony would redound to the credit and well-being of his soul in the after world. His friends sought to dissuade him, but deeming it a holy act, the ruler went ahead with his preparations. A catafalque was erected and the service performed. The high altar, the catafalque, and the entire church shone with wax lights; the friars were all in their proper places and the household of the emperor attended in deep mourning. "The pious monarch himself was there, attired in sable weeds," according to the monkish historian, "and bearing a taper, to see himself interred and to celebrate his own obsequies." While the mass for the dead was sung, he came forward and gave his taper to the officiating priest as a symbol of his desire to yield up his soul. Not only once, but for many years, until he finally died in 1558, Charles V performed this strange ceremony annually.

Strong tobacco smoke blown into glass cases containing small pieces of thin paper soaked in germ-cultures such as the bacilli of cholera, influenza, diphtheria, typhoid fever, and meningitis proved that tobacco smoke can affect only the weakest germs, and then only after long exposure, the experiment showing no effect on the typhoid and diphtheria germs.

A Franklin penny, the first copper coin to be authorized by Congress, has been found on the homestead of one of the settlers in Dover, Massachusetts.

The first flight made over the equatorial Andes was made recently by an Italian aviator flying from Guayaquil to Cuenca, a distance of 120 miles.

China has but 6000 miles of railroads while her natural resources warrant the construction of more than 300,000 miles.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Pedro Zamora, the last bandit leader in Mexico, has surrendered, together with fifteen followers.

Dr. Paula Hertwig, who will lecture on zoölogy, is the first woman professor at the University of Berlin.

Oscar Heizer, former American consul-general at Constantinople, has been appointed American consul at Jerusalem.

John Galsworthy recently slipped into New York and spent some days there, his presence unknown except to a few. At his request no announcement of his visit was made. There was no publicity attending his arrival. And now he has left, just as quietly as he came, not to go back to England, but for a trip through the country which will keep him here for some time.

Albert D. Lasker, whose name has recently been given to a new plan of baseball organization, is head of the Lord & Thomas Advertising Agency and prominent in the activities of the Chicago Jewish community. He was in charge of publicity for the Republican party during the recent presidential campaign, and has been mentioned as a possible member of the next cabinet.

Anthony H. G. Fokker, a Hollander, was inventor of the airplane bearing his name. This type of monoplane was very extensively used by the Germans, being the fastest pursuit plane of the war. Mr. Fokker, now visiting in America, says he first offered his invention to England and the United States and sold to Germany in 1912 because these countries declined to deal with him.

Samuel Rzeszewski, the nine-year-old Polish chess marvel, has arrived in America to match his skill against that of the best players to be found. He has defeated many of the best players in Europe. The wonderfully carved chessmen pictured on the board before him were presented to the lad by a wealthy European whom the boy defeated in a game played simultaneously with twenty-five opponents.

Milton Dana Morrill, American architect and inventor of a system of home building, has just left for France to direct reconstruction of homes and buildings on a large scale. In his system the buildings are made of concrete and it is planned to utilize the immense quantities of broken stone, brick, and other debris available. His system and services are donated under auspices of the French restoration fund.

Mrs. Harding, wife of the President-to-be, is sociable without having the love of formal society. She likes to chat. She has been a horsewoman, an out-of-doors woman. In Marion she was known as a woman of independent ideas. Neither she nor her husband is a great reader. She likes politics. She likes to participate in activities until recently regarded as men's spheres. She heartily believes in woman suffrage.

Eliphalet Remington, hale and hearty and with eyes well nigh as keen as those of a boy, recently celebrated his ninety-second birthday. The oldest of America's living inventors, he is a splendid contradiction as to the theory that there is no such thing as the aristocracy of genius. The Remingtons for three generations have given impressive evidence of the persistence of a creative strain marked by the production of many extremely useful things in the realm of mechanics.

Charles Lathrop Pack, president of the American Forestry Association, is the man who has gained an international reputation as a result of everlastingly and eternally talking and writing upon the subject of planting trees. According to the belief of this hustling and exceedingly useful man, no person—man, woman, or child—has really commenced living until he has planted a few hundred trees on some highway or in a lot or field. Mr. Pack is strongly urging the municipal authorities of every hamlet, village, and town throughout America to immediately secure an adequate-sized piece of land and plant trees on it for the purpose of creating a municipal wood lot which would mature in the not far distant future. He believes that by pursuing this course it would be but a comparatively few years until many homes would be heated largely with the use of wood, using coal only during the severest zero weather of the winter.

Knut Hamsun, the Swedish novelist, playwright, and poet, who has just been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature for 1920, has, since the death of Strindberg, been regarded as the greatest living writer of fiction in his native country. Hamsun, who is sixty years old, has been married twice, his first wife having divorced him. He has reached his present eminence despite the handicap of a scant education. This education has been picked up haphazard between his work as a coal heaver, road mender, surveyor, farm hand, street-car conductor, lecturer, and free-lance journalist. The distinguished Swedish author visited this country twice in the middle 'eighties, on one trip working on the Chicago street-cars after failing as a lecturer. On his return to Sweden he wrote a book on "The Spiritual Life in America," which was decidedly unflattering to us. The Nobel Prize for Literature has been withheld since 1916. The award, which will be formally presented to Knut Hamsun on December 10th, is the seventeenth Nobel Prize for Literature to be given.

THE ROMANTIC.

May Sinclair Tells a Story of the War and of the Psychology of Cowardice.

There are two ways—perhaps more than two—by which we may discover the hidden motives of human behavior. We may learn the true relation between cause and effect, and this comprises the science of psychology, or we may attain the same end by intuition—whatever that may be. Women are supposed to have a peculiar facility in the use of the latter method, but it sometimes fails them when they are in love. The scientist prefers the intellectual way.

In this war story by May Sinclair we have the two ways contrasted, and science wins. Charlotte Redhead has had a love affair with a married man who has finally thrown her over in favor of his wife, Effie. Now she is in love with another man, John Conway, and once more she has allowed herself to be swept away on an emotional tide. She tells her friend, Gwinnie, all about it, and Gwinnie, not being in love, has the use of her intuition:

"I, sa-ay—"

Gwinnie's voice drawled in slow meditative surprise. The brooding curiosity had gone out of her face. Gwinnie's face, soft and schoolgirlish between the fawn gold bands and plaited ear hoppers of her hair, the pink, pushed out mouth, the little routing nose, the thick gray eyes, suddenly turned on you, staring.

Gwinnie had climbed up on to the bed to hear about it. She sat hunched up with her arms round her knees rocking herself on the end of her spine; and though she stared she still rocked. She was happy and excited because of her holiday. "It can't make any difference, Gwin. I'm the same Charlotte. Don't tell me you didn't know I was like that."

"Of course I knew it. I know a jolly lot more than you think, kid."

"I'm not a kid—if you are two years older."

"Why—you're not twenty-four yet. . . . It's the silliness of it heats me. Going off like that, with the first silly cuckoo that turns up."

"He wasn't the first that turned up, I mean. He was the third that counted. There was poor Binky, the man I was engaged to. And Dicky Raikes; he wanted me to go to Mexico with him. Just for a lark, and I wouldn't. And George Corfield. He wanted me to marry him. And I wouldn't."

"Why wouldn't you?"

"Because Dicky's always funny when you want to be serious and George is always serious when you want to be funny. Besides, he's so good. His goodness would have been too much for me altogether. Fancy beginning with George."

"This seems to have been a pretty rotten beginning, anyway."

"The beginning was all right. It's the end that's rotten. The really awful thing was Effie."

"Look here—" Gwinnie left off rocking and swung herself to the edge of the bed. Her face looked suddenly mature and full of wisdom. "I don't believe in that Effie business. You want to think you stopped it because of Effie; but you didn't. You've got to see it straight. . . . It was his lying and fudging that finished you. He fixed on the two things you can't stand."

"The two things. The two things."

"I know what you want. You want to kill him in my mind, so that I shan't think of him any more. I'm not thinking. I only wanted you to know."

"Does anybody else know?"

"She shook her head."

"Well—don't you let them."

Gwinnie slid to her feet and went to the looking-glass. She stood there a minute, pinning closer the crushed bosses of her hair. Then she turned.

"What are you going to do with that walking-tour johnnie?"

"John—Conway? You couldn't do anything with him if you tried. He's miles beyond all that."

"All what?"

"The rotten things people do. The rotten things they think. You're safe with him, Gwinnie. Safe. Safe. You've only to look at him."

"I have looked at him. Whatever you do, don't tell him; Charlie."

Charlotte begins to see signs of John Conway's real nature, but being in love she will not understand them. She finds him shivering and retching after tending on a sick cow, and that reminds her of something else:

But before that—the night they went to Stow Fair together; crossing the street at the sharp turn by the church gate, something happened. They hadn't heard the motor-car coming; it was down on them before they could see it, swerving round her side of the street. He had had his hand tight on her arm to steer her through the crowd. When the car came . . . when the car came . . . he let go and jumped clean to the curb. She could feel the splash-board graze her thigh, as she sprang clear of it, quick, like a dog.

She was sure he jumped first. She was sure he hadn't let her go before the car came. She could see the blaze of the lamps and feel his grip slacken on her arm.

She wasn't sure. He couldn't have jumped. He couldn't have let go. Of course he hadn't. She had imagined it. She imagined all sorts of things. If she could make them bad enough she would stop thinking about him; she would stop caring. She didn't want to care.

Charlotte tells Conway of her past experience and then he asks her to live with him, but of course everything is to be good and pure, and the real psychologist will know just what that means:

"I don't. I'm glad you told me. I'm glad it happened. I mean I'm glad you worked it off on him. . . . You got it over; you've had your experience; you know all about it; you know how long that sort of thing lasts and how it ends. The baseness, the cruelty of it. . . . I'm like you, Charlotte, I don't want any more of it. . . . When I say I care for you I mean I want to be with you, to be with you *always*. I'm not happy when you're not there. . . ."

"I say, I wish you'd leave this place and come away and live with me somewhere."

"Where?"

"There's my farm. My father's going to give me one if I stick to this job. We could run it together. There are all sorts of jolly things we could do together. . . . Would you like to live with me, Charlotte, on my farm?"

"Yes."

"I mean—live with me without *that*."

"Yes; without *that*."

Then comes the war. Conway and Charlotte join an ambulance corps and there is some talk of amalgamating their unit with another under the charge of Sutton and Dr. McClane. But McClane is a psychologist. He knows that Conway's sentiment and emotionalism are the mask of his cowardice:

Charlotte was in the space between the glass doors, arranging their stores in their own cupboard. McClane's stores had overflowed into it on the lower shelves. She could hear the two men talking in the room, Sutton's low, persuasive voice; she couldn't hear what he was saying.

Suddenly McClane brought his fist down on the table. "I'll take you. And I'll take your women. And I'll take your ambulances. I could do with two more ambulances. But I won't take Conway."

"You can't tell him that."

"Can't I?"

"What can you say?"

"I can say—"

She pushed open the glass door and went in. McClane was whispering furtively. She saw Sutton stop him with a look. They turned to her and Sutton spoke.

"Come in, Miss Redhead. This concerns you. Dr. McClane wants you and Miss Denning and me to join his corps."

"And how about Mr. Conway?"

"Well—" McClane was trying to look innocent. "Mr. Conway's just the difficulty. There can't be two commandants in one corps and he says he won't take orders from me."

Field service is the strain that is to break John Conway's nerve. Can he conceal his cowardice. He makes the effort, but the yellow tint can not be wholly hidden even at the first:

The three wounded men lay stretched out on this floor, among brickbats and broken panes and slabs of dropped plaster. A thin gray powder had settled on them all. And by the side of each man the dust was stiffened into a red cake with a glairy pool in the middle of it, fed from the raw wound; and where two men lay together their pools had joined and overflowed in a thin red stream.

John put down his stretcher and stood still. His face was very white, and his upper lip showed indrawn and dry, and tightened as though it were glued to his teeth.

"John, you *aren't* going to faint or be sick or anything?"

"I'm all right."

He went forward, clenching his fists; moving in a curious drawn way, like a sleep-walker.

They were kneeling in the dust now, looking for the wounds. "We must do this chap with the arm first. He'll want a tourniquet."

He spoke in a husky whisper as if he were half asleep. . . . The wounded head stuck on the floor. They scraped round it, digging with their hands; it came up wearing a crust of powdered lime. A pad and a handage. They couldn't do anything more for that. . . . The third man, with the fractured shin-bone and the big flesh-wound in his thigh, must have splints and a dressing.

She wondered how John would set about his work. But his queer, hypnotized actions were effectual and clean. Between them they had fixed the tourniquet.

Through all her preoccupation and the quick, dexterous movement of her hands she could feel her pity tightening her throat: pity that hurt like love, that was delicious and exquisite like love. Nothing mattered, nothing existed in her mind but the three wounded men. John didn't matter. John didn't exist. He was nothing but a pair of hands working quickly and dexterously with her own. . . . She looked up. John's mouth kept its hard, glued look; his eyes were feverish behind a glaze of water, and red-rimmed.

Charlotte watches Conway as he returns from a battlefield. His face is sallow—white and drawn and glistening. From the contemptuous behavior of his companions Charlotte knows that something has happened:

The windows stood wide open to the sweet, sharp air. She heard Mrs. Rankin and Sutton talking on the balcony. In that dreadful messroom you heard everything.

"What do you suppose it was then?" Mrs. Rankin said.

And Sutton, "Oh, I don't know. Something upset him."

"If he's going to be upset like that every time he'd better go home."

They were talking—she knew they were talking about John. "Hallo, Charlotte, we haven't left you much tea."

"It doesn't matter."

Her hunger left her suddenly. She stared with disgust at the remains of the tea the McClane Corps had eaten.

Sutton went on. "He hasn't been sleeping properly. I've made him go to bed."

"If you can keep him in bed for the duration of the war—"

"Are you talking about John?"

"We are."

"I don't know what you're driving at; but I suppose he was sick on that heastly battlefield. It's all very well for you two; you're a trained nurse and Billy's a surgeon. . . . You aren't taken that way when you see blood."

"Blood?" said Mrs. Rankin.

"Yes. Blood. He was perfectly all right yesterday."

Mrs. Rankin laughed. "Yesterday he couldn't see there was any danger. You could tell that by the idiotic things he said."

"I saw it. And if I could he could."

"Funny kid. You'd better get on with your tea. You'll be sent out again before you know where you are."

Charlotte is to see her lover actually running from danger and leaving her to face it alone and with a wounded man. He has gone into a house in search of a casualty:

Then she saw John come out of the door of the house and stand there, looking up and down the street. Once she saw him glance back over his shoulder at something behind him in the room. The same instant she heard the explosion and saw the shell burst in the middle of the street, not fifty yards from the ambulance. Half a minute after she saw John dash from the doorway and run, run at an incredible pace, towards his car. She heard him crank up the engine.

She supposed that he was going to hack towards the yard, and she wondered whether she could lift up the Belgian and carry him out. She stooped over him, put her hands under his armpits, raising him and wondering. Better not. He had a bad wound. Better wait for the stretcher.

She turned, suddenly, arrested. The noise she heard was not the grating noise of a car hacking, it was the scream of a car getting away; it dropped to a heavy whirr and diminished. She looked out. Up the road she saw John's car rushing furiously towards Ghent.

The Belgian had heard it. His eyes moved. Black hare's eyes, terrified. It was not possible, he said, that they had been left behind?

No, it was not possible. John had forgotten them; but he

would remember; he would come back. In five minutes. Seven minutes. She had waited fifteen.

There comes another time when Charlotte and Conway are in danger of being taken by the Germans. Conway wants to run, but Charlotte refuses to leave a desperately wounded Belgian. She insists that he be carried with them out of danger:

He lay on his side on the flagged floor of the kitchen. His shirt was ripped open, and in his white hack, below the shoulder blade, there was a deep red wound, like a pit, with a wide mouth, gaping. He was ugly, a Flamaud; he had a puffed face with pushed out lips and a scruf of red beard; but Charlotte loved him.

They carried him out through the wood on to the road. He lay inert, humped up, heavy. They had to go slowly, so slowly that they could see the wounded and the Red Cross men going on far before them, down the street.

The flagged road swayed and swung with the swinging hulge of the stretcher as they staggered. The shafts kept on slipping and slipping; her grasp closed, tighter and tighter; her arms ached in their sockets; but her fingers and the palms of her hands were firm and dry; they could keep their hold.

They had only gone a few yards along the road when suddenly John stopped and sank his end of the stretcher, compelling Charlotte to lower hers too.

"What did you do that for?"

"We can't, Charlotte. He's too damned heavy."

"If I can, you can."

He didn't move. He stood there, staring with his queer, hypnotized eyes at the man lying in the middle of the road, at the red pit in the white hack, at the wide, ragged lips of the wound, gaping.

"For goodness' sake pick him up. It isn't the moment for resting."

"Look here—it isn't good enough. We can't get him there in time."

"You're—you're not going to leave him?"

"We've got to leave him. We can't let the whole lot be taken just for one man."

"We'll be taken if you stand there talking."

He went on a step or two, slouching; then stood still, waiting for her, ashamed. He was changed from himself, seized and driven by the fear that had possessed the men in the plantation. She could see it in his retreating eyes.

She cried out—her voice sounded sharp and strange—"John—! You can't leave him."

The wounded man, who had lain inert, thinking that they were only resting, now turned his head at her cry. She saw his eyes shaking, palpitating with terror.

"You've frightened him," she said. "I won't have him frightened."

She didn't really believe that John was going. He went slowly, still ashamed, and stopped again and waited for her.

"Come back," she said, "this minute, and pick up that stretcher and get on."

"I tell you it isn't good enough."

"Oh, go then, if you're such a damned coward, and send Mac to me. Or Trixie."

"They'll have gone."

He was walking backwards, his face set towards the turn of the road.

"Come on, you little fool. You can't carry him."

"I can. And I shall, if Mac doesn't come."

"You'll be taken," he shouted.

"I don't care. If I'm taken, I'm taken. I shall carry him on my back."

While John still went backwards she thought: It's all right. If he sees I'm not coming he won't go. He'll come back to the stretcher.

But John had turned and was running.

Conway goes from bad to worse. Maddened by the revelation of his cowardice, he revenges himself on Charlotte by revealing her early love affair. McClane tells her why he had always mistrusted Conway. He knew him to be an out and out degenerate. "He suffered from some physical disability. . . . It went through everything. It made him so that he couldn't live a man's life. He was afraid to enter a profession. He was afraid of women." Then comes the end, so far as Conway is concerned. He is shot by the servant of a wounded man whom he is about to desert under fire:

"Billy—what did happen, really? Did he leave the German?"

"The German?"

"Yes. Was that why he shot him?"

"The German didn't shoot him. He was too far gone, poor devil, to shoot anybody. . . . It was the Belgian captain that he left. . . . He was lying there, horribly wounded. His servant was with him; they were calling out to Conway—"

"Calling to him?"

"Yes. And he was going all right when some shrapnel fell—a regular shower bath, quite near, like it did with you and me. That scared him and he just turned and ran. The servant shouted to him to stop, and when he wouldn't he went after him and put a bullet through his back."

"That Belgian boy?"

"Yes. I couldn't do anything. I had the German. It was all over in a second. . . . When I got there I found the Belgian standing up over him, wiping his bayonet with his pocket handkerchief. He said his rifle went off by accident."

"Couldn't it? Rifles do."

"Bayonets don't. . . . I suppose I could get him court-martialed if I tried. But I shan't. After all, it was his captain. I don't blame him, Charlotte."

It is a pitiful story and relentlessly told by an author who has something quite definite to say and who says it with all the vigor to which she has accustomed us.

THE ROMANTIC. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Experiments made in France have, it is reported, shown that the yellow and green colors possessed by the silk spun by certain caterpillars are due to coloring matter derived from the food and passed through the blood of the spinners. By impregnating leaves with artificial colors the experimenters caused some species of caterpillars to produce silk of bright orange-yellow and fine rose hues. By the aid of the spectroscope the presence and nature of colored pigments in the blood of the little creatures was established.

Last year the United States produced \$100,000,000 worth of rubber products.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending December 4, 1920, were \$138,000,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$175,600,000; a decrease of \$17,600,000.

The Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco gained \$13,804,000 in gold during the week, according to the statement of condition at the close of business on December 3d. The report shows a total gold reserve of \$177,700,000.

The panic of 1920 is the panic of 1907 over again with the exception that, through the offices of the Federal Reserve Board, there is an elasticity in our banking facilities that permits banks generally to go through the crisis without that sort of visible reflection of stress in the way of thousands of anxious depositors

them would be reaping a big loss instead of what they had reason to expect would have been a fair profit.

It entails considerable time and an immense amount of financial misfortune to shake the business of the country down to a secure level, and during the shaking-down process it is only natural that thousands of holders of securities should be seeking a market for them at any price obtainable.

We are now in the last stage, it is believed, of this development so far as the Stock Exchange is concerned, and November is the typical fall month for Stock Exchange prices to reach their lowest levels, from which at least we may reasonably look for a splendid recovery. There are some intimations that the decline may run into December, but it looks as if a great many important stocks may have seen their lowest for this year at least before the first of next month. And considering the safest things to buy we must certainly not overlook the good public utility issues which in the general smash in prices have gone down perhaps even in proportion with stocks of companies whose businesses have been declining and whose profits have been falling off and whose surpluses have been wiped out, whereas in the case of the public utilities these very things have meant increased buying power, increased profits, and a frightening future all around. And of course public utilities include the railroad stocks. When industrials are considered we should pay particular attention to those companies which cater to the public utilities, for we may look for an enormous amount of buying of equipment of various sorts during 1921.—*The Trader.*

Judge Gary's statement as to the Steel Corporation price policy is cryptic, to say the least. The corporation has its order books well filled and it is only the natural thing for its head to insist on maintenance of its price schedules so long as conditions remain unchanged. It is apparent enough that independent interests have altered their high ideas as to prices, which are so rapidly settling down to the Steel Corporation schedule that in order to keep plants going at all it is likely that even a few weeks or months at most will see the independents under-cutting the chief factor in the trade.

Since 1906 there has been an increase in the ingot capacity of the trade of at least 30,000,000 tons, or 130 per cent. It is admitted that with its enormous business and relatively small "overhead" the corporation can produce at a profit at selling levels that would bankrupt the independents if endured for long. There is enough steel business in the world to be done to keep our plants going at rather full capacity if the proper credit facilities were obtainable. Plans are forming for the organization of numbers of important companies under the Edge law whose sole purpose will be the fostering of international trade. This development will be watched with acute interest.

There is a fair business doing in copper now, and the turn in that market should come within ninety days, as perhaps in metals generally.

"Agricultural interests have finally come to see that the hanking and business situations are not such as to encourage the holding of commodities off the market in the hope of seeing prices rise. Deflation has been going on everywhere and prices for the products of farms and plantations have been going down in pace with the trend of prices for things mined or manufactured. Much short selling has taken place, but we may only look for short covering rallies in cotton and the grains.

Following the substantial upward movement which had prevailed without interruption since the middle of August, during the current month the trend of corporate and government bond prices has been downward, tax-exempt municipal and state securities constituting an exception to this general trend (says the National Bank of Commerce in New York). The downward movement would seem to be temporary in character. In some degree it reflects conditions in the stock market, where liquidation has been severe. It reflects, also, the continuation of high rates for money and the heavy volume of offerings of both domestic and foreign securities which have been marketed in recent months. New offerings continued in large amount into the current period, but have tended to diminish as bond prices have declined. There is, however, a very large financing still waiting a favorable market, and this factor may be expected to occasion future fluctuations, such as that now current, in the general upward movement of bond prices.

William Sproule, president of the Southern Pacific Company, has returned to San Francisco, after an absence in the East of thirty days or more. Coincident with his return, announcement was made from the New York offices of the company that the directors have decided upon a plan for separating the oil properties controlled by the company from the Southern Pacific railroad properties, pur-

suant to a declaration by the board of directors about a month ago that they had approved the principle of separating these properties, and called upon the executive committee of the company to submit a plan. Commenting on this plan, President Sproule said: "It is in the nature of a distribution to Southern Pacific stockholders of the oil properties that are now controlled by the Southern Pacific interest. After the plan takes effect, the Southern Pacific Company will cease to be interested in the oil business except as a purchaser of oil for fuel on the one hand and as a common carrier of oil on the other hand.

"In taking this action the company is simply responsive to the spirit of the times and the plan puts the properties in the possession of the stockholders as individuals, each stockholder being given the right to acquire a share in the oil properties to the same extent that he has a share in the railroad property.

"It will be observed that the new oil company will be known as the Pacific Oil Company. It will include the oil lands of the Southern Pacific Land Company, as stated in the announcement, and so much of the shares of the Associated Oil Company as the Southern Pacific now holds. The Associated Oil Company, however, and its subsidiary companies are separate entities, regardless of whether the Southern Pacific retains its stock or divests itself of its stock as now announced.

"The plan is intended to inure to the benefit of Southern Pacific stockholders and will place the majority stock of the Associated Oil Company in very strong hands for the purposes of the oil-producing and refining business in which that company is engaged."

South San Joaquin Irrigation District, San Joaquin County, California, is advertising for bids to be received on January 11, 1921, for \$180,000 South San Joaquin Irrigation District 3½ per cent. bonds, dated September 1, 1919, due serially 1950 to 1956.

These bonds are part of a total authorized issue of \$500,000 voted July 5, 1919, for general improvement purposes, of which \$200,000 were sold earlier this year at 102.40 and interest, or a 3.30 per cent. basis.

The South San Joaquin Irrigation District embraces an area of more than 71,000 acres, having a present estimated population of 8000, and includes the cities and towns of Manteca, Ripon, and Escalon. Dairying, alfalfa, fruits, almonds, vegetables for canning industries, and diversified general farming are the principal industries.

Bonds of this district are issued under the supervision and control of the state irrigation bond commission and are certified by the state to be legal for all funds which may be invested in county, city, or school district bonds. They are also eligible to secure public deposits in California banks and exempt from all Federal income taxes.

Cyrus Peirce, of Cyrus Peirce & Co., has just returned after six weeks spent in New York and Eastern financial centres. Discussing the situation throughout the country, Mr. Peirce said:

"The financial situation in the East seems to be slowly clarifying. It is generally believed that stock exchange liquidation has pretty well run its course. Shrinkages in certain industrial stocks have been very great. The *Wall Street Journal* printed a list of fifty prominent industrials which have shown a decrease in market value of two and a half billion dollars from the high point of a year ago to present quotations. This, of course, should be reflected by a large decrease in stock exchange loans. The general opinion is that money will work easier from now on.

"Deflation in commodity prices has been very great as far as the manufacturer and the wholesaler are concerned, but retail prices have not yet been adjusted to meet the new levels. This adjustment should take place to a large extent within the next sixty days.

"The financial institutions in our large centres have been preparing for a long while to meet present conditions and are generally in good condition. Some few bank failures have occurred in North Dakota and the Middle West, but they have been small institutions which are not members of the Federal Reserve System. For that reason no great significance is attached to this phase of the situation.

"One of the chief causes of stringency in the money market has been the fact that our surplus of exports over imports for the year ending July 1, 1919, was \$4,000,000,000 and for the year ending July 1, 1920, was \$3,000,000,000, making a total balance due us of approximately \$7,000,000,000. Of this amount only about half has been paid, which leaves approximately three and one-half billion dollars of credit in the hands of export houses, the foreign credit banks, and some of the large manufacturers. This amount can not be completely liquidated until the exchange situation is materially improved by the import of foreign goods as an offset, and of course this situation has been the cause of a good deal of financial pressure.

"Much of the decrease in price of indus-

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trial stocks has been caused by a fear which is not entirely warranted. Of course, these corporations must take a decrease in inventory value, but in most cases they have built up large surpluses during the last five years and such decreases in inventory can be written out of their surplus without in any way affecting the soundness of the company. If, for instance, a corporation has accumulated a surplus of \$100,000,000 in five years and must take a \$25,000,000 write-off at present—what of it? That is what the surplus is there for, and while of course it will decrease the value of the stock somewhat and while the earnings will necessarily be impaired during this readjustment period, there is no reason whatever to question the soundness of any such institution if well managed.

"The bankers of the East are meeting the situation in a very broad way, and it is their avowed intention to take care of every good company.

"Constructive financing is being done, as, for instance, during the last week of November it was announced a pool had been formed, to which the New York bankers contributed \$12,000,000, the Boston and Chicago bankers each \$8,000,000, and other bankers smaller amounts, to be used for loans to cattle breeders in order to prevent the necessity for the sacrifice of any of the breeding herds of the country. This is an example of the

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in line before paying tellers' windows of the country. The present panic has been striking every corner of our business world, and it is the exception where the individual of any means whatever has not been compelled to sell something against his will and at any price obtainable.

This, of course, is merely the aftermath of the period of riotous extravagance and exploitation of buying power which reached its height a year ago. The accumulated pyramids of fortune have vanished, and in many places great holes have been left representing deficits in place of surpluses. Mr. A. B. Hephurn, the veteran financier, says that "wholesale welching on contracts" has been mainly responsible for the embarrassments in our commercial business. Last year almost every line

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of business was invaded by a host of parvenues who floated to temporary success on the tide of rising prices. Their bank accounts were large and their successes seemed so real that it is not surprising that even rather conservative trade interests were found doing business with them on a large scale and on a credit basis. When prices began to crumble and the business of these parvenues began to show losses instead of profits, repudiation of contracts became the rule with most of them. They would say merely that they couldn't pay, and if their creditors wished their goods back they could have them; but, of course, in the meantime the prices of these goods had declined to such an extent as to mean that those who had sold

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breadth of vision that is being shown by the bankers of the country today."

State Mineralogist Fletcher Hamilton and W. W. Thayer, secretary of the mining bureau, recently returned from a two months' trip which covered every county in California, which was taken for the purpose of arousing the public to the necessity of actively and aggressively supporting the measures of relief for gold mining which are embodied in the McFadden bill. This bill was introduced but not acted upon by the last Congress, and provides for an excise tax of \$10 an ounce on new gold in manufactured articles.

At the present time mining costs, as well as all others, have increased over 100 per cent. as compared with 1914, yet the gold miner receives no more for his product than he ever did. If the gold output all went into the national reserve, or was used for monetary purposes, it might not be advisable to advocate this measure, but it so happens that at the present time every ounce of gold being produced in the United States is being absorbed by the arts and trades, and in addition this year \$30,000,000 worth of gold will have been drawn from the mint—over and above the nation's output—and used as a commodity. This means that the manufacturer using crude gold is being subsidized by the United States government; his raw material is made available in unlimited quantities at pre-war prices; his selling price can be fixed to suit his own convenience, and the gold miner pays the bill.

This situation has placed the gold miner in an untenable position, and the point has been reached where financial ruin is staring him in the face, if he has not already succumbed. "One appears to be traveling in the wake of a pestilence," said Mr. Hamilton, "in visiting the mining districts where the industry was founded which brought California into existence, and from whence Nature's golden harvest has been poured forth for the past seventy years. Towns and whole counties are being depopulated. Mines are being allowed to fill with water and mills and reduction plants are being abandoned to the elements."

The bureau officials conferred with business men and commercial organizations in every section visited, and they report that the sentiment is unanimous, among those who have any realization of the facts in the case that the gold industry should be given immediate relief, not as a philanthropic proposition, but as a matter of sound business. Without adequate relief, gold production will practically cease; without gold production, the nation's gold reserve—already dangerously low—will continue to shrink; and without a proper gold reserve, the "business depression" which even now exists would be followed by conditions of panic the final effects of which can not be foretold.

George H. Burr & Co. have the following

GEORGE H. BURR & CO.
Kohl Building San Francisco

wish to announce

that Mr. John S. Selfridge, formerly with Blyth, Witter & Co., is now associated with their Bond Department.

to say about the Chinese reorganization loan:

"The recent signing of the International Banking Consortium, under which the United States, England, France, and Japan will outline a comprehensive and constructive programme for the reorganization of taxation, currency reform, and public improvements of the Chinese Republic, and which will probably result ultimately in the flotation of a new Chinese loan in this country, has called the attention of the American investing public to the Chinese reorganization 5 per cent. loan of 1913, due 1960. These bonds in 1914 and 1915 sold at about \$92 per \$20 piece in the American market and the equivalent price in London and Paris. We offer these bonds, subject to change in price, at \$48 net flat per \$20 piece.

"We desire to impress on you the fact that the Chinese government has always met promptly the interest and sinking funds of its various loans.

"The above bonds are secured by the Chinese salt tax revenues and the Chinese maritime customs revenues, which are collected by representatives of the great powers and which last year, after the payment of all charges, amounted to over \$30,000,000 United States money.

"The interest on these bonds is payable in pounds, francs, or yen, and at the present time, if collected in sterling, the straight return on the money invested is over 7 per cent. and if collected in yen over 10 per cent.

"Beginning in 1924 a minimum of £245,940 bonds are called annually by operation of the sinking fund. With exchange at \$3 the call value of each \$20 piece or 505 franc piece is \$60, and each 50-cent advance in the value of the pound automatically increases the call value of each \$20 by \$10.

"We believe that a large market will ultimately be developed in this country for the above issue. The bonds have always been highly regarded in the United Kingdom and on the Continent. As this market develops and the sinking fund becomes active, we are of the opinion that the bonds will readily command a much higher price, which price will be further improved by any increase in the rate of sterling or French exchange.

"In view of the excellent opportunity for large profits, we believe an investment in these bonds is worthy of careful consideration."

E. H. Rollins & Sons are offering 7 per cent. bonds of the Balfour Building, Incorporated, at par.

This offering is of \$500,000 of a first closed mortgage issue of \$1,000,000. The capital stock is owned by Balfour, Guthrie & Co., one of the oldest commercial firms in San Francisco, and the Union Insurance Society of Canton, Limited, which is retaining \$500,000 of these bonds for its own investment.

Ninety per cent. of the space in the fifteen-story Balfour Building, at the southeast corner of California and Sansome Streets, has already been leased, and the earnings for 1921 are estimated at over twice bond interest and over one and one-half times bond interest and serial payments. The appraisement of the lot by Thomas Magee and the construction cost of the building total \$2,100,000, showing an equity in the property above the bond issue of 100 per cent.

Stephens & Co. are offering Sacramento and San Joaquin Drainage District Feather River Project No. 7 (California) 7 per cent. warrants to yield 8½ per cent. These warrants are drawn by the state controller on order of the state reclamation board and payable by the treasurer of the State of California out of Sacramento and San Joaquin Drainage District Federal River Assessment No. 7.

The above project comprises a total of some 35,000 acres of agricultural lands in Sutter and Yuba counties with an assessed valuation approximating \$1,750,000, against which warrants in a total amount approximating \$375,000 will be issued. The purpose of the issue is to provide payment for flood control levees on both sides of Feather River. The approximate per acre estimated value is \$100, the assessed value \$50, and the debt \$11.

The validity of the Reclamation Board Act has been upheld by the Supreme Court of California and the legality of the warrants approved by Messrs. Goodfellow, Eells, Moore & Orrick of San Francisco.

According to estimates of the reclamation board as stipulated in the construction contract the assessment roll will be completed and filed with the board by May 1, 1922.

Charles A. Warren & Co. own and offer \$250,000 8 per cent. accumulated preferred stock and \$125,000 common stock of the Columbia Feature Photo-Plays, Incorporated, of San Francisco. The company is incorporated under the laws of the State of California. Preferred stock, non-assessable, at par value of shares \$50 each and sold in units two shares of preferred stock and one share of common stock, par value \$150. Cost of unit \$100, and sold on easy terms.

Charles A. Warren & Co. say: "In offering the preferred stock of the Columbia Feature Photo-Plays, Incorporated, 8 per cent. cumu-

lative preferred stock with a bonus of common stock, to the investors of San Francisco and environs, we believe that we are doing a twofold service in that we are offering an investment which we expect to pay a good return, and at the same time we are doing San Francisco a service by bringing here a permanent producing company which will undoubtedly be the forerunner of many more like organizations. San Francisco capital is now being largely invested in providing studio facilities, but it will require producing concerns to make the studio investments profitable. The Columbia Feature Photo-Plays, Incorporated, presents a proposition to San Francisco investors which is a well-rounded-out enterprise. It has the star, experienced management, the stories, the director, the release, and fully equipped studio for the finished production. Thus nothing is left to chance or the future. No motion-picture enterprise which has had the foregoing combination has ever been other than a financial success."

Among those participating in the offer of \$25,000,000 Consolidated Gas Company of New York one-year secured 8 per cent. gold notes is the Freeman, Smith & Camp Company. These coupon notes are in denominations of \$1000, dated December 1, 1920, and interest, payable June 1 and December 1, 1921.

Direct obligation of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York and secured by pledge with the trustees of \$34,000,000 par value capital stock of the New York Edison Company, the present annual dividends upon which alone exceed the amount required for interest on these notes.

The large equity over and above the funded debt is represented by \$100,000,000 par value common capital stock outstanding. The company has paid dividends on its stock continuously for over thirty-five years, the present rate being 7 per cent. per annum.

Gross earnings for the year ending October 31, 1920, exceeded \$79,000,000, of which 57 per cent. was derived from the electric business.

The company and its subsidiaries do practically all of the gas, electric light, and power business of Manhattan, and a large part of Bronx, Queens, and Westchester counties. Population served, over 4,000,000.

A syndicate headed by E. H. Rollins & Sons, Cyrus Peirce & Co., and Bonbright & Co. is offering at 100 and interest \$1,500,000 par value Great Western Power Company of California general mortgage convertible 8 per cent. bonds. This is the second series of a total issue of \$5,000,000, of which the first \$3,500,000 was offered with great success last August. Local investors will remember that the first offering was entirely absorbed within a very few days. This second series closes the general mortgage.

These bonds are all to be called by lot within the next ten years at 105 and interest. When the bond is called the holder may, if he wishes, convert it, par for par, into first and refunding mortgage Series B 7s, due 1950, receiving a cash bonus of 5 per cent. Thus an investment in this issue gives a yield of from 8.35 per cent. to 10.75 per cent. (according to the year in which the bond is called by lot) and in addition carries with it an extremely valuable conversion privilege whereby the bondholder may obtain a long-term, 7 per cent. underlying bond on favorable terms.

This issuance of the second series has been authorized by the California state railway commission to reimburse the treasury for expenditures already made on the Great Western Power distributing system and to provide funds for additions and betterments to this system during the next year. This financing marks another step in the development of California hydro-electric power resources, upon which development the industrial and agricultural progress of this state is to such a great extent dependent.

An issue of \$1,189,150 worth of bonds, obligations of the famous Glenn-Colusa Irrigation District, is being offered at a price to yield 6.50. This is a serial issue, the bonds maturing from January 1, 1925 to 1934, and the issue has been validated by the superior court of Glenn County.

More than 100,000 acres are in this district, with a bonded debt of \$2,587,000, or a little more than \$25 an acre. The assessed value of real property in this district is over \$6,000,000, with an estimated actual value of more than \$12,000,000.

This irrigation district is approximately in the centre of the Sacramento Valley, which is noted for the variety of crops.

The soil of the district is described in the government soil report as willow clay adobe, willow clay loam, and river loam. Rice, barley, wheat, maize, corn, and alfalfa are the principal crops. The live stock census shows in the district approximately 86,000 sheep, 14,000 hogs, and 4200 head of cattle.

Funds derived from the sale of these bonds are to be used to acquire a canal system and to reconstruct and enlarge the water ways. The issue is placed on the market by a syndi-

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cate headed by the Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company, and composed of the bond department of the Anglo and London Paris National Bank, Frank & Lewis, and Carstens & Earles.

Mr. H. H. Macdonald, who is regarded as one of the ablest financial writers on the Pacific Coast, has recently been made associate editor of the *Coast Banker*. Mr. Macdonald is probably best known through his articles in the *San Francisco Chronicle* while he was financial editor of that paper.

Spain is said to have nearly a quarter of a million heggars.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Tahiti Days.

This is the title of a book about Tahiti by a British officer who made a pretty comprehensive tour over the islands about Tahiti during the days when influenza was carrying off the unresisting natives by the thousand. This phase, however, plays but a small part in the book, the author, Hector MacQuarrie by name, having gone to those regions in search of health, and seeking a cheerful atmosphere determinedly.

Eventually he ended up at Tahiti during the height of the epidemic, organized a hospital and a hospital staff, and made a desperate attempt to save lives. It is a pitiful record, this, of the childlike fatalism with which the natives yielded to the idea of death, but the last but one chapter is the only sad one. The remainder of the book pictures the primitive natives, their simple joy in living, and the ready hospitality which they always offer to the deified white man. The author is rather indiscreet in the masculine unreserve he displays in his revelation of the joyous immoralities of the natives and half-breeds. He even mentions names, seeming not to realize that books about the once happy isle are handed about by the educated half-breeds and whites and pretty generally commented on, their authors, when too indiscreet, as in the present case, being apt to incur the reprobation and animosity of their former friends.

Mr. MacQuarrie looks at the matter entirely from the masculine point of view. For from the men the natives make no concealment of their primitive animalism, while, with a sort of artless instinct, practicing a decided reserve with the white women who visit the island.

Mr. MacQuarrie's book contains a number of true stories of island romances between the natives and descriptions of life and character types in the neighboring Society Islands. There is a chapter given to a description of the religious rite of walking on the white-hot stones, the author having joined in the rite and come off unscathed, but unable to explain the true inwardness of the immunity from being burned.

Also he gives a minute description of pearl diving as practiced at the island of Hikueru, speaking with all the more authority from having himself worn diver's spectacles and dived into some of the caverns of the reef, in order to observe the wonderful beauties of the under-sea gardens of nature.

The merit of "Tahiti Days" is its readable quality, its South Sea atmosphere, and the joy conveyed by the author in his pleasant experiences. The book is handsomely printed and freely illustrated from photographs, although the pictures are of mediocre quality.

TAHITI DAYS. By Hector MacQuarrie. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Puritan and Pagan.

Imitation may be the most genuine form of compliment, but it is one of the unhappiest means to use in the practice of any art, if for no other reason than that it invites comparison.

That the author of "Puritan and Pagan" is a student of Henry James one only guesses from the frequent—all too frequent—repetition of some of the master's pet terms. The recurrence of the word "fairly"—never used by James but in the most delicately exact sense—leaps at the hapless reader from well-nigh every page. He becomes morbidly sensitive, develops prescience, learns to brace himself—teeth on edge—and rush past the

odious adverb. Truly that disagreeable exercise is the chief impression he carries away from the book.

But there is a secondary impression. It is that Miss Corbett has chosen her title, then written her thesis, supplying enough and just enough characters, incidents, etc.—not the happiest way to write a book. She has determined that it will be a psychological thesis and accordingly sets herself to analyze and diagnose the mental states of her four victims. Such a study, if accurately done, would have been interesting reading—though far from being a novel—if the types selected had been interesting. As it is, they are three variations of that most familiar of all psychological make-ups, the artistic temperament.

If there is a third impression, it is an unpleasant consciousness of the labels attached to the three principal puppets. They are as unwearied in displaying their own labels as in indicating those of their friends. In short, they wear their "Puritan" or "Pagan" labels on their sleeves, in lieu of the hearts it behooves a novelist to supply in order to turn puppets into persons.—R. G.

PURITAN AND PAGAN. By Elizabeth Corbett. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

When Stevenson landed in Samoa one of the first persons to meet him was the Rev. W. E. Clarke, who introduced himself to "R. L. S." and soon became his best friend in "the Islands." Stevenson frequently visited Mr. Clarke in his home at Apia and sometimes accompanied him on his missionary journeys. Mr. Clarke was with Stevenson at the time of his death; he made the funeral address in the Samoan language on the mountain-top where the author of "Treasure Island" was buried. Out of his intimate knowledge Mr. Clarke has written for the January *Yale Review* his memories of "R. L. S." and his household in Samoa. He gives several characteristic letters from Stevenson which have never before been published.

Some one told Carlyle that Margaret Fuller had decided to accept the universe, to which Carlyle responded: "Gad, she'd better!" John Burroughs uses the phrase "Accepting the Universe" as the title of his new volume of essays upon philosophical subjects, published by the Houghton Mifflin Company.

It is definitely announced that Gilbert K. Chesterton will pay his first visit to the United States in January for the purpose of lecturing.

In "Italy and the World War," his book of revelations which has just been published by Charles Scribner's Sons, Thomas Nelson Page, former United States Ambassador to Italy, devotes considerable space to a defense of Italy's motives in the great conflict. Mr. Page's ambassadorship covered the entire period of the war and he writes of personal observation and experience.

A personal record of uncommon value in its picture of some of the backgrounds of this changing day is "Diplomatic Reminiscences Before and During the World War, 1911-1917," by A. Nekudoff, which has just been brought out by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Trick Horses.

It is not always wise to teach a horse to play tricks, as is proved by a story told by an English army officer.

John Leech's inimitable circus borse that insisted on sitting down with his rider whenever he heard a band play was the prototype of a horse belonging to an officer who, in a weak moment, had taught it to rear up and "salzam" whenever he leaned forward to make a bow.

It was all very pretty when the officer was out riding and met any lady of his acquaintance, but it became a nuisance when he was out pig-sticking in India. He would lean forward to meet the rush of a charging boar with his spear—up would go the beast on end just at the moment when the man's safety depended on his taking a true and deadly aim with his spear point. The consequence was that the animal's hind legs showed many scars from boars' tusks, and he was lucky that he did not end his career with his body ripped open.

The officer had, too, at one time a fine but somewhat nervous charger. One day on a parade the mount suddenly gave way with the officer and quietly lay down. The rider thought for a moment he was ill, but on rousing him he immediately sprang to his feet again, quite fit and well. A week or so later when riding with a friend they stopped for a moment to admire the view, when down the horse went. It was evident to the officer that he had been trained to lie down at a given signal, but the man never could discover for the life of him what that signal was.

Potatoes will cost more than they are worth to transport three hundred miles under the new freight rates in Canada. Then there is the cost of getting them to the consumer. The answer would appear to be, "Raise your potatoes where you are."

AN AMERICAN FINANCE ORPHANAGE.

The establishing by means of American funds of a home in England for British boys orphaned through the war, the sons of British navy and army heroes, puts a new link in the chain of international friendship that binds us to those of our own strain across the sea.

The orphan home financed by America is at Reading, forty miles from London. It is an "adopted" home, the National Allied Relief Committee through its English representatives deciding, after much searching and many investigations, to take over what is known as the St. Andrew's Home of the Waifs and Strays Society of England, an institution already equipped, perfectly fitted for their purposes. It would have been a year or more at the least before there could have been built and fitted out such a building. The St. Andrew's Home, "ready made," is ideal, and the offer of the Waifs and Strays Society to turn it over was gladly accepted.

Colonel the Honorable Arthur C. Murray is chairman of the British Management Committee of the National Allied Relief Committee; Major the Honorable J. J. Astor, treasurer; Evelyn Wrench of the English-Speaking Union, secretary, and Lieutenant-Colonel A. S. Cleaver, Robert Grant, Jr., G. Mills McKay, and James Van Allen Shields its other members. The new orphanage will be under its direction and under the protection of the British Ministry of Education.

At the meeting at the Savoy Hotel formally founding this American orphanage in England, America's memorial to British heroes, the check for its carrying on was presented by John Moffat, who had brought it from America. Only a few days before Mr. Moffat was received at Buckingham Palace and decorated as commander of the Order of the British Empire, King George tendering him the thanks of the British people for his work for the Allies during the war.

The new orphans' home will care for forty-eight boys. Its purpose will be to develop them into strong, upright, and efficient Britishers. The home that American funds are paying for is a picturesque old gray stone building, with lawn, playgrounds, and garden space.

The boys attend the public schools in Reading, and also receive all necessary home training at the hands of Head Master J. G. Churchill, who holds a lieutenant's commission in the British army, and Mrs. Churchill, who is matron of the home. The boys are also attached as a cadet corps to the Berkshire Infantry Regiment, which gives them both military and physical training.

The National Allied Relief Committee, Inc., sponsors of this new movement, is made up of Americans who from the early days of the war saw a great duty lying before them. It is composed of New Yorkers who have traveled widely, know the countries abroad and have many close friends in them. As a body it saw the needs of England and France as if it were actually on the ground. During the war it sent over many hundreds of thousands of dollars—hundreds of thousands of pounds, indeed—for relief of the Allies. When war came to an end it found its work must be continued.

Church on Wheels.

The Pilgrim Fathers established the right of man to worship as he pleases. Since then a whole lot of other fathers have assumed the right of man to worship when he pleases. And that is very seldom, indeed. Kansas City, Missouri, has its church problem, like every other American city. It has been estimated conservatively that about one-third of its population of more than 300,000 attend normally.

It was to raise such low averages that the Rev. Charles E. Draper came forward with a scheme of "The Church on Wheels." He is pastor of the Martha Slavons Memorial Methodist Church, which stands in a thickly populated part of Kansas City's residence district. His active congregation, even his summer congregation, is by no means the smallest in town. But it wasn't large enough for the Rev. Mr. Draper.

Motor-cars—Sundays—touring—church attendance. There was the association of ideas and a possible solution! Dr. Draper assembled the men of his congregation and expounded his idea. They were all for it. At the morning service the important part motor-cars were to play in the evening prayer-meeting was explained.

At 8 o'clock that night the members of the congregation drove up to the church in their motor-cars. They didn't park and alight, for they beheld Dr. Draper, their pastor, standing erect in the tonneau of his car, which was stationed beside the church in a large vacant lot. The pastor smiled and bowed his greeting, signaled, and a corps of assistants suddenly were changed into temporary traffic patrolmen, directing the cars into a semi-circular formation about the automobile of the pastor.

The families sat, obviously delighted with

the comfort of their mobile pews. The dignity of the assemblage was perfectly preserved and there were no late-comers. More than fifty cars were parked in the lot and at the curbs. Their occupants accorded close attention as the preacher launched into his sermon.

"To serve a modern world, so must a church be modern," Dr. Draper began. "This is my 'Church on Wheels.' Many churches, you know, have been racing their engines and just burning up gas," he continued. "It's time to stop this."

"The Church on Wheels" appears to be an established institution. Services were announced immediately for the succeeding Sunday. And it is planned that they continue until indoor weather comes on.

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West Wind Drift.

Since the days in 1719, when Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" startled an admiring world, shipwrecks on desert islands and the events consequent on such catastrophes have been a favorite source of plot material for authors of the adventure story. That the topic is a favorite one with Mr. McCutcheon we know of yore from "Nedra." Many are the six-reeled thrillers owing inspiration to "Nedra."

Mr. McCutcheon is to be commended on his latest variation of the shipwreck melodrama in that it is a variation from the version most popular on the screen—that of one man and one woman being miraculously saved and cast upon opposite rims of the same island. In "West Wind Drift" the author is kinder hearted, and saves practically all on board, several hundred men, women, and children.

Critically speaking, the book is not a novel in any sense of the word. A novel is a three-dimensional sort of thing, and "West Wind Drift" is a linear, strictly. It is a prolonged tale of the Picaresque type best rendered in about a third of the length given to the present volume. In another form of art, the string of incidents that carry the yarn to its improbable end would make a good libretto for a musical comedy of the Gilbert and Sullivan type. But the author missed his chance and dressed his story in the serious garb of a novel. There is not a light touch in the book. Instead of using his comic-opera setting for the nonsensical romance it deserved, Mr. McCutcheon builds a modern Utopia. The book should be immensely popular with socialists of the old-fashioned order. Viewed from another angle, the narrative of the adventures that befell the doomed *Doraine* and its passengers from the date of sailing literally up to the present moment would, if more succinctly told, and shorn of its sentimentalism and civic moralizing, have made a first-rate salt yarn of the sort Joseph Conrad writes so inimitably. But Conrad never makes the mistake of novelizing a yarn.

If "West Wind Drift" had been told as a sailor's yarn one would swallow the improbable ending with a grin. As it is the reader wonders whence Mr. McCutcheon derives his omniscience. Since the author presumably took as his point of departure the name of a ship mined in the early days of the war—a ship that sailed and was never heard of again—he can not end his story with a happy rescue. So much is obvious. But the alternative of leaving his people on the island evidently "for good" is a false note as far as verisimilitude goes. How in the world does the writer know the fate of the *Doraine*? That is a question that would not disturb the equilibrium of a salt yarn, but it sets the structure of "West Wind Drift" toppling. No.

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one must either conform to the canons of serious art or else proclaim one's tale frankly as a riot of imagination. The fault of "West Wind Drift" is that it is neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring.—R. G.

WEST WIND DRIFT. By George Barr McCutcheon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Inevitable.

At a time when we have learned to look upon marriage as a civil contract and upon divorce as its cancellation it is almost disconcerting to find a novel of the first class based on the idea that marriage is actually an indissoluble union unaffected by decrees or by physical separation. Such is the text on which Mr. Couperus builds his fabric of fiction.

The heroine is Baroness Cornélie de Retz Van Loo, a beautiful young woman who has divorced her decidedly earthy husband. Cornélie leaves her home in The Hague and goes to live in Rome, where she follows her own life free from the censorious tongues of the ultra moral. She becomes a feminist and even writes a pamphlet on "The Social Position of the Divorced Woman."

Then Duco Van der Staal comes on the scene. Duco is a dreamer and a painter, and the two young people drift into a friendship. Cornélie is not artistic, but she has an immense curiosity about art, and Duco, on his part, is curious about the feminist point of view and somewhat disapproving. Friendship soon becomes something warmer, and the author devotes some of his finest chapters to a description of the almost idyllic union of Cornélie and Duco.

But financial stringencies compel the young people to separate. Cornélie takes a position as companion to a wealthy and eccentric old lady in whose drawing-room she meets her former husband, Rudolf Brox. He is just as domineering, just as earthy, as ever, but at once Cornélie begins to feel the old spell. Marriage has meant a mateship between them that divorce can not destroy. She tries to break the spell by returning to Duco, but in her heart she knows that it can not be broken, and so the "inevitable" happens and Cornélie surrenders.

We need not discuss the accuracy of the author's theory. The reader may do that for himself. Nor can there be any discussion of the surprising skill with which the author fills his stage. There is Urania Hope, the daughter of the Chicago manufacturer, who becomes the Princess Forte-Braccio. There is her husband and his father, representative of the ancient Italian aristocracy, and the Marchesa Belloni, who keeps a boarding-house in Rome and spreads her nets for heiresses on a commission basis, and a dozen others. All are distinctive portraits, all playing their part in the development of the central theme, that marriage is indissoluble. The work of translation has been finely done by Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

THE INEVITABLE. By Louis Couperus. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$2.

The Age of Innocence.

Readers who are tired of the novel that reforms, that pleads, and that predicts may always turn for relief to Mrs. Wharton, who is content to show us what we are without imploring us to be something different. And with what artistry she does it, with what calm and pitiless satire. The war has swept away the remnants of that exclusive aristocratic New York of the 'seventies that she draws for us. At least we like to say that it has, in spite of some sporadic efforts to revive it. But we remember well the fortress of caste that placidly ignored the human race, following its own amazing ritual of propriety with a portentous solemnity, starving its soul with social formulas, bending in abject obedience to the society hierophants who could loose or bind, admit or exclude, with a handshake or a dinner card. When the Countess Olenska on her return to New York is halted in the twilight zone because of an unfortunate matrimonial adventure it is only necessary that the Van der Luydens of Skuytercliff shall invite her to dinner and the walls of the society Jericho fall before her. Newland Archer, who may be said to be the pitiful little hero of the story, sometimes deviates into the semblance of a human being, occasionally glances over the fence of the society Eden, but he is securely anchored by his wife, who would be a good woman if only she had the faintest conception that she could be anything else, that any other life existed than the life of ceremonialism.

It is well that we should have a record of this amazing aristocracy. It played its part and was submerged by the realities of which it never dreamed. Mrs. Wharton writes of it, not as the curious observer, but as the participant. She portrays the actors and the atmosphere, and she does it with all the faultless skill to which she has accustomed us.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE. By Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The New Decameron.

This is a second volume of stories by various writers, lightly strung together, nearly all

of them of the sensational order and among the best of their kind. The only advice that can be given to their clever perpetrators is to get out into the sunshine and into a world of which plot and intrigue are not the main ingredients. There is such a world.

THE NEW DECAMERON. Volume II. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

God in the Thickest.

The worship of the god Pan has fallen somewhat into disesteem these later days, but none the less it still has its votaries. Mr. C. E. Lawrence in his quite unusual book tells us of Jan Aylmer, who was driven out of his home town because he derided the music produced by the mayor on his tin whistle. Moreover, the irate people broke the strings of his harp.

And so Jan, lying in the forest and tending his wounds, is visited by the Butterfly people, and one of their number, Daphne, takes a ribbon from her breast and ties it to his harp. But they are inconsequential and frivolous and with the "laughter that is less than happiness" and they go their way. Then come Colin the Wanderer and Dindo, and they make Pan known to him. Pan is a rather terrible god unless he can be charmed into friendliness, and those who deny him, which no wise man will do, are likely to regret it. Pan, says Colin, will never depart from this earth "while there remains a green thicket, a fringed pool, and a woman to be captured. He will never die while girlhood lasts."

The author is to be complimented on a fine and delicate piece of work, as all work must be that opens to us the doors of fairyland.

THE GOD IN THE THICKEST. By G. E. Lawrence. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.

Sweet Rocket.

Mary Johnston has become a mystic, and naturally she finds it hard enough to explain herself to those who are not mystics. She may even be laughed at, but then that is usually the fate of mystics.

"Sweet Rocket" is a rather thin narrative used for the presentation of a philosophy. Richard Linden, who is blind, lives on an old Southern plantation with Marget Land, the daughter of the former overseer. Various friends visit them and the conversation turns constantly to the life behind nature and to the abnormal human faculties by which it may be known. A strong dramatic touch is introduced by the story of the ex-soldier who has a sort of vision while he is lying on the ground wounded and remembers that the dying German by his side was his brother in a former life. It is to be hoped that Miss Johnston will continue to write mystic stories, no matter how the Philistines may smile. She does it better than any other writer now alive.

SWEET ROCKET. By Mary Johnston. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Brief Reviews.

"Boys' Book of Model Boats," by Raymond Francis Yates (Century Company), tells everything that any boy need know about making model boats and the motors to run them with—a book to stir the blood. Every detail is illustrated.

Dr. J. Godfrey Raupert has written a little volume entitled "Jesus of Nazareth. Who Was He: The Answer of History and Reason." It is published by the Marshall Jones Company. Price, \$1.50.

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She pours forth heedlessly an unlimited amount of extraneous detail, but she has plainly had ample experience of Continental life, and presents her data vividly enough.

While she is rather too sentimental in her portraiture of "Kissy," the youthful derelict whose misadventures win sympathy instead of condemnation, she unquestionably lends a life-likeness to her pictures of the Parisian "hotel" and the "Madame" who presides over it, as well as its mutually frowzy inmates.

"The Counsel of the Ungodly" calmly deals in the improbable, by changing a ruined but polished worldling into a butler and transforming the daughter of illiteracy and wealth into a polished lady of society. The book is mere froth, but it is gracefully written, the author knowing how to render social atmosphere.

THE BROKEN LAUGH. By May Villars. New York: Robert M. McBride.

THE COUNSEL OF THE UNGODLY. By Charles Brackett. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Pengard Awake.

"Pengard Awake" is a new novel with a proud literary ancestry—Du Maurier, R. L. S., the late William De Morgan. If "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is the first comparison, it is not a lasting one, for Stevenson dwelt on the mystery of dual personality, and as for "Trilby" and "The Martians," well, Du Maurier dwelt on its mysticism. But the new novel on abnormal psychology is reminiscent of De Morgan, both in its theme and in the lovable quality of its characters. Not that "Pengard Awake" is a plagiarism—far from it. It is probably the best thing of the sort since De Morgan, and therefore it recalls him.

It is a relief to read a modern novel whose characters are people, and not types as uninteresting as a sign-post or a museum exhibit—if the novel is "psychological"—and as convincing as tinted paper-dolls if it is intended for a novel of manners. The characters of "Pengard Awake" live and breathe and have their being in the kindly, delicate fancy of Ralph Straus, and their images are directly cast on one's own imagination. No need to memorize tricks, or traits, or names. You know and love Babette, Lucius Arne, Rosamund, and Sir Robert Graeme, with all their faults and foibles.

It is natural that the principal character, John Pengard, alias Hartley Sylvester, really

Captain John Mathieson, is the least vivid of all. Mr. Straus' handling of the two personalities caused by Mathieson's split memory is masterly. They are alike and they are not alike. They have a haziness of character in odd contrast to the vivid normal human beings about them—or him. Like Pengard's friends, the reader is constantly trying to focus the unpleasant Hartley and pleasant Pengard as one man. It is baffling.

Despite a heavy scientific ballast that might have overweighted it, "Pengard Awake" is a novel of marked breadth, artistry, and verisimilitude. As in De Morgan's charming "Somehow Good" the scientific treatment of the hero's malady adds to, rather than detracts from, its quality.

PENGARD AWAKE. By Ralph Straus. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.

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THE SKYLINE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. By L. W. Smith and E. V. Hathaway. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
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HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE. By Max Beerbohm. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$7.
Some memories of him and his art.

MOON-CALF. By Floyd Dell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
A novel.

THE LIBERAL COLLEGE. By Alexander Meiklejohn. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.
Issued in the Amherst Books.

BLACK BARTLEMY'S TREASURE. By Jeffery Farrol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
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WINSOME WINNIE. By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Company.
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DIPLOMATIC REMINISCENCES BEFORE AND DURING THE WORLD WAR. By A. Nekudoff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

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THE ENCHANTED FOREST. By William Bowen. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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UNCLE MOSES. By Sholom Asch. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50.

A novel.

IN CLAY AND BRONZE. By Brinsley MacNamara. New York: Brentano's.

A novel.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, MAN OF GOD. By John Wesley Hill. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A religious character sketch and biography.

THE MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR AT STYLES. By Agatha Christie. New York: John Lane Company.
A detective story.

THE STORY OF A FORTUNATE YOUTH. By Jean Kenyon Mackenzie. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press; \$1.25.

Chapters from the biography of an elderly gentleman.

HOMESPUN AND GOLD. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.
Short stories of New England life.

MR. DIMOCK. By Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.

A novel.

THE DAME SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE AND OTHER PAPERS. By Samuel McChord Crothers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.

A volume of essays.

L'ETAT DE GUERRE AND PROJET DE PAIX PERPETUELLE. By Jean-Jacques Rousseau. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Two essays. With introduction and notes by Shirley G. Patterson.

THE BOOK OF JOB. By Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph. D., LL. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$4.

A commentary and a new translation.

ITALY AND THE WORLD WAR. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A story of the period covered by Mr. Page's ambassadorship.

THE NEW WORLD OF SCIENCE. Edited by Robert M. Yerkes. New York: The Century Company.

An account of American scientific achievements under pressure of war.

RELIGION AND HEALTH. By James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., Sc. D. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$2.25.

The elements of the relationship.

SNOWDROP AND OTHER TALES. By the Brothers Grimm.

HANSEL AND GRETEL AND OTHER TALES. By the Brothers Grimm. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$5 each volume.

Illustrated by Arthur Rackham.

THUCYDIDES. With an English translation by Charles Forster Smith. In four volumes. Volume II.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES. With an English translation by Bernadotte Perrin. In eleven volumes. Volume IX.

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Issued in the Loeb Classical Library.

A college professor was refused the hand in marriage of a Chicago girl because the father declared that this was the age of industry, not of learning, and that he wanted his daughter to marry some one who could provide her with motor-cars, theatres, and other luxuries.

A newspaper service has established a new air record. One of its men has flown from London to Paris and has written a story of the trip while in the air, flying a hundred miles an hour at the time. The story was 3000 words in length.

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A HADEN EXHIBIT.

On Monday next the Print Rooms will place on exhibition a group of etchings of more than ordinary importance. The exhibition will consist of one hundred and twenty etchings, drypoints, and mezzotints by the late Sir Francis Seymour Haden, the collection having the unique distinction of being Haden's personal collection of his own prints, selected and retained by him during his lifetime.

Haden died in 1910 and this group has remained in the possession of his estate until this summer, when it was decided to place them on the market. The Print Rooms entered into competition with the print buyers of London, Paris, and New York, and finally obtained the entire collection, which will be open for public exhibition on Monday, December 13th, for two weeks.

Haden is recognized as one of five immortals of the print world, and together with Durer and Rembrandt, Meryon and Whistler, holds a supreme place in the hearts of the print-loving public. He found painter-etching almost unknown, a vague tradition of the seventeenth century, and it is in a great measure due to him that in his own country the Association of Painter-Etchers has been raised to the dignity of a British Royal Society, the equal in rank of such an institution as the Royal Academy of Art. Instances are not rare of men who, having utterly failed in one career, have afterward succeeded in one totally different. But for a busy surgeon first to achieve eminence in his own profession, and then, comparatively late in life, to take up painter-etching, the most difficult of all the graphic arts, and in it to produce work which ranks him throughout Europe and America as the greatest landscape etcher of all time, is only another proof that genius is not tied down by ordinary limitations.

Admitting that Seymour Haden was a born artist, richly endowed with the creative faculty, how was it that he also became the superb technician that he is? It came to him through long, hard, earnest study and practice. He studied the best models—Rembrandt's etchings above all. But even before he began to form his unsurpassed collection

of the old masterpieces it was his custom to borrow a portfolio of such etchings from his favorite London dealer, and carrying home such treasures he would sit up at night with them, not only delighting in their beauty, as other amateurs do, but also studying and analyzing the method and technic of each master. Then, after long practice in drawing, he himself began to etch.

One thinks of Haden as generally out of doors, with copper plate and needle ever ready to hand, for he was essentially an open-air etcher, and the freedom, spontaneity, and breadth of his draftsmanship are as characteristic of him as the certainty of his touch and the variety of his line. Without being original in the sense that Rembrandt and Whistler, his young brother-in-law, were original, Haden's personality was so strong that it stamped itself upon his plates. It must have been exceedingly difficult at a time when Whistler had done his immortal Thames etchings for an artist of lesser originality, albeit a master, to etch the charming "Harry Kelley's" and yet remain entirely himself. Greater still is his achievement in the noble "Breaking Up of the Agamemnon," with its splendid sky, one of the finest down-river etchings ever done. But the countryside was Haden's happiest etching ground, and he was never so easy as when drawing trees or river banks where trees and rushes grow, since, like Turner, he loved nature. One sees his delight in water with reflected shadows in the charming "Water Meadow" with its rainy sky, a plate that Haden himself confessed to liking, "which," he added, "was saying a great deal"; also in the serenely beautiful "Sunset in Ireland," with the drypoint's tone of richness and mystery of the large "Shere Mill Pond"; and in the attractively sketched little "Kilgaren Castle," and in that happy piece of drypoint, "The Little Boathouse."

It is a distinct triumph for San Francisco that this deservedly world-famous collection of etchings has been procured for this community, and is but another evidence of the determination on the part of her citizens to make San Francisco a real art centre, gathering here examples of the supreme art of all periods and places.

Postage Wasted.

There is one source of revenue to the government of which but few persons are aware—that proceeding from the large number of stamps that are wasted by the people.

There are two ways in which the government profits by the carelessness and ignorance of the public. In the first place many stamps are destroyed. This means a profit to the Postoffice Department of many thousands of dollars a year; how much can not be estimated, for there is no means of getting figures, except by elaborate and untrustworthy calculation. A person carries stamps in his pockets until they are so worn that he does not dare to use them. In point of fact anything that looks like a good stamp, no matter if it is somewhat mutilated, is passed by the clerks, just as a dilapidated bank note is good if there is enough of it to show what it is. Wear and dirt can not, without almost destroying the stamp, give it the look of one that has been canceled. Yet few persons will put a damaged stamp on a letter. Besides, many stamps are lost or destroyed entirely and the government makes a clear gain.

The other source of loss to the individual by which the government profits is the number of stamps that are wasted in excess postage. People who have not a five-cent stamp put three two-cent stamps on foreign letters, thus making the Postoffice Department a present of 1 cent. Domestic mail, too, is frequently overstamp. Enough money is wasted in this way to provide thousands of inexpensive letter scales.

Moreover, few persons know anything about the rates for newspapers and think that because a newspaper rolls into such a solid bundle it costs a great deal to send. So they go on overpaying the postage.

On the other hand much matter is underpaid. Here the government loses nothing, for the shortage is collected from the receiver, who must pay the due stamp. Knowing this, and being anxious not to seem niggardly to the friend who must make up any deficiency in postage, a person in doubt often puts on too many stamps—and Uncle Sam gets the difference.

Scientists report that the small boy is the only animal which does not like a bath. But this is unjust. The small boy does like a bath, provided there is not too much regulation going with it. He likes his bath only in the summertime, in the cool waters of a still running brook, without any supervision or soap. Other animals have similar preferences equally peculiar and unworthy. Pigs like baths of thin mud. Cats like dry rubs, using their tongues as rough Turkish towels. Long-haired dogs have a weakness for plunges into deep lakes, and then for bringing as much of the lake as they can up to the crowd and shaking it generously over the picnic dinner. So why pick on the small boy?

GIANTS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

When Johann Van Albert stepped from the gangplank on a recent arrival of the *Mauretania* he had the distinction of being the tallest man who ever entered the United States. His 8 feet 5 inches of height required that a special berth, made up of two cots placed end to end in a large companionway, be furnished for the trip from his home in Amsterdam, Holland.

Since Johan has left his quiet home out among the nearby windmills of Amsterdam and intends to enter the show business over here, it will be interesting to dig up some giant history and see how he compares with previous competitors who used to be great attractions. Probably no living giant in the United States ever exceeded the 8 feet attained by the late Captain Bates, who was a native of Kentucky.

The word "living" is used here because of the fact that for some time during the year 1869 the famous Cardiff giant led many people to believe that a 10-foot man had once lived and was buried near Cardiff, a village in Onondaga County, New York. The story of this monstrous fraud perpetrated on the American public makes such unusual and interesting reading that it will bear repeating.

The idea had its inception out in Fort Dodge, Iowa, when an adventurous fakir purchased a huge block of gypsum from a quarryman of that place. The block then was shipped to Chicago, it being taken in charge by a sculptor, who chiseled it into a 10-foot giant. The surface was pricked with needles to give the appearance of pores in the human skin, and then treated with a variety of acids which made the entire statue appear of ancient origin. After completion the giant was securely packed in an iron box and shipped to Union, New York, where the owner claimed it, loaded the hulky box upon a large wagon, and hauled it fifty miles to a farm near Cardiff. The giant form was then removed from the box and secretly buried, remaining under the ground nearly a year, until it was "accidentally" discovered by some workmen who had been engaged to dig a well by the promoter of the fraud.

This great discovery was made on October 16, 1869, and news of the wonderful petrified giant spread all over the country. The lucky finders covered it with a tent and put it on exhibition, while special trains were run from New York City and other nearby points so that the clamoring multitudes could see the astonishing remains at the earliest opportunity.

Until the deception was discovered it is estimated that more than 50,000 persons jostled each other in order to view the wonder, paying a dollar apiece for the remarkable privilege.

But, passing on from this greatest hoax, it is found that Captain Bates was the tallest of our modern American giants, although his 8-foot height was slightly exceeded by that of Anna Swan, a native of Nova Scotia. Going



further back into giant history we find that Queen Elizabeth's head porter was 7 feet 6 inches high, probably being given this exalted position on account of his ability to see what was going on at all times.

Among royalty itself it is claimed that one of the Roman emperors was nearly nine feet high, but the measurements of those days may have allowed him considerable more height than he would be entitled to at this time, though no doubt he was a person of great stature for history to make note of the fact.

Federal prohibition authorities in Philadelphia say that the square brown whisky bottle formerly filled with the product manufactured by a Baltimore distillery are selling today for \$1.50 each, empty. Two years ago a pint bottle filled with that well-known brand sold for the same price. A like condition is true of another familiar bottle of the now historic gin species which two years ago cost for the bottle and its contents what the empty bottle is selling for in the market today.

THE PRINT ROOMS

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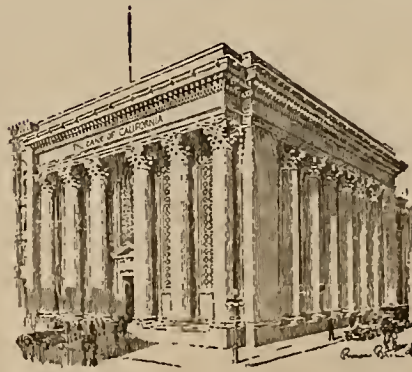
This exhibition includes a group of one hundred and twenty etchings, drypoints and mezzotints recently procured by the Print Rooms from the estate of Seymour Haden and constituted his personal collection of his own prints.

This exhibition will be open to the public from December Thirteenth to December Twenty-fourth, inclusive.

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THE BAINSFATHER LECTURE.

English and Colonial accents were heard on all sides at the Bairnsfather lecture last Thursday night, when Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, nearing the end of his six months' lecture tour, gave his one San Francisco talk. I call it a talk preferably because of its delightful informality, the speaker indulging in no set discourse, but talking on with pleasant ease and deliciously casual humor, telling the story of his early art ambitions, the usual fate which attends the early struggles of the ambitious artist, that of being obliged to earn his living in other ways, and finally the modest beginnings of his fame in war-time, when the inspiring word was passed along that there was a man in the trenches drawing pictures that made the mud-plastered, water-soaked, shell-hombarde British Tommies laugh.

This was the real beginnings of Bairnsfather's fame, for the world hungered for details of trench life then as keenly as it now turns away from them.

The speaker threw upon a screen many of his cartoons, and we began to realize that America knew well only a few of them, for it was the British and the Colonials who learned to look eagerly each week for those wonderful cartoons that told the tragic tale with such abounding humor that the war-saddened Britons re-learned to laugh.

Captain Bairnsfather is a man of most attractive personality. Without any pretension he tells his experiences, his discourse interlarded with quiet-seeming little jokes that penetrate the most resistant hide, starting up waves of laughter all over the house. He told circumstances in connection with each picture thrown upon the screen, to such effect that their delightful, permeating humor was enhanced, and the amused auditors, after their first burst, laughed all over again with fresh zest.

It was curious to observe in his pictures the mingling of humor drama: for they gave faithful reflections of places and events, the infallible skill and exuberant humor of the artist placing his subjects in positions of the greatest peril so ludicrously that while the people at home could but laugh they learned much of what the life of the trenches was like.

Mr. Bairnsfather used his facile pencil to point a few truths home into the composite skull of the war office, and in more ways than one was a friend to the brave martyrs in the hideous trenches.

At the conclusion of his talk the artist did about four sketches in chalk, thus affording us an objective demonstration of his method of attaining his remarkably graphic effects; for his lights and shadows, the diverging aura that attends a soaring shell, the mess characteristic of real war, and the thick, dramatic murk of the battlefield are all indicated as a setting to

the ludicrousness of his delightfully comical tommies by the hand of a master at the craft.

"RUTHERFORD & SON."

This play of Githa Sowerby's ranks with Stanley Houghton's "Hindle Wakes," both of them treating with tense realism the family atmosphere generated by a domestic despot. In "Hindle Wakes," however, the mill master, old Jeffcote, is of very different fibre from Rutherford Senior, for Jeffcote has a stern and unswerving conscience, while old Rutherford allows himself to twist every will, every purpose, and every motive to his one absorbing idea: that of maintaining the prestige of the Rutherford business.

The play is a remarkable one, in that it shows the workings of an inexorable will, the devastating effect it has on human lives, and the fate that more often than not attends these domestic despots, who are apt to find themselves, their world entirely subjugated, alone.

Thus it was with Rutherford Senior, for all the young generation of his house, their lives broken and their hearts full of hate for the family autocrat, left him lord of a desolate hearthstone, but a conqueror.

A play of such serious purpose, unrelieved by any lighter element—which really would be an intrusion—can never win its way with the great, light-minded public, but all true lovers of the drama can not fail to be profoundly interested in this play, partly because of the still intensity with which the theme is treated and partly because the author has so admirably conveyed the boding atmosphere of an interior in which family intercourse transpires over a volcanic crater.

Githa Sowerby was a young woman, scarcely out of girlhood, when this play first appeared, eight or ten years ago. Her literary feat almost if not quite parallels that of Emily Bonnté in the latter's authorship of "Wuthering Heights." Both of these works were written by observant young women who were struck by the drama inherent in the lives of those dour north of England men whose natures are moulded into sternness and sombreness by the deadly climate.

Both works, naturally, have faults; and yet one almost hesitates to characterize as a fault the lack of action in "Rutherford & Son" because of the white-hot intensity of emotion underlying those long interviews between the various members of Rutherford's sternly regulated household, in which are revealed natures whose severe repression makes for storm and stress. It reminds us of the old New England types, now passing away under the influence of the national cheerful modernism.

Mr. Maitland and his company gave a particularly interesting performance, the characters that stand out being those of old and young Rutherford in the hands of Messrs. Maitland and Smythe, and that of the daughter Janet, whose forced submission and inner revolt was quite strikingly indicated by Mary Morris, who, by the marked contrast of her last two particularly successful impersonations, has very thoroughly demonstrated that she is an actress of parts. There was real subtlety in some of the finer points made by the young actress, and subtlety on the stage is a precious quality.

Mr. Smythe, as usual, was thoroughly in the character. This young man never falls into monotony, but by the expressive flexibility of his tone and utterance he showed all the follies and weaknesses and feeble, futile moods of the despot's emasculated son.

Mr. Maitland adhered to the harsh, driving tone of the family autocrat whose decisions are immutable, and although his type of countenance can scarcely be modeled into the physiognomy of rough-hewn granite that we conceive appropriate to such a man, he made the character thoroughly consistent, and he must be complimented also for his success in making the general presentation of the play conform to the idea of the author.

For every character was carefully and consistently presented. The sad seriousness of Bert Horton's young churchman, the gentle positiveness of Grace MacKerrich's old-fashioned Aunt Ann, the faintly repressed emotionalism of the discouraged young wife, as indicated by Audra Due, the mingling of servility and alcoholic defiance in Caroline Howard's spirituously soaked drah, and the devoted humility of Martin's submissive service, which was so aptly conveyed by William Augustine, all were instrumental in making us properly acquainted with one more of the many masterpieces that, were it not for Mr. Maitland's courageous enterprise, we would never see on the local stage.

A DOUBLE CONCERT.

The Hackett-Vidas concert given last Sunday under Mr. Healy's management was, musically, an event. Each artist gave a recital generous in quantity and exquisite in quality. It was something of a novelty to see these two young men coming forward, in turn, each giving of his best as if for the supreme delight of giving vent to his artistic impulse: for the audience was so warmly receptive and so lav-

ish in its acclaim that the two artists vied with each other in the generosity of their response. Thus the concert was so augmented that it became a veritable banquet of music.

Raoul Vidas headed the programme with Corelli's "Folies d'Espagne," a piece well fitted to display the youth's technical ability. This was followed by a varied programme in which the grave, dignified young artist showed a wealth of virtuosity beyond his years.

An artist of his youth has not yet entered into his full heritage of temperamental warmth and depth, but although Mr. Vidas holds himself, by virtue of a serene, well-poised dignity, in a certain restraint, he plays, in some respects, with the power and technical versatility of a man eight or ten years his senior. At present he makes his hearers admire rather than feel deeply his tastes, indeed, impelling him toward compositions that make for technical display. Thus he gave a Wieniawski "Caprice," "Perpetual Motion," the Pugnani-Kreisler "Prelude and Allegro," and the Saint-Saëns "A Major Concerto."

Not yet has the tone, beautiful though it is, of the young player attained to the supreme excellence which it is easy to foresee. But for an artist of his youth Mr. Vidas gave a remarkable exhibition of technical mastery, while he has also developed an individuality of style that after a few years will attain to greater richness of growth.

It is curious how rarely American artists show in their physiognomy their temperamental leanings toward art as do the Europeans. One would suppose, in looking upon Mr. Charles Hackett's cheerful and pleasant countenance, that he was merely an everyday young man, perhaps a genial stockbroker or a bank clerk; whereas this American tenor sings like an artist and renders the diction of his songs like a poet. He has a voice that, in its more emotional passages, attains to real splendor. How superb it would sound soaring among the arches of a great cathedral!

Pure tenor in quality, with those silver notes that move the listener to enthusiasm. Yet there is a fine sonority to Mr. Hackett's voice that, generally, one finds only in the voices of the greatest tenors.

This singer is rich in the qualities that make for excellence: remarkable breath control, which enables him to give beautiful emotional coloring to his tones; an amplitude and elevation of sentiment expressed in the more dramatic passages that fairly thrills his hearers; while in songs of gentler and tenderer feeling the singer, hushing his voice to a sensitively attuned loveliness of tone, renders to a charm the refined and lovely sentiment of such numbers as Da Rosa's "Star Vicino," Handel's "O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me," or Ansgore's "In the Forest."

As a graceful compliment to his gifted and most sympathetic accompanist, Mr. Seneca Pierce, Mr. Hackett sang "My Little House," a tender and appealing composition by the young pianist, who, in spite of his fine ability as a player, is apparently of a youth to match Raoul Vidas.

THE ORPHEUM.

We found ourselves, at the beginning of the Orpheum programme this week, hanging with fascinated eyes and ears upon one of the neatest, deftest, most dextrous series of juggling tricks that we have ever seen at the popular vaudeville house. With amazing skill and rapidity the Royal Gascoigne tossed such things in the air as a knife, a fork, and a turnip, impaling the turnip with fascinating ease, and rolling heavy halls all over his anatomy. Bertha, the dog, a melancholy little canine Hamlet, wasn't in it with the man, who kept up a running commentary of amusing nonsense which showed genuine, spontaneous humor. Bertha's trick consisted of being tossed in the air and coming down on her forefeet, but she was so hopelessly dejected that I am afraid our fascinating friend is not so tender to the blonde libel Bertha as his fond kisses would seem to im-

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The early experiences of a delightful young Scot, before and after coming to America at the age of nineteen, are recounted in this little book by his daughter with the charm and sympathy which make the best biographical writing what it is. Many readers of the *Atlantic* will recall these "Chapters from the Biography of an Elderly Gentleman" with genuine pleasure. They chronicle a piece of "Americanization" of the most heartening and fruitful kind. "A book for every girl to give her father." The many friends of Dr. Robert Mackenzie, formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, will be especially interested in this little volume, which has a Scotch plaid cover. It is really the story of her father.

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ply. Bertha was altogether cut out later by a perky little Boston terrier who lighted up the clever act of the Garcinetti hat throwers by his lively fun, and the frenzied delight with which he took part in the hall game.

There are two playlets on the bill this week, one, "The Magic Glasses," presented in the shape of rhymed couplets which, by the way, go with a decided limp. The actors, however, speak them very well, and the piece holds the audience. The idea is probably borrowed from "Eyes of Youth" as "the magic glasses" show the two possible destinies awaiting a girl according to which one of her two suitors she chooses.

The other and very gauzy play is by Rupert

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Potrero Heights Reservoir, situated at Twenty-Second and Carolina Streets, south of the San Francisco Hospital, was excavated in the rock in 1897.

At an elevation of 315 feet above sea level it receives water by gravity from Laguna Honda, which is 370 feet high, and its function is to supply, at good pressure, those consumers who dwell in the hilly section of the Potrero.

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In 1844 the Potrero de San Francisco was granted to Francisco and Ramon de Haro, twin sons of Francisco de Haro. These young men with their uncle, José Reyes Beryessa, were killed at San Rafael by Kit Carson and other followers of Fremont during the Bear Flag excitement in June, 1846. Their bodies lie in Mission Dolores Cemetery.

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Hughes, but is not particularly to the credit of the author, as its success is made much more by the terrific energy of William Gaxton, the chief player, than by the merit of the play.

Laurel Lee is an exceedingly pretty little fascinator with the biggest, most coquettish of curls, the darkest and most luxuriant of curls, and a perfect little shape. Laurel, however, was principally engaged in playing off her prettiness on the audience; in exhibiting her soft, white curves, her pretty French lisp, and other charms; but in spite of her indubitable beauty and piquancy, her act was a little empty, and the audience rather languid in its applause; for vaudeville audiences are sophisticated and want some meat to an act.

The Cameron Sisters are two pretty high kickers who give a good dancing act, with several changes of costume, and Bigelow and Clinton are two rather uninteresting young men who make various weird noises that are presumably funny.

The act that "goes big" is Mme. Doree's "operadialogue," in which eight or nine operatic singers with astonishingly good voices render solos and concerted numbers from "Rigoletto,"

"Faust," "Lucia," "Tales of Hoffman," "Romeo and Juliet," and "La Traviata." The singers are well trained, and each number is presented as an operatic scene, with sets, costumes, and all.

It is an excellent idea, and I should say that Mme. Doree, the competent lady who runs the act and presides at the piano, offering a brief but enlightening commentary for the benefit of the uninformed before each scene, has a very level head. I think, though, that she might correct Marguerite's headgear and repress the exuberances of La Traviata's costume and tresses. But both generally and concretely the act is an extremely good one, and worthy only of praise.

An interesting feature of the programme is a remarkably fine series of views in which various aspects of the Niagara Falls are presented. The pictures are really superb, and it is safe to say that any one who has seen them has a better idea of the falls than can be gained during the brief stoppage of the train when travelers are passing that way.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Alcazar Theatre.

"Watch My Smoke," to be given its premiere at the Alcazar Theatre the week starting Sunday matinee, is the second successful play produced by Walter A. Rivers. Rivers is the author of "Clean Hands," a drama of present-day politics, purchased recently by a New York theatrical producer for presentation next season. "Watch My Smoke" concerns the adventures of David Hamilton, a "wage slayer" who feels the impulse to be more than that. He gets a little "nest egg" unexpectedly and proceeds to revolutionize the business of his "boss." The vim with which he asserts himself in the interests of his employer precipitates an avalanche of comedy situations involving a deceitful nephew of the boss, a big deal to control a valuable oil property, and a budding romance that has its beginning in a New York boarding-house. This appealing comedy-drama, as human as life itself, will afford Dudley Ayres one of the best acting roles he has had in a long while. Miss Elwyn Harvey likewise will find exceptional opportunities. All the Alcazar favorites, including Ben Erway, Charles Yule, Rafael Brunetto, Edna Peckham, Al Cunningham, Henry Shumer, Walter Emerson, Fred Green, Edith Searles, Walter Belasco, and others have been fitted with congenial roles.

In preparation for December 19th is the Christmas play of laughter, pathos, and melody, "The Things That Count," in which Alice Brady scored a great success for seven months at William A. Brady's New York Playhouse.

The Orpheum.

Victor Moore and Emma Littlefield are to be at the Orpheum next week. Their offering is a revival of their famous back-stage skit, "Change Your Act or Back to the Woods."

"Hello, Husband," a satirical comedy dealing with the somewhat prevalent domestic idea that the average husband requires an introduction to his wife, will be another of next week's laugh provokers. "Hello, Husband" is

played by Lulu McGuire and Hamilton Christy.

"Likable Lads Loaded with Laughs" is the alliterative way in which Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson describe themselves and the act which they will contribute to next week's bill. They are said to furnish a fine example of clean clownery and to offer a choice blend of piano and song.

Jack Le Vier, combination monologist and trapeze performer, will entertain with his twin accomplishments.

Thomas and Gertrude Kennedy, formerly feature dancers of Weber and Fields All-Star Jubilee, will give an example of their dancing prowess in a few of their own creations.

Original presentation of original songs will characterize the act of Irving Goslar and Rhea Lusby. They term their offering "Artistic Bits of Vaudeville." The special songs in this number were written by Goslar.

Petty Reat and Brother, "assisted by twenty li'l bottles," to quote their own descriptive phrase, will play difficult musical selections on ordinary bottles.

Mme. Doree's Operadialogue, presenting the most famous of the "Operatic Sweethearts," will remain another seven days.

The Maitland Playhouse.

"When We Dead Awaken," by Henrik Ibsen, is to be produced for the first time in San Francisco this coming week at the Maitland Playhouse. The play does not, as the title might indicate, spell a spiritual awakening, but rather an awakening within our own bodies of a better life in this world. Ibsen is said to be at his best in this work, and Director Arthur Maitland is enthusiastic over the possibilities for dramatic art that are contained in the play.

"Rutherford & Son," by Githa Sowerby, said to be one of the best written plays of the present century, is on the boards this week and will conclude with the performance this coming Saturday night.

Child Players

Talma-Zetta Wilbur will present eleven clever children in two delightful one-act plays this Saturday evening, December 11th, 1920, at Sorois Hall.

"The Bravest Thing in the World," by Lee Pape, will be played by Master Bernard J. Ward, Jr., Little Kay Scanlon, and Little Eva Datson, assisted by Harriette Murton, Lela Trippett Ball, and Lewis White.

"A Child's Play for Grown-Ups" was especially written for Talma-Zetta Wilbur by Mrs. L. C. Hunter of Sacramento. It will be interpreted by Thelma Petersen, Bertha Joseph, Eleanor MacKericher, Amy Fox, Helen Morris, Alice Sullivan, Lois Pannell, Maraget Hammond, George Murton, George Saunders, and Bernard J. Ward, Jr.

The Senior Dramatic Club will appear in the charming little comedy, "In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy," by Will Smith Ranson, and those appearing will be the maids: Eunice Woolsey, Genevieve Hesketh, Harriette Murton, Bille Andre, June Day, Helen Argens, Dorothy Saunders; the young man: Lewis White.

The Curran Theatre.

The Curran Theatre will have a lively attraction for the week beginning Sunday night, when A. H. Woods will present his biggest success, "The Girl in the Limousine." It enjoyed a run of over eight months in New York, four months in Chicago, and an equally prosperous engagement in Boston. The authors are Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, the former of whom gained much popularity and lucre as the co-author of "Up in Mabel's Room," while Avery Hopwood not only has many other successes to his credit, but he is especially conspicuous at the present time through having four successful plays running at the same time in New York theatres.

The play is in three acts and deals largely with misadventures of Tony Hamilton, a society man who, while on his way to a house party, meets with an accident, is robbed by a couple of thugs of his money and other valuables, not the least of which are his clothes. It happens to be a stormy night and the robbers in a moment of kindly impulse carry him into the house where the party was to be given and deposit him in the bedroom of the hostess.

Mr. Woods, as usual, has furnished a selected company of farceurs for the production. It includes among others John Arthur, who distinguished himself with the Eastern star cast in "Up in Mabel's Room," "Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath," "Fair and Warmer," and other farce successes; Nancy Fair, William Halligan, Marion Ballou, George B. Connor, Barnett Parker, Archer Curtis, Anne Lorenz, Jane Seymour, Edward Butler, Lee Kelso.

The Columbia Theater.

Kolb & Dill are to be at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, starting Monday, with "The High Cost of Loving" as their vehicle. From the first to the last curtain "The High Cost of Loving" abounds in just the right sort of lines and situations to give the two stars their best chance for merrymaking. The show



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is abundantly punctuated with catchy musical numbers rendered by the singing girls and the principals of the supporting company, which includes Olga Steck, Julia Blanc, May Cloy, Frank Darien, Frank Wallace, James Liddy, Irma Melville, Ivy Darien, Lorenz Gillette, and the octet of girl soloists with music by their own orchestra under the direction of Leo Flanders.

"Pomander Walk," that charming play written by Louis Napoleon Rucker, an American playwright, is to be given at the Maitland Playhouse commencing the week of December 27th. It is particularly appropriate to the holiday season and is to be given in response to the request of many who weekly attend the performances of the Stockton Street house. "The Bubble," by William Locke, author of "The Crisis," is to follow the Ibsen drama, "When We Dead Awaken."

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VANITY FAIR.

It is seldom safe to draw comparisons between ancient and modern times to the detriment of the manners of today. Two can play at that game, if we may be allowed to borrow from the idiom of the street. If some one tells us in the regular maiden aunt manner that this, that, or the other was never done when he was young, it may usually be found that a good many other things were never done when he was young, although they ought to have been done, and that a good many things were done when he was young that ought not to have been done then or at any other time. It is so fatally easy to select a few petty examples of retrogression, to rip them from their social context, and to display them as evidence of the speed with which we are all going to the demitition bow-wows. Perhaps that is in very truth our destination, but we must have some stronger proof than the reminiscences of our aunts and our grandmothers, who are naturally prone to exalt the eras which they happen to have decorated with so many charming proprieties.

Now we have the highest respect for President Eliot, who is in no way addicted to those ruminations of our maiden aunts upon the narrow path that bore the impress of their youthful feet in contrast with the broad road that is supposed to be leading the present generation to destruction. None the less President Eliot seems to think that we are decadent. The men of his youthful days would never have smoked in the presence of women. Delicacy would have forbidden such an outrage upon the proprieties.

Now it may be that President Eliot is right. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* He was born about eighty-six years ago and we have quite an assortment of the fictional literature that represented the manners of that day. And the manners were not very nice. There were plenty of bowings and scrapings and pretty speeches, but there is very little evidence that women inspired any better respect. Indeed they inspire much more real respect today. It may be that men did not smoke in the presence of women, but they had no hesitation in getting drunk and in allowing women to know that they got drunk. It seems to have been no great breach of good manners to arrive drunk in the drawing-room after dinner, and indeed such a thing must have been quite ordinary and unremarked. Many of the novels of those days would lead us to suppose that the young woman was perpetually the object of the chase and was usually supposed to have been created for that purpose. She seems to have thought so herself. She was forever swooning and fainting because of supposed assaults upon her virtue. It was always a case of "the villain still pursued her," and it must be admitted that sometimes she did not run so very fast in her efforts to escape him. She was quite often caught. No, it can not be admitted that we are less chivalrous than were our grandfathers or that the status of women has in any way fallen since the dear old gentlemen drank their health in such generous measure that they were unable to stand steady in their presence.

President Eliot must surely remember the day when married women were not allowed to own property. The man who would on no

account smoke in the presence of a woman had no hesitation in gracefully denying her the rights of a human being. The woman of that day would probably have put up quite willingly with a whiff of tobacco smoke if at the same time she had been allowed to own what belonged to her. The effort to give married women the right to own property was defeated on the ground that "to give women such a right would bring them into contact with the roughest scenes of life, would destroy their sensibilities, weaken their dependence on man, and thereby take away one of the loveliest of their charms." The refusal, it will be noticed, is gracefully worded, a reflex of the "delicacy" of that day. But perhaps the women would have preferred a little less delicacy and a little more justice.

Rupert Hughes, writing to a New York newspaper, tells us that the Puritan maidens used to smoke and that some of our grandmothers did the same. "Some of our young women," says Mr. Hughes, "reveal their pretty bodies very generously, to the benefit of their health and the dismay of idiotic prudery. . . . Let no one pretend with impunity that the sickly mockery of so-called civility indicated greater reverence than the high freedoms of today."

A Paris dispatch to the New York Tribune says that the great difficulty in finding lodgings in Paris has been the cause of many unusual incidents recently.

Divorced persons seeking separate apartments are having such difficulty in finding them that, in one case at least, they composed their temperamental differences in order to keep their old apartment.

A painter and his wife who had been divorced by mutual agreement were both looking for apartments. Frequently their paths crossed in their search for quarters. The first time they met they bowed gravely, but politely. Their mutual smile gradually broadened as the hunt for flats narrowed down to a few hovels in the slum section.

"Let's kiss and make up and go back to our flat," the wife finally said; and they did.

President Millerand, who recently took possession of the Elysée Palace, received forty-one applications for his apartment on the Avenue de Villars.

Henri Landru, who has been in La Santé Prison for the past twenty months awaiting trial on charges growing out of the disappearance of eleven women, recently was dispossessed from the flat that he had occupied on the Boulevard Rochechouart, a rather sordid section of Paris. Requests came from every quarter in Paris, some even from aristocratic Auteuil, asking that the flat be reserved.

A vagrant just finishing thirty days in La Santé Prison told his cellmate, under sentence of five years for swindling, that he dreaded to return to cold, dreary Paris. He was homeless, and the prospect of spending the winter nights under Paris bridges did not appeal to him. The prisoners exchanged clothing and cards of identity, and when the warder called for the vagrant to send him out into the cold world the swindler responded. The fraud was discovered only when the swindler's lawyer called at the jail.

Wholesale jewelry sales in the John Street and Maiden Lane District approximated \$180,000,000 in the last year (according to an article by Samuel Conover, president of the Fidelity-International Trust Company, in the *Jeweler's Circular*). Of these sales about \$100,000,000 were in precious stones, \$35,000,000 in gold ornaments, settings, and plate; \$15,000,000 each in optical goods, silver and silver-plated wares, and platinum.

Jewelry comes third in the list of annual sales in the district south of Brooklyn Bridge and east of Broadway, according to Mr. Conover.

Pipe smoking seems to be on the increase among London women, and fashionable cigar stores display dainty small briars, some set with precious stones (according to the London correspondent of the New York Tribune). It is said there is a growing demand for these.

At one West London theatre where smoking is permitted two smartly dressed women were seen the other evening in a box puffing at their jeweled pipes, and soon an old Irish woman in the gallery followed suit. Hers was a clay "cutty."

In a first-class railroad car between Hordsham and London a quarrel arose the other day between a number of non-smoking women and another woman who refused to put out her cigarette at her sister travelers' behest. It ended in one of the anti-smokers seizing the offending cigarette, gold-mounted tortoiseshell holder and all, and flinging it out of the window.

"Two guineas and costs will meet the case," said the magistrate.

A striking feature of the parade of Confederate veterans in their reunion at Houston, Texas, was several floats depicting the Ku-Klux Klan, which struck terror to negroes and white carpetbaggers in the South immediately after the civil war.

MARVELS OF BIRD LIFE.

In a recent interview Dr. Frank M. Chapman, curator of the department of birds of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City and organizer and leader of a number of South American expeditions, gave some interesting information concerning South American bird life.

Costa Rica, he said, is about the same size as West Virginia, but over 650 species of land birds have been found in that little Central American republic, whereas in all America north of Mexico only some 500 species are known.

The figures give us some conception of the wealth of South American bird life, and, when we enter the Andean region, where mountains with their feet in the tropics rear their heads far above the limits of perpetual snow, the resulting abrupt climatic changes due to altitude bring within an even smaller area a larger number of birds than has been recorded from Costa Rica. In Andean Colombia, for example, the museum expeditions actually secured specimens of over 1150 species of land birds, or more than twice as many as exist in the United States, Canada, and Greenland.

This teeming bird population is due, not only to highly diversified and favorable climatic conditions, but also to the fact that in tropical South America birds are practically non-migratory. They are, therefore, continuously subjected to the influences of their surroundings and do not mix with birds from other localities; two factors of the utmost importance in the evolution of species.

But the richness of South American bird life is due to the presence of the Andes more than to any other one thing; and it is the absence of great mountain chains in Africa which accounts for the comparatively small numbers of species of birds in that continent. From base to summit, four distinct zones of life—tropical, sub-tropical, temperate, and alpine—are found in the higher Andes, and each zone has species which are confined to it. So sharply are these zones defined that, where the slope is steep, one may pass from one zone to another on foot in less than ten minutes and, at the same, find an almost entirely different set of birds.

Such changes are impossible at sea level. One may go from the tropical upper Amazon 3000 miles to its mouth and find less difference in the general bird population than one will encounter in an altitude of 3000 feet in the Andes.

It is not only the height of the Andes which affects bird life. In places for hundreds of miles this gigantic range may appear as two or three chains, each not less than 10,000 or 11,000 feet in height, and these climatic walls are as impassable to the species living in the tropical or sub-tropical valleys they enclose as though they extended to the zenith. Isolation is, therefore, added to the factors of climate and sedentariness in the making of the species, and the three combined have produced a greater variety of bird life than is found in any area of similar extent in the world. This circumstance alone would make the Andean region especially attractive to naturalists, but of even more importance than the abounding life is the fact that much of this life has evidently been evolved in comparatively recent years. There is, therefore, far greater possibility of determining the causes which govern the origin and distribution of life in such a region than in one where no climatic or other environmental changes have occurred in recent geologic times, and where evolution has, as it were, been at a standstill.

The last mill—the last firm—that had a part in feeding the colonial armies has just discontinued business, ending the career of what probably is the oldest corporation in this country that has been conducted continuously by the same family. The Lea Milling Company of Wilmington, Delaware, co-operated closely with Washington, who considered the mills of such strategic importance that he ordered the owners to dismantle the burrs and hide the upper stones from the British army. So these great stones, weighing more than a ton each, were carried in ox carts to remote places, out of reach of the Hessians, and buried. Due to the good memory of a Continental officer, one of these was found later, but the other still lies hidden. It was at the Brandywine mills that flour and grain reached the highest figure for which they were ever sold in the United States. Old records show that \$24 a bushel was paid for wheat, and that between 300 and 400 barrels of flour brought the gross sum of \$21,000. This happened in 1780.

Theodore Roosevelt once predicted that Alaska would, within a century, support as large a population as the entire Scandinavian Peninsula, that Alaska with its enormous resources of mineral and great fisheries would produce as hardy and vigorous a race as any part of America.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At the Hollywood summer school the other day the teacher asked one little chap what his name was. "Jule," was the quick response. "Don't say Jule; say Julius," corrected the teacher, and then passed on to the next tot. "What's your name?" she asked. "Bilious," was the disconcerting answer.

"It is not always necessary to make a direct accusation," remarked Lou Guernsey, who was asking damages in behalf of a client because of insinuations damaging his good name. "You men have heard of the woman who called to the maid servant: 'Mary, Mary, come here and take the parrot downstairs—the master has dropped his collar stud.'"

Somebody asked Al Waddell what was the saddest thing he saw during the war. "Well, it was this way," said Al. "We had just discovered a machine-gun nest with about twelve gunners in it who were holding the advance of our troops. We located the nest and our first shot went right into the centre of it." "How dreadful!" cried the old lady. "Did it kill them all?" "No," said Al sadly; "it was a dud."

The case before the court was one involving the ownership of a tract of land and the attorney for one of the parties was cross-examining a witness. "Now, Mr. Grimshaw, the property on which you live was originally a part of the twenty acres under dispute, was it not?" "Yes, sir." "And your title is based on the original title to the land, I presume?" "Yes, sir." "How long have you resided there?" "Over twenty-one years." "Have you had—now mark me—have you had twenty-one years' undisputed possession of that property?" The witness hesitated for a moment. "Remember, Mr. Grimshaw," said the lawyer, raising his voice, "that you are under oath. Have you had twenty-one years' undisputed possession of that property?" "It has been disputed once, and only once," answered the witness. "I found a nest of bumblebees in my back yard one day last summer." In the general laugh that followed this answer the lawyer subsided.

Booth Tarkington, the novelist, was talking about American village life. "I'm afraid our American villages," he said, "don't practice the social amenities to any great extent. I know a short-story writer who moved recently into a quaint Vermont village. I met him the other day in a magazine office and asked him how he liked his new life. 'Fair,' he answered. 'Have you called on your neighbors yet?' said I. 'No,' said he. 'But I'm going to if I miss any more of my wood.'"

General Palmer Pierce told a war story at a dinner in Washington. "A middle-aged chap volunteered," he said, "and the first day in 'the trenches was a thing to see. No veteran ever conducted himself more coolly or more cheerfully under fire. 'It's wonderful how that new chap Smithers settles down to it,' said a captain. 'Ah, captain,' said a corporal, 'if you knew poor Bill Smithers' home life as I do you'd realize how he appreciates a quiet day among the shells.'"

An amusing incident occurred at a living bridge tournament held recently in Pasadena. The young woman who was impersonating the Queen of Hearts was accosted in the middle of the game by a guest of the Maryland, who lisped sweetly: "I'm looking for the ices. Have you seen them?" "Ices?" cried the Queen of Hearts. "Are there any ices? I'm horribly thirsty." "I don't mean those kind of ices," replied the other in injured tones; "I'm looking for the Ice of Spides."

Japanese advertisers believe in a lavish use of similes. "Step inside!" is the invocation of a big multiple shop in Tokyo. "You will be welcomed as fondly as a ray of sunshine after a rainy day. Each one of our assistants is as amiable as a father seeking a husband for a dowerless daughter. Goods are dispatched to customers' houses with the rapidity of a shot from the cannon's mouth." A grocer proclaims that his "superfine vinegar is more acid than the tongue of the most fiendish mother-in-law."

"I'll ring for Nora to bring a fresh pitcher of water," said the professor's wife. "You doubtless mean a pitcher of fresh water," corrected her husband. "I wish you would pay more attention to your rhetoric; your mistakes are curious." Ten minutes later the professor said: "That picture would show to better advantage if you were to hang it over the clock." "You doubtless mean above the clock," she retorted quietly. "If we were to hang it over the clock we couldn't tell the time. I wish you would be more careful with your rhetoric, my dear; your mistakes are curious."

The old home stuff and the midnight study by the log fire can be overdone, in the opinion of Governor Cox. With both himself and Candidate Harding looming up as sainted rulers after starting as printers' devils it seems like throwing stones at glass houses, but as Cox points out: "We are both the real thing, and not a bit like a certain office-seeking acquaintance of mine. 'Look, my friends,' cried Bill; 'I am a horny-handed son of toil, and here are the tools I used.' As he waved a trowel and a hammer in the air he went on:

"Two years ago I was a working bricklayer, and although prosperity has smiled on me, I still treasure the implements which brought me my bread and butter." Wild cheers greeted the statement and the tools were handed round for inspection. Bill thought to make his point more telling by exclaiming: 'Brother workmen, can I rely on you for support?' 'You sure can,' cried a man who was examining the tools with an expression of awe. 'A chap who can lay bricks with a gardener's trowel must be an extra clever guy.'"

The hardened grouch was in the club smoking-room and was bawling his innings. "It's a vile country," he growled. "A fellow can't afford to live because of the income tax, and he's afraid to die because of the death duties. If only the government would play the game straight—" "Oh, I think they're straight enough," interrupted the other who was present. "Straight!" retorted the grouch in a tone of withering scorn. "Yes, they're all straight—so much so that if any one of them were to swallow a nail he'd cough up a corkscrew! Now look here—" But his interlocutor had fled.

They are still chuckling down San Diego way over the old-timer who for a spell was in command of one of the Mexican border detachments. Seems the old chap summoned his adjutant to headquarters one morning after parade and gave him a good dressing down on account of the slovenliness of the troop. Now it chances to be an A1 troop, and the adjutant was sure that everything had been as perfect as it could possibly be. He told the colonel so. "That will do, sir," snapped the colonel. "There must be uniformity in an army to differentiate it from a mob. This morning there was a noticeable lack of uniformity, especially in the band. You will inform the bandmaster that he must instruct his trombone players to work their trombone slides in unison. I must have uniformity in the regiment."

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Maid's Way.

Loose-gowned, with hair awry,
She sits before the firelight gleaming—
Foregoes the pleasure of the dance
To spend the silent hours dreaming;
From out the flames step cavaliers.
Strong, handsome fellows, death defying.
Who pledge a maid a knightly love,
A deep devotion, never dying,
And womanlike, she worships them,
She loves each lover's pledge and parley!
(But when it comes to theatres
I notice this—she goes with Charley!)

The cavaliers give way to one,
A cowboy, handsome, young, and dashing,
Who hears the hanner of Romance,
With silver spurs and hardware clashing—
An aimless rover wild and free,
And truly of an humble station,
But in the subtle firelight!
He quite commands her adoration!
She pledges him undying love,
And asks as much of him; hut will he?
(And when it comes to dances—well
Invariably she goes with Billy!)

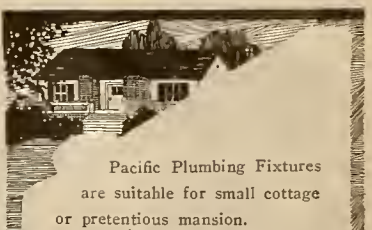
"The fickleness of maids," you say;
Well, I admit these shifts of fancy
Are womanly in every way
And true of every May and Nancy;
But they should not be grilled for that—
It's only just their habit, bless 'em—
They'll dodge all such entanglements
If I have any mind to guess 'em!
For somewhere in the Lady Book
Is writ this gem of woman's diction:
"The simplest sort of man in hand
Is worth a dozen heaux in fiction."
—Buffalo News.

Vers Libre.

Some people like old singing rhymes;—
Others claim that poetry should
Not be written in rhyme or measure,
That this hampers the lofty soul
Which would fly without beat of wing
Into the boundless reaches
Of the sky. Feeling out in all
Directions without
Consciousness of contact with
Anything that would circumscribe
Or check or limit
Such freedom.
In other words
They would express exalted numbers
In free or jerky or long-drawn-out
Prose. So let them write. . . .
I like their freedom—when they do not hold me up
With some too sudden or spasmodic
Short, free
Line.

Thus let them write—so long as they leave me
Some little rhymes with which I may make free.
For when I wish to muse I take to verse,
Knowing that it is bad, thankful it is not worse!
—Helen E. Poynter in Judge.

A. Maurice Low doesn't like New York. In the London Evening Post he says: "In New York every man and woman appears to be too busy with his or her affairs to have the slightest interest in the stranger or give him a civil word. Ask a man on the street a question and he is afraid you are going to pick his pocket or sell him a gold brick."



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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The marriage of Miss Delphine Rosenfeld of Portland and Mr. Robert Koshland, son of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland, was solemnized Wednesday in the northern city. Mr. and Mrs. Koshland will reside in San Francisco at the conclusion of their wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear gave a dinner Sunday evening to celebrate their silver wedding. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. George McNear of Petaluma, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Clark, Mr. and Mrs. John McNear, Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Knowles, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Kiersted, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Briggs, Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge, Mr. and Mrs. George Martin, Mr. and Mrs. George Jensen, Mrs. George Boyd, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Suzanne de l'Enclos, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Margaret McNear, Mr. Frederick McNear, Mr. William Berry, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Jr., Mr. Robert Bowles, Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. Harry Crocker, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. William Hendrickson, Mr. Thomas Berry, Mr. Paul Kennedy, and Mr. James Moffitt.

Miss Bess Parells of New York was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Saturday at the Claremont Country Club by Mrs. E. L. Brayton and Miss Therese Williams. In the luncheon group were Mrs. Joseph Chanslor, Mrs. George Baker, Mrs. William de Fremery, Mrs. Frederick Kimble, Mrs. W. A. Greer, Mrs. Alfred Montgomery, Mrs. Charles Okell, Mrs. M. Lange Miss Betty Gayley, Miss Lorna Williamson, Miss Audrey Williams, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Dorothy Cawston, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Geraldine King, Miss Schatz Adams, Miss Elizabeth Adams, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, Miss Hatherly Brittain, Miss Marjorie Spring, Miss Suzanne de l'Enclos, Miss Luey Edwards, Miss Barbara Kimble, Miss Alysse Somerset, Miss Virginia Parells, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Katherine Seson, Miss Jean Webster, Miss Barbara Seson, Miss Jean Boyd, Miss Eleanor Moller, Miss Helen Rodolph, and Miss Louise Braden.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Buckbee gave a ball Friday evening at the St. Francis to introduce Miss Margaret Buckbee. Receiving with the hosts were Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee, Mrs. William Bliss, Mrs. Fannie Crocker McCreary, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Barbara Seson, Miss Katherine Seson, Miss Marian Wirtner, Miss Helen Brack, Miss Geraldine Grace, and Miss Helen Perkins. Preceding the ball Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee gave a dinner for the debutante, having as their guests the young girls in the receiving party and Mr. Merrill Brown, Mr. Porter Seson, Mr. Alpheus Bull, Mr. Coy Filmer,

Mr. Henry Carton, Mr. James Pitts, Mr. Arthur Martin, Mr. George Warwick, Mr. Jack Boyden, and Mr. Robert Beale.

Mrs. William Tubbs gave a luncheon Tuesday at the Town and Country Club.

Mrs. R. T. Harding gave a tea last Thursday at the Fairmont, having among her guests Mrs. William Henshaw, Mrs. J. H. Webster, Mrs. George Romanowsky, Mrs. Edward O'Brien, Mrs. S. O. Crossett, Mrs. William Blake, Mrs. William Landers, Mrs. Richard Ellis, Miss Alice Grimes, and Miss Pauline Howard.

Miss Margaret Deabl was a tea hostess Friday afternoon.

Judge and Mrs. William Van Fleet gave a dinner Friday evening before the Buckbee hall, having as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Frank Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker, Miss Julia Van Fleet, and Mr. John Hernan.

Miss Katherine Wheeler gave a tea Wednesday afternoon, her guests including Mrs. Harry Dodge, Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman, Mrs. Milo Robbins, Mrs. David Goodale, Mrs. Edward Wright, Mrs. William Taylor, Miss Ola Willett, Miss Sara Wright, and Miss Mary Gorgas.

Mrs. Charles Fay entertained at luncheon last Wednesday, complimenting Miss Phelan. The affair was held at the Woman's Athletic Club and among those gathered for the occasion were Mrs. Hunter Liggett, Mrs. John Brooke, Mrs. Charles Farquharson, Mrs. Marshall Dill, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. John Hostater, Mrs. Philip Fay, Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, Mrs. William Seson, Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mrs. F. P. Pfingst, Mrs. Frederick Koster, Mrs. Garrett McEnerney, Mrs. Frederick Michaels, Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mrs. George Tyson, Mrs. Francis Grace, Mrs. Horace Morgan, Mrs. Kirby Crittenden, Mrs. Alpheus Bull, Mrs. Armstrong Taylor, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. William Matson, Mrs. B. P. Oliver, Mrs. Robert Bentley, and Mrs. Frederick Bradley.

Mrs. Philip Brown gave a luncheon and bridge last Tuesday in San Rafael. Among those at the affair were Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mrs. John Selfridge, Mrs. Arthur Ford, Mrs. Ralston White, Mrs. Leavitt Baker, Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Ralph Palmer, and Miss Jean Boyd.

Dr. and Mrs. Harold Brunn entertained at tea Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farquharson gave a dinner Friday before the Buckbee hall. In their party were Mr. and Mrs. Willard Wayman, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jenkins, Mrs. Fannie Crocker McCreary, Mrs. George Tallant of Santa Barbara, Mr. Philip Paschel, and Mr. Alfred Holmes.

Mrs. Kirby Crittenden gave a tea a few days ago for Mrs. Wallace Smead. Among the guests were Mrs. Henry Price, Mrs. James Doyle, Mrs. William Klink, Mrs. Arthur Munger, Mrs. C. T. Blackburn, Mrs. Cyrus Cole, and Mrs. W. L. Irvine.

Mrs. M. Heller gave a dinner and bridge last Wednesday evening at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Ralston White gave a tea Monday in Mill Valley.

Miss Aileen McIntosh gave a dinner last Friday.

Mrs. Fannie Crocker McCreary gave a luncheon Monday at the Francisca Club for Miss Margaret Buckbee, having as her guests Miss Barbara Seson, Miss Katherine Seson, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Geraldine King, Miss Barbara Kimble, Miss Helen Brack, and Miss Helen Perkins.

Miss Johanna Volkman entertained at luncheon Monday, complimenting Mrs. Edward Lowe. Others at the luncheon were Mrs. W. S. Franklin, Mrs. Clarence Oddie, Mrs. Hall Rowe, Mrs. Dean Witter, Mrs. Harold Plummer, Mrs. Hubert Mee, Mrs. Daniel Volkman, Mrs. William Volkman, Mrs. James Lowe Hall, Mrs. Arthur Fennimore, Mrs. Herbert Schmidt, Mrs. Alan Macdonald, Mrs. Covington Pringle, Mrs. Arthur Brown, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Miss Marie Brewer, Miss Edith Slack, and Miss Edith Treanor.

Miss Janet Ewer gave a luncheon last week at the Woman's Athletic Club for Miss Laura Miller, her guests including Mrs. Theodore Rethers, Jr., Miss Claire Knight, Miss Elizabeth Watt, Miss Helen Boyd, Miss Louise Coleman, Miss Helen Lee, Miss Virginia Smith, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Helen Boyd, Miss Carroll Andrew, Miss Katherine Boyd, Miss Cornelia Sutton, and Miss Elizabeth Magee.

Mrs. Homer King gave a tea last Thursday in compliment to Miss Quay of Hudson, Ohio.

Mrs. Francis Davis entertained at tea Friday in honor of Miss Virginia Younger.

Dr. and Mrs. Wilson Shiels gave a dinner-dance Friday evening at the Bohemian Club for Miss Jean Shiels.

Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Katherine Seson, and Miss Barbara Seson were the guests of honor at a luncheon given Thursday by Miss Geraldine Grace. Others in the luncheon group were Miss Doris Fagan, Mrs. Clifton Cates, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Elizabeth Magee, and Miss Helen Brack.

Miss Isabel Gilmore of Chicago entertained at dinner a few evenings ago at the Fairmont, having as her guests Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Kaime, Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn O'Neill, Mrs. Jane Hayne, Mr. Emil de Surville, and Mr. Harry Hunt.

Mr. Donald Lewis gave a dinner-dance last Tuesday evening. Among his guests were Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., Miss Constance Hart, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Betty George, Miss Helen Garritt, Mr. Cameron Wylie, Mr. Howard Spreckels, and Mr. James Jackman.

The Misses Virginia Smith and Laura Miller were the guests of honor at a luncheon given Thursday by Mrs. Howard Barbier at the Woman's Athletic Club. Others at the affair were Miss Katherine Mackall, Miss Dorothy Cawston, Miss Elizabeth Howard, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Helen Fiske, Miss Kitty Long, Miss Flora Edwards, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Lorna Williamson, and Miss Claire Knight.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson Fennimore gave a dinner-dance Tuesday evening for Miss Geraldine Grace. Miss Josephine Moore entertained the Misses

Katherine and Barbara Seson at a dinner-dance Wednesday evening. Those asked to greet the debutantes included Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Swinnerton, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Law, Mr. and Mrs. William Roth, Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick St. Goar, Mr. and Mrs. George Wolff, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Porter, Miss Jean Searles, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Mary Bernice Moore, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Dorothy Crawford, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Amanda McNear, Mr. Robert Miller, Mr. Paul Kennedy, Mr. John Lusk, Mr. Edward Eyre, Jr., Mr. Dean Dillmann, Mr. Emil de Surville, Mr. Orel Goldaracena, Mr. Charles St. Goar, Mr. Vincent Butler, Mr. George Montgomery, Mr. Edward Pfingst, Mr. Oliver Lyman, Mr. Preston Palache, Mr. Lincoln Wilson, Mr. Harris Carrigan, Mr. Paige Montague, Mr. Cosmo Morgan, Mr. Cyril McNear, Mr. William Hendrickson, Mr. Alfred Hendrickson, Mr. William Shuman, Mr. Edward Harrison, Mr. Gordon Johnson, Mr. Victor Cooley, and Mr. Robert Bowles.

Miss Betty Folger gave a luncheon last week for Miss Marie Louise Winslow, her guests including Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Mrs. Alvah Kaime, Mrs. Alfred Montgomery, Mrs. Hugh Porter, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Marian Baker, and Miss Helen Garritt.

A ball was given Wednesday evening at the Palace for the visiting navy officers. Those on the receiving committee included Mrs. Henry Price, Mrs. Wallace L. Smead, and Mrs. H. N. Kelley. Preceding the affair Admiral Halstead entertained at dinner at the Palace, his guests having been Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Butler Breeden, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, and Mr. Richard Tobin.

Mrs. Willard Williamson and Miss Lorna Williamson gave a tea Sunday at the Fairmont. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. George Romanowsky, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick St. Goar, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Swift Train, Mr. and Mrs. Wilder Bowers, Miss Anne Peters, Miss Constance Hart, Miss Betty George, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Maye Colburn, Miss Florence Veach, Mr. Cameron Wylie, Mr. Donald Lewis, Mr. James Jackman, and Mr. William Veach.

Mrs. William Thomas gave a children's party Monday for her little granddaughter, Miss Virginia McMullin.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Howard are being congratulated upon the birth of a son at their home in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bowles are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

Goats' Milk Ice-Cream.

Ice-cream made of goats' milk and flavored with rose leaves is the delicacy par excellence of Greece and Crete, according to an American Red Cross worker recently returned from abroad. To Americans, whose palates are attuned to the rich, creamy product of the Jersey cow, the goats' milk ice-cream doesn't sound very delectable. But flavored with rose leaves it is really delicious, 'tis said. If such epicurean delight can be compounded from the milk of the goat, why not try adding fresh rose leaves to the American brand of ice-cream? It might prove as popular as "caramel sundae" or "banana surprise." Goats' milk is whiter than cows' milk and

ice-cream frozen from it has almost the blue tinge of skimmed milk, unless colored by the petals of the rose. Its flavor is peculiar, but to the citizens of Mitylene it has no peer.

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PERSONAL.
Movements and Whereabouts.
Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:
Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland left Friday for Portland to attend the marriage of Miss Delphine Rosenfeld and Mr. Robert Koshland.
Mrs. Charles Overton and Miss Frances Overton are spending the winter at the Ritz-Carlton in London.
Lord and Lady Granard will arrive within a fortnight for a visit of several weeks in California.
Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor and Mrs. Eugene Murphy will return the first of the week from a trip south.
Miss Elizabeth Goodhue left Saturday for Pasadena, after a month's sojourn in San Francisco.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank King and Miss Genevieve King are passing a fortnight at Palm Springs.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry White left Saturday for New York, where they will spend the rest of the winter. The former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry White of Brookline, Massachusetts, left the same day for Montecito, after a week's visit in town.
Mrs. Paul Fagan and Miss Frances Lent have returned from New York.
Commander and Mrs. Charles Hartigan, who have been stationed in South America for the past year, will return to Washington in January.
Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ford have returned to Burlingame from Del Monte.
Major and Mrs. Philip Wales have returned from a sojourn at Del Monte.
Mrs. A. P. Gilmore of Chicago and Miss Isabel Gilmore are at the Fairmont. They will remain here until the first of the year.
Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Miller of Pittsburg sailed last Wednesday for Honolulu to spend the remainder of the winter.
Mr. Daniel Koshland is visiting in Portland from New York. He will come to San Francisco

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for several days before returning to the Atlantic coast.
Mrs. William Timlow arrived last week from New York and will be with Mrs. Carolyn and Miss Emily Carolyn during the winter.
Lady Rothermere and Miss Dorothy Ireland of London will return next week from a trip to Honolulu. They will be in San Francisco a week before going to Southern California.
Mr. Richard de Latour has left for New York en route to France to continue his studies.
Mr. and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, who are in New York, will return to San Francisco for the Christmas season.
Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Greene and Mrs. Herbert Greene have taken the residence of Mr. Lloyd Baldwin on Lyon Street for the winter.
Mr. and Mrs. George Kelham and Master Bruce Kelham will leave for Florida next week to visit Mrs. Kelham's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Bruce.
Senator James Phelan will leave next week for Washington to be gone several months.
Miss Cornelia O'Connor has returned to San Francisco, after a year's visit in Washington and Georgia.
Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Miss Margaret Madison, and Miss Margaret Scheld of Sacramento will leave for New York and Europe the middle of January.
Mr. Benjamin Foss left last Wednesday for New York.
Mr. and Mrs. Stewart McNah are spending several days in town from Los Angeles. They are at the Fairmont.
Mr. Walter Devereux of New York is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Devereux in San Mateo. He will remain in California until after the first of the year.
Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent will leave Burlingame next week for Del Monte, where they will reside until their departure for Europe in February.
Mrs. Hays Smith and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton have left for New York to be gone until Christmas.
Mr. and Mrs. William Hitchcock will return next week from Redlands, where they have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Gill.
Mrs. Frederick Kimble and Miss Barbara Kimble are spending several days at the Fairmont with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas.
Mrs. A. L. Sayre of Madera is visiting in San Francisco for a fortnight. She is a guest at the Fairmont.
Miss Mary Donohoe has returned from Los Angeles, where she has been staying with Miss Louise Winston.
Mrs. Van Dyke Johns has left for Baltimore, where she will pass several weeks with relatives.
Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Slade have taken the residence of Dr. Howard Morrow in Palo Alto for the winter.
Miss Adrienne Sharp has returned to New York from visiting Commander and Mrs. Francis Pryor at Annapolis.
Mr. Paul Verdier left Monday for New York en route to France, where he will join Mrs. Verdier.
Mrs. Hoyt Perry will return in January from the Atlantic coast.
Mrs. Willard Williamson and Miss Lorna Williamson will leave for New York next Wednesday. They will sail for England in January.
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Van Sicken and Miss Hilda Van Sicken are at the Fairmont for the winter.
Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule returned Friday from New York. Miss Marie Louise Baldwin and Miss Olivia Erdman of New York accompanied them, and have gone to Del Monte for a brief sojourn. Miss Erdman will spend the greater part of the winter with Miss Baldwin.
Mrs. Philip Sheridan and the Misses Sheridan of Washington are at the Fairmont. They will leave for Southern California within a few days.
Hotel Oakland arrivals include Mr. W. J. Pearson, Los Angeles; Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. L. J. Owen, U. S. A.; Mrs. George E. Rogers, Greenfield, Massachusetts; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nutting, Littleton, Colorado.
Among the arrivals at Hotel Whitcomb during the past week were Mr. L. E. Wirt, Akron, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Apperly, Santa Cruz; Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Wilson, San Jose; Mr. Walter Webster, Montreal; Mr. B. S. Manel and two sons, Mansfield, Ohio; Mr. K. L. Engle, Sacramento; Mr. G. M. Olson, New York; Mr. A. A. Taylor, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Shaw, Cloverdale; Mr. S. L. Key, Fresno; Mr. U. R. Freeman, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. John F. Miller, Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Cotton, Menlo Park; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Crane, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. A. Barto, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Attebury, Los Angeles.
Recent arrivals at the Palace are Mr. Norman D. Church, Chicago; Mr. P. N. Boggs, Mr. David Hamhurger, Los Angeles; Mr. Vaughn Tanner, Seattle; Mr. Jesse Poundstone, Fresno; Mr. T. H. Wheeler, New York; Mr. A. H. Wilcox, Los Angeles; Mr. C. H. Clark, Seattle; State Senator E. J. Gates, Pasadena; Mr. Ernest Schmidt, Chicago; Mr. E. B. Hacker, Sacramento; Mr. Clyde A. Heller, Philadelphia; Mr. S. F. Forbes, Los Angeles; Mr. Otis A. Poole, Mr. D. J. Mackenzie, Japan.
Registered at the St. Francis recently were Mr. Richard Meyer, Boston; Mr. E. Grimes, Denver; Commander and Mrs. S. S. Rodman, U. S. Marine Corps; Lieutenant-Colonel Garrison McCaskey, U. S. A.; Mr. R. R. Tuffli, St. Louis; Mr. F. A. Bartlett, Seattle; Mr. B. B. Milner, New York; Mr. C. D. Danaher, Tacoma; Dr. O. F. Lampon, Seattle; Mr. B. W. Rubin, Portland; Mr. S. E. Mendelsohn, St. Louis; Mr. John L. King, Mr. Robert H. Kirk, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hackett, New York; Mr. W. B. Hunnewell, Los Angeles.

Whitcomb Bridge-Tea.
On Tuesday afternoon Hotel Whitcomb entertained with another of the popular bridge-teas which they are giving during the season. The score prizes were won by Mrs. Leslie Jacobs and Mrs. J. Frank, both guests for the afternoon of Miss Josephine Williams.

BUNNY PROVES HE CAN FIGHT.
The strange fears that seem to paralyze a rabbit when he is attacked by any of the weasel tribe have often been observed. Apparently it can not make the slightest effort at defense and submits to the fatal bite without a sign of resistance. That there are exceptional rabbits, however, appears from an incident witnessed by a distinguished British scientist.
Through the grass of the field in which this natural was walking something was creeping very quietly. This was made evident by the waving of the grass blades. About twenty yards away, out in the field, a rabbit squatted in the afternoon sun—a hunched, fat, comfortable-looking little gray brown figure. He had been there for half an hour, quite motionless.
The hidden creature in the long grass was slowly and surely stalking the rabbit. At length the waving grass stems ceased to move. The stalker had gone to within two yards of the rabbit and was about to make its rush. The long grass ceased here and beyond the stalker had no cover.
Then, all of a sudden, the rabbit reversed its position. It did it so quickly and quietly that the watcher scarcely noticed it.
Since there no longer was any need of concealment the enemy stood up and came forth—a heady-eyed and sinister male stoat. He was really a pretty little chap and spruce as a dandy, looking anything but the professional slayer that he was.
He stood looking at the rabbit for a few moments, his keen head well up, poised on his long, snakey neck.
Then he made his rush. It was quite slow—a heady-eyed and sinister male stoat. He would have difficulty in avoiding it.
When the stoat was within two inches of the rabbit he stopped short, and then, very quickly, darted round behind the bunny. This is the regular stoat manoeuvre—to dart round to the side of the prey and, leaping onto the back of the neck, to deliver that single terrible bite of all the weasel tribe at the soft cartilage at the base of the brain.
The next instant the stoat was lying on its back, with all the wind knocked out of him, and the rabbit was quietly sitting, hunched up, and facing him as before. It was a surprising and most unexpected defeat. As the stoat reared to deliver the fatal bite bunny pivoted to meet him, quickly jumped into the air, and landed a full power kick with both of his long, powerful hind legs on the stoat's chest.
Now, a rabbit's hind legs are very long and strong, and, like the kangaroo's legs, they are a most effective weapon. Fortunately for their foes rabbits do not appear to have found out what a useful weapon they possess. How this one discovered it would be a hard question to answer—possibly in fighting some

Tea Tales



"Bobsays he doesn't believe in Santa Claus any longer, but he still enjoys a good, old-fashioned Christmas dinner of turkey, mince-pie, plum-pudding, fruit cake and all the rest."

"Bob has the right idea."

"Yes, he asked me to call up Hotel Whitcomb this morning and reserve our Christmas table."

Christmas Feast
Dec. 25th
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No cover charge
Souvenir gifts

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J. H. van Horne, Mgr.

other huck rabbit. The discovery once made, the inoffensive and timid bunny became a foe to be reckoned with.
As for the stoat, he got up, stared hard at the first rabbit he had ever met that showed fight, and, turning on his heels, slowly galloped away.
London's fog expert has a machine on which he weighs and otherwise records each fog that comes to Victoria Street. The solid matter deposited by a fog weighs six tons per square mile. For all that, fogs of the "London particular" brand are diminishing year by year.

COMMUNITY APARTMENTS
In the midst of the most palatial homes of San Francisco, on north-west corner of Jackson and Laguna Streets, I will build a Community Apartment House—nine stories high—Class "A" fireproof construction—one or two homes on each floor—beautiful garden setting—unobstructed view of San Francisco Bay and Golden Gate.
Our architect, Mr. G. A. Applegarth, on a recent trip to New York City, where this type of home is the vogue, inspected many Community Apartments and assures me that our building in all of its appointments will equal the best he saw there.
Each apartment has ten to twelve spacious rooms—private elevator lobby—each bedroom with private bath and shower—additional servants' rooms and store rooms on terrace floor—altogether equivalent to the average high-class house in the best districts. 75% of all the housekeeping troubles are taken over by the Community management. Investment and expense of operation about one-third.
These homes should attract those maintaining both city and country places, being ready for occupancy at a moment's notice for a day, week or longer period. Always in running order, with heat, lighting, garage and service at all times.
Refrigerating plant providing continuous supply of ice from coils in each apartment; well-equipped laundry with washing machines, mangle, etc.; vacuum cleaning by building attendants; garage with competent mechanics.
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

It used to be good fun to be extravagant, but now that it is compulsory it isn't so funny.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Do you remember when you were first struck by my beauty?" "Yes, dearest. It was at the masked ball."—*Sun Dial*.

Bachelor Friend—Can your wife cook? *Young Husband (evasively)*—Well, she can make a good family stew.—*Baltimore American*.

Church—The learned judge on the bench looks sick. I guess something has disagreed with him. *Gotham*—You're right. It was the jury.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"I don't ever expect to see it." "What?" "The day when clerks in railroad ticket offices will take any genuine interest in their customers."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Teacher—Unselfishness is voluntarily doing without things we need. *Give a living example. Tommie*—Pa. He goes without a bath when he needs it.—*Dallas News*.

She—I say, dear, where do all those burst tires go to in the end? *He*—I don't know, but if they go where most people consign them, there must be a terrible smell of burning rubber somewhere.—*Rubber Leaf*.

"What about your 1835 half-dollar?" "The expert says it is worth 50 cents, but I don't think he really knows anything about coins." "No, he's too sanguine."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Tell me of your tour to the homes of famous English poets. The home of Shelley?" "They stung us 40 cents a gallon for gasoline." "At the home of Byron?" "There we had a bad puncture."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Judge Plowden was once discussing beverages with a fellow club member. "Have you ever tried gin and ginger beer?" asked the young fellow. "No," replied the judge, "but I've tried a lot of folks who have."—*London Telegraph*.

"You Americans are queer people," remarked the English visitor. "How's that, Lord Blessus?" "You speak of a swindler as a confidence man." "Well?" "By Jove, sir, you can't put any confidence in the bally chap at all."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Is Mr. Blobbs in?" asked the brisk stranger. "He's out at lunch," said a clerk.



In renting a safe deposit box in the Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults for your valuable papers.

"Ah! Will he return within an hour?" "Why—er—he went out with his new stenographer, sir." "Umph! Do you expect him back today?"—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

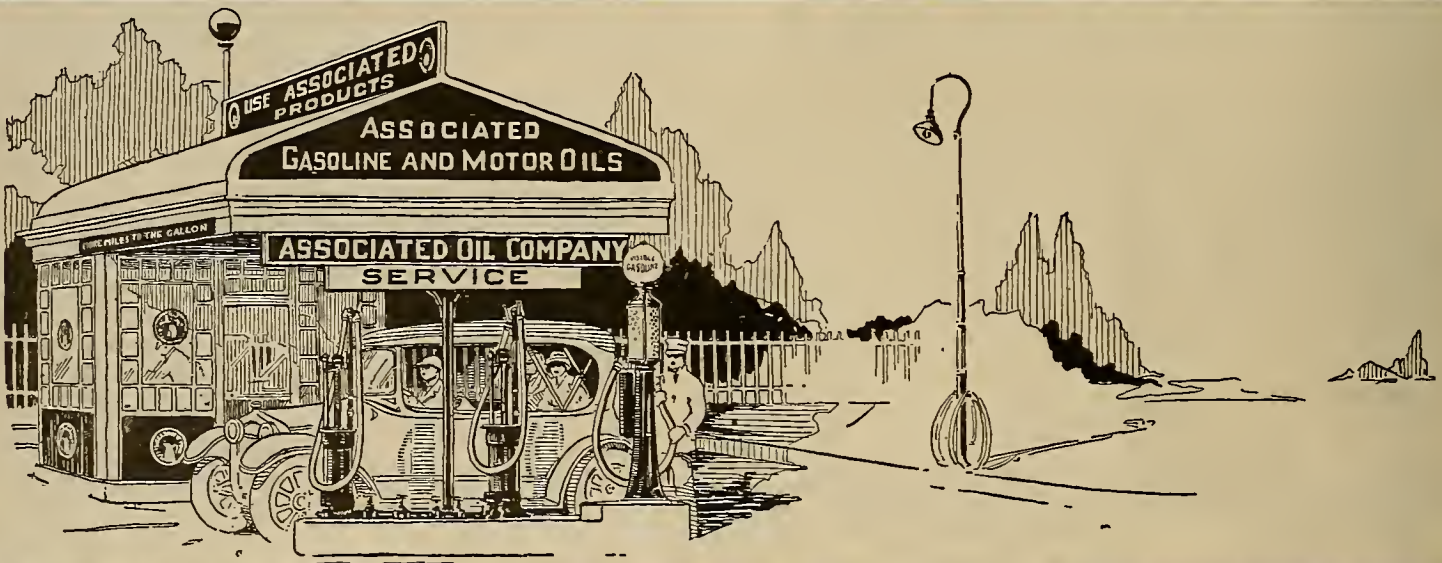
Teacher—What are the properties of heat and cold? *Small Pupil*—The property of heat is to expand and cold to contract. *Teacher*—Now give me an example. *Small Pupil*—In summer, when it is hot, the days are long; in winter, when it is cold, the days are short.—*Chicago News*.

Prosecuting Attorney—Have you ever been convicted of anything? *Witness*—Yes, sir; once. *Prosecuting Attorney*—All right, tell the jury what you were convicted of. *Witness*—

I was just convicted of waiting on myself in grocery store; that's all.—*New York Globe*.

"So you don't believe there is such a thing as genius?" "Not nowadays," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "What is your idea of genius?" "A man who can think of some way to help the railroad business without raising rates."—*Washington Star*.

"You were too lenient with the chauffeur of that motor truck," said a fussy pedestrian. "I know he violated the law," said the traffic policeman, "but I didn't have the heart to arrest him. He used to be a grand duke and everybody got out of the way of his car."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.



The Associated Oil Company is now operating the following Service Stations in the vicinity of San Francisco, where Motorists may secure Associated Gasoline, Motor Oils and Greases:

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4th Ave. and Geary
3d and Brannan
Columbus Ave. and Grover Place
Post and Mason
Fifth Ave. and California
Mission and Spear
Post and Larkin
Mission and School St. (Colma)

OAKLAND
Broadway and Water
21st and Broadway
25th and Telegraph
35th and Foothill Boulevard
14th and Harrison
620 Lakeshore Avenue
25th and Broadway
12th and Webster
East 19th St. and Park Boulevard
30th and San Pablo
East 14th St. and 24th Avenue
College Avenue and Broadway
ALAMEDA
Encinal and Central Avenue
BERKELEY
Shattuck and Haste

SAN RAFAEL
4th St. and Petaluma Avenue
BURLINGAME
Park Road and Peninsula Avenue
(State Highway)
SAN MATEO
3d St. and State Highway
HAYWARD
A and Boulevard
LOS GATOS
Santa Cruz and Elm Sts.
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SUNNYVALE
San Jose and Mt. View-Saratoga Rd.

SAN JOSE
The Alameda and Stockton Ave.
11th St. and Santa Clara Ave.
Alameda and Wilson Ave.
1st and Margaret Sts.
S. Market & W. San Salvador Sts.
Market and San Carlos Sts.
5th and Santa Clara
FRESNO
Broadway and Kern Sts.
Broadway and Stanislaus Sts.
A and Fresno Sts.
Broadway St. and Ventura Ave.
Divisadero St. and Van Ness Ave.
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10th and O Sts. 30th and P Sts.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2282.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 18, 1920.

Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breams Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opéra. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street. WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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The Recall.

The Argonaut does not believe in the principle of the recall. It persistently opposed its adoption and it has persistently opposed its application. It holds it to be essentially vicious and a direct incentive to electoral carelessness.

At the present time there is a weighty proposal to recall certain judges, supervisors, and other city officials. The Argonaut believes that all of them are guilty, that they are a disgrace to the city, to the state, and to the nation. None the less these men were elected by popular vote. They were not elected ignorantly, nor under the conviction that they would worthily discharge their

duties. They were elected because of their political, labor, or religious affiliations, because their supporters believed that they would illicitly gain by the election of their friends. The fitness of these men was not even for a moment considered by thousands of those who voted for them. Otherwise they could not have been elected at all. The exact nature of their present shame was not, of course, foreseen, but they were none the less known to be of the lowest type. It is no exaggeration to say that their known reputation won for them thousands of votes. If there are scoundrels in official positions it is because we elected scoundrels to those positions. If we did not know them to be scoundrels we are guilty of the additional offense of indolence and apathy. How many of those who are now clamoring for the recall of these men actually voted for them, or some of them? What would they say to a proposal to recall the voters, to disfranchise them? And in what way will the recall be a guaranty that other scoundrels will not be elected to take the place of those who are ousted? Remember what happened following the recall of Judge Weller.

It may further be asked why we should recall a few wretched underlings and leave Mayor Rolph untouched. Every one knows the extent to which he has poisoned the official life of the city. The actual results of that poison as it seeped down to the slums are conjectural, but they must be considerable. The city that tolerates Rolphism can never be other than corrupt. It would corrupt paradise. Financially impeccable, perhaps even well-meaning in his own silly way, Mayor Rolph has established the principle that nothing matters except votes. To recall a few supervisors and cheap judges and to ignore Mayor Rolph is the height of absurdity. But why recall any one? Why jump from the frying-pan into the fire? Why not resolve henceforth to vote for decency?

The Price We Pay.

The public wrath that reached the explosion point last week was not due wholly to the unspeakable crimes charged against the half-dozen ruffians under arrest. It had a deeper origin than that. There was a strong suspicion, amounting almost to a certainty, that these particular crimes belonged to a series, and that the malefactors had been continually sheltered by political influences. That the law should be brought into contempt was no new thing. We live in an atmosphere of contempt for the law. But that there should be anything like licensed immunity for such abominations as this was more than the public could stand. It was evident that the authorities were first perplexed by the popular rage and then frightened. They displayed a hectic activity, and arrested every suspicious character in sight. Then came the raid on the shack at Santa Rosa, the murder of the police officers, and the summary lynching of the three men in the county jail. The law having been brought into contempt by the gangsters, it was then brought into further contempt by the lynchers who pretended to vindicate it.

The lynching was not the result of outraged public sentiment. Nor was it the work of amateurs. It was planned with skill, every eventuality was foreseen and provided for, and it was executed with expert precision. It was probably in its organization and direction the work of San Francisco policemen, or at least there is reason to believe that it had their assistance and coöperation. Otherwise it could hardly have been done at all, and certainly not in the way in which it was done. Their motive may have been revenge for the murder of their comrades, or it may have been disgust at the impotence, or worse, of the agents of the criminal law. Or, again, it may have been fear that the criminals would "squeal." In the case of one of the lynched men, Fitts, there was no positive evidence to connect him either with the outrages in San Francisco or with the actual shooting of

the police officers at Santa Rosa. Undoubtedly he was in bad company, undoubtedly he was a bad man, but then these are not capital offenses.

But there is no use in crying over spilled milk. The city has been disgraced, first by the crimes committed in the Howard Street house and by the suspected condonation of many and many a similar crime that preceded them, and secondly by the lynching—one might say murder—of some of the guilty men and of one who was not clearly guilty. But it is to be feared that there is another and an even greater disgrace, and it is to be found in the entire system under which we operate our courts and our police force. It is a disgrace in which all must share. The public created that system and, although it operates openly, the public tolerates and sustains it.

Human nature seems to demand a scapegoat and it is likely that the police will be called on to bear much of the responsibility for the immunity that has certainly been given to a peculiarly dangerous class of criminal. The police must have known what these wretches were doing because they were doing it constantly. Nearly every day adds its quota to the disgusting tale. The criminals were protected—every one knows that; and they were protected because they belonged to the prize-ring business, which, itself, is a violation of the law, and because the prize-ring business was in control of votes. But it is certainly not fair to assume that the police initiated this protection. It was not the police who appointed a prize-ring ruffian to a position in connection with the children's playgrounds. It was the mayor who did that, and he did it under the same general system that extended its protecting tentacles around the hell in Howard Street. The police are not elected. They are not particularly interested in votes. But they have to obey those who are interested in votes. The police have their faults, and grave ones, but if we want to find the source of these abominations we shall find it among the elected officials.

The police, in point of fact, have a difficult part to play. They are under the orders of officials who have not the least regard for the criminal law and who look upon the force merely as one of the agencies by which they secure political advantage. If the reform wind happens to be blowing, as at the present moment, then the police are required to arrest well-known criminals whom at any other time they would not dare to touch. As a result the police themselves have no regard for the law. How can they have? They have no regard for anything except the particular political policy of their elected superiors, Mayor Rolph, for example. And that policy may demand the protection of the criminal on Monday and his arrest on Wednesday, as the tide of votes seems to veer now one way and now another. If the police were left only to the guidance of the criminal law they would arrest all criminals if only from a sense of professional pride. But there is not a policeman in San Francisco who does not know that there are criminals whom he must not touch. If he does he will be punished.

It is all our own fault. There will be no abatement of the evil so long as we elect creatures like Mayor Rolph, whose field of vision is occupied by nothing but votes, who is incapable of any other motive, any other inspiration, any other incentive. When we learn to elect men who will honestly sustain the law and who will insist on honesty from their subordinates we shall have no more Howard Street infernos and no more lynchings. These are the price that we pay for our Rolphs *et hoc genus omne*.

It is a good thing to punish the criminals, but punishment has a relatively slight relation to reform. The source of evil is actually in the electorate, which to a large extent has lost alike the will and the capacity to demand fitness and nothing but fitness. So long as men are elected to public posts in the hope that they will

serve some special interest, so long we shall have venality in high places and criminality in low places. Actually they are the same thing.

The President and Sinn Fein.

Reports, public and private, show that the City of New York has been deeply stirred by the riotous attack upon the Union Club. That every great city should sometimes be the scene of turbulent violences is to be expected. No city is exempt. It is a part of the history of civilization. But in this particular crime there were factors as unusual as they were portentous. The rioters comprised the entire congregation of the vast Catholic cathedral, a congregation summoned for the most solemn of objects, but so little moved by the normal and decent sanctities of the occasion that almost in a moment it became a horde of savages intent only upon brutality and destruction. The situation was aggravated by the misbehavior of Monsignor Lavelle, who seemed to suppose that all legal and orderly rights must bow to the will of a mob if only it be a Sinn Fein mob. It was further aggravated by the far more serious misconduct of Archbishop Hayes, who from the leisure and seclusion of his study, without the plea of emergency and terror that might be the defense of Monsignor Lavelle, indicted a long letter of reproof, not to those who instigated the crime that he thus practically palliated, but to those loyal and responsible Catholics who offended the "etiquette and discipline" of the church by a public protest that will be applauded by all good Americans. The list of Catholics who signed the protest, and whom the archbishop carefully insults, contained names deservedly honored throughout Catholic America. They rendered a distinguished service to their church. They went far to remove from that church the disgrace unjustly brought upon it by Archbishop Hayes and by Monsignor Lavelle. Their action will be gratefully remembered by those who would repudiate the impetuous conclusion that the church in America is willing to condone crime if, through the agency of crime, it may advance its European policies or satisfy its European resentments.

And now we may turn—finally we may hope—from the offenses of a few ecclesiastical dignitaries to another phase of a problem that calls loudly for settlement. If the Sinn Fein movement in America was no more than one of those organized foreign sentiments that necessarily find root in a nation built up largely by immigration it would be relatively innocuous. At least it would be tolerable. But we know now that it is very much more than that. It has assumed a dictatorial status in American affairs that is neither innocuous nor tolerable, that is alike a nuisance and a peril. On a basis of a patriotism that is wholly foreign and of sentiments that are hostile to America, it seeks to exercise a perpetual electoral threat to which weak men succumb and by which strong men are affronted. But its activities are now by no means electoral only. We know that the sentiments that led the Sinn Fein in Ireland to work and to pray for a German victory found their corresponding reflection upon this side of the Atlantic. At a time when Americans were dying by thousands on the battlefields of Europe their sailor comrades were being stoned by Sinn Feiners in Irish towns, and Sinn Feiners everywhere were hoping for the success of German arms. The Sinn Fein measurably prolonged the war, and to the precise extent to which it prolonged the war it was guilty of the death of American soldiers. It was the friend of Germany and it made no concealment of that shameful fact. It boasted of it. It is boasting of it still, as we may learn from the evidence being given before the bogus "commission" in Washington.

Such being the incontestable facts, we may reasonably ask that Mr. Eamon de Valera, who calls himself the president of the Irish Republic, be invited forthwith to leave this country. Mr. de Valera is here for the single and undisguised purpose of promoting a foreign cause, and that cause is one of hostility to a friendly power. He makes no secret of his desire to persuade this country into courses that would result in war, to embroil this country in a quarrel that is not hers. He is unconcerned with the fortunes of this country and indifferent to its welfare. His sympathies and his sentiments are inimical to American interests. They are given exclusively to another and a foreign nation.

Within the last few days Mr. de Valera has publicly expressed his approbation of murder. Naked and unarmed men, dragged from their beds and hideously

slain, suffered, says Mr. de Valera, the just fate of spies. He has applauded the assassination of policemen and officials who were doing no more than their duty. Now America can not afford to permit this public applause of assassination. She can not afford by her silence to condone the most barbarous of crimes, and one that has so tragic an appeal to discontent and dementia. She can not afford to permit the contention that assassination becomes tolerable when a political label is attached to it. She can not afford that her own disaffected be familiarized with the idea of assassination as a remedy for wrongs. That Mr. de Valera should be allowed publicly to defend the assassination of any one, under any circumstances, is an outrage against the American hospitality that he has abused and that should now be denied to him.

It is the sincere hope of the *Argonaut* that President Harding will rid the country of this pest. It can be done without any exercise of arbitrary authority and without any affront to Mr. de Valera's alleged dignities. The President of the United States has great intangible powers. A word in the right quarter will be enough. A hint that Mr. de Valera's presence is unwelcome and that it must be transferred elsewhere will be sufficient to remove a dangerous agitator who has chosen the prudent part of advocating assassination from America rather than participating in the dangers of his confederates and dupes in Ireland. A similar word to those leaders of the Catholic church—perhaps not many—who forget their sacred duties in order to foment instead of to assuage the passions of the mob will be equally efficacious. The Villard "commission" in Washington should be notified that its poisonous and provocative activities must cease. All these things are morally wrong. Politically they are dangerous and abominable.

To express the hope that President Harding will grasp this nettle is no mere figure of speech. The *Argonaut* was, and is, among the strenuous supporters of the new President. It believes him to be a man of character and of courage, wise in council and resolute in leadership. None the less it will be well for him to recognize, as undoubtedly he will recognize, that his initial measures will be watched with no ordinary attention, and perhaps in a spirit of criticism due by no means to distrust, but rather to the emergent character of the events with which he must deal. It will be well for him to remember that he owes much of his success to the faults of his predecessor rather than to his own administrative virtues that have yet to be demonstrated, and that he will best demonstrate those administrative virtues by resolutely rejecting every persuasion to govern his decisions by a consideration of the votes that are involved or to surrender to those insidious forces that would allow expediency to usurp the place of principle. The electorate believes that the country is now in a fair way to be rid of the old order of things and that a new order of administrative dignity is at hand in which there will be no truckling to the votes of factions, no electoral hesitations between right and wrong, no timorous trimming of the sails to catch the shifting winds of popular favor. If these expectations should seem to lack fulfillment the public disappointment will be alike deep and resentful.

The National Estimates.

The irresponsible manner in which the government is now being conducted is clearly indicated in the tremendous estimates for appropriations sent to Congress by the executive departments. All hands have cut loose from restraint and have made the book of estimates an even more ghastly joke than it has been in the past. But at least one good purpose has been achieved. It has brought into glaring relief the necessity for budget reform. Congress has abundant excuse for disregarding the estimates entirely. They are not even an index to the actual necessities of the situation.

Notable in the estimates is the character of the demands made by the army and navy. At least these demands, so far as they were prepared by military men, are submitted in good faith. Army and navy officers are obsessed with the imminence of war. Newton Baker's professional advisers have led him into the course where he is building an army far beyond the limitations imposed by Congress, and is openly piling up a tremendous deficiency.

The navy's estimates for public works, that is, the upbuilding of navy yards, naval stations, and other shore establishments, it is to be observed, contemplate

concentration of these expenditures on the Pacific Coast and the Pacific insular possessions. Thus, while the department asks a sum in excess of twenty million dollars for these purposes, it proposes to spend more than twelve millions of the total on the Pacific Coast and in Hawaii, Guam, Samoa, and the Philippines, the heaviest proposed expenditure being at Bremerton and Pearl Harbor. Of course all this spells a war scare.

For Secretary of State.

Certain Washington correspondents, notably the correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, are satisfied that Mr. Root will be offered and will accept the post of Secretary of State under the new administration. This information is said to come from Senator Sutherland, who believes that it would be a "public calamity" if there should be a failure to secure the services of Mr. Root in the new cabinet.

The *Argonaut* is very heartily of the same opinion. We have had enough of the incredibly stupid theory that "any one can do anything" so far as high governmental duties are concerned, and that there need be no other qualification for those duties than a respectable party regularity. So far as foreign affairs are concerned Mr. Root is head and shoulders above any other man in America. He has already occupied the position of Secretary of State with extraordinary distinction. He is on a level with the best men that have ever filled that station. To ignore Mr. Root in favor of Senator Fall—an eminently respectable man, no doubt, but with no fitness for the conduct of our foreign affairs—would indeed be a "public calamity." Moreover, it would be a portent of mediocrity that the new administration can not afford to invite.

There would, of course, be an outcry from a few such extremists as Borah and Johnson, who would pretend to see in Mr. Root's appointment some sort of surrender to the league of nations. Of course it would be nothing of the sort. Mr. Root, together with all other men of intelligence, believes that much may be done for the cause of world peace by some sort of international arrangement, and particularly by a codification of international law. But the extremists are not likely to be very vociferous, and it does not matter if they are. They will not have a casting vote nor hold the balance of power. Doubtless they will favor us with a painful discharge of oratory, but they are not dangerous. Moreover, they must be settled with at some time, and the sooner the better.

It is to be hoped that we shall soon hear authoritatively of Mr. Root's selection. It is not too much to say that it would have a steadying effect upon the affairs of the world. Mr. Root's capacities are universally known. His attitude and competence are universally known. We have had enough of alleged statesmen who "darken counsel without wisdom." It is high time for a master hand in the Department of State.

Editorial Notes.

The Civic League evidently does not believe Lawler's denials that he tried to save the gangsters from the police. The league report says that he brought the criminals to San Francisco and that he then tried to rescue them. Attention may also be directed to that section of the report which says: "It is a fact that Lawler was able to exercise his influence owing to his close relationship to the personal attorney and adviser of the chief executive of the city, and that through this influence he obtained the position of secretary and superintendent of the playgrounds. It is also a fact that the law partner of the personal attorney of the mayor is president of the board of police commissioners. These facts undoubtedly enabled Lawler to bring to bear influences, in various ways, in different departments of the city government. It was not necessary for either the mayor's personal attorney or his law partner, the president of the police commission, to use personally any influence they possessed to assist Lawler in what he did. The mere fact of his close connection to these gentlemen so prominent in the city administration was sufficient for him to get results."

A bulletin from Constantinople says that the Russians have now three armies in the Caucasus and that they are fortifying the Baku peninsula in apprehension of a general Mohammedan uprising. The source of the bulletin is a little suspicious. The Bolshevik government has been doing everything it can to promote a general Mohammedan uprising, and the three Russian

armies now in the Caucasus are more likely to be allies than enemies of an aggressive Islam. Without doubt there is "something doing" in the Mohammedan world, and if it should come to an explosion it may be big enough to shake the world.

Colonel George Harvey doubtless believes that he has a plan for world peace "which dwarfs all previous propositions designed to democratize the world and prevent future wars." He would have an association of nations that should pledge their governments for all time never to engage in offensive warfare until the taking of a plebiscite. But what is an offensive war? Did any government ever yet plead guilty to an offensive war? Are we to suppose that it is always governments that make war, and not peoples? Ferrero said many years ago that the greatest danger to the peace of the world came from the democracies, that they were far more pugnacious than their rulers. How long are we cherish the absurd delusion that right judgments always come from ballot-boxes? It is probably true that governments have more often resisted the pugnacities of their people than indulged in pugnacities of their own.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The University and Socialism.

BERKELEY, December 11, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Every one interested in the welfare of the University of California was disappointed over the failure of Amendment 12 to receive a majority of the votes cast. While many theories have been advanced as to the reason of this, I do not think the right one, or at least one of the most important, has been mentioned.

My business takes me over the state, and brings me in touch with farmers, ranchers, business, and professional men, many of whom have had or now have sons and daughters in the university, and it may be interesting, and perhaps enlightening, for me to quote some of the reasons, or the one most often mentioned, and it is this—the "economic" trend of the university has been to promote "socialism," "government ownership," and to condemn our present system of government. As a number expressed themselves, they consider it has "far too much money to spend now when they are able to retain upon its staff of instructors or professors many of the theorists they now have."

Under the guise of "economics," "idealism," "democracy," some of the professors are quite active in inculcating the young men and women with their socialistic doctrines, teaching them that no "justice" is possible under our "present system of government."

A number I talked with referred to the fact that some of these "democratic" professors a short time ago threatened to exclude from their classes any student who gave out for publication or discussed with their parents or friends some of the things they were taught—that it did not concern the public.

Another mentioned that professors were employed who couldn't make a "success of a peanut stand," to say nothing of a city government as manager, and yet he was an "authority" on "economics" and there was sufficient funds available for him to travel to various cities enunciating his wisdom as to how business and government should be conducted.

Several I talked with related instances of their children being directed to prepare papers upon certain "economic" topics, and if the papers did not wholly approve and coincide with the socialistic doctrines of his "professors" he was made to rewrite them again and again before they were "accepted" by the "professor."

Another spoke of the same thing occurring with his son and daughter, the topic having relation to advocating government ownership and similar communistic doctrines.

Many emphatically expressed their opposition to providing further funds, or paying taxes to support such instructors and professors, it being quite generally known there is a surplus of this character on the university pay-roll.

It was mentioned the November election indicated that the nation had awakened to the danger of having men and women of this stamp at the head of the government, and that it was time for the parents to take a more active interest in what was being taught their sons and daughters.

On another point there was unanimous approval, and that was the fact that President Barrows was at the head of the university. It was hoped he would be encouraged to furnish the right kind of instructors, who believe in the worth of our system of government, the integrity of our institutions, and the welfare of the people as a whole, as opposed to the class distinctions and bolshevistic doctrines secretly and insidiously advocated by those who do not wish the public informed upon what is being taught.

These are some of the opinions that prevail, and perhaps not without good reasons, as these parents must have some knowledge of what is being taught.

Yours truly,
J. B. MITCHELL.

"The Religious View."

BOSTON, December 8, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I wish to compliment you for publishing the extremely interesting letter, "The Religious View." It is refreshing to see the truth in print. The churches that advocate prohibition would do well to join hands and instead of professing to preach Christianity follow the Bible. Mohammedanism would be a more appropriate name for the religion they teach. The principle of prohibition defies God's plan in creating man. The Bible teaches us to withstand temptation in all things—not excluding wine or strong drink. This plan is conducive to making strong men.

Kindly send me ten copies of your issue, November 6th. I wish to mail Mr. Coatsworth's letter to some clergymen and others, with the hope that it will do some good. It should.

I also wish to compliment you upon your attitude toward prohibition. Can it be possible that the various publications that print editorials and articles favoring prohibition are sincere? I doubt it. It is to be hoped you will continue to use your efforts to straighten out the iniquitous Eighteenth Amendment. It has outraged the Constitution, and the present situation (the result) is most serious. It would help if we had complete records from the hospitals, insane asylums, and undertakers showing the results of prohibition for the past six months. It is pleasant to read of the county jails being

"empty," etc. But it is unjust to credit prohibition with these changes. The present system of probation (not prohibition), together with the labor situation and other changed conditions, have much to do with the jails being less crowded, not overlooking the partial closing of the saloon. Had the prohibitionist confined his efforts to abolishing the saloon a great service would have been done the country. The saloon as it was allowed to be run was unquestionably a menace, but that is no excuse for "bone dry" prohibition. Two wrongs never have made a right. Strict regulation (Federal, if necessary) and education would overcome the evil of excessive use of alcoholics. The manufacture and sale of wines, beers, and liquors could be controlled. The public would get behind a proposition of this sort.

Yours very truly,
J. B. RICHARDSON.

Church and Sinn Fein.

OAKLAND, December 14, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I wish to express my pleasure and approval of your article on "Church and Sinn Fein" which appeared in your number of December 11th. On the strength of it I bought three copies to mail to friends.

It is a pleasure to find a paper that takes the brave stand that you do. It takes courage to do that at the present time, and even though readers may not write you a letter approving your stand, they wish you every success.

May you keep up the good work and spread the truth.

Sincerely yours,
J. E. WILLIAMS.

Sinn Fein versus America.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 8, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Permit me to thank you and express my appreciation of your editorial, "Sinn Fein versus America." It is reminiscent of the writings of the late Frank Pixley, when he wielded his trenchant pen in the interests of the *Argonaut*.

It is good to know that there is another writer who has the courage of his convictions. There never was a time in our national history when it was more necessary to bring these matters to the notice of the reading public. Let our slogan be, "Wake up, Americans!"

Yours truly,
G. J. V.

THE CHURCH AND THE SINN FEIN.

(From the Los Angeles Times, December 12, 1920.)

Ireland is to a great extent a Catholic country. The Catholic church, on the other hand, is—as the name implies—universal.

It has no geographical boundaries, neither can it be restricted to any race or tongue or dynasty or nation.

The doors of the Catholic church are open to every man, woman, or child who wishes to come into the fold for human solace or spiritual guidance. Ireland has no preferred property rights in this great Christian institution. It is not a national church. It belongs to humanity.

Yet certain radical supporters of the Irish rebellion have attempted to use the great name and influence of the Catholic church in Sinn Fein propaganda to arouse sentiment and raise money in America for their own political ends.

Extremists even drag down the church from its high spiritual mission for the salvation of souls to that of an active partisan in a quarrel carried on by the shedding of blood. They would have the American people believe that the Holy Church is in sympathy with the terrorism practiced by the Sinn Fein irreconcilables.

In doing so, if they are Catholics, they are committing a grave offense against the church to whose spiritual benefits they have been admitted. They are desecrating the altar at which they profess to worship. If they are not Catholics they are damaging that church more than they are helping Ireland.

To assume that all Irishmen are Catholics is incorrect; to assume that all Catholics are Irishmen is ridiculous. As though the part could be greater than the whole.

Those who propagate these views are not good Americans, good Irishmen, or good Catholics. They are not even fifty-fifty. They are triple hyphenates. All hyphenated allegiance is particularly objectionable to our American notions of loyalty.

That these trouble-breeders are utterly indifferent to the dignity of the Catholic church and the laws of the United States was demonstrated in the New York street riot that desecrated a solemn mass just held in St. Patrick's Cathedral and that equally disgraced our national feast of Thanksgiving.

As was to be expected, the Catholic church very properly repudiated the acts of the mob of Irish sympathizers who, after just filing out of the doors of the cathedral, were guilty of a lawless attack on the Union Club. Sixty leading New York Catholics signed this letter of protest which we reproduce from the columns of the *New York Tribune*:

As Americans and Catholics we protest against the infusion of politics into our beloved church. It is particularly deplorable that an outrage upon American liberty should have taken place upon our national day of Thanksgiving and coming as it did from a mob of people who had just attended mass at the cathedral. In order to remove any doubt as to our condemnation of this un-American proceeding we are sending a copy of this communication to the press.

That letter speaks the true spirit of the Catholic who goes to church to absorb spiritual blessings, not political propaganda. The *New York Tribune* deals with the same untoward incident in a short and caustic editorial, which we quote as follows:

The scene on Fifth Avenue was not calculated to persuade the wavering that the Irish majority can be trusted to be just and tolerant to the Irish minority. To tear down the British flag in New York is scarcely a good way to induce our people to assist in elevating the Irish flag in Dublin.

Beside his inopportune remarks concerning wisdom, Monsignor Lavelle said another interesting thing. He referred to the American Republic as "Greater Ireland." Hyphenism is

supposed to be dead, but here it is again grinning at us. We have been annexed to the mythical government of De Valera, and it is the privilege of this gentleman, who steadily refused to take the risks in the older part of his dominion, to impose his taste in flags on us.

There are over 16,000,000 Catholic worshippers in America today, nor has the United States any body of citizens more loyal to its institutions nor more unswerving in its stand for civil law and order. It is preposterous to suppose that the Catholic church in America will allow any group of aliens to hyphenate its allegiance to God or country. It is libelous to assume that Catholicism approves the Sinn Fein programme of secret murder and midnight assassination. The *Tidings*, the Los Angeles Catholic organ, is not true to its church; it stands for bloodshed, riot, and hyphenated religion.

The loyal Catholics of America, for the honor of their church and for the sake of suffering humanity, are anxious to see an end to the reign of terror in Ireland and to see the restoration of peace and harmony among all the war-distracted nations of the world.

For this ancient and mighty church is today one of civilization's strongest bulwarks against the lawless elements that seek to dethrone God and install the universal worship of atheistic materialism.

Ireland today is a menace to the stability of human institutions. For the sake of that country itself, for the sake of Great Britain, for the sake of America, for the sake of our common Christian civilization it is imperative that some solution be found to end the tragic jumble of hatred and misunderstanding that threatens to develop into an incurable world cancer.

The *Times* is not surprised to note the wave of resentment among loyal Catholics against the campaigning of the Sinn Fein elements in the church, both in priesthood and laity.

GENEROSITY.

(Translated from *L'Echo de Paris* for the *Living Age* by Pierre Benoit.)

I do not remember in just what year this incident took place. The curious can consult the records of the First Zouaves. Colonel Dubail commanded the regiment at that time and the regulation had just gone into effect abolishing turbans in favor of neckcloths. It was distressing, when one had become accustomed to a beautiful white turban which it took four men to roll, to have nothing except a cloth for the back of the neck, a miserable rag which we kept in our cartridge boxes.

My battalion, the fourth, had just left Koléa for Boghar, where we pass the summer under the great tents, the *marabouts*, which will hold twelve zouaves. I will speak later of the little tents, which we called *guitounes*.

My battalion was at Boghar, but I was not with it. My section had been designated to act as convoy to a detachment of *joyeux* and of military prisoners of whom we were to take the *joyeux* to the barracks of the first Battalion d'Afrique at Boghar, and the *disciplinaires* to the railway under construction from Berrouaghia to Laghouat. Only teamsters, strictly speaking, are liable for this duty, but they are a lazy lot and useless as guards. All this ought to be clear enough. I hope no one will blame me for going into these details.

We left Médéa at 8 o'clock in the evening. At 10 o'clock, after passing Bentchicao, one of the wagons broke down, and the lieutenant, a sandy-haired, hot-tempered chap, began to swear like a crazy man. Then he decided that we should wait where we were until daylight, when the wagon could be repaired. As far as we were concerned, we were perfectly willing to do so.

In the moonlight the country was yellow and black, cut by ravines like deep blue scars. The *joyeux*, being the new crop of undesirable recruits from France, were still in civilian clothes. We herded them in a crowd into a half-ruined old shed. There were only two military prisoners; they came from Algiers, from the court-martial there. At the halts they slept in separate tents. I must explain here about the *guitounes*.

The tents of zouaves were made of six pieces of canvas. Each zouave carries his piece rolled up on his pack. Six get together, and that makes a tent, a sort of cooperative society. When the number of zouaves is not divisible by six, there are some who are forced to sleep just like the prisoners. These latter lie each under his own piece of canvas, folded in the middle and held by two sticks, which makes a little individual tent, not knee high, and just big enough to slide into. Once you are inside you can't make the slightest motion without being seen. That makes it easier for the sentinel. At the halt at Bentchicao I was on guard over the two tents of the prisoners from midnight till 2 o'clock.

"Repeat your orders to Candau," said the corporal to the zouave whom I relieved.

"Don't let them move," said my comrade, "at present they're quiet enough, but you never can tell."

They left and I saw the two blue bayonets disappear in the hot gray obscurity, toward our tents, pitched about a hundred yard away in a good location.

A little while before, when we were making camp, it had struck me as a good arrangement. Now, I said to myself vaguely, that they ought to have placed our tents a little nearer those of the prisoners. I walked around them, the canvas never stirred. I looked at my

rifle, No. G79585. The bayonet was solidly in place; I let the butt fall heavily on the dry ground.

A slight sound, a voice echoed from the interior of one of the two tents. I stepped back instinctively and listened. The voice came from the right-hand tent. Brokenly, pitifully it murmured my name, "Candau!"

It repeated: "You are Candau, Lucien Candau?"

I ought not to have answered. I did answer: "My name is Candau."

"Candau from Loverchy, near Semnoz?"

I repeated: "Candau, from Loverchy, near Semnoz." And I added: "Who are you?"

"Do you remember Annecy, and the school in the rue Grenette?"

"The school in the rue Grenette! Who are you?"

"I recognized your voice. You don't recognize mine?"

"No!"

"Don't you remember Chanavaz?"

I shuddered. "Emile Chanavaz?" I said.

"That's me," said the voice, with a little, humble laugh.

"The one who took all the prizes?"

"That's me."

"The one who recited the verses when the inspector of the academy came:

"Enfants, qui sur les bancs de l'école laïque,
De la gratuité connaissons tout le prix. . . ."

The voice finished it:

"Nous vénérons en vous, monsieur, la République
Qui, pour nous libérer, éclaire nos esprits."

"I see you have a good memory after all. I am Emile Chanavaz."

"What are you doing there?" I asked; my throat was dry.

He laughed feebly, "You can see for yourself."

"I mean to say, how did you get there?"

"I wasn't my fault, Candau. I swear it wasn't my fault. An adjutant who had it in for me, who hazed me. . . ."

There was a silence. Never had the heat been so stifling. I had plenty of water in my canteen, but I didn't dare drink any.

"Candau!" the voice wept.

"Speak lower," I said brutally, "you'll wake up the other one."

He kept quiet.

It was I, you understand, I, who began again.

"What do you want? Tobacco?"

He didn't answer. It seemed to me that the canvas moved.

"Hep!" I said, "stop that, or. . . ."

The movement stopped, but the weeping went on: "Candau, my dear Candau."

It was horrible, that broken sobbing in the dry, blue night. The jackals barked and yelped in the ravines.

"Well, what is it?" I said. "Only for speaking to you I've deserved fifteen days in the guardhouse. What do you want?"

He didn't answer.

"To escape, perhaps? Nothing doing, old man."

He answered in a voice which was hardly audible, as if he were dying: "Give me a cigarette."

I leaned toward the opening of the tent. Suddenly my hand was seized and held, a kind of yellow devil sprang out of the ground and I felt a hard blow in the side.

I ground out a string of oaths, which would not make this story any stronger. It was a short fight. I only thought of two things; first not to call for help, for I was clearly in the wrong; secondly never to lose sight of the second tent, for if the other prisoner came out I was done for. It wasn't possible that he was still asleep. He was a clever one and lay low.

In ten seconds I had Chanavaz gasping under my knee, then under my foot. I picked up my rifle and conscientiously beat him up with the butt of it.

He gasped: "You won't tell, Candau. It's a firing squad for me if you do."

"A lot I care!"

But he saw that I didn't call the guard.

Humbly, on his hands and knees, he crawled into his little tent. The triangle of canvas became motionless again as if nothing had happened.

I felt my left side where he had struck me. The cartridge box on that side was cut wide open.

I cried: "You've got a knife!"

Silence.

"You've got a knife," I cried still louder. "Give it up! Give it to me!"

I struck with my rifle at the inside of the tent. A soft yielding mass, a groan, but no answer.

"Yes or no?"

A dying prayer from the tent: "Candau, keep still, listen—"

Oh the dog, I thought to myself, he can hear well enough.

Steps and the glitter of two bayonets. My turn of duty was finished, it was the relief.

"Repeat your orders to Bénéch," said the corporal.

"Don't let them move!" I said.

Bénéch was a great healthy peasant, half asleep. I could see his rifle trembling in his sleepy fingers.

"That's all?" he asked.

I waited perhaps a second. Then, "That's all," I answered.

And he followed the corporal.

I didn't fall asleep immediately, but, after ten minutes, perhaps, I was snoring like the rest.

At daybreak I heard noises in the camp, oaths and cries. They had found Bénéch on his back with a knife in his heart. The two prisoners had disappeared.

Since then I have never been generous with other people's money.

OLD FAVORITES.

Welcome to the Nations.

(Sung at Philadelphia, July 4, 1876.)

Bright on the banners of lily and rose,
Lo, the last sun of our century sets!
Wreath the black cannon that scowled on our foes,
All but her friendships the Nation forgets—
All but her friends and their welcome forgets!
These are around her. But where are her foes?
Lo, while the sun of her century sets,
Peace with her garlands of lily and rose!

Welcome! a shout like the war trumpet's swell
Wakes the wild echoes that slumber around;
Welcome! it quivers from Liberty's hell;
Welcome! the walls of her temple resound.
Hark! the gray walls of her temple resound;
Fade the far voices o'er hillside and dell;
Welcome, still whisper the echoes around;
Welcome, still trembles on Liberty's bell.

Thrones of the Continents! Isles of the Sea!
Yours are the garlands of peace we entwine;
Welcome once more to the land of the free,
Shadowed alike by the palm and the pine;
Softly they murmur, the palm and the pine,
"Hushed is our strife, in the land of the free!"
Over your children their branches entwine,
Thrones of the Continents; Isles of the Sea!
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Rest.

"Silence sleeping on a waste of ocean—
Sun down—westward traileth a red streak—
One white sea-hird, poised with scarce a motion,
Challenges the stillness with a shriek,
Challenges the stillness, upward wheeling
Where some rocky peak containeth her rude nest;
For the shadows o'er the waters they come stealing,
And they whisper to the silence, 'There is Rest.'"

"Down where the broad Zamhesi River
Glides away into some shadowy lagoon,
Lies the antelope, and hears the leaflets quiver,
Shaken by the sultry breath of noon;
Hears the sluggish water ripple in its flowing;
Feels the atmosphere, with fragrance all-oppress;
Dreams his dreams, and the sweetest is the knowing
That above him, and around him, there is Rest."

"Centuries have faded into shadow;
Earth is fertile with the dust of man's decay;
Pilgrims all they were to some bright El Dorado;
But they wearied, and they fainted, by the way.
Some were sick with the surfeit of pleasure;
Some were bowed beneath a care-cumbersome breast;
But they all trod in turn Life's stately measure,
And all paused hetimes to wonder, 'Is there Rest?'"

"Look, O man! to the limitless Hereafter,
When thy Sense shall be lifted from its dust,
When thy Anguish shall be melted into Laughter,
When thy Love shall be sever'd from its Lust,
Then thy Spirit shall be sanctified with seeing
The Ultimate dim Thule of the Blest,
And the Passion-haunted fever of thy being
Shall be drifted in a Universe of Rest."—J. S. Paine.

Scores of emigrants from Africa have recently found their way into the United States. Instead of passing the barrage of examinations at Ellis Island these newcomers will be taken in charge by the office of foreign seed and plant introduction in the bureau of plant industry. Each will be given a small section of earth on the experimental plats of the United States Department of Agriculture. There is a beautiful little dwarf lemon which originated in China and is now in this country looking for an opportunity to prove that it can bear its delicious lemons in anybody's greenhouse or sunny room as easily and as well as it can in a Chinese garden. Another Chinese specimen is the large-fruited haw, an unusually large variety of the hawthorn family, with a sour juicy fruit that is especially good in compotes and jellies. As the new immigrants arrive several members out of an older shipment will go out to begin careers of ornamental or economic importance in new homes. The scientists who have watched these older importations serve their novitiate are making preparations to send a few samples to various plantations and gardens. Among these is the pistache nut from the Mediterranean region, which has proved its value in California, where many of these trees are already thriving. The pistache tree of the Levant has a wonderful Chinese relative with ornamental foliage—wine colored in spring and scarlet and yellow in autumn. The nut of the true pistache is much in demand as an article of food and the timber of the Chinese immigrant is valuable for making furniture. Southern Florida had no native nuts except the cocoanut, so the Department of Agriculture brought the Queensland nut from Australia. It flourishes in the new environment, where it is being cultivated and propagated by the bureau of plant industry. The same office is busy with a giant blackberry from Bogota and a dry-land elm from China. The elm has already demonstrated its usefulness, for its grows well in regions that are too arid to support other forest growths. A quality which adds to its value is the ability of this elm to withstand severe windstorms without injury. This feature will enable the tree to grow on the Western plains, where the heavy storms uproot and destroy less tough species.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, explorer, is planning another icy expedition, this time to the North Polar regions.

Major-General Charles Townshend, defender of Kut-el-Amara, has been elected to the House of Commons.

Arnold Bennett is afraid of interviewers. He has been a journalist himself and he has a fear of journalists.

England's new peeress, Jose Collins, who was recently married to an earl, was the daughter of Lottie Collins, of "Tarara-boom-de-ay" fame.

During the ceremony of the "crossing of the equator" on his recent voyage the Prince of Wales burst forth as a poet, composing an "Apostrophe to Neptune." It contains much slang, evidently for shipboard consumption.

Horatio Blanco Fombona, journalist and poet, held by American military forces in Santo Domingo, has gone on a hunger strike as a protest against his imprisonment and also because of the prison diet of beans and potatoes.

Victor Young, the talented violinist, who recently made a successful début in America, has a romantic history. He was the son of a Jewish tailor and was caught in the revolutionary upheaval in Russia until a few months ago.

Kerensky is a man of forty-five years, but has the face of a boy of twenty-three. He has an immense head, very closely shaven, with a series of pronounced bumps that would delight the eye of a phenologist. Mr. Kerensky does not speak English.

Lady Ramsey, formerly Princess "Pat" of Connaught, is living in Paris in a three-room flat that does not even boast a bathroom. However, she outranks the British ambassador to France, and there is much speculation over the peculiar situation of social precedence.

Mary Burt, mayor-elect of Yoncalla, Oregon, is a native daughter of Oregon, a graduate of Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon, class of '73. In her kind but resolute face one can trace some of the heroic traits of her pioneer mother, who came across the plains with the first band of immigrants in 1843.

In his seventieth year Henry Arthur Jones has begun writing for the "movies." For forty-two years he wrote plays for the vocal drama and for thirty years of that time was ranked with Pinero as one of England's greatest dramatists. Now, when he is nearly threescore and ten, and as if in rebuke to those who hold that a man is well within the "lean and slippered pantaloons" period by then, he has begun work all over again.

"I had 5 cents in my pocket and a piece of apple pie in my hand," said Professor M. I. Pupin of Columbia University, describing the circumstances of his arrival in America in the steerage of the steamship *Westphalia*, which plied between New York and Hamburg a half-century ago. Today that American scholar of Serbian birth modestly wears the scholastic affixes Ph. D., Sc. D., and LL. D., holds the chair in electro-mechanics at Columbia, and is secretary of the Interracial Council of New York, an organization which includes leading men from among thirty-two racial groups in America.

Only in rare moments does a listener remember that Rabindranath Tagore is one of a subject people, and that to him the gentle rule of Britain is still the domination of an alien race. Clad in flowing gray robe and facing as always the sun, Tagore is the embodiment of the Eastern savant to whom the Western world has been introduced in story and poetry. His flowing gray beard and his face, tanned a soft brown during the generations in which his ancestors faced the hot sun of his peninsula, and his black eyes, which glow with marvelous softness despite their unmistakable piercing qualities, give an interviewer a sense of unreality. When Tagore speaks this impression grows. His voice is high and soft, with an almost spirit-like quality. His language flows with rhythmic purity.

The dominating figure in all English thought is Lord Northcliffe. People continue to refer to him as the reincarnation of the Napoleonic mind. Indeed his army of editors, directing newspapers and magazines with immense circulations throughout all England, have all the appearances of the Napoleonic hordes. Individually, the Englishman is wearied of this strenuous character, but he has made and unmade prime ministers, and even today his thoughts are, curiously enough, the Englishman's thoughts with regard to their prime minister, Mr. Lloyd George. It is, again, simple when we realize that nearly every Englishman reads one of Lord Northcliffe's papers. Lord Northcliffe is naturally a character worth studying. He is a well-built, stocky, energetic man, extremely nervous but decisive in all his movements and speech. His face is complex, bearing all the lines of an intense thinker and a man of great mental activity. It is the face of a vain man, arrogantly conscious of his power, yet sincere, kindly, and sympathetic. His hair looks as though it were in perpetual need of combing and expresses certain disorderliness about this overworked man.

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM JAMES.

Henry James Edits Two Biographical Volumes of His Father's Correspondence.

Private letters form the best of biographical material. Nothing throws so strong a light upon disposition and character as correspondence written without a view to publication, and therefore without the reserves that are ordinarily used to hide the privacies of the mind. But the task of the editor is a correspondingly hard one. In his duty of revelation he may cautiously invade the privacies but never the sanctities of life. He must give to the public no more than the public has a right to demand, and it has the right to demand much in the case of such a man as William James.

Mr. Henry James, son of the late William James has displayed all the virtues of the editor in these two volumes of his father's letters that reach us from the Atlantic Monthly Press. He tells us, and with obvious truth, that his father could not write a page that was not free, animated, and characteristic. James himself was a great reader of biographies, and he knew that every man's philosophy is biased by his feelings and is not due to purely rational processes. He had none of the cool kind of abstraction that comes from indifference to the issue. He was intensely interested in everything and of an insatiable curiosity. His own development was a matter of vivid personal experience.

James went to Berlin in 1867 partly in the interests of his health and partly to study physiology in the German laboratories. His letters from Dresden and Berlin have a peculiar interest at the present time, when so many minds are trying to trace the thread of cause and effect in recent events. Writing from Berlin to his sister on October 17, 1867, he tells us something of a love affair, although not, we may suppose, a very serious one:

I enclose you a photograph of an actress here with whom I am in love. A neat coiffure, is it not? I also send you a couple more of my own precious portraits. I got them taken to fulfill a promise I had made to a young Bohemian lady at Teplitz, the niece of the landlady. Sweet Anna Adamowicz (pronounce—*vitch*), which means descendant of Adam.—She belongs consequently to one of the very first families in Bohemia. I used to drive dull care away by writing her short notes in the Bohemian tongue such as: "Navzdý budes v me mysli Iroh m pamatku," i. e., forever bloomest thou in my memory;—"dej mne tojji bodo biznu," give me your photograph; and isolated phrases as "Máxik, Dicka, pritel, pritelkyne," i. e., Jungling, Mädchen, Freund, Freundin; "mi luja," I love, etc. These were carried to her by the chambermaid, and the style, a little more florid than was absolutely required by mere courtesy, was excused by her on the ground of my limited acquaintance with the subtleties of the language. Besides, the sentiments were on the whole good and the error, if any, in the right direction. When she gave me her photograph (which I regret to say she spelt "fotokraft"!!!!) she made me promise to send her mine. Hence mine.

The visit to Germany had been preceded by a trip to the Amazon as a member of the Thayer expedition led by Louis Agassiz. It was a memorable occasion, not only for its scientific importance, but for the association with Agassiz, an association that leads to many anecdotes in letters written by James to his parents. Thus on one occasion he writes, to his mother from the steamer at Rio:

The Prof. now sits opposite me with his face all aglow, holding forth to the Captain's wife about the imperfect education of the American people. He has talked uninterruptedly for a quarter of an hour at least. I know not how she reacts; I presume she feels somewhat flattered by the attention, however. This morning he made a characteristic speech to Mr. Billings, Mr. Watson's friend. Mr. B. had offered to lend him some books. Agassiz: "May I enter your stateroom and take them when I shall want them, sir?" Billings, extending his arm, said genially, "Sir, all that I have is yours!" To which Agassiz, far from being overcome, replied, shaking a monitory finger at the foolishly generous wight, "Look out, sir, dat I take not your skin!" That expresses very well the man. Offering your services to Agassiz is as absurd as it would be for a South Carolinian to invite General Sherman's soldiers to partake of some refreshment when they called at his house. . . .

James invariably prefers to praise rather than to blame, but he found little enough to praise in Berlin. He seems cordially to have disliked the people and their ways. In December, 1867, he writes to Henry Bowditch:

Berlin is a bleak and unfriendly place. The inhabitants are rude and graceless, but must conceal a solid worth beneath it. I only know seven of them, and they are of the *élite*. It is very hard getting acquainted with them, as you have to make all the advances yourself; and your antagonist shifts so between friendliness and a drill sergeant's formal politeness that you never know exactly on what footing you stand with him. These Prussians bow in the most amusing way you ever saw,—as if an invisible hand suddenly punched them in the abdomen and an equally invisible foot forthwith kicked them in the rear,—one time and two motions, and they do it 100 times a day.

James, we are told, was laboring under a sense of frustration and impotence during the period between his winter in Berlin and 1872. There can be no doubt that he himself experienced religious despondency as well as observing the distress of it in others. On page 160 of the "Varieties of Religious Experience" we find an authentic statement of his own case. He says:

Whilst in this state of philosophic pessimism and general depression of spirits about my prospects, I went one evening into a dressing-room in the twilight, to procure some article that was there; when suddenly there fell upon me without any warning, just as if it came out of the darkness, a horrible fear of my own existence. Simultaneously there arose in my mind the image of an epileptic patient whom I had seen

in the asylum, a black-haired youth with greenish skin, entirely idiotic, who used to sit all day on one of the benches, or rather shelves, against the wall, with his knees drawn up against his chin, and the coarse gray undershirt, which was his only garment, drawn over them, inclosing his entire figure. He sat there like a sort of sculptured Egyptian cat or Peruvian mummy, moving nothing but his black eyes and looking absolutely non-human. This image and my fear entered into a species of combination with each other. *That shape am I*, I felt, potentially. Nothing that I possess can defend me against that fate, if the hour for it should strike for me as it struck for him. There was such a horror of him, and such a perception of my own merely momentary discrepancy from him, that it was as if something hitherto solid within my breast gave way entirely, and I became a mass of quivering fear. After this the universe was changed for me altogether. I awoke morning after morning with a horrible dread at the pit of my stomach, and with a sense of the insecurity of life that I never knew before, and that I have never felt since. It was like a revelation; and although the immediate feelings passed away, the experience has made me sympathetic with the morbid feelings of others ever since. It gradually faded, but for months I was unable to go out into the dark alone.

James was absorbedly interested in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. He could hardly be otherwise, but he seems to have preserved a detached attitude, believing that much good might result, no matter how the struggle went. Writing to Mr. Bowditch in December, 1870, he says:

Your letter written from Leipzig just before the declaration of war reached me in the country. I have thought of you and of answering you, abundantly, ever since; but have mostly been prevented by sheer physical *imbecillitas*. Now I am ashamed of such a state, and shall write you a page or so a day till the letter is finished. I have had no idea all this time where or what you have been, traveler, student, or medical army officer. You may imagine how excited I was at the beginning of the war. I had not dared to hope for such a complete triumph of poetic justice as occurred. Now I feel much less interested in the success of the Germans, first because I think it's time that the principle of territorial conquest were abolished, second because success will redound to the credit of autocratic government there, and good as that may happen to be in the particular junctures, it's unsafe and pernicious in the long run. Moreover, if France succeeds in beating off the Germans now, I should think there would be some chance of the peace being kept between them hereafter—the French will have gained an insight they never had of the horrors of a war of conquest, and some degree of loathing for it in the abstract; and they will not have to fight to regain their honor. Moreover, I should like to see the republic succeed. But if Alsace and Lorraine be taken, there *must* be another war, for them and for honor. On the other hand, justice seems to demand a permanent penalty for the political immorality of France. So that there will be enough good to console one for the bad, whichever way it turns out. . . .

In August of 1882 James arranged with the college for a year's leave of absence, and sailed for Europe again, this time with the double purpose of giving himself a vacation and of meeting some of the European investigators who were working on the problems in which he had become absorbed:

He landed in England, and paused there just long enough to throw his brother Henry into the state of half-resentful bewilderment that invariably resulted from their first European reunions. Henry, to whom Europe, and England in particular, had already become an absorbing passion and for whom American reactions upon Europe were still an unexhausted theme, greeted every arriving American with eager curiosity and a confident expectation that the stranger would "register" impressions of the most charming enchantment and pleasure for his edification. William, on the other hand, was always most under the European spell when in America; and—whether moved by the constitutional restlessness that seized him so soon as ever he began to travel, or by the perversity that was a fascinating trait in his character and was usually provoked by his younger brother's admiring neighborhood—he was always most ardently American when on European soil. Thus his first words of greeting to Henry on stepping out of the steamer train were! "My!—how cramped and inferior England seems! After all, it's poor old Europe, just as it used to be in our dreary boyhood! America may be raw and shrill, but I could never live with this as you do! I'm going to hurry down to Switzerland for wherever I then home again as soon as may be. It was a mistake to come over! I thought it would do me good. Hereafter I'll stay at home. You'll have to come to America if you want to see the family."

Every one knows that James was greatly interested in psychic research, partly from a sense of resentment of the boycott against it which was the prevailing tendency of scientific men everywhere. But he was by no means credulous and also by no means lacking in a sense of humor, as shown by his adventures with a medium known as Mme. D.—. He says:

[Apr. 6.] Hodgson and I started after our baggage arrived, to find Mr. B.—, who, you may have seen by the papers, is making a scandal by having given himself over (hand and foot) to a medium, "Madam D.—," who does most extraordinarily described physical performances. We found the old girl herself, a type for Alexandre Dumas, obese, wicked, jolly, intellectual, with no end of go and animal spirits, who entertained us for an hour, gave us an appointment for a sitting on Monday, and asked us to come and see Mr. B. tonight. What will come of it all I don't know. It will be baffling, I suppose, like everything else of that kind.

[Apr. 7.] Mr. B. and Mrs. D. were "too tired" to see us last night! I suspect that will be the case next Monday. It is the knowing thing to do under the circumstances. But that woman is one with whom one would fall *wildly* in love, if in love at all—she is such a fat, fat old villain. . . .

[Apr. 24th.] In bed at 11:30, after the most hideously inept physical night, in Charleston, over a much-praised female medium who fraudulently played on the guitar. A plague take all white-livered, anemic, flaccid, weak-voiced Yankee frauds! Give me a full-blooded, red-lipped villain like dear old D.—when shall I look upon her like again?

Writing to Carl Stumpf in January, 1886, James expresses his opinion of scientists who refuse to investigate psychic phenomena on the ground that they are "impossible":

I don't know whether you have heard of the London "Society for Psychic Research," which is seriously and laboriously investigating all sorts of "supernatural" matters, clairvoyance, apparitions, etc. I don't know what you think of such work; but I think that the present condition of opinion regarding it is scandalous, there being a mass of testimony,

or apparent testimony, about such things, at which the only men capable of critical judgment—men of scientific education—will not even look. We have founded a similar society here within the year,—some of us thought that the publications of the London society deserved at least to be treated as if worthy of experimental disproof,—and although work advances very slowly owing to the small amount of disposable time on the part of the members, who are all very busy men, we have already stumbled on some rather inexplicable facts out of which something may come. It is a field in which the sources of deception are extremely numerous. But I believe there is no source of deception in the investigation of nature which can compare with a fixed belief that certain kinds of phenomenon are impossible.

James had trustful ways that sometimes led him into difficulties. If he tried to swap horses he was liable to get the worst of the bargain. The editor says with regard to one such transaction:

Such enterprises as the horse-swapping just alluded to were not always conducted with that circumspection which marks your true horse-trader. The companion of one search for a horse reported James as accosting a man whom he met driving along the road and asking, "Do you know any one who wants to sell a horse?" At Chocorua every one was willing to sell a horse, and accordingly the man answered that he "didn't know as he did," but what might James be ready to pay? James replied that he was looking for a horse "for about \$150, but might pay \$175." There was a pause before the man spoke: "I've got a horse in my barn that would be just what you want—for one hundred and seventy-five."

Some of the most delightful of the James letters were written to his sons William and Henry. A letter to the former dated April, 1888, tells of some seals that he watched in a tank at Boston. He says:

First, the learned seals in a big tank of water in Boston. The loveliest beasts, with big black eyes, poking their heads up and down in the water, and then scrambling out on their bellies like boys tied up in bags. They play the guitar and banjo and organ, and one of them saves the life of a child who tumbles in the water, catching him by the collar with his teeth, and swimming him ashore. They are both, child and seal, trained to do it. When they have done well, their master gives them a lot of fish. They eat an awful lot, scales, and fins, and bones and all, without chewing. That is the worst thing about them. He says he never heats them. They are full of curiosity—more so than a dog for far-off things; for when a man went round the room with a pole pulling down the windows at the top, all their heads bobbed out of the water and followed him about with their eyes *au lunter* curiosity. Dogs would hardly have noticed him, I think. Now, speaking of dogs, Jap was nauseated two days ago. I thought, from his licking his nose, that he was going to be sick, and got him out of doors just in time. He vomited most awfully on the grass. He then acted as if he thought I was going to punish him, poor thing. He can't discriminate between sickness and sin.

James frequently reverts to his psychic convictions and conclusions.

In July, 1891, we find him writing to his sister on the subject of death and of the mental inhibitions that obstruct our highest powers during life:

These inhibitions, these split-up selves, all these new facts that are gradually coming to light about our organization, these enlargements of the self in trance, etc., are bringing me to turn for light in the direction of all sorts of despised spiritualistic and unscientific ideas. Father would find in me today a much more receptive listener—all that philosophy has got to be brought in. . . . And what a queer contradiction comes to the ordinary scientific argument against immortality (based on body being mind's condition and mind going out when body is gone), when one must believe (as now, in these neuritic cases) that some infernality in the body prevents really existing parts of the mind from coming to their effective rights at all, suppresses them, and blots them out from participation in this world's experiences, although they were *there* all the time. When that which is *you* passes out of the body, I am sure that there will be an explosion of liberated force and life till then eclipsed and kept down. I can hardly imagine your transition without a great oscillation of both "worlds" as they regain their new equilibrium after the change! Every one will feel the shock, but you yourself will be more surprised than anybody else.

The foregoing extracts are confined to the first of these two fascinating volumes. They will suffice to show the biographical treat in store for the reader.

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM JAMES. Edited by his son, Henry James. In two volumes. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press; \$10.

It is said that near Thompson Falls, in Montana, there exists a well whence issues a steady flow of air. During the hottest days of summer, it is reported, the temperature of this curious well never rises above 35 degrees. The man owning this well has put it to a good use, for over it he has built a small refrigerating house in which to keep the food for family use. From the well to his store he has also laid a pipe, and through this comes the damp air of the well. The end of the pipe opens into a refrigerating room of the store, so that this man needs no ice to keep his perishable merchandise in the best of condition always. It seems that the well is not a natural one; that it was dug for the purpose of supplying water, but that when bottom was reached, instead of water, the air came forth with considerable force. In winter there is no appreciable lowering of the temperature. The result is that the owner of the well can use both storerooms for taking care of goods that otherwise would be likely to freeze.

That the savages of prehistoric America knew the use of splints in the treatment of fractures is revealed by examination of the skeleton of a young woman recently found in the pueblo ruins of New Mexico. An arm, badly broken in two places, was enclosed by six carefully made splints of wood.

A race of 40,000 head-hunting cannibals declared to be the smallest human beings, as a race, was recently discovered by an explorer in the New Hebrides.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco's bank clearings for the week ending December 11, 1920, were \$139,500,000; for the corresponding week of last year, \$169,400,000; a decrease from last year of \$29,900,000.

The Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco's gold reserve showed a slight decline during the week ended December 10th. The holdings here and abroad amounted to \$175,062,000, a decrease of \$2,638,000 since December 3d.

Oakland bank clearings for the week ending Thursday, December 9, 1920, showed an increase of \$2,593,812.60 over the correspond-

ing week of last year, according to the figures reported to the Oakland Chamber of Commerce by the Oakland Clearing House Association.

Not less than \$250,000,000 of worthless and fraudulent securities are sold annually to the American people. Indeed Mr. John H. Mason, president of the Commercial Trust Company of Philadelphia, feels certain from his experience in the Treasury Department at Washington "that if we could obtain accurate statistics it would be a markedly greater amount." It is with the hope of eliminating all or part of the loss thus brought upon the community that Mr. Mason has accepted the presidency

in the great mass of the public who have only a hazy idea of Wall Street, of investment banking, of stocks, bonds, etc.

"Recently one of the foremost men in America, a man of very great talent whose fame is international, was sued by two men in connection with a stock-floating affair. A representative of this newspaper wrote to an associate of a man of international reputation that one of the two persons bringing the suit, and who poses as a banker and broker, had a criminal record, having been in prison twice on charges of swindling. The newspaper man got a reply to this effect: 'Much obliged. The other fellow is a crook, too.'

"What are you to think when an associate of men high in industry and high in finance is plucked by sharpers just as are clergymen, physicians, widows, the many who have comparatively little money and little knowledge of stocks, but who have the foolish notion that possibly they will be favored by fortune? This 'get-rich-quick' business has its foundation in the belief that a majority of persons are fools. If you are wise you will consult your banker when it comes to investments. If you do any investigating do it before putting in your money.

"Mr. Mason says it is with the hope of eliminating all or part of this 'get-rich-quick' swindling in Philadelphia that he has accepted the presidency of the Better Business Bureau. Philadelphia has approximately 2 per cent. of the population of the United States. Accepting his estimate of \$250,000,000, Philadelphians have been mulcted to the extent of \$5,000,000 a year. You can wipe Philadelphia off the 'sucker list' if you will."

As the falling prices of commodities bring the industrial stocks down close to pre-war levels railroad stocks in sympathy join in the downward activity. For, as may easily be conceived, the closing of industrial plants to a point of about one-third of their capacity is not helping railroad earnings. However, this condition is not going to last, and as the *Iron Age* predicts that 1921 will witness the greatest demand for railroad equipment ever seen in this country, one may look ahead a few months to the time when our factories will be running again at 100 per cent. capacity turning out greater quantities of goods with 30 per cent. less labor. Reports from industrial centres show without exception that the individual efficiency of their employees is increasing materially. Take, for example, the Ford plant. With 6000 fewer men than it had ninety days ago, the production records of this plant were broken during the week ending November 27th.

The prosperity of the United States is closely identified with that of its railroads. The year of 1919 witnessed a remarkable rise in the stock market. The aftermath of all such bull markets is invariably a stock panic such as we have just had in 1920; therefore the law of action and reaction suggests that 1921 will show a decided upturn. Dow, Jones & Co. (*Wall Street Journal*) averages of twenty rails and industrials show the stock market thoroughly liquidated. In the 1914 and 1917 stock panic liquidation ended in December. The end of the present downward trend is no doubt also at hand. To the investor who has faith in railroad stocks let me recommend Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, and Atchison. The industrial list is filled with bargains showing present net yields to be from 10 per cent. to 14 per cent. per annum. Bargain hunters who ordinarily pay no attention to the stock market are now out in force, buying stocks on the bargain counter and taking them out of the Street. The floating supply of stocks will gradually be lessened un-

til some day the market will start to rise and we will again be in a "bull market."

The formation of a foreign trade corporation has now been effected. 1921 will show this country doing business in Europe on the largest scale ever before witnessed. Do not wait until our industrial plants are running at full capacity and then expect to buy stocks and make money in the market. Buy now and put them away. Sell later when prosperity reigns supreme. Take, for example, the stock of the Studebaker Corporation. Range of stock in 1919 was 45 3/4 low to 151 high. Now selling at \$42 per share. The dividend rate, 7 per cent. on par, which is \$100, nets at present levels 16.7 per cent. Read the following facts regarding this great corporation, which has a record of seventy years of business integrity:

The Studebaker Company has more than discounted any adverse conditions surrounding the automobile industry. The third quarter for 1920 shows larger gross returns than for either of the two preceding quarters of the year. Sales for the three months ending September 30th were \$27,823,611. Did you know that Studebaker earned more for the first nine months of 1920 than during the whole of 1919?

The net profits for the first nine months of 1920, after deduction for Federal taxes, were \$9,765,851. This is equivalent to \$15.34 per share on the \$60,000,000 common stock.

Did you know that this company made in the year ending December 31, 1919, net profits of \$28.54 per share? This was on \$30,000,000 common stock then outstanding.

The total current assets as per statement of September 30, 1920, were \$40,083,793, and current liabilities were \$13,441,990, this leaving a net working capital of \$26,641,803.

Buy it now and hold it indefinitely. This company will be in business for another seventy years without a doubt. Their new light six is meeting with popular favor and sales are steadily increasing.

Do you know that oil companies are all showing earnings beyond those of 1919, regardless of the fall in prices of other commodities?

I wish to call special attention to the present position of Mexican Petroleum—its great intrinsic value, its enormous and rapidly increasing earning power, and its magnificent prospects. My opinion is based upon the official statement by E. F. Doheny, president of the company, which was published in the *Wall Street Journal* of November 24th. Mr. Doheny stated that the company was then producing and moving 110,000 barrels of oil per day; that its October production was 3,500,000 barrels, this being the record month for the company. He said that about December 4th a new pipe line will begin delivering oil from the new well in Zacamixtle field, which had an initial flow of 87,000 barrels per day; that by January 1st the company's capacity from new pipe lines completed and in operation will be between 125,000 and 135,000 barrels daily, and that by June 1st next two other pipe lines having a minimum capacity of 65,000 barrels per day will give the company a shipping capacity of 200,000 barrels daily.

From information at hand I estimate that the company's earnings are at present running at the rate of \$5,000,000 per month, equal to \$60,000,000 per annum, or at the annual rate of about \$130 per share net before taxes. This is within \$35 per share of its present market price and makes no allowance for the steady increase which will be made both in amount of production and in earnings resulting from contracts made at higher selling prices during the next six months.

In addition to earning power, there are a

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number of other reasons why Mexican Petroleum stock is an unusual bargain at anything under \$200 per share. These reasons are: (1) The majority of this stock is in the treasury of the Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company. I estimate that this percentage is now between 75 and 80, leaving something like 100,000 shares in the hands of large holders and the public. Of this, about half is held by large stockholders, leaving only about 50,000 shares available in the market. (2) The process of absorption into the Pan-American treasury is constantly reducing the floating supply, so that the time is rapidly approaching when the stock will be extremely scarce.

The action of this stock indicates that it is cornered. Subscribers should continue to hold this stock and Pan-American. Remember that Mexican Petroleum in 1919 sold up to \$264 per share and has since then doubled its production. This stock is undoubtedly the leader of the New York stock market.—W. C. Gregg, McDonnell & Co.

The allocation of the former German cables now being undertaken by the International Communications Conference is discussed by the National Bank of Commerce in New York in its magazine, *Commerce Monthly*.

"Prior to the war," the bank says, "Germany had developed ambitious plans for a

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ing week of last year, according to the figures reported to the Oakland Chamber of Commerce by the Oakland Clearing House Association.

Not less than \$250,000,000 of worthless and fraudulent securities are sold annually to the American people. Indeed Mr. John H. Mason, president of the Commercial Trust Company of Philadelphia, feels certain from his experience in the Treasury Department at Washington "that if we could obtain accurate statistics it would be a markedly greater amount." It is with the hope of eliminating all or part of the loss thus brought upon the community that Mr. Mason has accepted the presidency

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of the Philadelphia Better Business Bureau. Mr. Mason's statement is quoted in the financial section of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and is accompanied by the following editorial comment:

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cable system connecting the Fatherland with all the German colonies, utilizing for landing stations the territory of non-European states or countries which might be expected to maintain neutrality in the event of a struggle involving the great powers. Four privately owned but heavily subsidized cable companies had completed the laying of about 23,000 miles of cables and Germany had developed a cable manufacturing industry which made her practically independent of Great Britain in this respect.

"Two German cables spanned the Atlantic

written by the Dutch and German governments. There existed also a German cable from Emden to Vigo in Spain, from Emden to Brest, and a line in the Black Sea from Constantinople to Constanza.

"Under the reparations section of the Treaty of Versailles, Germany was compelled to renounce on her own behalf and on behalf of her nationals all rights to the effective portion of these cables. The allocation of the former German lines in the Pacific or in the North Atlantic to the United States would be a most valuable addition to the American cable system.

"Through the seizure of one of the Atlantic cables formerly owned by the Deutsche-Atlantische Telegraphengesellschaft, the British system now encircles the globe. British interests own and operate more than half of the cables now in use. Between Europe and the Far East, Africa and South America, the British control of world communications is most clearly indicated. The Eastern Telegraph Company, a British corporation, controls both the direct routes which remain open between western Europe and the Orient. The French African cable reaches directly only certain of the French possessions on the west African coast and the remainder of that continent is dependent upon the Eastern Telegraph Company's lines."

The hank explain the location and importance of the former German lines connecting Shanghai, Guam, and the Island of Yap, which have attracted special attention at the conference.

"The longest and in some respects the most important American cable," the bank says, "is the Commercial Pacific Cable Company's line from San Francisco to Manila, via Honolulu, Midway Island, and Guam, all American possessions. At Manila it connects with the lines of the Eastern Telegraph Company to Hongkong, Shanghai, and Japanese points. From Guam a branch runs to the Island of Bonin, where it connects with the Japanese government cable at Tokyo. At Guam also it connects with the line of the Deutsche-Niederlandische Telegraphengesellschaft to Yap, whence the Germany company had lines to Shanghai and to Menado, and thence to Borneo and Java, with connections to India and other points. This German cable formerly furnished an alternative route to Shanghai and other points and could be used when interruptions occurred on the American Line between Guam and Manila.

"The Japanese cable system consists of lines connecting the various islands which comprise the Japanese Empire, of a line to the Japanese possessions of Taiwan and Chosen and of cables between Nagasaki and Shanghai and Port Arthur, as well as a line from Taiwan to the Chinese mainland. There is also a line to the Island of Bonin connecting with the American transpacific cable.

"The most acute need for additional cable facilities at the present time is in the Pacific Ocean. While over the north Atlantic cable traffic has practically quadrupled since 1913, in the same period Pacific cable traffic has increased nearly ninefold. On account of the great distance between the Pacific ports of the United States and the Asiatic centres of commerce, much of our business with the Far East must be done by cable. The Department of Commerce estimates that the cable plays a

part in as much as 85 per cent. of our transactions with the Orient."

E. H. Rollins & Sons and the Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company are participating in the offer of \$220,000 Coast Valleys Gas and Electric Company collateral trust ten-year 8 per cent. gold notes. These notes are a direct obligation of the company and are secured by a deposit with the trustee of the company's first mortgage 6 per cent. bonds at the ratio of \$3000 bonds to \$2000 notes. Bonds of this mortgage issue have been certified as a legal investment for California savings banks. The Coast Valleys Gas and Electric Company, incorporated in March, 1912, owns electric, gas, and water properties and operates without competition in Monterey, Salinas, Pacific Grove, Carmel, King City, and other towns in the Salinas Valley and adjacent territory. It serves a rich agricultural section susceptible of great development and in which the demand for electric energy is constantly increasing. The proceeds of this note issue are to be expended for the acquisition of additional property and for the construction and completion of extensions and improvements of its facilities.

Arizona Cotton Growers' Corporation of Arizona is offering an issue of \$5,000,000 common stock (no preferred stock authorized or to be issued) par value of units \$1, non-assessable and authorized by the corporation commissioner of California. The first unit of \$200,000 to be realized from sale of securities before any part of the amount can be used.

The purpose of this issue is to provide funds for the initial steps incident to developing lands now controlled in the Casa Grande Valley, Arizona. Development will be completed and crops will be planted, harvested, and put on the market with the funds realized from the sale of the balance of the stock.

Funds secured from the sale of stock will be held in trust until the first unit of 200,000 shares is sold. Payments will then be made on the land now held under options. This system of purchasing enables the corporation to secure land at a surprisingly low figure.

Concerns which make a specialty of reclamation will handle all the development work. Here again the advantage of a corporation is evident, for these immense contracts will be made at very favorable figures.

The expert business men at the head of the corporation will direct crop production through experienced men of the cotton lands. Marketing will be the special task of these business men, and it is here that their commercial experience will be very effective.

The land now held under option by the Arizona Cotton Growers' Corporation lies in the Casa Grande Valley of Arizona. Some 40,000 acres in and around Toltec, which the corporation controls, comprises part of the most fertile land of the valley.

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by way of the Azores. Another ran to Tenerife in the Canary Islands and then to Monrovia in the independent republic of Liberia, thence to Lome in the German colony of Togo and terminated at Duala in German Kamerun, so that all the German possessions in Africa except German East Africa and German Southwest Africa were in direct communication with Emden. German commercial expansion in South America was served by a cable from Monrovia to Pernambuco, Brazil. A route to the German colonies in the East Indies and China, free from British interference, existed in the German trans-Atlantic cables, the American lines and cable to Guam, and the three German Pacific cables radiating from Yap. These were privately owned, but the owning corporation was under-

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Probably the motto serves as an additional excuse for interlarding a serious argument with sapient superfluities, reminiscent of the most copious Victorian writers.

The latter half of the book, written though it is in an annoyingly affected style that literally disregards philological laws, has some provoking chapters that show a level and unbiased mind.

If Mr. Collins were not hampered by a style, partly deliberate in its badness, that indulges in such word-perversions as "obstacled," "rememberable," "agonal," and a score of others, and partly, no doubt, unconscious of the tenets of English word-order and metaphor, his writings would be an acceptable contribution to the field of the English essay. Certainly clear thinking is the foundation of a worth while essay, but charm of style is an important heritage from all the great essayists of our language. And a charming style can not be obtained by ignoring the genius of the English tongue.—R. G.

IDLING IN ITALY. By Joseph Collins. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3.

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THE CHILDREN OF ODIN. By Padraic Colum. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4.

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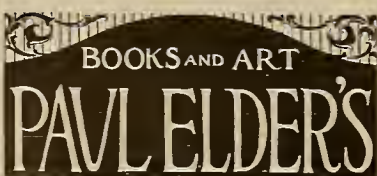
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Thomas Seltzer, New York, has published a translation from the Italian of Achille



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Memories of a British Traveler.

The fine old art of writing personal reminiscences seems still to have its home on the English side of the Atlantic. Witness a volume of "Memories," by Lord Redesdale, or, rather, two volumes, just issued from the press of Dutton & Co.

Lord Redesdale began traveling at the "marble age" of boyhood, and ended it only when he had so far advanced in years that he could say in his introduction: "Now that the midnight of life is at hand, before the last chime of the curfew must ring out, I have been busying myself in writing down memories of the people who brightened its morning, its noon, and its evening."

The "marble age" was spent in France, most of it in Paris during the winter and spring, but "never twice in the same apartments." Recurring to this period and speaking of his playmates, Lord Redesdale says: "I have forgotten the names of all of them save only one called Jules—I suppose he had a surname, but if he did I never knew it—he was always 'le petit Jules.' He was of about my own age, very small, but of quite a demonic cleverness, and at marbles he was a hero. . . . I remember one tragic episode of a beautiful white alley with rosy pink veins, the pride of my soul. The little villain challenged me to play him, offering to stake a superb agate against it. In less time than it takes to write the tale the alley was his. My beautiful white alley! I was but seven years old and I wept bitterly. I wonder whether 'le petit Jules,' if he is yet alive, remembers how he avenged Waterloo that day in his victory over the English boy."

In middle life Lord Redesdale was attached in various capacities to the British diplomatic and consular service in the Orient and lived at Peking and Tokyo when Japan was first being opened to foreigners. His description of the first reception ever accorded to aliens by the Mikado is typical of the contents of his book. He observes:

"As we entered the room the Son of Heaven rose and acknowledged our bows. He was at that time a tall youth with a bright eye and clear complexion; his demeanor was very dignified, well becoming the heir of a dynasty many centuries older than any other sovereignty on the face of the globe. He was dressed in a white cloak with long padded trousers of crimson silk trailing like a lady's court train. His headdress was the same as that of his courtiers, though as a rule it was surmounted by a long, stiff, flat plume of black gauze. I call it a plume for want of a better name, but there was nothing feathery about it. His eyebrows were shaved off and painted in high up on the forehead; his cheeks were rouged and his lips painted with red and gold. His teeth were blackened. It was no small feat to look dignified under such a travesty of nature; but the *sangre Azul* would not be denied."

Many years later this much-traveled statesman was a guest of the famous Italian hero, Garibaldi. An incident of his visit is thus set forth: "When I put out my candle, hoping to sleep, then I realized that I was not alone. The dust was literally full of fleas; they attacked me in battalions; I slew them by the score, but their widows and orphans and brothers came on undismayed, undefeated, to avenge their death. Never save once, in the Cave of the Seven Sleepers at Ephesus, where I had taken refuge from a storm, did I see such an army of hungry cohorts. I tried to comfort myself by thinking of Eothen's famous chapter and Thackeray's 'White Squall,' when

All the fleas in Jewry
Began to bite like fury,

but it was all in vain. I prayed for the morning, which was long in coming."

MEMORIES. By Lord Redesdale. Two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$12.

More About Versailles.

"The fact that the need for economic revival was more fundamental than that for political revival was not appreciated by the political men who made the peace."

This is the central theme of a "hastily constructed" book by the newspaper correspondent, John Foster Bass, of the Chicago News on "The Peace Tangle." The book was issued professedly for use in the presidential campaign which has just closed.

A secondary theme of the work is that the "political men" who made the treaty did not see even that different political adjustments were necessary than would have been under the economic conditions of 1914.

There is not a great deal that is profoundly important in Mr. Bass' volume, but it has at least the merit of being "newsy" and of presenting bare facts without the customary obfuscations of diplomatic argument. France's bald determination "to keep Germany weak," England's and Italy's pressure for Germany's early economic rehabilitation, the refusal of the old problems of Asia Minor and of the control of the trade routes to India to submit to settlement, the present beggared condition

of Austria, the "economic errors" in the treaty of peace with Hungary, and many other interesting phases of the aftermath of the Treaty of Versailles are described by Mr. Bass with very excellent impartiality and timeliness. On the whole the publication seems to be justified.

THE PEACE TANGLE. By John Foster Bass. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

Archaic England.

The author of "Archaic England" has discarded the usual archaeological method of fitting evidence to theory and has professedly discarded all theories or working hypotheses to start with. He will go wherever his materials or data take him, and no farther.

Applying the so-called jig-saw system, he discovers patterns that are usually refused reconstruction by archaeologists. Many of the theories that result are radical, but there is no reason why archaeology may not have its radicals as well as art or politics. Two or three centuries or even one century ago artists and critics would have been loud in declaiming any one so hardy as to produce an impressionistic painting or sculpture. And yet the greatest of modern sculptors—Rodin—has made impressionism orthodox.

So it may well be that Mr. Bayley is on the right road when he insists on drawing conclusions from the similarity of Old Celtic and Hebrew; when he finds evidence of early relationship between Scots and Etrurians; and when he forwards the theory, for which he gives exhaustive evidence, that the early Celts of Britain were in some inexplicable way connected with the Phoenicians—and this last in the face of the authorities who say the historical evidence for such connections has been weighed and found wanting. Disregarding historical evidence and its fallacies, Mr. Bayley sets to work to collect in the chapter, "A Tale of Troy," all the archaic and philological evidence in the case. And a very impressive array it makes.

However, the author is sometimes over-enthusiastic in matching the pieces of his puzzle. His mind has gotten so in the habit of classifying words of similar sound that it sometimes seems to work mechanically. A point in case is the paragraph on names of flowers where he says, ". . . the pansy was in all probability deemed to be Pan's eye." It is improbable that this meaning was ever attached to *pansy*, which is merely bad French for *pensée*. According to Mactierlinck, the flower was not introduced into Europe till the seventeenth century. Another instance of Mr. Bayley's allowing his hobby to ride him into a ditch is his deriving *speculum* from *speck*, O. E. for *spook*, on the assumption that the first reflection was mistaken for a spook. There is little reason for assuming that the numerous Latin words deriving from the root *spee*, including *speculum*, had anything to do with spooks. Is it not more probable to assume that a spook was called a *speck* because it was "a thing seen"?

These points are noted, however, as a warning against taking single philological resemblances too literally, when using the jig-saw system, and are not meant as an arraignment of that system. The taking of all one's material and drawing conclusions therefrom is the only scientific approach we have as yet for attacking a subject that is not yet a science.—R. G.



Archaic England. By Harold Bayley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$7.50.

One of the odd trades of Birmingham is that of artificial eyemaking (says the London Daily Mail). It has never been more thriving than now. Some makers have three months' work ahead. The war added to the demand, and there are thousands of ex-service men who can not possibly be supplied for a considerable time. The variety of artificial eyes is surprising. They differ in the size of the iris, shape, and the color of the "white." No two eyes are alike, and the artificial eye has to match the remaining one, a matter of nice judgment. Formerly the Germans competed in the trade, but their "eyes" had many faults.

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ways of telling the same things—by pictures, by articles, by summary. Fourth, the strong appeal to the child's heart and imagination, which is the best reason of all. It is the first work of reference which the children ever really enjoyed reading. It is a work of genius and a work of art as well as a little encyclopaedia which gives the important information of the world in the simplest and most delightful form. It is the simplest form of Universal Knowledge.

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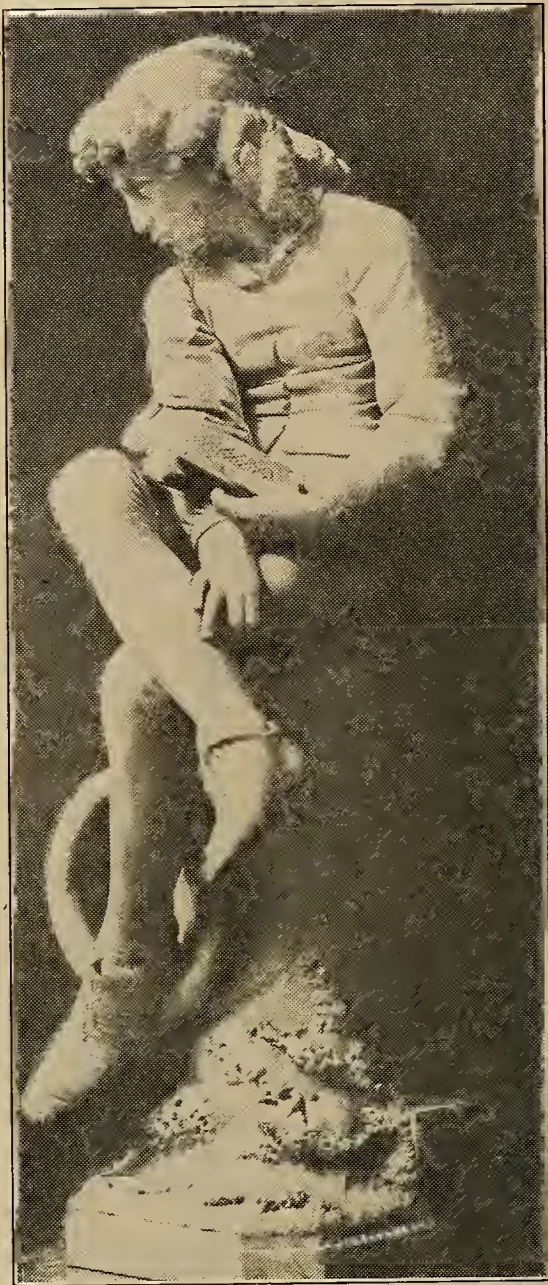
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By MARSHALL DILL.

The cessation of the war and the consequent change in everything American from a trade standpoint should cause every municipality and even the nation itself to try and analyze the new relationship between this nation and its individual districts with the rest of the world.

Over 350 years ago the world's centre of trade shifted from the Mediterranean to Holland and then finally drifted into the hands of England and France. Two and a half centuries ago those nations, comprising the north-western section of Europe, discovered that it was necessary and vital to their existence as maritime nations to encourage and enter into a large way barter and trade with foreign countries. Under the influence of the exploitation of the East and West Indies, England, France, and Holland began to sew up their future destiny in maritime activities. Their young men went into the Orient and South America. They established their banks and branch houses abroad. They sent their

money to their colonies. They so re-created themselves that foreign trade became the very lifeblood of their national life. An attack upon the foreign trade of these nations of Europe and the endeavor to deprive them of any part of it would be similar to the drawing of the blood from the veins of a man.

Quite different to Europe's activity in this regard has been the history of the United States prior to the war. One hundred years ago this country was a small struggling community with a few million inhabitants concerned with their domestic problems, endeavoring to preserve the unity of their new confederation. In their progress their problems remained internal and in the direction of their own West. The United States, from the very vastness of its territory and the richness of its internal values, became concerned with agriculture, mining, timber production, development of water power, and all those things which are built up from the interior of a nation.

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tripled their overhead and production so that today their normal output is far in excess of ordinary American consumption. The United States has been forced out of its provincialism and thrown ruthlessly into the world marts. Her lack of training, the necessity of creating organizations to maintain foreign contact, and America's general feebleness abroad bring forcibly to the minds of thinking people the fact that active steps must be taken to foster, protect, and exploit America's new position. We can not expect that our Federal government, comprising 75 per cent. of its representation in Congress from interior districts, can at a moment's notice set up and organize tremendous propaganda divisions to help maintain her foreign position in the same way that England and France and the other nations have been accustomed to doing for many years. It therefore becomes absolutely necessary that the cities and districts themselves do whatever is in their power to advertise themselves in those fields which have their greatest appeal.

San Francisco is in a peculiar position. Nothing has ever been done in its history outside of the individual activities of corporations and firms here to attract foreign trade to itself, or to advertise itself abroad. San Francisco has been too well satisfied with those things that came to it unsolicited. No longer, however, will this city be the recipient of unsolicited favors. The Panama Canal has placed New York close to the Orient. Young competitive cities to the north have made themselves heard by active work to the disadvantage of this city. Other attractive harbors and trade organizations have been founded on this Coast and all these things combined have and will further take from this city and harbor those things which have come to us in the past by commercial gravity. All over the world tremendous activity, representing billions of dollars of investment, is being inaugurated whereby nations, districts, and cities are throwing themselves into the battle of competitive commerce. One organization has been created in England which represents in its membership over four billion dollars' investment, and they have established in behalf of themselves in practically every city in the world personal representatives to foster their own affairs. One city on the Pacific Coast that we have not generally regarded as a serious competitor in foreign affairs, and not even boasting a salt water harbor, has, we understand on excellent authority, created a fund of a million dollars and is now sending men into various parts of the Orient exploit-

ing the port and advertising the city by personal contact.

The Orient and South America present peculiar temperamental and national problems. With these people the personal touch sometimes brings about a result far more important than cold print or impersonal figures.

Right here it is well to call the attention of the reader to the fact that foreign trade is without a doubt the highest thing in our nation today. The firm or man who indulges in actual foreign trade is the smallest part of its general scheme. In other words, in this city there is not a single individual whose welfare and future is not more or less directly influenced by the utilization of our harbor. Real estate is the basis of our values, and real estate depends upon this city as a port. If we were to build a fence across our docks and alienate the city from the ocean, what would become of our real estate values? We could very easily see ourselves converted into an interior town. Without the influence of this port, of what value would be those wonderful and beautiful buildings that have been erected for the housing of all classes of commercial activity? Where would they receive their tenants? What effect would this have on our department stores and retail establishments? Take our vast transportation investment; it would never have been here were it not for our harbor. So that after everything has been said, it is San Francisco Bay that shows itself to be the basis of our advancement and our position in the world.

If all these things are true it is very clear that our greater asset must be coddled and exploited. In doing this and adopting a modern method, that method must be based upon a very clear conception of what this city fundamentally consists. The biggest factor in the direction of trade to this district is lacking, that is, manufacturing and production. The greater consumption in the Orient is represented, first, in the shipment of steel with its many corollary items; second, in the supply of machinery, then cotton, drugs, chemicals, and a long list of American manufactured merchandise with all its ramifications. The centre of the production of these products is not on the Pacific Coast, but in the Eastern United States.

Manifestly, therefore, this district of the Pacific Coast is really and legitimately not entitled to command a share of this trade from the production standpoint, and as trade primarily belongs to the producers, it could almost entirely drift to the producing district east of the Mississippi River. The Orient is referred particularly to in this peculiar situa-

tion because Europe does, and will in the future, receive a goodly portion of foodstuffs from California and the Pacific Coast. But that business has been a heritage of many years' standing and is not to be considered in a general scheme of maintaining San Francisco and encouraging a constant healthy increase.

Manifestly if the Pacific Coast is not a producing section it is also not a consuming section, and of the vast importations which have been coming through this port, it has been carefully estimated that less than 20 per cent. has been actually consumed on the Pacific Coast. The remainder goes overland to Middle Western and Eastern districts. In other words, our problem is: How can we prevent the Oriental buyer from purchasing in Eastern centres and shipping by direct water lines from New York and other ports and through the canal? And how can we prevent the consumer on the Eastern seaboard from importing his goods over the same routes to his own seaports?

This, after all is said and done, is the real economic situation of this city. The best we can hope to do is to merely maintain ourselves for many years as nothing more or less than a channel through which merchandise is transported. To be able to do that will be something—and while that is being done our energies can be directed to the building up of industry so that in our children's time it is possible that we can actually control real business based on production and consumption.

During the last four years the trade of this port has represented itself by tremendously large figures in tonnage and money, and the traders have used those figures to innocently delude themselves into a belief that this business was permanently attracted on a sound economic basis. They forget that all that that business represented was a matter of convenience brought about by conditions interwoven with the eruptions caused by warfare. Certain lines from the Orient to the East Coast were disrupted. No transportation was possible between the Orient and Europe, and therefore San Francisco and the Pacific Coast became almost the entire point of concentration. As a result hundreds of importers and exporters, brokers, and organizations of every description depending upon that class of trade established themselves in this city and on this Coast and thrived beyond their fondest hopes. Today they are one by one folding up their tents and departing. Some few are taking their profits. A greater number are leaving them behind represented in overhead in-

vestment and mistaken business expansion.

The recent financial upheaval in Japan and the break in exchange in China, which has had a reaction throughout the entire Orient, coupled with an over-abundance of ship space and cargo-carrying capacity, has driven home in a brief ninety days something of this real situation to that part of this community. When this clear-up is finished we shall see remaining in this city probably 5 per cent. of the organizations that did business here in foreign trade a year ago, and it is a peculiar list of names that we look over. They are the same old reliable organizations that have done business in San Francisco for many years that we find still surviving.

In no sense of the word is this a business reaction as applied to this city. It is merely a settling down to a position that San Francisco has always occupied and will occupy in the future. At the same time there is no question but what foreign trade through this port has received a stimulant during four years of hectic activity and there will be a natural business greater than pre-war times as a matter of course. The particular points that it is desirable to drive home to our community are: First, that San Francisco must adopt some modern method of stimulating the flow of merchandise in and out of this port, even though it be for consumption in other districts. Second, that we must build our organizations and arrange our trade expenditures in the creation of manufacturing and increased overhead based on a careful analysis of exactly where this city and port stands in foreign trade considering its competitive relation to the Eastern seaboard. Do not be misled by flag-waving, enthusiastic newspaper and trade journal writers, and above all things, be careful to analyze statistics when you use them.

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San Francisco Is the Recognized Fire Insurance Centre for the Pacific Coast States.

By WILLIAM DEANS.

The value of the fire insurance business as an asset to the City of San Francisco is indicated by the following data: 160 companies maintain departmental offices, employing approximately 3000 persons, and handling premiums amounting to about \$60,000,000 annually.

Therefore the subject of fire insurance is of interest to a large number of San Francisco citizens, directly and indirectly.

Conditions and experiences throughout the United States, insurancewise, are paralleled in the Pacific Coast States, and for which territory San Francisco is the recognized headquarters.

The campaign inaugurated by insurance companies and agents to induce the public to increase insurance because of higher replacement costs developed momentum which carried it well into the present year, and it is believed the premium income will exceed that of 1919, notwithstanding the heavy shrinkage in the value of our seasonal products, and which constitute a large percentage of the business in California.

The loss ratio will undoubtedly be higher than for several years, as there have been a number of heavy losses, several where property values in excess of half a million dollars each were destroyed.

Fresno, Hollister, Los Angeles, Sacramento, San Francisco, and Willows—the latter being a minor conflagration—all contributed too liberally to our state's ash heap.

Information available at this time indicates that the margin between profit and loss in the underwriting transactions of all companies will be very narrow, probably reaching the vanishing point with some of them.

Considering the active campaign for fire prevention conducted for several years under the direction of organizations supported by insurance companies, the number and magnitude of these fires are somewhat disconcerting, and it is difficult to ascribe a definite reason therefor, after several years of comparative immunity. However, an opinion prevails to the effect that it is not mere coincidence that they should occur when our entire business fabric is showing such a radical change in pattern. A breaking down in the

morale, resulting in carelessness and indifference on the part of employer and employee as to condition of premises, cleanliness and housekeeping, a type of moral bazaar, is doubtless partly responsible for many of these fires.

Conditions in San Francisco have moved in sympathy with those prevailing throughout California. There has been a marked shrinkage in volume of premiums in the second half of the year, and the total will probably not exceed that for 1919.

There has been no improvement in the fire record, and the number of total losses to property may be attributed in large measure to the character of construction employed in mercantile and industrial plants, and indifference and ignorance of fire hazards.

The absence of adequate fire protection on the city's water-front owing to laying up of the two fireboats has been the cause of much concern to fire insurance companies. Notwithstanding the efforts of many commercial organizations it has not been possible to have this serious condition remedied, there being a difference of opinion between the city and state officials as to which should bear the expense, but originally it was a labor problem, which the city officials declined to solve. There is no evidence of an early settlement of the question, and meanwhile there exists the possibility of a water-front conflagration, which in addition to heavy financial loss would paralyze the shipping business of the port at a time when other cities on the Pacific Coast are striving to build up their shipping trade.

The development and growth of aviation has opened up a new field of activities to insurance companies, providing protection against loss from the various hazards incident to the use of aeroplanes. A comparatively small number of companies have manifested interest or curiosity enough to engage actively in this class of insurance, and after a brief and costly experience they have withdrawn until a greater measure of reliability and safety is attained in the mechanism and operation of aeroplanes as a commercial venture. The bad record thus far is attributed to recklessness on the part of aviators and poor quality of gasoline used. In the meantime

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there is likely to be little competition for such business.

The practice of writing all classes of insurance, other than life, by combinations of companies under the same management is a present-day tendency. As the rules and rates applicable to these various lines are made by different underwriting associations or boards, uniformity in practice and cooperation are not possible unless all the companies are members of all the associations.

To the officials of some companies which prefer to confine their operations to fire insurance and closely allied lines this tendency is somewhat disturbing, as it handicaps them in agencies and seems to possess possibilities for demoralization in the business.

Automobile insurance is now being written by practically all fire companies. Like the automobile industry, this class of insurance has developed so rapidly, rating systems and underwriting practices have not yet been standardized, each year producing new models, just as with motor-cars.

The marine and casualty companies also write automobile coverages, and methods and ethics differ radically from those maintaining in fire insurance; therefore fire underwriters have not been attracted to the business, but have been gradually drawn into it because of an apparent advantage it gives those companies writing the class over non-writing companies, rather than the profit it yields. Premiums on automobile insurance in California has shown a large increase each year, but competition is keen, inter-insurers, mutual companies, and automobile associations writing about as much as the stock companies.

As a result of the depression in the automobile industry at present, conditions in the insurance branch are likewise unsettled and the year will show little, if any, profit, and no satisfaction in the handling of the business.

The elaborate advertising campaigns being carried on is suggestive of the rivalry existing between the leading companies, or those aspiring to leadership, at least in volume of business transacted. The matter is interesting and instructive, and runs the gamut from the "arts and sciences to homely philosophy," the tenor of some of the articles suggesting the possession of certain virtues in larger measure than their competitors.

Singularly enough, comparatively little of this highly literary publicity comes under the observation of the insuring public, as it appears almost exclusively in insurance journals which circulate among company officials and agents. This may indicate a belief on the

part of company officials that the business originates with the agent, and is an endorsement of the American agency system.

The American propensity to regulate business by legislation—too frequently destructive rather than constructive—is excised freely on insurance of all kinds.

The California legislature at its last session passed a law prohibiting certain institutions from engaging in the business of fire insurance, but that refuge of the liberty loving—not to mention "reformers"—the referendum was invoked by the interests adversely affected by the measure.

The question at issue was a difficult one to place before the voters in an easily understandable manner, and by their votes the people decided that hanks should not be eliminated from the business of fire insurance.

When it is realized that there is a point of contact between fire insurance and every other class of business it will be readily apparent why underwriters are vitally interested in the conditions prevailing in every trade and industry, and fire insurance may be relied upon to assume its share of responsibility incident to the reconstruction of the nation's business.

Because of its affinity for all other classes of business, individually and collectively, fire insurance naturally finds itself confronted with problems similar to those engaging the attention of the commercial and industrial interests of the country at this time.

The era of war-inspired prosperity, extending over a period of five years, reached its apex about midyear, and the truth of the axiom, "Whatever goes up is sure to come down," is being demonstrated in a very uncomfortable and convincing manner.

In all human activities the "going up" process is rarely fraught with danger—it is coming down and alighting wherein lurk the possibilities of disaster.

With a vast accumulation of liability acquired on the basis of high values incident to war-time conditions underwriters are being called upon to provide "shock absorbers" to meet the avalanche in commodity prices now in motion, and their skill and capacity will be tested to the utmost, but in the light of past experiences there is no doubt but they will prove equal to the task.

Fire insurance is practically the only large business which can not be charged with profiteering, there having been an advance of but 10 per cent. in rates, in the nature of a war tax, effective for one year only; therefore the ratio of loss and expense remains on the same basis as that which prevailed prior to the war. The increase in volume of

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Statement January 1, 1920

ASSETS

First Mortgage Loans.....	\$2,651,352.43
Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps.....	104,552.00
Stocks (Principally Bank Stocks).....	36,864.15
Collateral Loans (Secured).....	25,700.00
Cash in Banks and in Office.....	128,193.76
Cash in Agents' Hands and Agency Balances.....	359,169.52
Interest Due and Accrued.....	63,970.00
Home Office Building and Grounds.....	24,000.00

\$3,393,801.86

LIABILITIES

Cash Capital	\$1,000,000.00
Premium Reserve Fund.....	1,267,311.33
Reserve for Losses Incurred.....	207,157.85
Reserve for Reinsurance Balances.....	25,381.08
Reserve for Taxes and Contingencies.....	140,000.00
Net Surplus	753,951.60

\$3,393,801.86

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premiums incident to higher values for insurable property of every character made it possible for companies to operate without advancing rates, but their trade profit on a large percentage of this business has yet to be determined.

As the basis of values for insurance purposes, in a final analysis, is the cost of replacement, it is readily apparent that with the cataracting in prices and cost of commodities of every kind now in process a condition is likely to develop where friction between a "hundred thousand dollar" insurance policy and an "eighty thousand dollar" inventory is likely to result in active combustion. This is what is termed the "moral" hazard, and is the only hazard for which no charge is provided in rating schedules.

It seems rather a serious reflection on our standard of business integrity that the moral hazard in fire insurance is looked upon so lightly. However, as the dollar is a symbol of selfishness, and is jealous of its rights, it is perhaps not remarkable that business men and institutions of unquestioned honesty otherwise are quite willing to accept insurance money made available through the criminal acts of others whose guilt it may or may not be possible to prove.

This is the particular phase of the situation which is the greatest cause for concern on the part of underwriters at this time, as during the period of inflation in credits most business organizations assumed obligations which are now maturing, and in the face of a falling market there is a temptation to be careless in many ways which stop short of the criminal stage.

A New Horror.

A new horror, the product of efficiency, speed, and perhaps civilization, is the machine which takes one's photograph automatically after a coin is deposited in the proper slot. This instrument of torture—for even painless photography becomes torture after the portrait is completed and set forth to view—is no simple affair. The voluntary victim sits down before the machine and drops his coin in the slot as requested. Immediately follows much business of preparation for the ordeal. A bell rings, then a small card appears urging the sitter to "Be careful. Turn your head to the right, fix your eyes on the little cross above the mirror—and smile." It may sound easy, but imagine smiling at the behest of a printed placard without the aid of the genial photographer's little bird! There is another bell and another card which tells one to sit perfectly still. And then, before one knows it,

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ORGANIZED 1838

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the terrible deed is done, and a third card startles the beholder with the words: "Thank you. The photograph is taken and you can now leave your seat. In four minutes your portrait will be delivered at the bottom of the apparatus." And sure enough it is, printed on a postcard, ready to send to family or friend. If practice makes perfect, the lucky person with plenty of the proper coins might in time get a satisfactory picture of himself. We wonder!—*St. Joseph Gazette.*

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Total U. S. Surplus.....\$1,353,337.72

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CALIFORNIA'S OIL INDUSTRY.

The Year Eventful, But Despite Variety of Difficulties Developments Are Encouraging.

By D. M. FOLSOM.

A review of operations in the California oil fields for any single year does not under ordinary conditions present a fair picture of the industry, nor does it afford a basis for estimating the future trend of the industry.

However, the year 1920 is notable in that the shortage of petroleum products, which was always impending and sometimes actual, afforded a demonstration of the dependence of Pacific Coast transportation and industries upon the products of California petroleum. This situation led to a rapid rise in prices during the first half of the year, and encouraged increased development which was successful in bringing production equal to consumption during the last quarter of the year.

Taking up the various branches of the industry, and beginning with production, the areas of proven oil lands in California, according to the state mining bureau's figures as of March 1, 1920, are as follows:

County—	Acres
Fresno	13,924
Kern	58,371
Los Angeles	2,931
Orange	3,879
Ventura	2,172
Santa Barbara	9,663
San Luis Obispo	772
Santa Clara	80
Total	91,792

The productive area in the state has been increased by development at the east end of the Elk Hills in San Joaquin County, where wells having an initial yield averaging over 3000 barrels per day have been secured on land belonging to the Standard Oil and Southern Pacific companies, and also by the discovery by the Standard Oil Company of oil at Huntington Beach, in Orange County, Southern California.

However, a great part of the drilling during the year has been unproductive, and many areas which have previously been considered as possible sources of oil have been tested and condemned by drilling. With the exception of the Elk Hills, the discovery of a deeper sand in the Richfield District in Orange County, and the Huntington Beach discovery, all of the tests in wildcat areas in California which have been carried to completion during the year have been failures.

Drilling in many of the older districts where extension of the present proven territory was expected has been disappointing, and the fields have been definitely outlined by dry holes.

Development work has been successful in increasing production, but was somewhat discouraging in view of the fact that more wells were drilled during the past year than in any previous year, and a great part of these wells were so-called wildcats drilled in search of new productive territory:

WELLS DRILLED DURING FIRST NINE MONTHS, 1920.	
Kern River	67
McKittrick	8
Midway-Sunset (inc. Elk Hills)	136
Lost Hills-Belridge	23
Coalinga	47
Lompoc and Santa Maria	25
Ventura County and Newhall	18
Whittier-Fullerton (inc. Richfield)	96
Total	420

Production figures, as announced by the Standard Oil Company and by the Independent Oil Producers' Agency, indicate that the 1920 output of California crude oil will equal the previous high mark of 1914 (104,000,000 barrels), while the value of the production is much greater than in any previous year. Distributed by fields, the production this year in comparison with 1919 is estimated as follows:

Field—	1919 Production	1920 Estimated Production (42-gallon barrels)
Kern River	7,563,025	7,500,000
McKittrick	2,810,848	2,640,000
Midway-Sunset (Elk Hills)	32,003,952	36,500,000
Lost Hills-Belridge	4,554,821	4,100,000
Coalinga	16,385,610	15,600,000
Lompoc & Santa Maria	6,030,910	6,000,000
Ventura Co. & Newhall	1,792,465	2,000,000
Los Angeles & Salt Lake	1,341,415	1,280,000
Whit-Fullerton (Richfield)	28,657,683	28,500,000
Summerland	53,680	53,000
Watsonville	27,375	27,000
Totals	101,221,784	104,200,000

The most noteworthy facts shown by this table are the increase in the Midway-Sunset district due to the production in Elk Hills and the sustained production in the Whittier-Fullerton district, which has held its own due to the heavy drilling campaign in the Monte-

Recognizing the substantial value that accrues to a community that supports a paper of the *Argonaut's* character, I contribute with pleasure my mite to this annual edition.

WILLIS POLK.

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hello and Richfield districts. The state mining bureau has recently published interesting statistics showing the oil production of the various fields of the state and the percentage of water produced with the oil for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1920.

The price obtained for crude oil in California at different times during 1920 is shown in the following table in comparison with the average 1919 price:

PUBLISHED PRICES OF STANDARD OIL COMPANY. (Per 42-gal. bbl. crude oil in the field.)					
Gravity—	1919.	Jan., 1920.	Mar., 1920.	July, 1920.	1920.
14° to and inc. 17.9°	1.23	1.23	1.48	1.60	
18° " " 18.9°	1.24	1.24	1.49	1.61	
19° " " 19.9°	1.25	1.26	1.51	1.63	
20° " " 20.9°	1.27	1.29	1.54	1.66	
21° " " 21.9°	1.29	1.33	1.58	1.70	
22° " " 22.9°	1.31	1.38	1.63	1.75	
23° " " 23.9°	1.33	1.44	1.69	1.81	
24° " " 24.9°	1.35	1.51	1.76	1.88	
25° " " 25.9°	1.37	1.59	1.84	1.96	
26° " " 26.9°	1.39	1.68	1.93	2.06	
And for each increase in gravity of one full degree above 26.0° up to and inclusive of 34.0°					
per bbl. additional.....	.02	.10	.10	.10	
35° and above	2.58	2.83	2.95		
35°	1.57				
Each degree above.....	.02 additional				

In addition, producing companies of crude oil whose output has not been tied up under contract, have been able to secure premiums over the above quoted Standard Oil published prices, ranging from 15 cents to 25 cents per barrel for heavy oil below 18° gravity to 50 cents to 75 cents for oil of refinable grade.

Taking up the refining and distribution of California oil: a greater percentage, and consequently a greater amount of California output, was refined in 1920 than in any preceding year; and, furthermore, the percentage of refined products obtained from the oil was greatly increased in order to partially meet the demand for gasoline and other distilled products. The United States Bureau of Mines publishes monthly statistics on the output of refineries in the United States, which show the following figures for California for the first eight months of 1920:

Total crude run.....	42-gal. bbls. 18,960,876
Output of gasoline.....	7,557,420
Output of kerosene.....	3,190,575

In addition to our own manufacture of gasoline California companies bought in the Mid-Continent fields for Pacific Coast consumption approximately 1,500,000 barrels of gasoline. During the summer months of May, June and July the shortage of gasoline was so acute that rationing systems were put into effect by the larger retailing companies. This

shortage of gasoline was brought about by increased demand, not only for automobiles, but also for tractors, gasoline pumping engines, and other farm use.

In order to provide increased output of gasoline for the future the large refining companies are installing new stills which either will cut lower into the crude or will produce a "cracked" gasoline by retreating the heavier distillates under high temperature and pressure to break down the heavier constituents of the oil into compounds of lighter gravity and lower boiling point. This, of course, will reduce the available amount of fuel oil produced from California crude.

The total consumption of California oil during 1920 will exceed production by approximately 6,000,000 barrels. The overrun of consumption over production was so threatening during the first half of 1920 that the marketing companies refused to enter into any new contracts for the delivery of fuel oil, and industries depending upon this form of fuel have been obliged to secure deliveries, without contract or assurance of permanent supply, on the current market basis. This shortage of fuel oil was due largely to increased demand by the navy and shipping hoard vessels operating on the Pacific Coast and also to the requirements of the power companies, who were forced on account of the dry season to carry a large part of their load by means of their auxilliary steam plants:

APPROXIMATE UTILIZATION OF CAL. CRUDE, 1920.	
Consumed by the industry itself.....	8,000,000 Barrels
Consumed in gasoline, distillates, lubricants	17,000,000
Railroads	34,000,000
Shipping, including navy.....	16,000,000
Other public utilities.....	12,000,000
Metal, lumber, cement, chem. industries.....	12,000,000
Food industries	8,000,000
Heating	3,000,000
1920 estimated production.....	110,000,000
	104,000,000

Consumption over production.....6,000,000

Some of the marketing companies have attempted to restrict consumption by cutting off customers in districts where other fuel or power is available, particularly in districts outside of California.

A study of the fuel oil situation, completed in October, by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce indicated that over 70 per cent. of the fuel oil consumption was within California or on vessels hunkering at California ports. The rest of the consumption is distributed between Hawaii, Canada, Washington, and Oregon, with only small shipments to Arizona, Nevada, Alaska, and Mexico.



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In general the consumption outside of California comes under railroads, shipping, or public utility use, and it will be a very difficult matter to effect a geographical curtailment.

As far as can be judged from the present situation, both demand and production can be expected to increase during 1921, and the oil companies can hope to meet demand only by continued activity in search for new fields.

"Two legs for short distances and four legs for long ones," is the common method of transportation in China. Although railroads and steamships are coming into service, camels and donkey trains are still frequently used.

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By R. D. BRIGHAM.

Years ago many people scoffed at the idea of a store wherein they could purchase articles or goods of every description. They thought that no one man, or organization of men, could master all the details of buying and selling widely varied lines of merchandise. They thought that if they wanted to buy ready-made clothes they should go to a clothing store; if they wanted dry goods, the dry goods store was the place to go. Then along came Marshall Field in Chicago with the announcement that he would give \$1000 to any charitable organization if any person could come into his store and ask for an article that he could not supply. Immediately people by the thousands flocked to the Marshall Field store and they found a veritable city where merchandise of all uses and descriptions was attractively displayed and sold. No one won the \$1000 because Marshall Field had anticipated the every need of all the people. Thus the department store of today was born.

For years banks were just banks, "a place where money was deposited." Some gave this service, some that. None gave too much service, many too little. In order to transact different kinds of banking it was necessary for people to go to different kinds of banks. The need for financial institutions equipped to render all banking services arose and the modern Trust Company was inaugurated. Through the centuries, wherever there has been a need for any particular service or benefit to mankind, that need has been furnished, and thus civilization progresses. It will always be so.

The business of the modern Trust Company of today is based on "faith, hope, and credit," and as proof of their value to communities trust companies are growing rapidly in all parts of the United States. The modern Trust Company could repeat Marshall Field's offer, because every banking need, or service, can be supplied within its walls. When you run the gamut of Trust Company services, you cover all banking services known to mankind. The modern Trust Company has these major departments—Trust Department; Commercial Department; Savings Department; Bond or Securities Department; Safe De-

posit Department; Foreign Exchange Department, and Real Estate Department, as well as many minor departments.

From his birth to his death, man's financial and fiduciary affairs can be handled to the best possible advantage by a Trust Company. When the child is born, the proud mother or father opens a savings account for the little tot in a Trust Company. This savings account helps to pay for the education of the boy through high school and college. The boy grows to manhood and marries, the Trust Company helps him to purchase a home. Later he may enter business for himself and the Trust Company, through its Commercial and Foreign Exchange Departments, extends the proper credit to him so that he can buy goods advantageously. He saves a certain part of his earnings and the Bond or Securities Department helps him to select the properly diversified investments. All through his business life he makes good use of the Safe Deposit Department of the Trust Company.

Middle age vanishes into old age and then the most important work of the Trust Company begins. He appoints the Trust Company executor of his estate. He wants to leave a lasting monument to his memory. His property, or his business, is a signal to the world of his ability—a monument of his success: broadly speaking, it is the chief evidence of what he has done. He does not want his good work and accomplishments to die with him. He wants to leave his worldly possessions in the hands of trained experts who will not dissipate his affairs, either knowingly or unintentionally. With the Trust Company as his agent, his estate lives on after his death, a moving, vital being. The Trust Company without fear or prejudice, but actuated only by sound business judgment, passes his estate on to the second generation intact, wisely managed and sympathetically administered, according to the exact terms of the will.

The man who makes a will with the skillful aid of his attorney and appoints a Trust Company as executor does the only thing possible to insure the administration of his estate in strict accordance with his wishes. Individuals often make good executors, but they may move, die, or prove otherwise unsatis-

factory. The Trust Company lives on forever and until the last dollar of the estate is administered the Trust Company serves faithfully, conscientiously, and honorably to the last.

The Trust Company may be called "the department store of finance," but in addition it is "the mother of finance," because it cares for every financial or fiduciary need of its customers from the cradle to the grave.

THE BOND MARKET.

By R. H. Shurtliff.

If one were to examine a curve depicting the price of bonds since November, 1918, it would present much the appearance of a seismograph during a violent earthquake. Immediately following the close of the war, after confidence became renewed in the minds of the investors, bonds took a sharp turn upward. As the era of rising commodity prices, which encouraged multitudinous new financing, started at the same time, however, borrowers soon began paying more and more for money and bond prices jogged downward. Since July, 1919, the lot of the bond-buyer has not been a particularly happy one, unless he was wise enough to purchase very short-term securities. As near as can be told, however, from the present close perspective, the climax of this downward sweep in bond prices was reached in September, 1920. The curve since that time has been upward. There is now a definite opinion amongst the majority of bond buyers that prices will continue to strengthen and, as a result, there is a great preference for long-term securities which will give the investor the advantage of present interest rates for a long period of time.

To decide on the correctness of this assumption one must study the causes of changing bond prices. The governing influence is of course the rate of money. If interest rates are high bond prices are downward because the lower the price of a bond the higher the interest rate it pays on this price. Because of this relationship the decline in the last year can be definitely traced to rise of interest rates. Since this is true, and since the price of money varies with the law of supply and demand, the problem of future bond prices may be stated merely as to whether the supply of credit will catch up to the demand for the same in the period just ahead of us. In most peoples' minds it will, and the chief reason is that we are unquestionably entering a period of industrial cessation. A letting-up of indus-

try means a lessening credit demand to continue industry. When borrowers cease to be able to make money on capital borrowed at 8 per cent. and more, the demand for money will lessen and interest rates will go down.

There is all over the land an evidence of slowing up in business. There is at the same time, and has been for a some months, a determined pressure toward liquidation. The slowing up in business will lessen the demand for capital and the liquidation of commodities will increase the supply of capital.

There is only one element in the whole situation that may contribute to offset this tendency, and that is foreign government and foreign municipal borrowing. Their exigencies are often so pressing and the field in which they can borrow is so limited that so long as they can gain credit in this country they are apt to do so regardless of interest rates. It is hardly probable, however, that American investors will absorb enough of this class of bonds to affect the general situation.

The chief classes of borrowers which will probably be in demand of funds within the next few months are the utilities and the railroads. At the same time these are the classes which will benefit most by falling prices, and whose future outlook therefore seems the brightest. The experienced investor will probably then invest in long-term bonds because he thinks interest rates are falling, and he will select bonds amongst the public utility and railroad offerings because he thinks these the safest investments.

Hens are used for hatching fish in China. The spawn is placed in eggshells and hermetically sealed. Then the hen is induced to sit on them. At the proper time the little fish are removed and placed in carefully-tended ponds.

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MEMORIAL TO STATE'S DEAD SOLDIERS.

Replica of Palais De La Legion D'Honneur, Paris, France.

"Halt! Who goes there?" St. Peter cries, As thru the dusk a maimed figure comes: "Tis I, a Legionnaire!" the voice replies—"Then," "Enter, Comrade; sound loud the drums."

Any Frenchman who arrives in San Francisco after next year will wonder, as he visits Lincoln Park, whether he is really in his beloved Paris or whether one of the most beautiful (and surely one of the most interesting) of the public buildings of that wonderful city has been removed bodily to the Golden Gate. And truly may he wonder; for at Lincoln Park, and corresponding in every particular to the original Palais de la Legion d'Honneur, will stand a California Palace of the Legion of Honor, a Memorial to the memory of those California sons who fell on the sacred soil of France in the Great War.

There are War Memorials and War Memorials, but where else than in San Francisco could there be such a sentimentally inspired and beautifully conceived project. To link the glorious past with the glorious present and future—around the idea of the world-famed Legion d'Honneur, but brought down to date by the sacrifice of those men who form California's new and immortal Legion of Honor. A noble thought. And a worthy one.

Think back some decades, and dwell for a moment on the origin and composition of France's great military order. Founded by Napoleon, the Legion was composed of the most valiant knights of that turbulent era. No easy task gained admission to the order. Ah, no! It required an act of supreme valor, some outstanding service to the empire, to gain admission to the splendid ranks and wear the coveted decoration. Later, civilians who performed great deeds which would cause France especially to honor the doers entered their names on the roll, but mostly the Legion is known for the names of the warrior heroes who did great deeds, and often died, for France.

How fitting it is, then, that the Palace soon to be erected here in San Francisco should be in honor of California's military heroes. And how proudly solemn is the thought that every hero, without regard to rank or title, will have his memory kept green in this superb Memorial.

Superb it is, too. A replica of the French Palais, the present one there being built after the design of the burned one which Rousseau built, San Francisco's War Memorial will remind visitors to the 1915 Exposition of the architecturally famous French Building there. That building was a copy of the Palais de la Legion d'Honneur in Paris. The War Memorial will be, also. Looking at the photograph on this page, one has a faint idea of the splendid proportions and the inherent beauty of the structure.

When finished, with its tablets giving the names of the hero dead, and housing the wonderful collection of paintings and sculptural masterpieces which have been presented or promised, all California—yes, all the United States—will have just cause for pride in the Memorial itself, and just reason for complimenting Mr. and Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels for their generosity as donors and for their tact and sentiment in choosing the form of the gift.

But let Mrs. Spreckels tell in her own words the thought behind the gift, and something about the treasures to be housed therein. When Mrs. Spreckels was recently interviewed she hurriedly passed over her work in connection with the Memorial, but grew enthusiastic about the action of the French government and others who will provide many of the valuable exhibits which will remain in the Memorial always. She said:

"Oh, it isn't so important who gave the Memorial. What is important is the fact that our California heroes should certainly have a Memorial, and the fact that everybody is so enthusiastically helpful about the kind of one we had in mind. From the highest officers of the French government we received the very best offers of cooperation, and from every one, both in the United States and abroad, the most helpful suggestions and offers of exhibits came just as soon as Mr. Spreckels and myself announced our desire to do honor to this state's immortal dead.

"When the Duchess of Vendome, quite the 'first lady of the land' in the opinion of the French, voluntarily promised to form a circle of fifty of her immediate

friends and become responsible for the decorating and furnishing (with wonderful and rare *objets d'art*, you can well believe) of one complete room in the Memorial.

"And Queen Mary of Roumania is going to provide a Roumanian room. You can be quite sure that Her Majesty will, for this purpose, part with some treasured and valuable things.

"And you probably know already that His Excellency Monsieur Honorat, the French Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, and Paul Leon, Director of Fine Arts, have given, in the name of the republic, four magnificent and immensely valuable Gobelin tapestries depicting four episodes in the life of the new Saint, but well-beloved martyr known to all the world, Jeanne d'Arc, the 'Maid of France.' And also France has given a remarkable collection of the coins of the republic and her colonies, and some priceless and very beautiful pieces of Sevres ware, that lovely and delicate china which the world justly admires and for specimens of which tremendous prices are paid.

"I perhaps should not in the same breath say much about the Rodin masterpieces which

of the conflict, she should seek to bring France and America closer together, because she is a direct descendant of a Marshal of France, the Marquis le Normand de Bretteville, an emigre during the French Revolution, and who became, after Napoleon's fall, the head of the nation's armies. His grandson, the Marquis de Bretteville, Colonel of the Grenadier Guards under Napoleon III and grand officer of the Legion of Honor, was Mrs. Spreckels' granduncle. Mrs. Spreckels, as every one knows, accomplished much notable war relief work in that part of Belgium which the Germans did not occupy. And it was mainly Mrs. Spreckels who was responsible for the American Red Cross deciding to send relief into Roumania, as she investigated the horrible conditions obtaining there and sent a direct representative back to the United States to acquaint officials of the Red Cross with the real facts in the case. These two achievements naturally explain the fervor with which Belgium and Roumania entered into cooperation with Mrs. Spreckels the moment she announced the gift which she and her husband were going to make to San Francisco.

There flourishes virtue, honor, and beauty, Desire for praise and fear of infamy.

So Ronsard said of all France, but he could just as well have spoken the words with direct relation to the Legion d'Honneur itself and

GIFT HEARTILY COMMENDED.

Newspapers Laud Givere, Praise Idea, and Envy San Francisco.

The New York *Evening Telegram* says: "Why has New York no Mrs. A. B. Spreckels? The lady lives in San Francisco and has presented that city with a wonderful Memorial Palace, to cost over \$1,000,000, in memory of the California boys who died in the great war.

"The monumental edifice will be a replica of the Palace of the Legion of Honor in Paris and will be erected on an imposing site overlooking the harbor of San Francisco. Various rooms in this grand Memorial will be decorated by the French government, Mrs. Spreckels, the Duchess of Vendome, the Queen of Roumania. There will be exhibited priceless relics of ancient lands, and in addition the Memorial will house the famous sculptural works of Rodin, the master, which works, owned by Mrs. Spreckels, include the well-known 'Le Penseur' ('The Thinker')."

The American *Legion Weekly*, under a three-column headline, and with a splendid picture of Mrs. A. B. Spreckels, says:

"Mrs. Alma de Brettville Spreckels, wife of A. B. Spreckels of San Francisco, is donating to the people of California a magnificent war memorial building costing \$1,000,000, which will be a replica of the home of the Legion of Honor in Paris. The memorial building will be at Inspiration Point, Lincoln Park, San Francisco. Mrs. Spreckels is of a famous French family, being a descendant of Gilbert de Brettville, one of the followers of William the Conqueror.

"As the Statue of Liberty, gift of the French people to the United States, greets those who come to our shores from the Old World, so will a structure conceived in France greet those who come from the Far East through San Francisco, for the site of the Memorial looks down on the Golden Gate and the broad Pacific.

"When Mrs. Spreckels conceived the idea of a California war memorial her thoughts at once turned to the Legion of Honor building in Paris as typifying something of real meaning to Americans and at the same time carrying out her idea of beauty appropriate to a memorial structure. "I wanted," she said, "something that would signify individual sacrifice and devotion in the cause of patriotism, and the Legion of Honor building, and the idea behind it, seemed best to express what was wanted."

"It has long been the ambition of Mrs. Spreckels to get together in one collection all the masterpieces of Auguste Rodin, the world-famous sculptor, and that ambition will now be realized, as all the masterpieces of Rodin which Mrs. Spreckels owns will be housed in the magnificent War Memorial building she is to erect."

The New York *American*, in an interview with Mrs. Spreckels just as she returned from Paris bearing the promise of hearty cooperation from the French government in the matter of decorations and famous relics for the War Memorial, said:

"Not only the French government, but also many other agencies abroad, will cooperate in the success of Mrs. A. B. Spreckels' wonderful War Memorial, which is to be erected by her husband and herself in honor of the Californians who fell in the world war.

"The City of San Francisco has already donated a site in Lincoln Park, so that the palace, facing the bay, will command a magnificent sweep of the Golden Gate.

"Permission has been granted by the French government for a duplication to be made of the famous Palais of the Legion d'Honneur, and Mrs. Spreckels has the official promise of many noteworthy gifts to be exhibited therein.

"Perhaps the most noteworthy of these gifts is a set of four wonderful tapestries, by Gobelin, depicting the life of Joan of Arc, woven at the government works after cartoons painted by the eminent French artist, Jean Paul Laurens."

It has been figured up that there are about 12,000 small towns in the United States, half of them with populations of 500 or less. It is these small towns that the rural people are intimately associated with. They sell their produce there, buy the things they need; in fact, these are a part of the rural community. Some of these small towns will become cities, but a very large per cent. of them will remain as they are almost indefinitely.

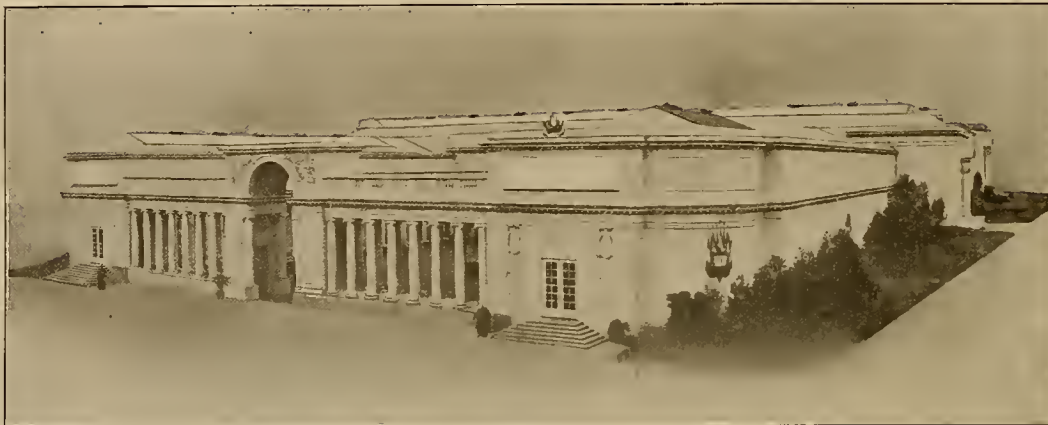


Photo by Cardinell-Vincent Co., San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO'S WAR MEMORIAL, THE GIFT OF MR. AND MRS. A. B. SPRECKELS.

my husband and I are going to place in the Memorial. But you will, I hope, pardon me for being enthusiastic about their being placed in this open-to-the-public-of-the-world Memorial, where the home folks and the traveler alike can come and enjoy their beauty and learn their message.

"If the architect thinks well of the suggestion, I hope to place Rodin's 'Le Penseur' ('The Thinker') at some little distance in front of the Memorial, so that visitors will, upon seeing this statue and feeling its real meaning, enter the Memorial in the true spirit of the place.

"You see, that bronze to me typifies the way in which my country, America, entered the war—with deliberation, after meditation, knowing the cause was right. The other works of Rodin, such as 'The Age of Brass,' 'St. John the Baptist,' 'Eve,' 'The Siren,' 'Head of Balzac,' 'The Prodigal Son,' and others, will be placed where they can be seen to best advantage.

"Justice, Victory, Honor. These three are the trinity of qualities which Mr. Spreckels and I desired to remind people of, in connection with the sacrifices made by the sons of California, whenever visitors came to see the Memorial.

"But do not let me speak too much about our part in the matter. What counts so much is the valor and sacrifice which prompted the idea of the Memorial, and the overwhelming and generous response from both America and France in the matter of compliments, congratulations, and gifts. Truly the idea of 'Hands Across the Sea' could not better be typified than by the thought of both nations rallying to the support of San Francisco's Memorial."

Mrs. Spreckels' modesty must be respected, but it may well be believed that all California, and especially the citizens of San Francisco, must indeed be proud that living in our midst is a family whose patriotism is so great, whose civic pride is so high, and whose feeling about the sacrifices of California's sons is so sincere, that without thought of the expense involved, and without thought of the pain of parting with rare and historic art treasures, such a wonderful, appropriate, and altogether lovely Memorial could be conceived and brought into being for the whole world to see and to admire—in memory of the part played in the Great War by men from this state.

It is perhaps only natural that Mrs. Spreckels' interest should have turned during the war to France, and that, as an aftermath

to the souls of its members whose memorials hang in the Palais of the Order on the left side of the Seine, opposite the Jardin des Tuileries. For it must be remembered that no unworthy person is ever admitted into the Legion—and no unworthy person is a member of that great American legion whose immortality is emphasized and acknowledged by the Memorial soon to be built. Ronsard's words fittingly apply to these—as they became blood brothers of the French Legion when they spilled their precious blood for France.

The soul of either order, French or American, is the soul of those who, by their sufferings and their death, entered into the heroic ranks of the greatest knighthood; it is the soul of the soldiers of the First Republic; or the soldiers of Pershing's army; the soul of soldiers who were "gentlemen unafraid."

So, as France keeps alive the spirit that prompts the deeds which result in membership in the order, San Francisco will keep alive the spirit of our American Legion of Honor—that the whole world, on pilgrimage to this shrine of devotion, may not forget the sublime sacrifices made by California's heroic dead.

Mr. A. Applegarth, the well-known San Francisco architect, went on a tour of all the principal American museums in order to gather all the best ideas relative to the lighting and heating of the rooms in the Memorial. The interior arrangement of the Memorial will differ slightly from the arrangement in the original Palais in Paris, in order that the wealth of exhibits may be housed appropriately.

Monsieur Henri Guillaume, the architect who supervised the erection of the French Building at the Exposition (which you will remember is also a replica of the Palais of the Legion d'Honneur in Paris), has kindly agreed to assist in the erecting of the Memorial, and will give abundantly of his knowledge of not only architecture, but also of all the details of the original Palais.

Specially interesting landscape work will be done in order that the Memorial Palace will have the best setting and approach. Inspiration Point, Lincoln Park, is, as you will remember, the site for Mrs. Spreckels' wonderful gift; with its exceptionally beautiful outlook it will indeed be one of San Francisco's show places when the Memorial and its surrounding greenery and flowers are ready to view. No visitor to the Bay region will be allowed to miss seeing San Francisco's Memorial.

OUR COURSE SINCE THE ARMISTICE.

A Comparison of Civil War and World War Conditions.

By H. B. AINSWORTH.

In this period of reconstruction we have little precedent on which to base estimates of the future. Conditions are influenced by world affairs and national legislation to a degree that would not obtain were the price levels normal and business following its usual uninterrupted course. After the civil war we experienced an immediate drop in labor and material values, and for many years a continuously declining market; but since the armistice there have been violent fluctuations in commodity prices, and our highest general averages were not reached until the spring of 1920.

The civil war could hardly be taken as a precedent, because we were physically and financially exhausted when it ended, our currency depreciated, and the rest of the world our creditor. Today our wealth is greater than ever before, our financial system better guarded, our country and its man-power never more fit, opportunities—domestic and foreign—knocking at our door. So we haven't wounds to heal or a debt so burdensome that our commercial progress need suffer any real check.

CAUSES OF INFLATION.

War requirements—with the inevitable huge demand upon our country's resources—resulted in abnormal prices for labor and material, and created a necessity for the vast expansion we have witnessed in our currency.

In the monthly bulletins of the Federal Reserve Board there are tables showing the condition in total of the portfolios of about 800 member banks in selected cities which are said to typify the general situation. The tables show that government-secured loans during 1920 were reduced from \$1,289,000,000 to \$911,000,000, while other loans and investments increased from \$15,385,000,000 to \$16,041,000,000. The table follows:

1920.	Government		Total Loans and All Other Investments
	Secured	Unsecured	
January 2	1,289	15,385	16,674
February 6	1,191	15,436	16,627
March 5	1,184	15,656	16,840
April 2	1,153	15,812	16,965
May 7	1,090	15,960	17,050
June 4	1,044	15,926	16,970
July 2	1,023	15,906	16,929
August 6	973	15,840	16,813
September 3	958	15,970	16,928
October 1	949	16,196	17,145
November 5	911	16,041	16,952

The following figures from the board's published statements show how steadily legitimate use of credit has been granted for agricultural, commercial, and industrial purposes—while war paper was being withdrawn into the safe-deposit boxes of investors:

FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM (million)					
Bills Discounted	Secured War Loan	All Other	Bills Bought	Total	
January 2, 1920	1,484	747	575	2,806	
February 6, 1920	1,451	752	555	2,758	
March 5, 1920	1,520	888	514	2,922	
April 2, 1920	1,401	1,000	424	2,825	
May 7, 1920	1,444	1,060	410	2,914	
June 4, 1920	1,433	1,131	411	2,975	
July 2, 1920	1,295	1,250	390	2,935	
August 6, 1920	1,285	1,264	339	2,888	
September 3, 1920	1,333	1,412	313	3,058	
October 8, 1920	1,217	1,579	305	3,101	
November 5, 1920	1,215	1,612	300	3,127	

FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM (millions)			
1920	Net Deposits	Federal Reserve Notes in Actual Circulation	
		Gold	Reserves
January 2	1,851	2,999	2,063
February 6	1,966	2,892	2,055
March 5	1,792	3,030	2,055
April 2	1,774	3,077	2,080
May 7	1,774	3,092	2,076
June 4	1,807	3,127	2,099
July 2	1,755	3,169	2,110
August 6	1,698	3,142	2,132
September 3	1,735	3,243	2,118
October 8	1,710	3,322	2,158
November 5	1,695	3,354	2,170

It will be seen from the above figures (supplied by Federal Reserve Bank) that this burden has been increasing since the war, with the increase in commodity prices and in volume of foreign and domestic trade. Seasonal requirements for harvesting and marketing crops have taken up any slack that might have resulted from marked declines in values since April, 1920.

DEFLATION IN PROSPECT.

There is evidence that the pendulum has begun to swing the other way. Our crops have been harvested, and money should be easier when they are marketed. The railroad freight situation is greatly improved, releasing vast sums that were tied up earlier in the year through serious delays in freight transportation; and reduction in commodity values, to be inevitably followed by lower wages (which may be expected to decline in proportion as the purchasing power of the dollar increases), will reduce the capital needs of all

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enterprises and lead to continuous deflation. The following figures (supplied by the Liberty National Bank of New York) are interesting, as showing extent of decline in important commodities from high-water mark; further marked declines have taken place since this publication—notably in wheat, to \$1.50 per bushel; hides to 14c; sugar, to 8½c; copper, to 13¾c:

Copper—Electrolytic, declined from a high peak of 35.74 cents per pound to 15.25 cents.

Cotton—Middling, from 43.75 cents per pound to 22.75 cents.

Hides and Skins—Native steers heavy, from 53.5 cents per pound to 24.5 cents; calf skins, from \$1 to 17.5 cents.

Iron—Bessemer pig-iron, from \$37.45 per ton to \$46.98.

Rubber—Plantation first latex crepe, from 90 cents per pound to 24 cents.

Silk—Japan No. 1 Shinshiu, from \$17.40 per pound to \$6.30.

Sugar—Raw centrifugal 96 degrees, from 23.57 cents per pound to 8.53 cents.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, from \$3.15 per bushel to \$2.15.

Wool—Ohio one-fourth blood, from 80 cents per pound to 37½ cents; territory fine staple, from \$2.10 to \$1.07½.

The trend in most lines is still downward, though some commodities appear to have reached low-water mark, and may even react to slightly higher levels, because they have been temporarily forced, through emergencies, to points below replacement cost.

THE FEDERAL RESERVE.

Recognition should be given in this period of stress to the Federal Reserve Bank. The Federal Reserve Act was a piece of truly constructive legislation that has been far-reaching in the protection afforded to all classes in all avenues of trade and commerce. It was the creation of master minds in the world of finance, and has been put to a crucial test during the past four years. But the automatic working of this superb financial machine has given proof of the sound principles which underlie its structure, and there is ample evidence that the vast service it can render in aiding deflation will be wisely and certainly applied. Its influence has gone far to discourage and halt a wild era of extravagance in the United States, which assumed such proportions in 1919 as to undermine safe principles in business.

POST-WAR EXTRAVAGANCE.

Thousands of newly-made millionaires

emerged from our war activities, and the usual result of extravagance attending easy money was evidenced everywhere. Manufacturers and wholesalers in every line were willing to pay unheard-of prices for all the material they could get; and labor—because of the demand for it—charged more and gave less efficiency than ever before. These increased costs were reflected in the price to consumers, and the retail merchants—because of difficulties in getting deliveries and tempted by the heavy demand for their wares at any price they saw fit to ask—often doubled their normal orders in the hope of getting at least a 50 per cent. delivery. The farmer was receiving war prices for all he could produce, and returns from the soil were attracting investors in farm lands, that sold, especially throughout the Middle West, at prices ranging from three to five times their normal values. Enthusiasm increased with profits, and production rapidly increased beyond our capacity to absorb. There was evident danger in the situation, which merchants and manufacturers, up to the spring of 1920, seemed inclined to ignore while profits were large and the price tendency upward.

A TURN IN THE ROAD.

Many enterprises, because of increased costs, were short of capital to finance their operations; and when it became evident to the purchasing public that prices were due to decline, the demand ceased. Retailers sought cover by reducing their stocks and canceling orders. In a measure they have bettered their condition during the past eight months by ordering only from hand to mouth and working down their stocks; but prices are still tending abruptly downward, while the purchasing public waits. From a demand at maximum prices for everything from the soil to the consumer, we are now confronted with a sudden general over-supply, necessitating a marked slowing down of all industries, reductions in pay-rolls, and many idle men. Wholesalers, in general, have met the situation by charging off huge losses due to shrinkage in inventory values. Many large manufacturers are marking time, or operating on greatly reduced schedules. Farmers, who bought land at values based on war returns, must also pay the price of their folly.

BENEFITS AND COST OF DEFLATION.

Those who have enjoyed prosperous years and kept their heads will be able to get by with a fair average profit over the whole period of rise and fall in commodity values. Through this period of deflation provident,

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intelligent operators in every line will pass with different degrees of loss, but all such will emerge better for the experience, on a safer business basis, with their losses behind them, credit established, and a market that, from all visible signs, will be broader and more stable in character than any enjoyed in recent years.

It is not the purpose of this article to minimize the huge losses that are inevitable. In this connection Bradstreet estimates a decline up to November 1st of 34½ per cent. in commodity prices from the year's high level. November brought the largest number of business failures since January, 1908, and largest liabilities on record for that month. For the ten months of this year failures exceed those of any similar corresponding period, except for the years 1907 and 1914. It would seem as though we had gone through the worst of it, though our troubles are not yet over. On the other hand, our Federal Reserve System offers better protection to legitimate business than was ever before available in emergencies like the present. Our basic condition today is sound. We have recently harvested one of the largest crops in our history, as indicated by the following table, and there is ample wealth to insure prosperous times when some of the obstacles to this return are removed:

1920, Preliminary	1919, Change Since Oct. 1	1919, Dec. Estimate	1914-1918, 5-Year Average
Corn, bushels	3,199,126,000	2,917,450,000	2,760,484,000
Winter wheat, bushels	532,641,000	731,636,000	563,498,000
Spring wheat, bushels	218,007,000	209,351,000	258,748,000
All wheat, bushels	750,648,000	940,987,000	822,246,000
Oats, bushels	1,444,411,000	1,248,310,000	1,414,558,000
Barley, bushels	191,386,000	165,719,000	214,819,000
Rye, bushels	77,893,000	88,478,000	59,933,000
Buckwheat, bushels	14,321,000	16,301,000	15,305,000
Potatoes, bushels	421,252,000	357,901,000	382,113,000
Sweet potatoes, bushels	105,676,000	103,579,000	74,983,000
Flaxseed, bushels	10,736,000	8,919,000	12,922,000
Rice, bushels	52,298,000	41,059,000	33,360,000
Tobacco, pounds	1,476,444,000	1,389,458,000	1,187,708,000
Hay (tame), tons	88,171,000	91,326,000	81,430,000
Hay (wild), tons	18,280,000	17,340,000	17,874,000
All hay, tons	106,451,000	108,666,000	99,304,000
Cotton, bales	12,123,000	11,329,755	12,424,000
Apples, bushels	236,187,000	147,457,000	202,698,000
Apples (commercial), barrels	35,417,000	26,174,000
Cranberries, barrels	432,000	541,000	442,000
Peaches, bushels	44,523,000	50,434,000	47,514,000
Pears, bushels	15,558,000	13,902,000	12,364,000
Clover seed, bushels	1,593,000	1,099,000
Peanuts, bushels	37,499,000	33,263,000
Beans (6 states), bushels	9,364,000	11,488,000	13,213,000
Grain sorghums (7 states), bushels	148,747,000	126,058,000
Broom corn, tons	37,000	53,100
Sugar beets, tons	8,812,000	6,421,000	6,051,000
Sorghum sirup, gallons	37,402,000	33,312,000
Hops, pounds	38,893,000	29,346,000

Not included in the above figures are California's citrus crop, which was valued at \$143,000,000 in 1920 and \$60,913,000 in 1919, and the grape and raisin crop, valued at \$130,000,000 in 1920 and \$75,634,000 in 1919.

The well-known psychology of a declining market hardly needs comment here. Suffice it to say that the public awaits a return of commodity prices to something approaching pre-war level. An active buying market may be looked for when some stability attaches to the changed levels. It is hoped that the retailer will see the importance to his own prestige of adjusting prices to accord with the declining level. Thus far he has been reluctant to meet these losses and adjust himself to the changed conditions. This attitude would seem only to delay and possibly increase the losses which he must ultimately meet.

Anent the decline in prices, our superintendent of banks is quoted as saying: "The state, or bank, or the individual that undertakes to stand against this pressure may dam it for the moment, but will inevitably be overwhelmed."

LIQUIDATION DELAYED.

A stringent money market has had its somewhat depressing, but wholesome, effect upon all operations. Increased costs have necessitated credit extension. The high price of farm labor resulted in an unusually high average cost of foodstuffs, calling for heavy advances against staple commodities, which farmers are attempting to carry for a better

market. Hence the usual heavy liquidation of debts to banks, which was expected during November and December, has been delayed, with the result that the banks are still using the Federal Reserve, when normally they

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would expect to be out of debt at this season.

PROBLEMS SEEKING SOLUTION.

There are three outstanding problems which have an important bearing upon our return to normal business conditions; which still lack, but seem to be approaching, satisfactory solution. They are: Foreign exchange, the income tax, and a practical league to insure peace.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE.

Demoralization in foreign exchange rates has gone far to discourage foreign trade. Payment of four hundred millions on the Anglo-French debt in October, while demonstrating England's financial strength, might better have been deferred; as our mutual interests would seem to justify greater credit extension rather than contraction at this time. A trade balance in our favor of some \$1,874,000,000 during ten months of 1920 has tended (notwithstanding heavy gold receipts from abroad) to decrease the purchasing power of Europe, and hence depress exchange rates.

Europe needs our raw material. We have a surplus and need much that she can produce. It is now our problem to finance this trade. The Edge law, which plans creation of corporations with large capital to loan against approved foreign securities, is one step in the right direction, which was endorsed at the recent convention of the American Bankers' Association at Washington, D. C., and referred to a competent committee for active support.

Another plan which has been advocated and may bring results is to form an association that will act as an agency to exchange commodities produced here and needed abroad for foreign commodities that would meet with a ready market here.

Some further relief has been accorded by shipments of raw material from this country to be manufactured in Europe for return in the manufactured form, or sold abroad and value accounted for out of proceeds from sale of the finished articles. A fair exchange of commodities between all the nations is urgently needed, both for humanitarian and business reasons; and we should feel a responsibility to aid in restoring foreign exchange rates as a means to this end.

THE INCOME TAX.

The income tax—an emergency measure that raised necessary funds in the war period—has been greatly criticized as inequitable, discouraging to all initiative, and unsound in principle. Furthermore, the maximum reve-

nues collected from large war profits will be due to suffer heavy shrinkage while prices continue downward and losses are more or less general. Any tax that discourages business enterprise and incentive fails in its purpose by "killing the goose that lays the golden egg." A moderate, normal income tax is no doubt a fair means of raising part of the needed revenue. But the excess profits and surtax should be discontinued, or greatly modified. In its place a tax of say 1 per cent. on sales has been widely advocated as the most practical, equitable, and least burdensome plan yet evolved. Such a tax has become effective this year in France and seems to have demonstrated its practical working. A system that takes its toll in cash, out of paper earnings resulting from a rising market, and permits the creation of no reserve against certain losses that must attend later declines, seems wrong; because it taxes the producer unduly and undermines one of the first principles in business—that "in fair weather we should prepare for foul."

A LEAGUE TO INSURE PEACE.

The world is war-weary, and for generations will be paying for the follies and blunders of a few overbearing, autocratic war lords, whose lust for world dominance led all the nations of the world into conflict. There are those of all nationalities who took advantage of stress and widespread suffering to spread vicious doctrines of discontent that would substitute the red flag of anarchy for our Stars and Stripes. The league of nations, as drafted, was repudiated by the American people. But as a people we are liberty-loving and naturally progressive and law-abiding. Are we not great enough, in conjunction with other civilized races, to evolve some plan that will safeguard the world against any future conflict of arms? Let us put down the red flag and yellow journalism in no uncertain fashion, as the first and perhaps the most important step to this end; then get down to honest prices, fair taxes, and a fair exchange of our wares with the rest of the world. Barring internal strife, the greatest nation on the globe, with all the elements of native wealth, genius, intellect, and opportunity, has been marking time and accumulating energy to break all building and business records in the next five years.

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Investment Banking in California Forging to Front and Taking Place as National Factor.

By GILBERT W. SMITH.

During the last twelve months we have experienced the greatest range of prices in standard investment securities of any similar period for at least ten years, probably for several decades. Good, safe bonds have been available during the current year at prices yielding from 7 per cent. to 8½ per cent. Not since the period following the civil war, when the purchasing power of money was low, could the same kind of bonds be purchased at equally attractive prices. Two peaks in the high price of commodities and the resultant high rates for money have been passed and we are now on the downward trend. It is believed that the trend of cheaper money will be slow in returning to normal rates because of the enormous amount of financing necessary to be undertaken in 1921 for foreign governments, our own industries, and public utilities.

The various foreign governments and their principal cities have borrowed in the United States during the last twelve months around \$530,000,000. The following loans were underwritten in the United States during the last twelve months: \$250,000,000 United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland 3-year and 10-year 5½s; \$15,000,000 Cities of Bordeaux, Lyons, and Marseilles 15-year 6s; \$50,000,000 Kingdom of Belgium 5-year 7½s; \$25,000,000 Government of Switzerland 25-year 8s; \$100,000,000 Republic of France 25-year 8s; \$20,000,000 Kingdom of Norway 25-year 8s; \$25,000,000 Kingdom of Denmark 25-year 8s; \$6,000,000 City of Zurich 25-year 8s; \$5,000,000 City of Bergen 25-year 8s; \$6,000,000 City of Berne 25-year 8s. Because of the foreign exchange situation undoubtedly much additional foreign financing must be undertaken if transatlantic trade is to continue. It is estimated that twice the amount of financing that was done this year will be required during 1921.

Corporate financing for the month of October, 1920, recorded a total of \$343,500,000 as against \$101,000,000 in September and \$387,000,000 in October, 1919. The same record of corporate financing for the ten months ending October 30th shows a total of \$2,835,300,000, of which over \$2,100,000,000

represented industrial financing. This is a remarkable record, considering the volume and the fact that money is still practically as tight as at any time during the year. Offsetting this new financing, of course, has been the payment of some issues such as the Anglo-French Loan, which released \$400,000,000 for reinvestment. Also a large amount of domestic financing was required for the purpose of refunding maturing securities or paying off existing bank loans.

In the municipal market the average yield to the investor on bonds of twenty large cities of the United States on November 1st was 5.06 per cent. as compared with 5.18 per cent. on October 1st, 5.27 per cent. September 1st, and 4.49 per cent. November 1, 1919. The yield on these bonds, therefore, increased around 20 per cent. during the current year and has dropped back considerably from the high yield of two months ago. In volume there have been issued during the first ten months of this year \$620,236,608 of long-term municipal bonds as compared with \$770,195,248 for 1919, being the largest amount ever issued in any one year. This represents an increase of nearly 100 per cent. over the average amount of municipal bonds issued yearly prior to 1919. Temporary short-term municipal bonds in the amount of \$461,929,093 have been issued for the first ten months of this year as against \$450,093,607 for 1919. The municipal bond market has recorded a decided advance during the last two months. Today's market at present prices appears to be in a sound condition and there is little or no fear that the demand for tax-free bonds will be unable to take care of any reasonable volume of new issues.

The lowering of commodity prices and commercial contraction has reached a point to release a substantial amount of funds for investment and to indicate easier money conditions in the future. The market has become accustomed to handling large issues. The general advertising and offering of well-known securities by dealers throughout the country is resulting in a large number of new investors. The Liberty Loans undoubtedly assisted in this matter.

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BANKING POWER OF CALIFORNIA.

The banking power of California, as expressed in the combined assets of the national and state institutions as of date June 30, 1920, is \$2,440,487,000 (according to the report of Superintendent of Banks Charles F. Stein). Of this tremendous aggregate the assets of the state banks are \$1,402,360,000 and the assets of the national banks are \$1,038,127,000, giving an excess of assets in the state banks over those of the national banks of \$364,233,000.

In the state banks the increase in assets for the fiscal year under discussion as compared with the preceding fiscal year was \$272,926,544.75.

The aggregate of loans and discounts in the state banks as of June 30, 1920, was \$772,213,880.41, an increase of \$164,426,091.44. The aggregate loans in the state banks is greater than that of the national banks resident in California by the immense sum of \$249,053,000.

The aggregate of individual deposits in the state banks of California on June 30, 1920, was \$1,175,291,422.33, an increase of \$227,958,001.48. The aggregate of deposits in the state banks of California is larger than the aggregate of deposits in national banks in this state by the sum of \$545,842,000. The total number of depositors, both commercial and savings, in the state system as of date June 30, 1920, was 2,005,260.

At the close of the fiscal year our commercial banks and the commercial departments of departmental banks had in their pouches an aggregate of \$267,519,547.81 in loans, an increase of \$90,625,832.21 during the year, as compared with an increase in commercial loans of \$21,367,297.10; the very remarkable expansion of the loaning capacity of our commercial banks is self-evident.

During the fiscal year our commercial banks and commercial departments of departmental banks uttered their acceptances only in the aggregate of \$4,000,000. Compared with the national banks in California, this is a small aggregate and is due primarily to a resident disadvantage in our law. This I hope to have remedied by the presentation of an amendment to Section 80 of the Bank Act which will place our banks equally upon a footing with the national banks and open to them opportunities that they now enjoy only under certain unnecessary difficulties. The true acceptance, that which represents the financing of goods sold, is the highest type of credit instrument, mobile to the last degree and offering the best use of credit. I feel very confident that our commercial banks will utilize it to their fullest

extent and without the abuse which in certain parts of the United States has crept into this business.

During the year the assets of our commercial departments of departmental banks increased their holdings in bonds, warrants, and other securities in the sum of \$5,160,013.94, giving these banks an aggregate holding of \$59,146,724.71. This very largely represents war paper and as such involves an element of inflation. It is a necessary present evil in our financial system, but our bankers are fully aware of its character and are eliminating it as rapidly as circumstances permit.

It is noteworthy that our commercial banks have to their credit eleven and one-half millions of dollars with the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco. They have reduced their overdrafts in a very material sum. They have decreased their holdings of bank premises, transferring this slow asset to their savings department. They have eliminated considerable part of other real estate. They have increased their capital that they may observe that provision of our law which establishes a relationship of 10 per cent. between capital and surplus on the one hand and deposit liability on the other. There is a large increase in bills payable, but the major part of it is with the Federal Reserve Bank and represents one of the exigencies of inflated finance. The relation of our commercial banks to the Federal Reserve Bank is healthy.

During the year the assets of our commercial banks and the commercial departments of departmental banks increased \$108,384,800.75. Since June 30, 1920, to and including September 8, 1920, the assets of our commercial banks and of the commercial departments of departmental banks have increased \$62,846,084.93, giving a total increase for the period from June 30, 1919, to September 8, 1920, is \$117,230,885.68.

During the fiscal year from June 30, 1919, to June 30, 1920, the deposits in commercial banks and commercial departments of departmental banks increased \$72,370,631.21. Since June 30, 1920, to and including September 8, 1920, the increase has been \$44,972,767.83. The total increase in deposits, therefore, from June 30, 1919, to September 8, 1920, of \$171,343,399.04, the most unusual increase for such a period in the history of the commercial banks and the commercial departments of departmental banks in California.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of the condition of the commercial banks and commercial departments of departmental banks in California is the increase in depositors. During the year this increase was 89,105.

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During the preceding year, namely, the fiscal year from June 30, 1918, to June 30, 1919, there was in the commercial banks and in the commercial departments of departmental banks in California a loss of 12,620 depositors. Since June 30, 1920, to and including September 8, 1920, there has been an additional increase of depositors of 17,229, giving a total for the period from June 30, 1919, to September 8, 1920, of 106,334 depositors, which speaks very clearly of the expanding influence of the commercial banks of the state in the essential activities of financial, industrial, and mercantile life. On June 30, 1920, there were 575,865 depositors in the commercial banks and commercial departments of departmental banks of California, and on September 8, 1920, there were 593,094 depositors.

WORLD VIEW OF THE OIL SUPPLY.

Synopsis of Address by the Director of the United States Geological Survey.

The world needs more power. For present and future sources of energy we have to look to flowing water and the mineral fuels. Only about one-twentieth of the potential power of the world's rivers has been utilized, and over half of this in North America, with Europe credited with one-third and the rest divided between Asia, South America, Oceania, and Africa, in the order named. In its potential resources, however, Africa ranks, not last, but first; it has over 40 per cent. of the world's supply of water power and is followed in turn by Asia, North America, South America, Europe, and Oceania.

In the division of coal resources among the continents, at least of the better grades of coal, similar inequalities are seen: North America has more than half, Asia about a quarter, Europe a sixth, and the rest is divided between Oceania, Africa, and South America, in the order named.

The United States Geological Survey's estimate of the petroleum resources of the world shows that the distribution, while unevenly balanced among nations, is evenly balanced between the eastern and the western hemispheres.

More than half the world's oil reserves are believed to be concentrated in two intercontinental areas; one of these oil-rich provinces includes the North American and South American countries bordering the Caribbean Sea, and the other includes the countries of western Asia and southeastern Europe, with the Caucasus as an axis. On these two areas,

then, comprising together only about 4 per cent. of the earth's surface and containing about 60 per cent. of the world's future supply of oil, is focused the attention of the great nations that most need oil.

In a review of the world's sources of energy—water and coal, as well as oil—we see North America taking first rank among the continents, with Asia a close second and Europe a poor third, although Europe has a much smaller area than either of the other two.

If we look at the power problem in our own country we are able to see in more detail the relative position of water, coal, and oil as sources of energy. Millions of horsepower, thousands of billions of tons, and billions of barrels are the measures of our nation's wealth in these three resources.

To compare these three resources: If we take fifty million horsepower as an average figure for the potential water power of the United States, without storage, we find that if fully developed and if used at the average load factor of today our rivers and streams would just about meet the country's present needs and would supply that amount of power for all time; moreover, with storage and an improved load factor they could provide a considerably increased output of energy to meet the growing demand.

If, however, we should put the whole burden on our coal mines, not using even the water power now used, we would find that by adopting the best steam practice of today the present power requirements of this country could be met with coal for 57,000 years, although we know that long before the end of that period the greater depth of the coal mines and their increased distance from market would alone create power demands for mining and transportation that would considerably cut down the amount of power available for other uses.

The comparison becomes more striking when we consider the adequacy of the petroleum reserves of the United States to drive the prime movers of the country. Again adopting the best steam practice of today as known in the largest public utility stations where fuel oil is used, and trying to carry the whole power load of the country with oil alone, we find that the oil reserves of the United States, although measured by billions of barrels, would last only nine years and three months.

Granted, then, that we have not enough oil to permit its use where either coal or water power can be had, we face the question of priority in use. First in any priority list must stand essential uses in which there are no

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THE JAPANESE QUESTION IN CALIFORNIA.

By Rt. Rev. Edward Lambe Parsons, D. D.

California has had the usual problems of the foreign-born, but it has one of them in acute form. As forty years ago the Chinese were the objects of violent attack and the surest road to petty political success was by way of the "pogrom" directed against them, so it is today with the Japanese. The general task of Americanization in which they are included along with twenty other races takes on an entirely different aspect in their case. The way it happens would seem to be this:

Underneath there is that curious instinctive distrust of people whom we do not understand, or do not try to understand. Such distrust does not break out when things run smoothly, when there is nothing in which the other race interferes with our particular purposes. But it is always there, a survival of tribal days. It is the source of the various contemptuous names which we so readily apply to other races. It is the opportunity of unscrupulous politicians and of self-seeking leaders, whether they be editors of newspapers or representatives of labor or of commerce.

The sudden rise of Japan to be a world power lies against that background of racial distrust. Ever since the Russo-Japanese war men have looked across the Pacific and seen the yellow peril looming bigger and bigger. The militarists in America (that is the men who live by fear and not by faith) have concluded that a conflict is inevitable, thus responding in kind to the militarists in Japan. The yellow press has featured the yellow peril until distrust has slowly become active dread.

In such circumstances the California situation could readily be foreseen. Trouble arose in 1906-7 concerning the Japanese in the public schools. It was a small question but it strained international relations and led to the so-called Gentlemen's Agreement by which Japan undertook to prevent the emigration to America of her laboring class. But race feeling continued to be stirred. In 1913 the Alien Land Law was passed to prevent the Japanese ownership of land. In 1919 a new anti-Japanese campaign began. It has been conducted with extreme virulence and sometimes with extreme overstatement. It proposes a series of measures far more radical than any yet before the people. In the state it is fathering an initiative measure which would absolutely prohibit ownership or leasing by Japanese, the acquiring of any share in any company holding land, and the acquiring of land by any American-born minor (an American citizen of course) under the guardianship of a parent. Other features of the law would seem to make it easy to confiscate property already owned by Japanese.

This state program is a part of a larger one which would cancel the Gentlemen's Agreement in favor of an absolute exclusion law, bar Asiatics forever from American citizenship and amend the Constitution so that no child of Asiatic descent could ever become an American citizen.

Now in dealing with this situation the difficulty is not made easier by the fact that the main purpose of the agitation is right and desirable. What is wrong is the method, for hatred and distrust and intolerance are always wrong. What is vicious is that the leaders are frightening public sentiment into extreme measures which can only increase bad feeling, to gain an end which can be attained by moderate, just, and peaceful means.

The main purpose is to protect American life and standards which would appear to be threatened by any large body of Japanese, with their so different type of civilization.

It is better for America not to have its problem of Americanization increased tenfold. We have enough to do to unify our present heterogeneous population. By inviting Oriental immigration we simply increase our difficulties, and we do more, we imperil the peace of the world. We do that, because in the present state of public sentiment, so long as there is danger of the growth of the Japanese population we are always on the verge of racial outbreaks. It is not a question of what ought to be. It is a question of what is. The Japanese are peaceable, industrious, law-abiding, in the communities where they settle. Many of their near neighbors have only good words for them. But the fact remains that their presence, and indeed their very prosperity, make them a prolific source of conflict. So long as public sentiment is not satisfied that the menace of immigration of large numbers has been abated, so long we are in danger of international complications. For the peace of the world as well as for the good of our own communities, I believe that immigration from Asia should cease. There is here no question of equality or inequality of races. There is here no denial of the Christian faith that the peoples of the earth are all of God's great family and brothers. But even the most affectionate brothers among us normally find it wiser to bring up their families under different roofs. It is better for both Japan and America that there should not be an attempt to put too many of their children under the same roof, at least until they know each other a good deal better than they do now.

But what of the Japanese in California already? How are we to treat them? What is our responsibility towards them? We may begin by saying that we have treated them very badly. Our criticism has been most unfair. We condemn them if they buy land and settle. We denounce them if they send their money back to Japan, instead. We curse them for bringing their families and trying to get a "stake in the land." We curse them because they (or some of them) do the other thing. We say that they can not be assimilated to our political and civic and industrial life; and we never lift a hand to make the attempt. The attempt at least can and ought to be made. We must remember that the present Japanese population of California or of the United States can not in itself be a menace. We would be confessing ourselves weaklings and fools to think that American institutions are in peril because there are between 75,000 and 100,000 Japanese in California (the lowest estimates are about 72,000; the extreme agitators put it only at 100,000) and one or two score thousands more in the rest of the country. California has 3,600,000 inhabitants, according to the 1920 census. That is only one Japanese to thirty-five Americans even if there were 100,000 of the former. It might seem as if the thirty-five could manage the one without recourse to either violence or injustice. What we need in California is to stop growing panicky and take up our problem like sensible and Christian men.

To sum up: a true American policy is the same as a true Christian policy. It means an agreement with Japan in the interests of world peace to stop further immigration; and it means an honest effort to Americanize the Japanese already here. If such efforts have failed, we have no right to resort to what is essentially force.—Adv.

adequate substitutes. In view of the rapid increase in the employment of machinery first thought should be given to the unique function of oil—that of saving power. The world will always need a supply of lubricants, and as the demand will be an increasing one no adequate substitute for the lubricating oils and greases now derived from petroleum appears to be available. The kerosene lamp and even the fixtures burning oil gas or enriched water gas must eventually give place to the electric light.

The real competition comes in the relative claims of automotive gasoline and of fuel oil, for the larger yield of gasoline through more efficient cracking is gained at the expense of the fuel oil content of the crude oil. These two uses are already rivals, and we may expect refinery practice to be responsive to the automatic control of prices, which in turn ought to express relative demand.

The "flash point" in any discussion of priority in the use of petroleum products is reached when any curtailment in the use of gasoline by pleasure automobiles is suggested. Yet by every known rule of determining priority the nonessential use is the first to be regulated, and this use of a petroleum product as a luxury can find no economic justification in comparison with its commercial use. A more logical plea for motor fuel can be made, however, by the trucks that already form so large a part of our distribution system and the tractors that by the million will soon be helping to meet the world's increased demand for food. Truck and tractor must be given the first places in the long line of automobiles seeking motive power at the gasoline station.

Fuel oil is superior for use in transportation, and this use deserves priority over that for firing stationary boilers, for which coal should be substituted. Indeed, thoughtful regard for the future leads us to disallow even the claim of steam locomotives for fuel oil, for electrification of the railroads by water power alone or from water-power stations and steam stations linked together is now the obvious way to make the best use of our resources.

Austria, bankrupt in fuel, having lost her coal and oil, has begun to electrify half her railway mileage. Shall other nations wait until they, too, are bankrupt in oil before awaking to the need of a change in sources of power? The programme of conservation through electrification has started, and while this simply emphasizes our future dependence in larger measure upon coal it should at once make us abandon fuel oil as a source of motive power for our railroads and industries. In a word, the world has not oil enough to burn under either stationary or locomotive boilers. Even on the seas the best use should be made of the invaluable fuel. The marine steam engine, even of the turbine type, must give place to the heavy-oil engine, the internal-combustion engine of the Diesel type. The experience of the Bethlehem Steel Company is that its new oil-engine ore carrier, the *Cubore*, in continuous service between Cuba and Sparrows Point, Maryland, uses only 36.7 per cent. of the fuel oil consumed by a sister ship differing only in that it has the most modern type of steam plant. The tremendous economy thus possible in the marine consumption of fuel oil demands the immediate adoption of internal-combustion engines if the world wants to make the largest use of its oil resources for the longest time.

Commerce is more than exchange of commodities; it is the intercourse of nations, and through commerce nations associate. Oil as the best servant of commerce thus takes on large international interest. The same factors that make oil absolutely essential for naval use qualify it for merchant-marine strategy.

In September of this year, as in August, the daily output of the United States oil wells was slightly over one and one-fourth million barrels, but the daily consumption rose to one and five-eighths million barrels. This daily deficit of three-eighths of a million barrels was met by imports from Mexico.

In meeting the world's need for oil the United States has played a large part. In the last sixty years our contribution to the world's output of oil has been never less than 44 per cent. (the figure during the brief period when Russia led), and earlier reached even 99 per cent., while of the total eight billion barrels so far consumed by the world five billions have come from the wells of the United States.

There is urgent need of pioneering the world for oil to meet the needs of this generation, but there is no warrant for regarding this advance into new fields as beginning a contest whose aim is world conquest. The present need of the United States for oil from abroad can be met only by world-wide exploration, development, and operation by American companies backed up by our government; and we should expect other nations that are embarrassed by a similar or even greater discrepancy between consumption and production to adopt the same policy.

The end of Turkey is foreshadowed by the tripartite agreement entered into by Great Britain, Italy, and France last August, and made public recently.

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OAKLAND, "CITY OF INDUSTRIES."

Though Essentially a Manufacturing Centre, Oakland Is Also a City of Attractive Homes.

By EUGENE BOWLES.

Only about a century and a half ago a troop of his Spanish majesty's conquistadores went marching over a field, "clank-clank-clankety-clank," for those were the days of the cuirass, the breastplate, the visored helmet, and the arquebus.

The glisten and the clangor of their "tin B. V. D.'s" startled a hear from his midday nap in the California sunshine. The hear took one look and ran away. The conquistadores took one look also and ran in the same direction.

The hunt continued up hill and down until night and a convenient cave cheated the meat-hungry conquistadores of their hear steaks à la Espagne.

Now, the field of that hear hunt is—if you will pardon a poor pun and slang that is worse—a "hear of a city." It is Oakland, which has taken to itself the sobriquet, "City of Industries."

Consider the picture of A. D. 1772 and that of today—1800 industrial plants displacing with their whir the silence of an unexplored land, the smoke of their chimneys painting a sky that was only tinged with the smoke of the tepee.

The best of reason exists for this metamorphosis. Here it is:

When old Mother Earth cooled off after the first seven days of time she left along the mainland of San Francisco Bay stretches of land ideally situated for manufacturing. Nature has run five transcontinental railroad routes right up to deep water. So hox-car can be shunted to ship-side and cargo-transfer can go ahead with a minimum of effort and a maximum of celerity. That is surely 100 per cent. efficiency.

Year after year the industrial sections have grown, at first slowly, in later years with growing rapidity, until in 1920 a total of sixty-five new industries, representing a capital investment of over \$9,000,000, and providing for 4000 new employees, with an estimated addition to the annual pay-roll of \$7,000,000, establishes a new record.

Industrial sites of an aggregate value of \$768,000 and with a total of 116 acres were sold, and industrial building permits reached a total of \$1,939,587, or an increase of \$750,000 in twelve months.

Among the purchasers of industrial property were the Palm Olive Company, the Continental Can Company, the Scripps Booth Motor Car Company, and the Ajax Forge Company.

The launching of twenty-seven vessels with a total of 242,500 tonnage offers proof of the permanence of the shipbuilding industry in the East Bay cities.

The tendency of certain interests to centralize in a community is illustrated by the establishment of five furniture factories during the current year, while three new soap concerns, in addition to the one already established, have chosen Oakland as their home. Two enameling plants and two canning concerns were also added to the list.

The only clothes-pin factory west of Vermont is located in Oakland and has already become a business with a national market.

The largest single structure erected is that of the Western Milling Company, which includes concrete elevators and a concrete warehouse built at a total cost of \$500,000.

A million-dollar corporation has just taken over this company's plant for the storage of hulk grain by the farmers of California. This corporation was formed by the Marketing and Grain Growers' Committee of the California Farm Bureau Federation.

The monthly report of the California Development Board makes the following comment upon this interesting development:

"This marks one of the most revolutionary and forward-looking steps in the history of California agriculture and points to a solution of many of the agricultural problems in a reduction in the cost of production and marketing grain, being beneficial, not only to the producer, but to the consumer."

Another important development is the new plant of the Coast Tire and Rubber Company. This company purchased choice industrial property at East Twelfth Street and Fiftieth Avenue, and has just erected a modern concrete building at a cost of \$300,000 which is declared to be the most up-to-date tire factory in the United States.

The seven cities of the mainland—Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, San Leandro, Piedmont, Emeryville, and Albany—form practically one

big city, with a population, according to the 1920 census, of 315,889.

Though essentially a manufacturing centre, Oakland also is a city of attractive residences, natural scenery, and interesting drives. The late John Hay called it "the beauty spot of the world." Some of the outstanding features are:

The Skyline Boulevard, rated in Baedeker's Tourist Guide as the most beautiful drive in America.

Lake Merritt, the only salt water lake in the world inside a city limits; fed by the tides of the Pacific Ocean; a nationally protected refuge for wild ducks in the winter hunting season.

A "dome-less" city hall. Constructed on the office building plan, it rises to an extreme height of 433 feet, being the highest municipal building on the Pacific Coast and a mark over land and sea for many miles.

A Municipal Auditorium that is a real popular gathering place.

The leading shipbuilding centre of the Pacific Coast, one plant alone ranking next to Hog Island in size.

The hirthplace of the Liberty motor and the Union engine, the latter with a world's flight record in navy dirigibles.

The home of the war-time invention and its manufacture by which wireless conversation can be carried on between a flying airplane and the ground.

By reason of climatic conditions Oakland has been selected in recent years as the location of a large number of factories, many of them making products of national reputation. Some of the more important are: Automobiles; trucks and trailers; shipbuilding; cotton and woolen goods; dyes and chemicals; canned goods; syrups; washing machines; steel products; automobile tires; overalls; soft drinks; candies; coconut oil and copra products; marmalades and jams; power pumps; aviation engines and airplane parts; cooling and refrigerating apparatus; harmonicas; paper cans; paints and varnishes; steam packing and helting.

Shipbuilding is the leading industry, four yards employing 28,000 men out of an industrial population of 65,000. These yards built one-quarter of "the bridge to France" in the world war.

Fruit and vegetable canning is another important industry. Oakland canneries produce one-third of the Pacific Coast pack.

The transcontinental railroad routes having their Pacific Coast terminals in Oakland are the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific, the Sunset route and the Shasta route; the Western Pa-

cific, the western link in the former Gould system, and the Santa Fé. Three ferry systems connect with San Francisco, running every ten minutes. The trip takes thirty minutes.

Alameda County is dotted with small and prosperous communities, ranging in population from 1000 to 6000, all tributary in business to Oakland. The population of the county is estimated at 400,000.

Oakland has 19,000 feet of improved water frontage, at which dock deep-sea and coast-wise vessels and river craft of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin.

The city government is conducted on the commission plan. The mayor is commissioner of public affairs. The other commissioners are in charge of the departments of finance, of public health and safety, of streets, and of public works. The five commissioners compose the city council, of which the mayor is president.

Oakland's school system has been declared by the educators to be the finest in California, and California has the reputation of leading the United States in educational facilities. There are forty-six primary and grammar grades and five high schools, with a total attendance of more than 40,000.

In addition there are fifty-seven private and parochial schools, including business and polytechnic colleges, young women's seminaries, preparatory, professional, religious, and music schools.

Oakland has eleven banks, with total resources of \$113,721,000 and deposits of \$105,262,000.

Electricity for lighting and power is obtained from great plants in the high Sierra, where it is generated by water power. Fuel gas is manufactured from crude petroleum, obtained from the great California field in the San Joaquin Valley and piped underground into Oakland. Practically all of the factories are run by electrical power.

Oakland's water supply is obtained from lakes in the foothills and deep driven wells. A recent analysis by an eminent Eastern chemist declared this water to be of the purest quality.

There are three daily newspapers in Oakland, all issued in the evening. The San Francisco dailies also maintain special staffs of reporters and advertising men in the cities on the mainland of San Francisco Bay.

There are thirty-one parks in Oakland, of a total area of 280 acres. The largest is the Joaquin Miller Park, named in memory of the "Poet of the Sierra," and situated on "The Hights," his late home.

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Cotton mills, airplane engine factories, soap factories, automobile assembling plants, foundries and steel mills, shipyards, fruit canneries and many other concerns are among the industries of Oakland.

The officers of this bank will be glad to give you specific information relative to this city of industry.

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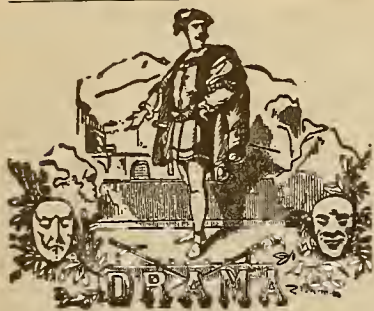
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["THE GIRL IN THE LIMOUSINE."]

This is a bedroom farce in which we see neither the limousine nor the limousine girl. They might better have called it "In Bed at Last," for the enterprising authors—Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood—having originated, or seen outlined by other farce-writers of their calibre, numerous agitated excursions by compromised couples under beds, over beds, behind beds, in front of beds, in closets, or soiled clothes depositaries, likewise bathtubs, near beds, have finally taken the bull by the horns. In "The Girl in the Limousine" instead of the girl and the limousine there is a couple—not married—and a bed, into which the enterprising authors eventually place the pair in full sight of the audience. I find myself, after having seen numerous bedroom farces, pathetically unable to be shocked. Much sophistication in witnessing them tends to too keen a perception of when one is supposed to be shocked, which is fatal to shockedness. But lest any reader of mine is shocked at the damaging statement made concerning the couple in bed, I hasten to add that there was a chaperon present—an aunt just arrived from California—who mistook the gentleman so familiarly at home in Betty's bedroom for Betty's husband.

Never mind how or why he got there. Trust a farce-writer to manage that problem all right. Anyway he was there, attired only in his underclothes, plus Betty's dressing-gown. How funny! Ha, ha! At least that is the way we should feel.

The aunt from California seems to have acquired a great deal of determination from the life-giving ozone that flowed into her Californian lungs. At any rate, with much un-

willingness on the part of the two victims, she coerced Betty and the underclothes man—who, she supposes, is Freddie, her nephew by marriage—into going to bed, because of the procession of sneezes they emit, due to being deprived of their outer integuments.

Aunt Cicely is an amateur nurse, and rejoices at the opportunity to air her theories. Behold, then, the two in bed. How dreadful! How the audience sniggers! How perfectly awful when Aunt Cicely turns out the light and leaves the disconsolate pair: Betty longing for Husband Freddie and Tony for Sweetheart Bernice.

However, the instant Aunt Cicely's determined back is turned the situation is saved by turning on the lights and the instant emergence of the presumably wedded pair from beneath the covers; or rather from beneath one silken cover, which has an eminently harmless appearance because Betty is in some highly ornate and well reefed-in pajamas, while Tony, besides rejoicing in the possession of his trusty if invisible underwear, also is modestly covered up by an extremely masculine-looking dressing-gown of Betty's; a voluminous, dull gray thing which the fluffy Betty would never, by any possibility, have had among her possessions.

You see the point. Get a couple into comically compromising straits. The remedy is right around the corner, but be blind and deaf to it. Make them and everybody in the piece of the most absolute respectability and the properest sentiments. Then have delightfully improper suggestion lurking under every other speech and action. And in the compromised ones' endeavors to emerge from their embarrassing predicament contrive a constant succession of comical, ridiculous exits and entrances, hidings in closets, under the bed, and in clothes chests. They always have huge, yawning clothes chests in these plays, nicely proportioned to accommodate the average man's shape. Of course the thing is so cleverly contrived, by experts in this line, that the situations are funny. And the girls are always dainty and smart, and lavishly endowed in the arm-and-neck line, and the players are rehearsed to a hair line in their well-timed in-and-out leaping and bedroom flights. And nobody could ever prove in a court of law that there was an improper word said or a prurient act outwardly suggested.

And yet these bedroom farces are, by their preponderance, demoralizing our stage. Two in a month is rather too generous an allowance, and I see that they have "Nightie Nightie" in prospect. Oh my goodness me! And there is such a thing in the East as real plays and fine players. And they don't dare, during these financially panicky times, to send anything to us more risky than such froth as this sort of thing.

Glorious San Francisco! Aint we just great here! Fine, classy people, you bet! Like the best of everything, including bedroom farces, demoralizing movies well advertised by grand, lovely posters contrived to brutalize the imagination of youth! Oh rot, everybody goes to the movies. And our politicians! Aint they just grand, genial men! And our courts of law! And our police that don't care a whoop about violated girlhood, but can get a very fine, complete, swift-working mad up when any of their number are hurt! Yes, we're an accommodating lot. We've got just the kind of city government we deserve in San Francisco, because we take it and keep it. The meek shall inherit the earth; six feet of it, and that's about all. Yes, dear old San Francisco knows bow; or says she does. Perhaps a few, though, are beginning to change their mind.

IBSEN'S LAST PLAY.

Ibsen's powers were waning when he was writing "When We Dead Awaken." He seems to have lost faith in the efficacy of his mission, and in a measure recanted, using symbolism to express his recantation. For in "When We Dead Awaken" the sculptor and his work are symbolical of Ibsen and his

writings. We may then draw the conclusion that in those anxious months when the old poet drew heavily upon his waning strength in his anxiety to finish the play and leave in completed form his last message to humanity, the weary thinker, reviewing the story of his long life, recognized that in his devotion to his work and his mission he had not fully entered into his heritage of living the simple, normal life of joys and hopes and loving. For Ibsen, even after the long, bitter, trying years of poverty and repression were over, continued to live a singularly austere life. Humanity, profoundly though he studied it, intensely interesting though he found it, was not dear to him. He never loved it and failed to win the love that he could not give.

Thus, in the figure of the sculptor who had departed from his earlier pure ideal and who modeled portraits of people in which he subtly blended their inward affinity with gross animal traits by bringing out the animal resemblances, Ibsen seemed to be indicating his own depiction of such unlovely characters as Hedda Gabler and other warped and imperfect beings.

Perhaps the pure ideal he seemed to indicate that he departed from was the poetry and the poetic drama he renounced when he definitely abandoned poetry for the prose drama that made him world-famous. So the world, or the thinking part of it, can not accept with sympathy the dying dramatist's last message. For not only was Ibsen the man to send the first breath of life and real human nature through the stilted and artificial unrealities of the Victorian drama, but he has done much for woman. I think it was James Huneker who said that the sound of Nora closing the door on her old life in "A Doll's House" had reverberated through the world. That closing door helped to emancipate women from being chattels. That tragedy in "Ghosts" has done something—in America, at least—to right some of the hitherto unmentionable wrongs under which women had groaned for long centuries.

So we can not subscribe with sympathy to Ibsen's last message. The work that he did can not be spared, for, although he is now no longer a modern, his thought has wonderfully influenced the men and women of today.

"When We Dead Awaken" has never been a popular stage play, even in those European centres where the Ibsen drama has been most steadily presented. America, indeed, scarcely knows the play, except in printed form. All the more praise, therefore, to Mr. Arthur Maitland for his courage in putting on this

strange and difficult play in his little theatre. It could not have been an easy undertaking to indicate on such a small stage the wild mountain scenery amidst which transpired the action of the last two acts. Nor is it a simple matter to present with credit a play so given over to symbolism and in which there is so little action. Yet both were very creditably done, the company at present being composed of the best material Maitland has yet had.

J. Anthony Smythe appeared as the sculptor who, oblivious of love in his devotion to art, had calmly dismissed from his life the model whose beauty he had utilized in his great statue, "The Redemption." (Here again we see the analogy to Ibsen's work.) Mr. Smythe

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Hill-dwellers on the north side, who are more than 275 feet above sea level, are in a water-service district by themselves.

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"The mansions on Nob Hill were built in the seventies by millionaires created by the Central Pacific and the silver mines of Nevada. The hill acquired its present name through the slang term given to it after the houses of the Nobs were erected."—Helen Throop Purdy.

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looked like an elderly musician, and he and Audra Due—the latter playing the rôle of Maia, the young wife in whose spring-like charm the sculptor sought vainly to forget his spiritual death—were most satisfactory in presenting those earlier phases of the play.

Mary Morris, except for an almost unavoidable monotony of utterance in giving the long passages in Irene's dialogue in which is expressed so much of the symbolism of the play, also satisfied the imagination by conveying the mystic quality with which the character of Irene is so poetically charged. As in his other prose dramas, Ibsen adhered to realistic dialogue. But when it came to the character of Irene—who stands, I doubt not, for Ibsen's conception of the Ideal Woman that all imaginative masculine youth enshrines, and that Ibsen realized during those last, failing months of literary effort that he had neither sought nor found—the prose dramatist became poet again, and Irene's utterances are fitted only for those mountain-tops to which, at the end, she and the sculptor aspired.

It is all on a very transcendental plane, and the ordinary bonds and conventionalities of the social life fade quite out of sight.

There is, it is true, something of melodrama to the character of Irene, with her madness and her concealed dagger. But of that the practically dying author was no doubt unconscious. His satiric humor is entirely in abeyance in this play, which we must regard as something of a dramatic curio, almost un-

known on the stage. Therefore we have reason to be proportionately appreciative of the opportunity afforded us for seeing it, even while we recognize that its sad, chill transcendentalism will leave the average theatre-goer in a semi-bewildered state.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

THE JOYCE KILMER READING.

A reading by Father Sesnon of a number of Joyce Kilmer's poems filled the Maitland Theatre to capacity on Thursday of last week. It can not be said that Joyce Kilmer is a great poet, but he is a cozy and lovable one. He gets on intimate terms with his readers, and therefore Father Sesnon's selection was a popular one.

As the reverend father is also very popular with the large contingent of San Franciscans who know and love him well the occasion was greatly enjoyed by his many appreciators. Besides being pleased at the opportunity for a acquaintance with the poems of the young journalist whose early death had so much of pathos in it, the audience was also well pleased to welcome on the platform as a social entertainer of another kind one who has publicly sung to them many times in the past for various beneficial purposes.

Father Sesnon is a very reverent and sympathetic appreciator of the works of the gentle poet. He read for an hour to his attentive audience, whose attitude was encouraging to a repetition by the reader of a recital on similar lines on some future occasion. His phrasing, touch, and inflection were effective and his audience went away well satisfied with an entertainment of merit and eager for some further display of Dr. Sesnon's powers.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Curran Theatre.

Sunday night will be the beginning of the second and final week of A. H. Woods' "The Girl in the Limousine" at the Curran Theatre.

The plot of the farce concerns itself with the adventures of Tony Hamilton, who in driving to a party—the hostess of which is a former sweetheart—stops on the road to give a lift to a forlorn-looking female who afterwards turns out to be a thug in disguise. With the aid of an accomplice Tony is knocked unconscious. The adventure occurs not far from the scene of the house party, and the unfortunate hero is disrobed by the robbers and is carried into the sleeping apartment of the hostess and finally left under the bed in which the lady is sleeping, suffering from an attack of the grippie.

Mr. Woods has furnished an exceptional company of skilled actors, experienced in this type of play. It includes John Arthur, Nancy Fair, William Halligan, Marion Ballou, George B. Connor, Barnett Parker, Archer Curtis, Anne Lorenz, Lee Kelso, Jane Seymour, and Edward Butler.

The Columbia Theatre.

Kolb and Dill are crowding the Columbia Theatre at every presentation of "The High Cost of Loving." The new production is quite an elaborate one and the stars, surrounded by a fine cast of popular favorites, keep up an incessant fun-making during the three acts of the comedy. The song revue preceding the third act is done by a chorus of pretty girls hewitchingly gowned and assisted by an orchestra under the direction of Leo Flanders.

The final performance of "The High Cost of Loving" will take place on Sunday night, the 26th instant, an extension of the engagement being impossible, as the company coming here direct from New York to present "Three Wise Fools" will open a limited engagement on Monday night, the 27th. This is the play that achieved a record run of 333 consecutive performances in the metropolis at the Criterion Theatre. John Golden, the producer, is sending the original cast, including Claude Gillingwater, Harry Davenport, Howard Gould, Donald Foster, Helen Menken, Millard Vincent, Wallace Fortune, Henry Forsman, Minnie Remaley, Harry Leighton, Herbert Saunders, and George Harcourt. "Three Wise Fools" is by Austin Strong.

The Orpheum.

Florenz Ames and Adelaide Winthrop will arrive here Sunday afternoon with their

latest "Alice in Blunderland" as one of the important acts on next week's Orpheum bill. In this vaudeville brevity Mr. Ames and Miss Winthrop will combine farce and travesty. They are really funny and are naturally so. There is no straining for points.

Edith Clasper will present her delightful "Love Steps." She has every asset necessary to the successful dancer—appearance, youth, grace, abandon, and poetry. She will be assisted by two boys, Nelson Snow and Charles Columbus. The offering is handsomely staged and costumed.

Herbert Clifton, whose character impersonations are said to be flawless, will entertain with his travesties of the weaker sex. Several of his best impersonations are features of his number. One of his best is that of the scrub woman.

Billy Dale and Bunny Burch will bring back memories of one's first lessons in horsemanship in their original comedy creation, "The Riding Master." Dale is the author of the sketch, which deals with the laughable situations attendant upon learning to ride horse-back.

Pistel and Johnson will bring a breath of old-time minstrelsy in their offering, "The Stranded Minstrels." Their clean, wholesome, joyous picture of human nature, as nature exhibits herself in the colored race, is one of the best things of its kind in vaudeville.

Walter Ward and Ethel Dooley, a sprightly, well-balanced pair, will offer, under the caption, "What Can We Do," a versatile number consisting of dancing, singing, bicycling, and an exhibition of lariat throwing.

Barnes and Freeman, two justly popular comedians, will have as their vehicle "A Pressing Engagement," described as the best mixture of songs and dances they have yet assembled.

Bert and Lottie Walton, "the Sunshine Pair," will do a double dance with a budget of amusing yarns. Youth, charm, and class are notable characteristics of their work.

Victor Moore, Emma Littlefield, and company will remain one more week with their revival of "Change Your Act or Back to the Woods."

The Maitland Playhouse.

"The Marriage of Kitty," an amusing French comedy adapted to the English by Cosmo Gordon-Lennox and made famous through the efforts of Marie Tempest, who starred in this play both in London and New York City, will be the Christmas week attraction at the Maitland Playhouse.

It is particularly well adapted to the season. The story is that of a young French girl who has lost her fortune and must seek work. Her close friend, a harrister, suggests marriage as a way out of her difficulties. A marriage of convenience is arranged, but the young bride makes herself as unprepossessing as possible.

Later the husband sees his wife under more attractive surroundings in her villa on the shores of Lake Geneva. Then he makes love to her and finally they become man and wife. There are many clever lines, numerous laughable situations.

For the remainder of the week the Maitland company will continue to present that latest of Henrik Ibsen's dramas, "When We Dead Awaken."

The Alcazar Theatre.

"The Things That Count" is the Alcazar's selection for Christmas week, commencing next Sunday matinee. Alice Brady scored nearly a solid year of success in it at her father's New York Playhouse. This is its first San Francisco release. The love story is beautiful and there is a sparkling Christmas tree scene among the simple, kindly folk of New York's East Side that resounds with mirth and melody and the glad laughter of happy children. There are sixteen splendidly human characters, distinct types, in the reinforced cast including Dudley Ayres, Elwyn Harvey, Emelie Melville, Emily Pinter, Edna Peckham, Anna MacNaughton, May Nannery, Rafael Brunetto, Al Cunningham, Charles Yule, and a bevy of California's cleverest juvenile players. The Union League Club has taken the house for a Monday night theatre party of its own membership, and has arranged for an extra Christmas morning matinee at 10:30, when children will be the guests of this public-spirited organization.

"Come Seven," founded on Octavus Roy Cohen's magazine stories of modern Southern negro life, will be the New Year's week attraction, beginning Sunday, December 26th, with two performances at 7:30 and 9:45 New Year's Eve. It will be a novel surprise to see all the Alcazar favorites appearing in blackface. There are no white characters in this farcicality, to be staged for the first time outside of New York, where it recently scored a great hit at the Broadhurst Theatre.

"Pomander Walk," that delightful and wholesome comedy by Louis Napoleon Parker, will be the holiday week attraction at the Maitland Playhouse, commencing with Tuesday, December 27th. It was particularly selected for this time of the year.



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VANITY FAIR.

We learn with a certain sense of dismay that the Prince of Wales is twenty-six years of age and that no arrangements have been made to find him a wife. It says so in the newspapers. Why, when we ourselves were twenty-six years of age we had already contracted an alliance—but we will draw a veil over an event that, strange to say, was received with something like apathy by a large majority of the human race.

The London Times is now drawing attention to the unmarried state of the Prince of Wales. It hopes to be able to do this with delicacy and reticence, although how there can be any delicacy and reticence about a Times editorial threatening an innocent and modest young man with condign matrimony it is hard to say. But the Times, on behalf of the public, disclaims any intention to use compulsion in the matter. Far be it from the Times to exercise pressure or to suggest that the prince's marriage be made a matter of policy. Marriage, says the Times, even the marriage of a prince, should be the presage of true happiness. So it should. We are all agreed about that, and so we allow the axiom to pass with a sort of cross between a sigh and a grin. The marriage of the Prince of Wales must be one of inclination, but it would be well for him to incline somewhat speedily and perhaps in some direction that may be persuasively indicated by those who manage such matters in royal circles. The prince's grandfather was married at twenty-five and his great-grandmother was married at eighteen. The prince should choose a wife speedily, and perhaps it would be just as well if he were to choose the wife chosen for him. It might save difficulties in the long run.

But a change has come o'er the spirit of the European dream so far as royal marriages are concerned. There was a time when the procedure was much more simple than it is today. All that was necessary in the case of a marriageable prince or princess was to drop a note to the German court with the question, "What have you in stock?" And there was always something. The supply was invariably equal to the demand. An assortment of German princes and princesses was always on hand, and orders were fulfilled with promptness and dispatch. "We strive to please" was

the motto of the German court in matters matrimonial. But all that has been changed. as Molière's physician remarked when he was reminded that the heart used to be on the left side of the body. No one seems to know the present whereabouts of the German princes and princesses. No one wants to know. They have all vanished into the *ewigkeit*, wherever that may be. And there is no rival establishment with anything like a similar supply. It is a bear market in royalties with a general depression in the usual sources of supply. There had been some talk of the Grand Duchess Tatiana of Russia, but she, poor, pretty little thing, lies somewhere dead of a Bolshevik bullet, and we sincerely trust that the name of the demon who killed her has been blotted from the Book of Life. And then there was the Princess Yolanda of Italy, but she is no longer being mentioned for some reason or other. Public opinion in Great Britain seems to think that the prince would do well to marry some one of his own race, and preferably some one who is not of royal blood. The royal enclosure just now is not so sacrosanct as it used to be.

Probably there would have been no more German marriages even if the war had not intervened. Already there was a strong sentiment against them. It was felt that the German royal family was becoming a little too universal. Certainly there will be no more of them now. It is fairly safe to assume that the Prince of Wales will not marry a princess, but so far there is nothing to indicate in what direction his inclination will be turned.

The friend of many children died recently in Brooklyn, New York. He was Jesse A. Crandall, eighty-six years old, a toy designer and manufacturer. He made a hobby horse for the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, and an invalid chair for Ruth Cleveland, daughter of the former President.

Dr. Pasticci, a noted chemist, has discovered a method of cheaply producing liquid hydrogen. It may be used in driving automobiles, one gallon being sufficient for 250 miles. It also may be utilized in railway locomotives and in the engines of ocean steamers, he declares.

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STORYETTES.

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Tom Cranfil of Texas, prominent in oil circles of late, tells the following on a minister who had discovered oil on some land he owned. The minister invited some of his deacons to go with him to the new field, so that they might share in the opportunities. They were breakfasting at the local eating house and had decided that they would order chicken. When a waitress, a calicimined and peroxidized miss, came up, the minister in-

quired, "How is the chicken this morning?" "All right, kiddo!" she retorted. "How are you?"

Sandy McNabb took a sixpenny ticket in a raffle for a pony and trap. He won it. Was he pleased at his good fortune? Not a bit. When the pony and trap were brought to him, he surveyed them gloomily, and said: "I tell ye the whole thing was a swindle." "What's the matter?" asked his friends. "Where's the whip?" demanded Sandy.

William J. Burns, the famous detective, was greatly displeased with the work of one of his men and by way of a hint presented him with a book of "Sherlock Holmes." "I guess this means that if I took enough coke I'd be a great detective," sneered the man. "I'm sorry, George," said Mr. Burns shaking his head sadly, "but I'm afraid there isn't that much coke."

A British merchant who has just been the guest of the Sultan of Zanzibar was invited to inspect the harem. In the garden was a merry-go-round that the Sultan had imported at great expense from the United States. Several of the wives were mounted on the wooden horse. "There's Only One Girl in This World for Me" was the tune that was being played by the organ.

From giants the conversation had turned to dwarfs, and the various accomplishments of the various Tom Thumbs had been related at length. Then the club liar hustled in. "All those dwarfs you've mentioned are right enough," he declared airily, "but none of them can compare with a stunted specimen I once came across in the wilds of Central Africa."

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The audience began visibly to dwindle. "Now, he was short, if you like," continued the club liar, speaking rapidly. "I know you are a set of unbelievers, so I will not venture to give you his height in actual inches; but I will tell you this, friends—that the man was so short that every time his corns hurt him—" "Well?" queried the only member of the audience who remained. "Every time his corns hurt him," repeated the narrator, "he fancied he had a splitting headache."

An actor-manager was being shown around a lunatic asylum. Seated under a tree in the garden was a man who was counting his fingers again and again, muttering: "Eeney, meeny, miney, moe." "Who's this?" asked the actor. "A strange case, sir," replied the attendant. "We found him in the street. He's harmless, but hopelessly insane." The actor looked at the lunatic closely, while the attendant moved away. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed presently. "He resembles a former member of my company." "Tell me," said he, addressing the lunatic, "aren't you Bawl, the actor?" "Cheese it," whispered the lunatic. "If they don't find me out, I can stay here all the summer rent free."

"He was a big game hunter, and he had inserted an advertisement in a morning paper asking if any man would accompany him to Central Africa to shoot lions, rhinos, hippos, etc., the said companion to hear half the cost of the expedition. Late that night, or rather at 2 o'clock the next morning, his household was awakened by a violent ringing of the front door bell, and a man was admitted who, to put it mildly, appeared to have been wining. "Look here," explained he, "I read your 'vertisement this mornin', and I was bound to come to you." "Well?" queried the hunter. "It's a bit late to talk business, but will you accompany me?" "Company you?" retorted the visitor. "No, thir. I call to tell you I'd shee you hanged first."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Unimportant Places.

Let other hardlings twiddle the lyre
To dear dead cities, in minor key—
Nineveh, Karnak, Sidon, and Tyre;
None of them, somehow, appeals to me.
I sing of Sauk Center and Huckleahee,
Jacksnipe, Pedee, Scuffletown, Dutch,
Bughall, Quidnunc, and Bermidji:
Towns that never amounted to much.

If deadness be the poets desire,
Think on Yamhill and Chicopee;
Pismo pleads for the funeral pyre;
Consider the canning factor-ee
That never came, or the library
Of Shaghticoke, or the euphonious touch
Of ultra-deadness in Oloee:
Towns that never amounted to much.
Gabbetsville, Suncook—some of the choir
Were cursed by fate from their infancy.
How could Adobe or Weed aspire
To the civic grandeur of Almuche?
But Energy, Aimwell, and Sesame
Should have escaped Time's scolding clutch
And thriven like Hyssop, Yell, and McGee,
Whereas they never amounted to much.
Brakeman, proclaim them right lustily:
Whitcom, Coyote, and Clutterhutch,
Tanner's Bottom and Whiffitree:
Towns that never amounted to much.
—E. O. James in Life.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Mr. and Mrs. Tyler Henshaw have announced the engagement of Miss Dorothy Cawston and Mr. Edward Fennon, son of Mrs. Mary Fennon of Oakland. No date has been set for the wedding.

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Miss Hope Somerset gave a tea Thursday in Oakland, complimenting Miss Laura Miller, Miss Virginia Smith, Miss Dorothy Cawston, and Miss Juanita Ghirardelli. Among the guests were Mrs. Herbert Hall, Mrs. Ward Dawson, Mrs. Paul de Fremery, Mrs. Thomas Grier, Jr., Miss Ernestine Adams, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Flora Edwards, Miss Betty Merrill, Miss Margaret Buckhee, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Eliza-

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beth Moore, Miss Elva Ghirardelli, Miss Genevieve Grier, Miss Doris Rodolph, Miss Katherine Maxwell, Miss Geraldine King, Miss Therese Williams, Miss Margaret Weil, Miss Jean Searles, Miss Katherine Armstrong, and Miss Helen Okell.

Miss Louise Braden gave a luncheon Friday for Miss Lorna Williamson, having among her guests Mrs. Swift Train, Miss Florence Veach, Miss Julia Van Fleet, and Miss Constance Hart.

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ARG.

General George Barnett gave a dinner Thursday evening at the Bohemian Club.

Mrs. Edward McCutchen entertained at tea Friday at the Town and Country Club. Those receiving the guests included Mrs. Edward Schmiedell and the Misses Doris and Betty Schmiedell.

Mr. Gordon Armsby entertained at dinner at Tait's-at-the-Beach last Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Horace Van Sicken was a tea hostess of Thursday afternoon, complimenting Miss Margaret Scheld and Miss Margaret Madison. Mrs. Van Sicken was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. John Cushing, Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Francis Langton, and Miss Helen Pierce.

Mrs. Harry Fair was a tea hostess Wednesday afternoon in compliment to Miss Laura Miller. Mrs. John Mhoon, Mrs. Harry Miller, and Miss Annie Miller assisted in receiving the guests, among whom were Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. Paul de Fremery, Mrs. Christian Miller, Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Frank Moller, Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Jack Okell, Mrs. William de Fremery, Jr., Mrs. Ward Dawson, Mrs. Frank Stringham, Mrs. Howard Barbier, Mrs. John Sutton, Mrs. George Baker, Jr., Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Thomas Grier, Jr., Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. E. L. Brayton, Mrs. Augustin MacDonald, Mrs. Arthur Fennimore, Mrs. Robert Waybur, Mrs. Louis Ghirardelli, Mrs. Harold Mann, Mrs. Harrison Clay, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mrs. Thomas Bunker, Mrs. William Magee, Mrs. Robert Knight, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Alfred Ghirardelli, Mrs. George King, Mrs. Benjamin Reed, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Marjorie Spring, Miss Caroline Rodolph, Miss Doris Rodolph, Miss Violet Whitney, Miss Katherine Seson, Miss Jean Webster, Miss Barbara Seson, Miss Alysses Allen, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Katherine Armstrong, Miss Dorothy Grissim, Miss Dorothy Cawston, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Claire Knight, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Geraldine King, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Helen St. Goar, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Louise Braden, Miss Miriam Dallam, Miss Elizabeth Bullitt, Miss Cecile Brooke, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Cora McCormick, and Miss Helen Perkins.

Mrs. Marcus Koshland gave a reception Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Theodore Rethers, Jr., gave a linen shower a few days ago for Miss Virginia Younger, the fiancée of Mr. Gaston Ashe.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Newhall, Jr., were dinner hosts Tuesday evening, having as their guests Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Blyth, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch, Miss Helen Garritt, and Mr. Frederick Tillmann.

Miss Laura Miller and Miss Margaret Buckbee were the guests of honor at a luncheon given Monday at the Francisca Club by Miss Geraldine Grace. Others at the affair were Mrs. Francis Langton, Miss Elizabeth Watt, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Beth Parcells, Miss Geraldine King, Miss Frances Lent, Miss Barbara Kimble, and Mrs. Paul Fagan.

Mrs. Sidney Ehrman will give a dance tonight for a number of the younger girls and boys.

Mrs. Oscar Sutor complimented Mrs. Charles Norris at a luncheon Friday in Piedmont.

Mrs. George Romanowsky gave a luncheon Monday at the Fairmont for Miss Lorna Williamson. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus entertained at dinner Friday evening at the St. Francis.

Miss Elizabeth Magee gave a luncheon Saturday for the Misses Barbara and Katherine Seson and Miss Geraldine Grace. Among the guests were Mrs. Thomas Grier, Jr., Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Miss Mary Kennedy, Miss Lorna Williamson, Mrs. Howard Park, Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mrs. Theodore Rethers, Jr., Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Sally Long, Miss Aileen McIntosh, Miss Jean Searles, Miss Jessie Knowles, Miss Katherine Maxwell, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Betty Merrill, Miss Helen Okell, Miss Katherine Bentley, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Miss Juanita Ghirardelli, Miss Doris Fagan, Mrs. Ream Black, Miss Ruth Davis, Miss Mary Davis, Miss Elva Ghirardelli, and Miss Alice Requa.

Miss Margaret Buckbee was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Wednesday at the Francisca Club by Miss Helen Perkins, her guests including Miss Laura Miller, Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Anita Berendsen, Miss Marion Wirtner, Miss Elvira Coburn, Miss Katherine Seson, Miss Barbara Seson, Miss Helen Brack, Miss Geraldine Grace, Miss Katherine Bentley, and Miss Frances Lent.

Mr. Cyril McNear gave a dinner Tuesday evening for a group of the younger set.

Mrs. A. Meertief gave a dinner and bridge last evening at her residence on Presidio Avenue.

Mrs. M. Heller entertained at dinner Monday evening at the St. Francis.

The annual reception of the members of the Century Club was held last Thursday evening. Receiving with the president, Mrs. George Somers, were Mrs. Lane Leonard, Mrs. William Magee, Mrs. Edward Haas, Mrs. Benjamin Revett, Mrs. Elizabeth Gerberding, Mrs. Philip Bancroft, Mrs. Joseph Marks, Mrs. Harvey Marvin, and Miss Kate Beaver.

Miss Margaret Madison was the guest of honor at a luncheon given Thursday by Mrs. Marshall

Madison. Others in the party were Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Mrs. Horace Van Sicken, Mrs. George Pinckard, Miss Josephine Moore, Miss Helen Pierce, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Doris Schmiedell, Miss Margaret Scheld, and Miss Amanda McNear.

Miss Doris Fagan entertained at luncheon Thursday at the Woman's Athletic Club, complimenting the Misses Barbara and Katherine Seson. Mrs. Chouteau Johnson gave a tea last Wednesday for Miss Virginia Younger.

Mrs. Otis Johnson gave a tea Thursday for Mrs. Edward Lowe, her guests including Mrs. Arthur Hooper, Mrs. Roy Somers, Mrs. Herbert Schmidt, Mrs. Arthur Fennimore, Mrs. Frederick Kroll, and Miss Johanna Volkman.

Captain and Mrs. Henry Price gave a dinner last Tuesday evening for Commander and Mrs. William Glassford.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Smith are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hutchinson are being congratulated upon the birth of a son.

Symphony Orchestra.

Tomorrow afternoon in the Curran Theatre the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will give the sixth Sunday symphony concert of the season, repeating the splendid programme offered yesterday. This week's programme is made up entirely of the works of Beethoven in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the great master's birth, December 16, 1770. The soloist on this occasion will be Louis Persinger, who will play the violin concerto in D major. This is Mr. Persinger's first appearance as soloist here this season. The programme will open with the "Egmont" overture, while the latter half will consist of the exquisite Seventh Symphony. This symphony, a favorite among concert-goers, has been termed by Wagner as "the apotheosis of the dance" because of the general mood of the entire work and the persistently marked rhythm which pervades each movement.

There will be no concert on the following Sunday, December 26th, as that week has been set aside as a short vacation period for the orchestra. The season will be resumed with the pair of symphony concerts of December 31st and January 2d.

Louis Graveure.

Louis Graveure, today the foremost baritone in America, will be heard in song recital at the Scottish Rite Auditorium on Tuesday night, January 18, 1921.

As Mr. Graveure is a student of music, so he is a student of the plastic art, and of philosophy, and of history, and of political economy, and of life generally. He is at home in a metropolis or in the wilds of the Canadian Northwest, and he can enjoy himself thoroughly in either place. He can ride, hunt, and swim. He loves sports and believes in them. He does not preserve his voice by coddling either himself or it, but by keeping himself so perpetually fit that he is able to undergo any ordinary strain or hardship without turning a hair. In consequence Mr. Graveure has no "spells" or "temperament" and no off nights. He is a man among men who commands the respect of men. He can work hard, give his audience the very best that is in him intellectually and vocally, and

by next daylight he is ready for a ride on horseback or for a trip around a golf course.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Countess de Buyer-Mimeure arrived Saturday from New York and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk in San Mateo. In New York she has been staying with Mrs. William Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Aldrich of New York, who arrived last week in San Francisco, sailed Wednesday for China.

Mrs. M. Fullam Sands arrived Friday from Santa Barbara and will be with Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Welch in Burlingame until after the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. Clara Langley Oliver has returned to Santa Barbara from a trip to Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Schwabacher have closed their Seattle home and will spend the winter at the Hotel Maryland in Pasadena.

The Countess of Granard and her children will come to California in the spring to spend several weeks at the Mills residence in Millbrae.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stow will leave this week for Santa Barbara to visit Mrs. Sherman Stow.

They have recently returned to town from a trip to Merced.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Tuck French of New York are spending the winter in California. They have taken the Rhodes house in Santa Barbara for the season.

Mrs. C. P. Overton and Mrs. Edgar Jones of Piedmont will spend the late winter in southern France. They are at present in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hanchett and the Misses Alice and Lucy Hanchett have returned from New York.

Mrs. Edward Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton Howard left Tuesday for New York to spend the rest of the winter. They will be at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois have taken an apartment on California Street near Mason. They will remain at the Fairmont until their new home is furnished.

Mrs. George Fairchild of Manila and Mrs. William Porter have postponed their trip to the Orient until January.

Lieutenant-Commander Emery Winship, U. S. N., will arrive within a few days from Washington to remain until the first of the year.

Major and Mrs. Charles Norris have come up from Saratoga, and will be at the Fairmont for the remainder of December.

Mrs. Willard Williamson and Miss Lorna Williamson left Wednesday for New York en route to France.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Titus left Saturday for Washington, after a visit of several weeks in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear have returned to Petaluma, after a brief sojourn in town with Dr. and Mrs. Naffziger. The latter will spend Christmas at the McNear home.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin will leave in a few days for Del Monte to pass the rest of the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds Lyman have returned to San Mateo, after a brief visit in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill have taken apartments at the Fairmont for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Koshland have returned from Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Jr., have reopened their home on Russian Hill, after an absence of several months in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Y. Campbell are spending a few days at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hitchcock have returned to Burlingame from a trip through the northern part of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lowe, Jr., of Grand Rapids, Michigan, are visiting Mrs. Lowe's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson. They will remain here until the first of the year.

Mr. George Gordon Moore of New York arrived Wednesday from the Atlantic coast and will spend the rest of the season in California. He has taken the residence of Mr. George Marye in Burlingame. Mr. Moore was accompanied by his daughter and Colonel Nutting of the British army.

Mrs. Benno Hart and Miss Constance Hart left Wednesday for the Atlantic coast to he away indefinitely.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCutchen will leave Monday for Los Angeles, where they will pass the holidays.

Miss Anita Diblee and her niece, Miss Anne Diblee, sailed last Wednesday for Europe. They will spend the greater part of the late winter season in Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bixby of Long Beach are spending several days in San Francisco. They are staying at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Vecsei of Santa Barbara have taken an apartment in New York for the winter.

Major and Mrs. Victor Morrison have arrived in the Philippine Islands. They will be stationed at Olongapo, near Manila.

Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford have returned from their trip and have taken apartments at Del Monte until after the first of the year. Mr. and Mrs. Ford and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse will join them over the Christmas holidays.

Registered at the Hotel Oakland are Mrs. E. J. Owenhouse and daughter Rosalind, Butte, Montana; Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Harris and two children, New York City.

At the St. Francis are Mr. E. A. Adler, New York; Mr. J. H. and Mr. J. R. Meyerling, Detroit; Mr. F. C. Riggs, Mr. M. J. Kinney, Portland; Mr. William W. McBride, Seattle; Mr. E. Shelley Morgan, Portland; Mr. R. W. Coleman, Kansas City; Mr. H. W. Reeher, Seattle; Mr. W. H. Lines, Portland; Mr. F. E. Trent, Des Moines, Iowa; Mr. Maroni Heiner, Salt Lake; Mr. J. Matthews, Jr., New York; Mr. H. W. Taylor, Indianapolis; Mr. C. P. Castle, Salt Lake City; Mr. Charles E. Yarton, New York; Mr. Thomas B. Tybearing, Los Angeles.

Registered at the Palace Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Bixby, Long Beach; Mr. P. C. Drescher, Sacramento; Mr. H. L. Turney, Portland; Mr. Artino del Toro, Mexico; Mr. and Mrs. D. Jay Culver, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. A. B. Jacobs, Mr. M. L. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Jeffries, Los Angeles; Mr. J. Waldo Smith, New York; Mr. F. W. Kellogg, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wright, Seattle; Mr. J. Hudson Clark, Peking, China; Mrs. H. J. Park, Kendenville, Indiana; Mr. O. L. Hart, Flagstaff, Arizona; Mr. Charles E. Gorham, Goshen, Indiana; Mr. F. T. Boles, Portland.

Among those registered at the Whitcomb are Mrs. David J. Owen, Long Beach; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Busch, Butte, Montana; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Woodman, Deep Springs; Mr. Charles Coren, Minneapolis; Mr. and Mrs. J. Verne Guthrie, Portland; Mr. W. H. Jackson, San Mateo; Mr. A. L. Bandermaer, Holland; Judge and Mrs. Lincoln S. Church, Oakland; Mr. Frank H. Reels, Grand Junction, Colorado; Mr. and Mrs. K. G. Schuegler, Candelaria, Nevada; Judge R. B. Canfield, Santa Barbara; Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Jones, San Jose; Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Dawson, Stockton; Mr. M. Huber, Albany, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Louis Rudolph, Monterey; Mr. G. A. Jones, Minneapolis.

The Loring Club.

The programme of the second concert of the forty-fourth season of the Loring Club on the evening of Tuesday, December 21st, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, includes the opening recitative and trio for tenor and two basses, "Say, Where Is He Born," from Mendelssohn's unfinished oratorio, "Christus"; Charles Gounod's "Nazareth," for bass solo and chorus of men's voices; Adolphe Adam's "Cantique de Noel" ("O Holy Night"), for soprano solo and chorus of men's voices; together with some of the old Christmas carols such as "The First Nowell," "Good King Wenceslas," "The Boar's Head Carol," and "The Wassail Song," to the traditional melodies, all of these having the accompaniment of strings and piano.

Two compositions for chorus of men's voices to be heard on this occasion for the first time in San Francisco are Lachner's "Evening Peace," with bass solo, and Frederick H. Cowen's "Border Ballad," the latter having been arranged for chorus of men's voices by Mr. Sahin.

Henry Hadley's "The Water Lily," a capella, and Charles Villiers Stanford's "The Little Admiral" will also be included in the programme.

The club will be assisted by Lorna Lachmund, coloratura soprano, who, in addition to being the soloist with the club in the "Cantique de Noel," will sing two groups of unusually interesting songs.

The accompaniments will be by Frederick Maurer, piano, and eight strings, with W. F. Larais as principal violin. The concert will be directed by Wallace A. Sahin.

New Samarkand Hotel.

Mr. A. K. Bennett of Santa Barbara announces the opening at Santa Barbara on the first of the year of the new Samarkand Hotel. The launching of this new enterprise is to be celebrated by a New Year's Eve hall, at which Miss Ruth St. Denis and her dancers are to appear. The hotel, whose architecture and furnishings carry out the Persian motif, is situated in the Santa Barbara foothills, and the view of the channel, the islands, and the surrounding mountains is said to be unexcelled. Guests are limited to one hundred, and Mr. Bennett announces that a limited number of reservations may be made for the fortnight following New Year.

Walls of Ancient Tiberias.

Biblical scholars everywhere will be greatly interested in a chance find made in Jerusalem in August of this year by some Jewish workmen who were building a wall for the Palestine government. In their excavations preparatory to the building they came across ancient walls and columns, and one of their overseers, an intelligent fellow, carried the information at once to Jerusalem. The location of the spot was such that he suspected that the ruins of some important Old Testament edifice had been found.

Work was ordered stopped and the director of the Department of Antiquities went to the place with members of the Jewish Exploration Society. Preliminary digging was done and a thorough study of the ground, the investigation convincing the men that they had found the site of the ancient Tiberias, a place

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which has such great association both with Christian and Jewish history. That it is near the modern Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee is, in itself, enough to promise important historical light.

The Palestinian government granted permission to the Jewish Exploration Society to go ahead immediately, and uncover the ruins. Rapid progress is being made. The excavators have no doubt of the importance of their find and will be able shortly to draw up a plan of the ancient city, as opposed to the present-day stronghold of Arah and fleas. Tiberias, at the present time, is notorious for its fleas. The king of fleas is said by the Arah to hold his court in Tiberias.

Ten wards in the city of Glasgow voted to abolish the saloons, the most revolutionary occurrence in Scotland in two centuries.

George Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" is to be revived at the Maitland Playhouse early in the year 1921.

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"But that woman in the box seems to have no clothes on at all!" "Ah, yes; she's the best-dressed woman in Paris."—*Paris Le Journal Amusant.*

"My dear?" said Mrs. Percival Pinochle. "Yes, lovely," said Perc. "Shall we drive over and get five gallons of gasoline, or will you walk to town and buy a four-pound roast?"—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

"Cholly used to be interested only in clothes, automobiles, and such things. But now he's taking up politics." "Can't talk to a girl nowadays unless you understand politics."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Angelina—I don't believe you were sincere when you said you'd die for me. *Edwin*—Indeed I was, dearest. *Angelina*—Then why don't you let me drive the car when you take me out motoring?—*Boston Globe.*

Mr. Goodsole—Well, what do you want? *Benny the Bum*—I wanna know kin I horry a red lantern off'n you? I find I gotta sleep in the street tonight an' I'll hafta warn the traffic to drive aroun' me.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Madam," said the tattered visitor at the door, "I have seen better days." "So have I," said the hard-faced woman, "but I don't care to live over the past with a ragged stranger. Good-morning."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Mrs. Newrich (returning from tour)—We went very swiftly all the way. *Coller*—But traveling in a fast auto, how could you get any idea of the country? *Mrs. Newrich*—Oh, I bought a lot of picture postcards every place we stopped at.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Let me see," said the customer, taking stock of his purchases. "I have the hops, the yeast, and the malt extract. Now show me what to do with these ingredients." "I'm very sorry, sir," said the polite salesman. "The law does not allow us to give demonstrations."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"Tell us something about Esau," directed the catechism teacher. Vincent, after clear-

ing his throat, explained that "Esau was a man who wrote fables and sold the copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash."—*Detroit Varsity News.*

"Now we want only one more delegate to insure the nomination. Wiggs, can't you bring influence to hear on a delegate you know?" "I wouldn't dare to try. The only delegate I know is my wife."—*Baltimore American.*

"I was once prosperous, ma'am," said the tattered visitor. "What did you do for a living?" "I owned a cure for inebriates." "And I suppose prohibition put you out of business?" "Yes, ma'am. People who have been drinking hair tonic, benzine, and var-

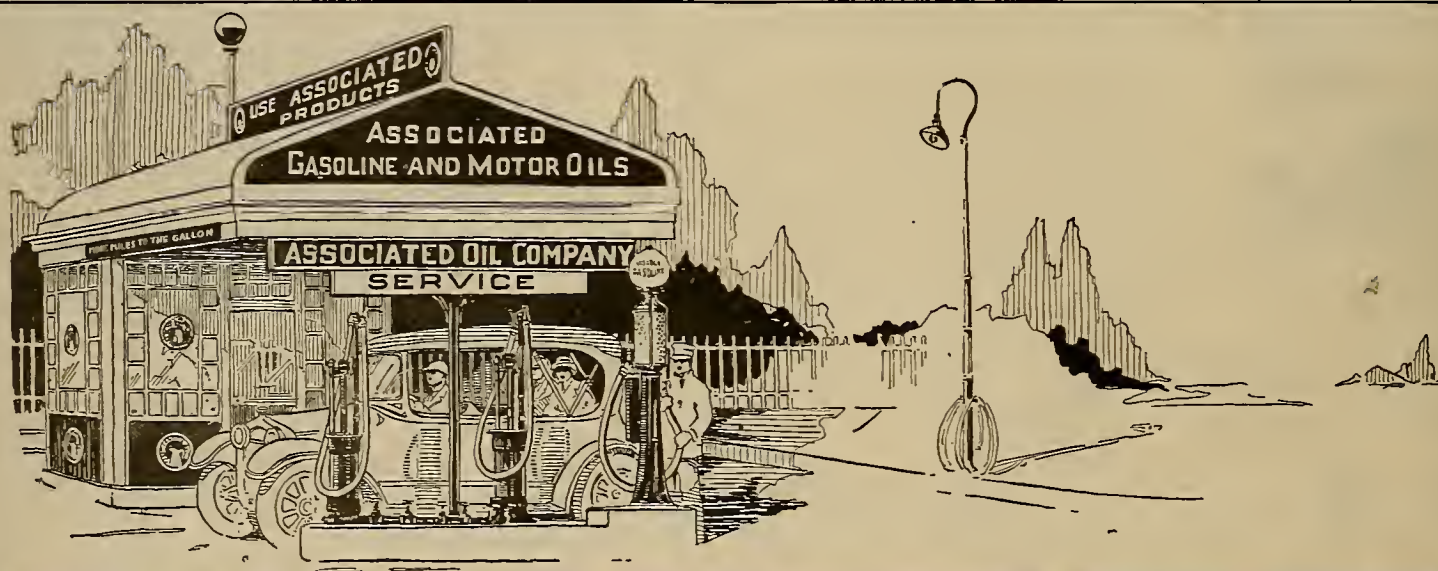
nish need the services of a regular doctor."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"Jibway seems terribly unstrung." "He ran over a man the other day." "How long has he owned a car?" "About two weeks. The poor fellow still looks at an automobile accident from the pedestrian's point of view."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"Henrietta," asked Mr. Meekton, "do you think votes-for-women is going to be a complete success?" "How can you doubt it, Leonidas?" "Perhaps I am over-anxious. But it looks as if the women voters were likely to let a lot of men get into office, the same as before."—*Washington Star.*



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30th and San Pablo
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3d St. and State Highway

HAYWARD

A and Boulevard

LOS GATOS

Santa Cruz and Elm Sts.

NAPA

3d St. at Bridge

SUNNYVALE

San Jose and Mt. View-Saratoga Rd.

SAN JOSE

The Alameda and Stockton Ave.
11th St. and Santa Clara Ave.
Alameda and Wilson Ave.
1st and Margaret Sts.
S. Market & W. San Salvador Sts.
Market and San Carlos Sts.
5th and Santa Clara

FRESNO

Broadway and Kern Sts.
Broadway and Stanislaus Sts.
A and Fresno Sts.
Broadway St. and Ventura Ave.
Divisadero St. and Van Ness Ave.

SACRAMENTO

12th and I Sts. 13th and L Sts.
2d and L Sts. 16th and K Sts.
10th and O Sts. 30th and P Sts.

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The Argonaut.

VOL. LXXXVII. No. 2283. SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 25, 1920. Price Ten Cents

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE: The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$5.00 per year; six months, \$2.55; three months, \$1.50, payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$6.00 per year. Sample copies free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, 747 Howard Street, San Francisco. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer or Postmaster in the United States or Europe. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications to The Argonaut, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company."

Entered at the San Francisco postoffice as second-class matter. The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the International News Co., Breems Building, Chancery Lane; American Newspaper and Advertising Agency, Trafalgar Square, Northumberland Avenue; and at Daws Steamship Agency, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, and can be ordered from any of the news-stands of W. H. Smith & Son. In Paris, at 37 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-Fourth Street. In Chicago, Western News Company. In Washington, at Adams' News Agency, Ninth and G Streets.

The Argonaut is on sale at the Ferry Station, San Francisco, by Foster & O'Rear; on the ferryboats of the Key Route system by the news agents, and by the Van Noy-Interstate Company on Southern Pacific boats and trains.

Telephone, Kearny 5895. Publication office, 207 Powell Street.
WM. J. MILLIKEN, Business Manager.

Forty-Fourth Year.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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Supervisors and Sinn Fein.

The board of supervisors, acting in coöperation with Mayor Rolph, has seen fit to pass a series of resolutions extolling the life and death of Mayor MacSwiney and expressing a hope for the success of the Sinn Fein cause. The resolutions were drawn by James E. Power, Richard J. Welch, and Warren Shannon.

Mayor Rolph and the supervisors by this action have been guilty of a piece of impudence. They were elected to administer the business of the city—which, by the way, they grossly neglect and mismanage—and not to be the spokesmen of San Francisco's sentiments or to meddle in the affairs of a foreign nation and one with which this country is practically in a state of alliance. They are well aware—if they have intelligence enough to be aware of anything—that their opinions on the subject of the Sinn Fein are held in detestation by most of the decent elements of the city. Mayor Rolph is not an Irishman. It may be doubted if he has any sincere sentiment for the Sinn Fein cause, if only because he has no sincere sentiment for any cause except that of his own political fortunes. His defense of the Sinn Fein was actuated by precisely the same motives as those of his henchmen and familiars who defended the gangsters. The mayor and most of the supervisors, in point of fact, were engaged in their usual occupation, the only one that they understand, of hunting for votes.

That this involved an injury to their own country and an insult to the city did not matter to them at all.

The incident is but another illustration of the intolerable evil to which the public attention is now being directed, the evil of government by cheap and mean men, by political prostitutes who win their offices by fawning servilities and who hope to retain them by catering to foreign influences. There will be no good government in San Francisco until the whole crew has been swept away.

Jimmies and Hiram.

Now that we are in a fair way to punish a few criminals and to disgrace a few of their official confederates it may be well to pay some attention to the roots of this disease as well as to its fruits. To push a few criminals out of sight, into jail or elsewhere, is an eminently proper proceeding. It would be still more proper to disinfect the soil from which they spring and to destroy the cause as well as the result. Indeed, unless we can do this, all our sound and fury will go for nothing.

There can be no kind of question as to the malady with which we have to deal. The arrest of the gangsters was followed by instant efforts to secure their liberation, and these efforts came from members of the mayor's official family. They came so quickly, so impudently, and so unblushingly that they were evidently parts of a regular routine. They seem to have been regarded as the formalities usual in such cases, as indeed they were. The municipal machine began to work automatically in aid of its friends, and the district attorney, presumably to discount the customary farce, told us of mysterious political influences that were already on the move to frustrate the prosecution. In point of fact the regular City Hall programme was to be played, and it would have been played to the appointed end but for the explosion of public anger. It has been played a hundred times in the past, but never quite so impudently as under the incentive of Mayor Rolph, who established the principle that laws on the one hand and immunities on the other are no more than counters for the winning of votes.

But there was another event even more significant, but not so sensational. Senator Phelan's secretary admitted under oath that he had connived at the defeat of the criminal law by conveying a warning of an intended effort to enforce that law. As in the case of the city officials who came to the relief of the gangsters, the culprit seemed to have no idea of the gravity of his offense. He appeared to regard it as a matter of course, as something to be taken for granted, as a part of the usual procedure, as something that had been done a dozen times before, that was usually done. He is said to have been disconcerted by the comments of the judge, to have been surprised, as though some established principle had been attacked. There can be no doubt that he was disconcerted and surprised. He had been acting in the interest of a great political machine, and he had the usual contempt of the politician for a law that may sometimes be used for the getting of votes, but that must never be allowed to defeat that end. He was playing on a large scale the same game that Mayor Rolph played upon a smaller scale. He was a mere expression of the debauchery of the official conscience. His action was far worse than that of the briber who demoralizes and degrades an individual, for he demoralized and degraded the public service, and he did it as though it were part of a regular and established practice. And who can doubt that it was?

It is thus evident that we have to deal not so much with events as with a condition. To deal with events is comparatively easy. To change a condition is not so easy. But of one thing we may be well assured.

The events will recur so long as the conditions persist. So long as we elect officials who are willing to use crime and criminals in their political business, so long we shall have crime and criminals to contend against. So long as we tolerate and perpetuate these roots of evil, so long we shall be periodically horrified by their inevitable fruits. So long as we elect Rolphs and Johnsons, "Jimmies" and "Hiram," just so long we must expect the debasement of our political and municipal systems with the poison of venality filtering down through officialism, down and down to its goal in Howard Street. Actually it is not the gangsters from which primarily we are suffering. We are suffering from the "Jimmies." They are the *fons et origo* of our political evils.

Why do we elect these men? Why do we tolerate their election? Are we actually as a people so poor in character, in ability, in worthiness, that we can find no alternative to these wretched little schemers, that we are forced into the highways and byways of our social life to select candidates doomed to disgrace by their own moral infirmities? America has as many men of the front rank as any country in the world. San Francisco has as many men of the front rank as any city in America. How is it that they are not brought to a service that they would certainly adorn? There was a time when San Francisco placed in the City Hall such men as Van Ness, Otis, Alvord. They conferred upon their office a greater distinction than their office conferred upon them. How is it that we have fallen so low as to accept such creatures as Schmitz and Rolph? Have we lost our civic ideals that we thus tranquilly permit the elaboration of a vast mechanism of debauchery by those to whom public office is no more than a disreputable trade, bartering with criminals for their votes, paying for votes with immunities, with protection, and with acquittals? It is bad enough that such abominations should exist. It is a thousand times worse that we should become used to them, that we should regard them as normal, as parts of the established order of things.

There is, of course, a remedy, and we have by no means applied that remedy by sending a few thugs to prison nor by removing a few official groundlings. If that is all we intend to do we may be sure that in a few weeks we shall be precisely where we were before, and that the old infamous mechanism will be at work again. We are told that one of the gangsters was anxious for the postponement of his trial until the public excitement had cooled. He was wise. He knew exactly what would happen. He knew that a postponement meant escape, that the old game would begin again at once through the iniquitous circle of bail bonds, the subornation and disappearance of witnesses, and the benevolent acquiescence of his judicial confederates on the bench, inspired by winks and nods from the City Hall. All this is none the less likely to happen because of anything that has yet been done. We have been mesmerized often enough by the "cleaning up" process, by all the humbug of "probes" and "disclosures" and "revelations." It ought not to be possible to do it again.

No reform will be possible until the decent elements of the city shall determine through their organizations that the old order of things must die. There are organizations and to spare for such a purpose. There are many commercial and civic clubs with large memberships of reputable men. The women clubs are much more numerous. All of these organizations profess to have the good of the city at heart and undoubtedly they are sincere. But in the main they have been running on the wrong tack. They have contented themselves with scanning the lists of candidates presented to them and trying to determine which among them were the least villainous. They have done little

or nothing toward the selection of the candidates. They have taken the disgusting bill of fare as it was presented to them and have tried to select its least nauseating items. But how do these candidates become candidates? Who fills the rogues' gallery? Whence comes the initiative? Who makes the choice?

These organizations have now an opportunity that must be quickly seized if it is to be seized at all. Let them take the reins in their own hands. Let them make their choice of good men instead of waiting to make a compulsory choice from among bad men. Let them select suitable candidates and then assure them of united and determined support. They can elect any man they please to any office they please. The great mass of voters would follow them willingly, and rejoice to be delivered from the dominion of evil. It is lack of leadership, lack of assertion, that has led us into this bog. The decencies of the city have been inarticulate. The organizations already exist. All that they need is a connecting thread and the spirit of initiative. They have talked much of democracy, perhaps overmuch, and our own municipal expression of democracy has become a scorn and a hissing. They have now an opportunity to show that an awakened democracy can first find good men and then elect them.

Churches and Laws.

The *Argonaut* disclaims the suggestion of a casual correspondent that its comments upon the Sinn Fein movement in America and upon the political activities of the Roman Catholic Church are either an imitation or a continuation of the methods of the late Mr. Pixley. They are neither the one nor the other. They are in no sense an inheritance. The *Argonaut* has a profound respect for its founder, but it does not allow itself to be influenced by policies or by pleas belonging to another day and generation, and therefore irrelevant to present conditions and to a wider and more liberal thought. It has no traditions except those common to good-will everywhere.

For the Roman Catholic Church the *Argonaut* has a sincere respect. Otherwise it would not have troubled to warn it against those political aberrations that are deplored by thousands of its most able adherents all over the country, and that must, if unchecked, prove fatal to the beneficences that it is so well equipped to accomplish. The *Argonaut* was inspired, not by hostility toward the church, but by regret that its religious and social aims should be in danger of frustration by the intrusion of elements foreign to its legitimate activities, provocative of needless animosities, and certain to result in the estrangement of many of its most devoted friends.

The Roman Catholic Church in America has a field of impressive magnitude and fertility in which to work. Perhaps there is no other religious field so large or so promising. Nothing but the gravest errors of policy can loosen its hold upon innumerable Americans born within its fold and taught to rely upon its guidance for the spiritual inspiration that in one form or another is essential to us all. But it is among the ever-increasing masses of our foreign population that the church may find its greatest opportunities. Suddenly released from the restraints, the conventions, perhaps the tyrannies, of Europe, they are often in emergent need of those ministrations tending to self-discipline, to moderation, and to all those virtues that are none the less religious because they are also civic. Large numbers of these people, perhaps a majority of them, are Roman Catholics. The religious influence, beyond all question, is the weightiest that can be brought to bear upon them. It can sway them so easily in the direction of good citizenship, or it can sway them with equal ease toward the perpetuation of feuds and the search for vengeance that must always be hateful to a true Christianity. The agencies of secular government can do much for the immigrant, but the church can do much more. In the broadest and best sense there can be no good citizenship without religion, because there can be no good citizenship without self-control, an enlightened altruism, and a respect for others. These virtues are eminently Christian. Religious systems must stand or fall by the personal conduct of their adherents, and not by the force of their creeds. The religion that engenders hate or violence is doomed. Surely nothing can be more axiomatic than that. That so great a church as the Roman Catholic should permit a few turbulent political priests to endanger its spiritual eminence would be no

less than a tragedy. To associate a rebuke of those priests with an assault upon the church is no less than an absurdity. If this be indeed an assault upon the church, then it is an assault in which large numbers of the best Catholics in America have participated.

The *Argonaut* does not believe that the Catholic Church in America will allow itself to be bogged in Sinn Feinism. It does not believe that the Catholic Church in America will allow itself to be identified with a foreign quarrel, or that it will allow itself to be degraded into an instrument of insult against a friendly power. The Roman Catholics of America, if only from the fact of their world associations, are well aware that the fate of the human race is even now in the balances, more critically in the balances than at any other time in human history. They know that civilization is assailed by the most awful forms of terrorism of which there is any record, and that good government everywhere is staggering in the quicksands that may so easily swallow it. They know that the hope of the race is to be found in a sympathetic understanding between the English-speaking nations, that here, and here alone, is the ark of salvation to be attained. They know that the fall of the British Empire would mean the submergence of the old world under Asiatic floods, that it would mean a carnival of blood and agony for the race and from which there could be no escape anywhere. Is it likely, is it possible, that Roman Catholics will allow a sectarian animosity, an ancient feud, an inherited prejudice, no matter how well founded, to loosen such an avalanche as this? Is it likely that they will stand by consenting while such a crime is committed? The *Argonaut* does not believe it. If that is anti-Catholicism, so let it be. But it is not.

Political agitations ought not to be conducted upon religious grounds. We have had far too much of it. It is an infringement of the spirit of the Constitution. If a religious organization can be drilled and disciplined to the consummation of some political aim, then to all intents and purposes we have an established church. If the Roman Catholic Church is identified with the Sinn Fein, which of course it is not and never will be, if through such identification it can control our elections, then the Roman Catholic Church becomes the real government of America. If the Methodists or the Congregationalists or the Episcopalians can enforce by law their own specific religious opinions, or practices, or ideas, or foreign policies, then we have an established church. When religious communities go to the polls with religious labels around their necks, drilled and disciplined to vote as religious communities, then the cause of religious liberty is assailed, and a religious despotism is upon us. The object of religion is to inculcate an individual decency, to persuade to an individual self-control, honor, dignity, harmlessness. Organized religions have no right to a political ticket. It will be the worse for them if they insist upon adopting one. They have no right to demand that the laws be adapted to their creeds. The Christian Science Church, for example—and it is a pertinent example—has no right to demand that the laws of hygiene be set on one side because they do not happen to coincide with its religious convictions. The Christian Scientist Church has no right to beat its ecclesiastical drum and to demand, as a church, that the laws of vaccination or sanitation be abrogated because it has a religious belief that they are unneeded. It has no more right to do this than the Episcopal Church, as such, would have a right to demand free silver or a protective tariff. The individual Christian Scientist may vote in any way that he pleases. So may the individual Roman Catholic or Episcopalian. But we do not look with favor upon an array of churches, each clamoring for its pet laws and demanding that its creeds be enforced by the police. Fortunately very few churches have done this, and those who have done it will find their Nemesis.

And it may be said furthermore and in conclusion that if the churches were to devote all their efforts to turning bad men into good men, bad citizens into good citizens, sinners into saints, there would be a lessening need for laws of any kind. Not only the Irish problem, but most other problems would solve themselves.

Senator Harding and Mr. Bryan.

Senator Harding's conference with Mr. Bryan was the natural and proper act of a statesman anxious to know all that is to be known on the conduct of foreign

affairs and the part played in those affairs by those who had responsibilities in connection with them. Mr. Bryan for a brief period was Secretary of State. It was a position that he ought never to have filled, that he had not the capacity to fill. But there were other positions filled by far more unsuitable men, by Mr. Baker, by Mr. Daniels, and by Mr. Burleson. Mr. Bryan need not fear comparison with either of them. Moreover, we may usefully remind ourselves that during his tenure of office Mr. Bryan was instrumental in the writing of many arbitration treaties to which no word of objection has ever been said. They were not spectacular achievements. They did not arouse the attention of the world nor provoke storms of dissent as did the league of nations. None the less it is probable that these treaties were solid and enduring contributions to the cause of peace, and Senator Harding therefore showed an enlightened good sense in acquainting himself with the views of their author and inspirer.

For the rejection of the league of nations certainly does not mean that America is to hold herself aloof from concerted efforts to avoid war. Indeed it is quite certain that plans of some sort are already being elaborated, although their nature has, quite properly, not been divulged. They may take the form of a codification of international law as recommended by Mr. Root. They may take the form of an extension of arbitration treaties and the cautious stiffening of their provisions. But something will be done. We need have no doubts about that. Europe is not enamored of the league of nations. If we may judge from her newspapers she looks upon it with indifference. It is as nearly impotent as such an association can be. America, by the fact of her abstention, has put herself in a position to assume the moral leadership of the world and to do so without the sanctions of force with which the covenant is saturated. That Senator Harding should talk with Mr. Bryan is but one more evidence of the place that the cause of peace holds in his mind.

Editorial Notes.

The plea on behalf of the Children's Hospital that appears in another column of this issue ought not to be disregarded. It is true that we have been overwhelmed with appeals and that every day brings its new cause and its new demand. Necessarily we must practice discrimination even where all are worthy, but perhaps the discrimination should be in favor of the institutions that have grown up in our midst, that have been tested and proved before our eyes. It would be an ill day for the needy children of San Francisco if the Children's Hospital should fail them. The sum total of its beneficences are incalculable. It ought not to be pinched by a lack of funds that have always been so admirably administered.

Paul Fort, one of the most illustrious of French writers, tells the world by means of a letter to the newspapers that he is starving. He can not publish his writings because the cost of paper is too high. He has applied to the government, but the government has no money to spare. How could it have, after a four years' war? Looking to the other side of the Rhine we are told that Hugo von Hofmannstahl, who wrote the libretti for the Richard Strauss operas, has actually been begging for food. And there must be hundreds of men of letters and artists, not so eminent, whose straits must be even more severe. What can be done? It seems heartless to say that nothing can be done. Moreover, and as a matter of self-interest, it is surely bad business to allow genius to be starved into silence.

For twenty years there has been an increasing use in this country of manila rope for power transmission in mills and factories in place of leather belting. In English factories ropes superseded belting long ago, and their use is nearly universal. In the United States the change that has taken place began with the acquisition of the Philippine Islands, where, as everybody knows, the manila hemp flourishes. The fibre of this hemp varies in length from six to twelve feet, and occasionally attains a length of eighteen feet. It is said to possess greater tensile strength than any other fibre known, exceeding 50,000 pounds per square inch. Rope drives, as transmission ropes are called, possess the advantage of noiselessness, owing to their flexibility and to the existence of an air passage in the grooves between the rope and the sheath.

Major-General McIntyre, chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, in his annual report urges American capital to develop the oil lands of the Philippines, which he says are extensive.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The Price We Pay.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 18, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Referring to your article entitled "The Price We Pay," I am wholly in sympathy with your views and they are absolutely correct, and yet I believe that most people are in the same attitude as I find myself. I have no horror of nor apprehension as to the breakdown of law as evidenced by the Santa Rosa affair. It lies in my mind as a perfectly natural and logical action of a body of law-abiding citizens who desired that the punishment should not fail, and that it be administered in the most efficient and speedy manner. Now I know that that reasoning won't stand critical analysis, and yet it exists. Such punishment always has produced a better condition of things than existed before. I attribute it somewhat to the fact that the crimes themselves were outside the pale of any civilization that we know anything about. To call them "brutal" would be to insult every form of the brute creation. Nor can they be called the acts of degenerates. Degenerates are irresponsible, but these men seem to have had considerable political influence, some of them representing an art which attracts even our Supreme Judges on occasion, and all seem to have a responsibility equal to that of the average citizen.

For a weak and inefficient administration of government nature seems to have provided a proper substitute which works swiftly and ends as quickly as it comes together. Between this and a mob there is no point of resemblance. That it worked smoothly at Santa Rosa is evident, and that it leaves no untoward influence on the public mind is equally evident. That public officials have been stimulated to a more proper appreciation of their functions is also evident.

Yours truly, I. H. MORSE.

Sinn Fein vs. America.

LOS ANGELES, December 11, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: In an editorial in the *Argonaut* of December 4th on the "Sinn Fein versus America" you say: "Nor can we in any way evade the conviction that the church, if it would, might easily mitigate the murderous hostility now being waged in Ireland if only by a stern denunciation of the wanton murder of policemen and of civilians, trapped like rats, unresisting and defenseless."

I take the liberty of enclosing a clipping containing a number of quotations from recent sermons by members of the Irish hierarchy. I believe the denunciations are as stern as even you could wish and I think that, after reading the clippings, you will in fairness refer to the subject again in your editorial columns.

Of course, I am unable to see why you brought the Catholic church into the matter at all. Unfortunately, very unfortunately, when an Irishman becomes a Catholic he does not cease to be an Irishman. If he did the world would be a very much more peaceful place than it is now.

As for Mgr. Lavelle appealing to them to disperse for "the love of Ireland," was he not justified in doing that? To what other sentiment could he have appealed? Are they not Irish first and Americans afterwards? Do they not call themselves "Irish-Americans"? That is, they are Irish and then they are Americans. In the midst of a riot I think the monseigneur showed good judgment.

Will you please return the clipping to me in the enclosed stamped and addressed envelope?

Yours very truly, A. W. REDMAN.

Russia.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 7, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: I read some time ago an article in your paper, signed by Sidney Coryn, and which referred to Russia and France. Permit me to take exception to some of this gentleman's assertions. How can he say that Russia had been deliberately out of the counsels of Europe, when on the contrary ever since the days of Napoleon, Russian influence had been very great down to the outbreak of this last war. Generally, however, the influence exerted by her was of a malignant character. The so-called Holy Alliance, conceived by the Emperor Alexander I from ideal motives, very soon degenerated into a conspiracy for the repression of all liberal aspirations among the various European nations. The Tsar Nicholas I had a consort, a sister of the King of Prussia, Frederick William III, and the closest friendship existed between the two courts and states. This went so far that the two armies at one time had joint military maneuvers in the town of Kalisz, and the reactionary party in Prussia, the so-called Junkers, the only party in Prussia which had influence in those days, fawned upon the Tsar in the most servile manner. Austria in 1849 called upon Russia to aid her in the suppression of the Hungarian uprising, which request was responded to with an army of about 200,000 men. A most unfortunate event in the history of Russia was the assassination of the Emperor Alexander II, as after his death it transpired that he had been on the eve of granting a constitution to the Russian Empire. Was Europe in any way responsible for the catastrophe which had been precipitated by Russian fanatics? Then again later on, when France founded an alliance with Russia, the latter state became closely related to general European interests.

Now comes Mr. Coryn as diplomat and strategist and blames Europe, and by implication France, not to have lent a helping hand to put Russia on her legs again. How could France do it when the treachery of her Russian ally almost strangled her, and when these scoundrels who rule Russia at this moment deliberately repudiate the debts contracted by the preceding government? Russia owes an enormous amount to French investors, who are not the big capitalists only, but mainly *les petites gens*, the small purses, and I ask myself how can a nation be helped by outsiders if they themselves seem to be as limp as a washrag and thus far have not found men able enough to end a régime which eventually must end in disaster?

Yours respectfully, JORIS VAN ANTWERPEN.

The Attack on the Union Club.

W. & J. SLOANE
Fifth Avenue & 47th Street

NEW YORK, December 16, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: My partner, Mr. George D. Cooper, of our house in San Francisco, has sent me a copy of the *Argonaut* of December 4th, and I am glad to see that you have taken up the cudgels in behalf of Americanism.

I am a member of the Union Club, though I was not present at the time of the attack. I should like to correct, however, your impression that the building was wrecked. The members of the club, aided by the police, defeated the entrance of the mob into the building. They stood as a solid block and kept them back until a large force of police arrived. The building was not damaged inside—only the windows were broken, but the acting chief of police (himself an Irishman) was so fearful of a terrible riot and bloodshed that he begged the governors of the club to haul down the English flag, which the governors peremptorily refused to do, although there was a howling mob of nearly five thousand Irishmen outside. Both Monsignor Lavelle and the acting chief of police appeared

together at the club and begged the house committee to take down the flag rather than incite the mob to violence, but as a matter of principle, in defense of Americanism, the club resolutely refused and said they would rather have the building destroyed than allow an Irish mob to dictate what flags they should put out.

We have had no apology from the church, although several of our governing committee had an interview with the archbishop. Not a word was said by him, either in public or privately, deprecating the attack on the club, nor was one word said by him advising his parishioners to observe law and order.

The Allied flags have always been hung from the club house on holidays and any important public celebration. The members of the club were not aware that there was to be any procession, nor were they aware of the ceremony that was to take place in memory of the suicide MacSwiney.

I thought that the details of this attack might interest you, and therefore I have taken this liberty.

Yours very truly, HENRY T. SLOANE.

A Compliment.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 20, 1920.

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: Permit me to express my own and the appreciation of various friends for the splendid, courageous editorials you write each week. It is a refreshing change from the nauseating drivel of the yellow and reactionary morning press which has inflicted itself upon this long-suffering city. Your healthy, outspoken criticism of the rottenness and corruption of our municipal government departments will bear fruit eventually, and your fearless exposé of the dangerous Sinn Fein element and their workings to embroil this country in their nefarious and self-seeking schemes will find an echo in the minds of all right-thinking people. More power to your trenchant pen and may your good work long continue.

J. A. S. W.

THE INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS COURT.

(By Joe G. Sweet of the San Francisco Bar.)

ON January 5, 1920, the legislature of the State of Kansas, called into session as a result of the great coal strike, met to hear the message of Governor Henry Allen. In the course of the message the governor said:

As we review the growing quarrel between capital and labor we are all impressed with the fact that we have made absolutely no progress toward the provision of a just and orderly basis of solution. Every settlement of every controversy has been upon a temporary basis, and the sole concern in every temporary adjustment has to do with the advantages of capital or labor. Into few controversies does there ever come a consideration of the rights of the public. The largest party at interest scarcely receives a hearing. I believe the time has come, in the increasing industrial life of the country, when a tribunal should be established which shall have the power to take under its jurisdiction the offenses against society in the name of industrial warfare, a tribunal which shall have the authority to meet industrial discontent, before it crystallizes, by a careful oversight and regulation of the conditions of labor before any injustices are allowed to fester and breed class hatred and bitter antagonisms.

There is no reason why government should not have the same power to protect society against the ruthless offenses of industrial strife as it has always had to protect it against crime. I have called the legislature into extraordinary session in the hope that we may create a "Court of Industrial Relations" which shall provide a substitute for strikes and lockouts and protect the public against the abuses which now come upon it during the course of industrial controversies.

As a result of that message the legislature passed a bill effective January 24, 1920, creating the Court of Industrial Relations.

No act of a state legislature within the past twenty years has attracted so much attention, and yet its provisions and purposes are but dimly understood. The average employer perhaps looks upon it as a weapon to be used in repelling the attacks of labor. The rank and file of labor, misinformed by some of their leaders, may consider it as a means for the enslavement of labor by denying men the right to leave their employment. The general public probably looks upon it as an instrument that is to be used in time of stress and then laid aside.

As a matter of fact it is none of these things. Functioning continuously, with powers wide in their scope, combining the powers of a public utilities commission with those of a minimum wage board and having many new and additional powers, it is one of the strongest instruments ever created to govern or guide the economic forces of a state.

The Court of Industrial Relations is composed of three members appointed by the governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, for a three-year term. One goes out of office each year. The salary is \$5,000 per annum and the senior in point of service presides.

The act which created this court abolished the public utilities commission of the state and conferred its jurisdiction upon the court. The fixing of rates for service and the general powers of regulation and supervision of public utilities vested in such commissions are exercised by this court. In addition certain other businesses, not under the jurisdiction of the former public utilities commission, have been placed under the supervision of the Court of Industrial Relations.

The manufacture and preparation of food products for humans, the manufacture of wearing apparel, the mining and production of fuels and the transporting of food, clothing, and fuels are declared to be businesses "affected with public interest" and therefore subject to supervision by the state for the purpose of preserving the public peace, protecting the public health, preventing industrial strife, disorder, and waste, and securing the regular and orderly conduct of businesses directly affecting the living conditions of the people of the state and the general welfare.

It is declared to be necessary that the industries and utilities mentioned be operated with reasonable continuity and efficiency. No person, firm, corporation, or

association of persons is allowed wilfully to hinder, delay, limit, or suspend such continuous and efficient operation for the purpose of evading the act. No person, firm, or corporation engaged in any of the enumerated industries, or operating one of the utilities, is allowed wilfully to limit or cease operation for the purpose of limiting production or transportation or to affect prices, for the purpose of avoiding any provisions of the act. In proper cases the court may make its order permitting such limitation or cessation of operation.

Whenever a controversy arises between employers and workers in any of the enumerated industries or utilities and it appears to the Court of Industrial Relations that the controversy may endanger the continuity or efficiency of the businesses or utilities, or that it may affect the production or transportation of the necessities of life affected or produced by the industries, or produce industrial strife, disorder, or waste, or endanger the orderly operation of the industries and utilities, then the court, upon its own initiative, may summon before it all necessary parties and proceed to investigate the controversy.

During the pendency of the investigations the court may make such temporary orders as may be necessary to preserve the public peace, to protect property and the public interests, and to preserve the status of the parties.

If upon the complaint of either party to an industrial controversy, or upon the complaint of ten taxpayers of the community in which the industry affected is located, or of the attorney-general of the state, it shall be made to appear that there is a controversy threatening the operation of the industries or utilities and that the parties are unable to agree, it becomes the duty of the court to investigate and determine the controversy.

After hearing, it must make its findings and orders. It may order such changes as it finds necessary to be made in the working and living conditions in the industry, the hours of labor, and in the rules and practices of the industry. It may also establish a reasonable minimum wage. The order is served upon the parties and remains in effect for a reasonable time to be fixed by the court or until changed by the parties with the consent of the court.

The court is without power to compel obedience to its process or to enforce its decrees. They are enforced by the regular courts of the state upon the application of the Court of Industrial Relations. Its proceedings are subject to review by the Supreme Court new evidence may in proper cases be offered.

The law recognizes the right of the workers to bargain collectively and to incorporate. The right of the officers or agents of a union to represent the union is expressly recognized, but the appointment must be in writing and must be a permanent record of the union.

The right of the individual worker to quit his employment is freely recognized. But it is made unlawful for any person or employee to conspire with other persons to quit their employment or to induce other persons to quit their employment for the purpose of hindering, delaying, interfering with, or suspending the operation of any of the industries in question. It is likewise made unlawful to picket or intimidate by threats, abuse, or other means any person or persons to induce such persons to quit their employment or for the purpose of deterring them from accepting employment or remaining in the employ of the industries.

In case of the suspension, limitation, or cessation of the operation of any of the enumerated industries or utilities the Court of Industrial Relations may take proceedings in a court of law to take over, direct, and operate the business, but in such a case a fair return must be made to the owners and a fair wage paid to the workers.

Persons wilfully violating the act or an order of the court are, upon conviction, liable to a fine not to exceed one thousand dollars, or a term of imprisonment in the county jail for a period not to exceed one year, or to both fine and imprisonment.

Officers of corporations, employers, and officers of labor unions using their positions as officers or employers to influence or compel other persons to violate the act or the orders of the Court of Industrial Relations shall upon conviction in a court of competent jurisdiction be liable to a fine not to exceed five thousand dollars and to imprisonment at hard labor for a term not to exceed two years, or to both fine and imprisonment.

This, in brief, is the act which the legislature of the State of Kansas passed in the hope that it would prevent the recurrence of such disastrous labor wars as the great coal strike of 1919. Time alone can tell how successfully the new court will cope with difficulties. There is great interest and considerable opposition throughout the nation. The strongest opposition comes from the leaders of labor, and yet in its decisions it has recognized the right of the laborer to all of those things for which he claims to be contending. It has merely denied him the right to disregard the rights of others in securing his own. Surely no laborer can take exception to the words of this court when in the course of its opinion granting an increase in wages to the employees of the Joplin and Pittsburg Railway Company it said:

This court is very desirous to do nothing in this case which

will unduly burden the respondent (railway company). However, it must be admitted that wages to labor should be considered before dividends to the investor, and that a business which is unable to pay a fair rate of wages will eventually have to liquidate.

And again, speaking of faithful and skilled workers:

Such persons, in all fairness, are entitled to a wage which will enable them to procure for themselves and their families all the necessities and a reasonable share of the comforts of life. They are entitled to a wage which will enable them by industry and economy, not only to supply themselves with opportunities for intellectual advancement and reasonable recreation, but also to enable the parents working together to furnish to the children ample opportunities for intellectual and moral advancement, for education, and for an equal opportunity in the race of life. A fair wage will also allow the frugal man to provide reasonably for sickness and old age.

THE LETTER.

(By Pierre Soulaïne. Translated from *L'Echo de Paris* for the *Living Age*.)

Mme. de la Charmoise was sitting in the little salon which she had chosen to house her favorite bric-à-brac. Reclining on a couch in somewhat of a Mme. Récamier pose, she meditated.

Her thoughts were not random ones, but precise. She was expecting a visit from Jacques Legallec, the brilliant cotillion leader, who would ask her to marry him. Odette de la Charmoise, who wanted to answer yes, was telling herself that it would be safer to say no.

She had been two years a widow. Her husband, the witty and erudite Paul de la Charmoise, had been her elder by many years. So surely had she been shielded from all unpleasant contacts by her husband's devoted and tender care that Odette feared lest she suffer from the brutal egoism visible beneath the too perfect manners of Jacques Legallec. But so lonely was she that the idea of suffering caused her no fear.

A knock at the door was heard, and a sulky maid entered with a letter. Odette was about to lay the envelope casually aside, when a glance at the address caused her to rise with a start. She had recognized her husband's hand.

For a minute or two she hesitated. Then she stole another glance at the letter. No, she had not been mistaken. The handwriting on the envelope was undoubtedly that of her dead husband; she recognized the individual twists and turns. An examination of the stamp showed that the missive had been mailed the night before. When her tears permitted, Odette broke the seal and read:

MY LOVED ONE: Death has not stopped me from thinking of you. From afar I watch over your happiness. I know that you are to be asked in marriage. I am far from being so selfish as to expect you to spend your youth in a long widowhood, but you must have my consent to a new alliance. My love for you has been a great love, yet should you find a fiancé capable of loving you as I have, I shall consent to your remarriage with good grace. But before I shall bless such a union as you intend, I must beg you to see my old counsel, M. Laurent, in his office at the Rue Arsène-Houssaye. He is one of my best and most respected friends, and I have asked him to talk over with your future husband those interests of yours which I want above all to safeguard. You see that I am not asking very much. Only do as I ask you, and my manes, to use the ancient phrase, shall find peace. I know that you will not refuse them this little satisfaction.

Through all eternity I love you. PAUL.

Odette was not superstitious. She was no believer in miracles. And she took the reasonable ground that her husband must have given this letter to a friend, probably to this very lawyer whom he had mentioned. Reassured, she went to her room to soothe away the traces of her tears.

An hour later Jacques Legallec arrived. The best of Parisian monacles rode in his eye, and an expensive English suit fitted snugly about his lean shoulders. Instead of finding the nervous, apprehensive, and grateful woman whom he had counted on discovering, he found Odette calm and entirely mistress of herself.

Legallec had prepared a pretty scene of affectionate emotion. He had calculated the minute even at which he should sweep his conquest into his arms. But Odette's attitude spoiled the little drama, and he found himself obliged to change his method. Possessed of tact and resolution, he at length managed an avowal.

"My friend," replied Mme. de la Charmoise, "I admit that I am not surprised at your proposal. Since I evidently awaited something of this kind, and have received you, you doubtless feel that your avowal is not unpleasing to me?"

Legallec wished to rise from his chair, but Mme. de la Charmoise, with a courtly gesture, invited him to remain seated.

"But there are 'business matters' connected with every marriage, affairs which are quite odious to me. I want to feel absolutely certain that all matters of this kind have been talked over before we go on further to discuss the question of marriage. Will you please go tomorrow to my counsel, M. Laurent, 124 Rue Arsène-Houssaye, and talk matters over with him? I authorize you to make clear to him a possibility of my consent. And on the day after tomorrow come again to see me."

Legallec bowed, signified his approval of the visit, and withdrew visibly disconcerted. The noise of the closing door shook Odette to the heart. What would the future bring forth? Her instinct told her that Legallec would not return. Two days passed without a visitor, and on the third day a letter arrived saying that "unavoidable circumstances" required M. Legallec's presence in the provinces. Mme. de la Charmoise sought out her husband's attorney.

"Yes, madame," said he, "it was indeed I who sent the letter. Your husband confided them to my care."

"There are others?"

"His great soul envisaged all the dangers of your solitude. Should life place you in still other uncertain situations, it would be my duty to send you other letters. Well, I received M. Legallec, and divined at once that he would fall into the trap which it was my duty to lay for him."

"You laid a trap for Monsieur Legallec?"

"A very little one. I simply told him that you had been for some time in the gravest financial difficulties."

A cry of pain escaped Mme. de la Charmoise.

"And the retreat which he beat at once leaves no doubt about the genuineness of his intentions."

A little nervous, Odette rose from her chair.

"I must thank you, monsieur."

At the door, however, she paused, and asked uneasily:

"There are many more letters?"

"Yes, madame, many. My dear friend, inspired by the love he bore you, foresaw everything probable and improbable. His soul guards your happiness."

OLD FAVORITES.

Harold.

O listen, listen, ladies gay!

No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

—Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And gentle lady, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth today.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch:
Why cross the gloomy firth today?"

"Tis not because Lord Lindsay's heir
Tonight at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindsay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night,
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddled all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs unc coffin'd lie.
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapel;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with kneel;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung,
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle. —Walter Scott.

Although the love of Dante for Beatrice often is quoted as a type of earthly attachment, both fine and rare, the facts are that both Dante and Beatrice married others, Dante having four children by his wife. Beatrice died when she was twenty-four. In all the poet saw her but three or four times in his life, the first time when she was a child of eight. He never wooed her or dreamed of marrying her. She was to him merely a symbol for everything that was good and beautiful, and this symbolizing began when the two were children and the grave youth was taken to her father's house by his own parents on a visit. That she cared anything for him beyond a careless friendship or the careless regard one has for a seldom-met acquaintance is doubtful. Her full name was Beatrice Portinari, and she died in 1290, Dante taking a wife two years later. In speaking of her Dante said: "I saw her at about the end of my ninth year. Her dress on that day was of a most noble color, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her tender age. At that moment I saw most truly that the spirit of life which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body began to shake therewith."

The Colonial Dames of America has the distinction of being the oldest patriotic society for women in the United States.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

One of the best-known women writers of South America is Zoila Aurora Caceras, the daughter of the President of Peru.

It is reported by the London *Times* that Bernard Shaw and Sir James Barrie are at work upon scenarios for the motion pictures.

Harriet Chalmers Adams, F. R. G. S., has achieved the distinction of being called America's foremost woman explorer. She spent many years in this country, studying every important Indian tribe from Canada to Cape Horn. Then she visited the Orient to trace the coming of the ancient tribes to this land.

The musical world was startled recently by the statement of New York experts, who made the tests, that Robert Murray, twelve-year-old Tacoma boy, is singing higher notes than reached by the most famous opera singers. The lad is being trained in New York for appearances throughout the country.

Horatio Blanco Fombona, the Venezuelan poet and newspaper man, has started a hunger strike in Santo Domingo, where he is being held as a prisoner by the American military authorities. According to dispatches from Havana, Fombona's refusal of food is said to be in protest, not only against his detention, but also against the quality of food provided him. This ration is alleged to consist of beans and potatoes.

Mrs. Florence Wilson of 8061 Frankford Avenue, Philadelphia, has been appointed librarian of the league of nations. She has been doing preliminary organization work for the league in London for several months. She will have charge of gathering an immense library to embrace research in every nation of the earth. She expects to use the American system of library cataloging and classifying to a great extent.

Miss Martha Kemble of 745 Walnut Street, Camden, New Jersey, won the election for justice of the peace over the Democratic nominee, a man. She polled 2112 votes, leading the Republican ticket in her district, where Harding received 1968. She is a graduate of Camden High School and a telephone operator in the First National Bank. She does not expect to give up her present position. She is said to be New Jersey's first woman judge. She has been doing volunteer work for her party for several years and has always been keenly interested in politics. Miss Kemble lives with her widowed mother and two brothers.

One of America's most prolific and successful writers is Mary Roberts Rinehart, and while she never directed a mule car in Chicago, the writing of lurid detective stories, romantic novels, humorous short stories, plays, and motion-picture scenarios was about the last thing registered in the hope chest of Mary Roberts when she was graduated from a Pittsburgh high school in 1894. Nor did her aspirations lead her to a quest for higher knowledge in the Vassars, the Wellesleys, the Bryn Mawrs, and a host of other standard and fashionable schools. None of these grand and idealistic aims had a place in the early speculations of the young woman from Pittsburgh. Rather, she looked with hopeful eyes on the great humanitarian side of life and decided to be a trained nurse that she might devote a measure of her years, at least, to the care of the sick and the wounded.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore is again in this country after an absence of four years. His poems and plays embodying the Indian philosophy and mythology have been growing more and more generally familiar throughout the world, and now we are to have an opportunity to see the dramatic presentation of several of his plays on the New York stage. It is through the influence and interest of William Faversham largely that this result has been brought about. Sir Rabindranath saw Faversham in "The Prince and the Pauper" and was struck with the spiritual likeness between the inner significance of this work of Mark Twain and some native East Indian plays. A meeting took place in the actor's dressing-room after the play, and it developed that Faversham, who spent a considerable part of his boyhood in India, is well versed in the lore and philosophy of that country.

Turkey's 146-year-old-man, Zora Mehmed, reputed to be the oldest man in the world, has been ill for some time with indigestion. This was the first time Zora had ever been ill. He complained that it was because of his set of false teeth. Zora has always been a hamal, that is, a carrier of heavy weights, ranging from 200 to 1000 pounds. When he was forty-five years of age, during the Napoleonic wars, he tried to lift, on a bet, 500 pounds with his teeth and ruined them. He went until about 1850 without any teeth, and then he obtained a set which wore out about twenty years ago. He got another set. He declared these teeth gave him indigestion, which finally landed him in the hospital. Until his present illness, Zora was employed, as a hamal, at the Turkish naval base. He was born at Bitlis, in Turkish Armenia, in the year 1774, just before the American revolution, but does not remember that event. Zora has a son, aged ninety, and a young daughter, aged fifty. His heart and eyes are still good and he looks like a man of seventy. He offered his passport as proof of his age, as well as the birth records in the mosque at Bitlis.

A VOLUME OF ESSAYS.

Winifred Kirkland Writes Delightfully About Things in General.

It has been said that the art of the essay writer is dead. But then letter-writing also is said to be a lost art, and it is true neither of the one nor of the other. It may be that a utilitarian age demands that most of its literature be in the form of facts, tabulated if possible. It may be that we are usually too busy to write real letters. None the less there are still good essayists and good letter-writers, and among the former may be counted Winifred Kirkland, whose little volume, "The View Vertical," has just seen the light of day.

Winifred Kirkland writes about all sorts of things, but she usually chooses a commonplace and then proceeds to show that it is not a commonplace. Along that road lies all art. What, for example, can be more essentially commonplace than making a scene? Most of us can do it with more or less success. Most of us do it, but we regard it as a vice—when done by others. But the author shows it to be a virtue. She says she can make a scene anywhere and upon any occasion. She can veritably be like a terrier among tabby cats. She can descend upon the most placid of breakfast-tables and leave it a perfect welter of emotions. In-agine, she seems to say, what a reformatory power lies herein:

Let no one imagine that I am so base as to employ my talents solely for my own advantage. Scene-making has altruistic possibilities. I frequently use it as a means of restraint upon evil tendencies in others. I have a brother prone to cigarettes; presto, the merest whiff of tobacco throws me into spasms! He is a dear, domestic chap, worth making a bit of an effort for; I congratulate myself that I have saved him health and happiness by making home too hot to hold his cigarettes. Himself untainted by the odious perfume, he always finds me the coziest of household accessories.

Then there is my pale friend possessed of an unconquerable affection for red. It is a color that in a wink's time wipes off all her loveliness, leaving only ashen pallor in its place. Now does this friend appear before me with but a vestige of the obnoxious color attached to her person—the music of those of Bashan is as nothing compared with my bellowing. She is the mildest of mortals, and, as a consequence of my aversion, she wears in my presence those blues that do so easily bedeck her. Thus do I preserve her intact from the evil results of her own ill-taste. In blue she finds me ever the most genial and gentle of comrades.

Then again, consider the case of stoutness. Over how many feminine lives has not the terror of adiposity cast its shadow? But to be fat is to be fashionable. A dress sale announces "Stylish Stouts," and at once the fat woman acquires a new dignity. She now has dresses to reveal, not to conceal, her shapeliness. But how is it that the fat man has so far escaped the contumely awarded to the fat woman?

It is a curious fact that in neither East nor West has the stylishness of stouts been extended to the male sex. The norm for man is to be long and limber. As the hero of romance, a man may be hawny; but except in farce, he may not yet be fat. In America this ideal of masculine slimmness is explained by our fondness for thinking of our men as lean wrestlers with frontier conditions, for the fact of a frontier is still a pleasant figment of our fancy. As a matter of brutal truth, both our men and our women have swelled perceptibly during a long period of plenty and of ease. Not all our Hooverizing has notably reduced the tendency of both sexes toward an opulent maturity. The pitiful point is that our men are not yet allowed by fashion to grow fat with dignity. Of course, it has never been so hard for a man to be voluminous as for a woman, because he thinks only of how uncomfortable he feels, and not, concomitantly, of how ungainly he looks. And yet the fat man has had pain enough in being the butt of the papers and of his pals; and from this anguish he can not be relieved until fashion lifts its ban from his person as it has lifted it from that of the lady. No shop is as yet exhibiting styles for the stout man. He is still forced to squeeze himself into clothes designed for the stripling.

Incidentally the author has a tilt at science. It threatens to invade our privacies. Hitherto we have been able to shut ourselves up, each in a sort of sturdy tower, and to allow others to see only as much of us as we may wish. But now comes telepathy. Our minds are no longer our own. We must share our thoughts with all and sundry. The old secret places are denied to us:

Although telepathy has not yet come into popular social usage, we occasionally meet people not ashamed to exhibit it as an accomplishment. Such people are most discouraging to conversation. When a person knows what we are going to say before we say it, the effort of expressions seems futile; the racy epithet, the felicitous phrase go unspoken. There would presently be no *bons-mots* to be quoted; life would not be enlivened by the twinkling passage of repartee, that light rebound of thought and word, striking against surfaces that can not pierce. When there are no walls for talk to knock against, and no gates to be opened or shut to other people's penetration, the art of conversation will die, and social intercourse be reduced to fatuous smirking at each other's faces—or perhaps to a fierce clawing of them, when the thoughts of all hearts shall be revealed.

The universal employment of telepathic communication would do away with another prerogative of society, the right to gossip. In our present imperfect means of knowledge, everybody presents a different aspect to everybody else. To gossip is to bring forward for discussion all the data each observer has gathered; it is a comparison of various angles of misunderstanding tending to diffuse unenlightenment and thus to protect the person under examination from an intrusively accurate analysis. Now, if his soul were presented in the same crystalline fidelity to each of us, he himself would neither enjoy privacy of spirit, nor we our game of guessing.

We do not want the rather dreadful knowledge that telepathy offers to us. We do not want to understand each other too much. We love the uncertainties that give a spice to life. We like to guess. But now it

seems that souls are to be read as easily as spelling books, and science has the effrontery to describe this as the coming of a millennium:

I have shown how a system of telepathic communication would disrupt our social life and destroy the literature constructed to reflect that life. There are, however, two darker and deeper dangers incident to letting everybody use the aerial apparatus. If the introduction of telepathy would undermine social intercourse, it would absolutely annul solitude. The wings of the dove could never outdistance the impudent wings of the wireless. Anybody who wished could send his thoughts forth to investigate anybody else's nest in the wilderness. Privacy would rapidly become a prehistoric privilege. Solitude is the chief support of the affections; it would be impossible to love your fellow-man if you knew you could never get away from him.

Last and most painful peril of all: it is not only my own and my neighbor's retirement that I would preserve impenetrable to mutual invasion; but there are other regions I do not wish to enter with any clear certainty, the skyward changes of my own high tower of secrecy, where I sometimes entertain a mysterious visitor. If telepathy taught me the language of the spirit, I might inadvertently learn to understand my own. Let not science be so sacrilegious. When I loaf and invite my own soul, I want the guest to come to me without any telepathic eavesdropping on the part of other people, and without any profaning analysis on my own part. Let no telepathy interrupt my communing with that august presence, my own soul.

Having rehabilitated the fat woman and the maker of scenes, the author advances fearlessly to a defense of worry. She seems to think that the optimist is a nuisance, as of course he is. Moreover, he is unethical. How can we concern ourselves over the well-being of another unless we have practiced, so to speak, by worrying about ourselves? When we want sympathy we turn always to the best worrier:

Another argument for worry is the kind of hooks that tell you not to. Apart from their character, their very popularity furnishes cause for profound regret that people desire to buy even joy at wholesale, that they may demand even cheerfulness in the terrible tins of the ready-made. Such cheerfulness is sadly attenuated by the absence of good, meaty truth. The only cheer that contains nutriment is the kind that you raise in your own garden and put up with your own hands. A work that can announce itself to the dry-goods counter as "The Happy Book" is a book promptly shunned by readers who read. Such a book is as true to life as a child's book of sketches—shapes whose conventional outlines make them pass for men and women and wheelbarrows, daubed in colors of unshaded radiance.

Let us then worry, not from temperament, but from conviction. Pessimism points out the shadows and sharpens the sense of values of which art consists. If you can visualize success you must first have visualized failure. The artist who does not worry had best get to work and do so:

The moral advantages of fever and fret are even greater than the mental. Our ancestors recognized this fact and provided for it, but our pusillanimous cheerfulness recoils before their robust recognition of muscle. Knowing the placidity resultant from being unable to stand up and fight a good husky Fear on his own ground, they created the Fear and the ground, calling the one the Devil and the other Hell. There used to be a most stimulating little signboard at the entrance of hell, "Who enters here leaves hope behind," but many moderns make the depressing amendment, "There isn't any such 'here' to enter." In like manner, unconsciously, we pine for the good old devil of our forefathers. He used to be always hanging around handy for you to test your heroism upon him. He was worry incarnate, providing the most muscular exercise for anybody who wanted to wrestle. The anti-worry campaign denies the usefulness of bugaboos, whereas a really good bugaboo is a liberal education. Constant companionship with him is a training in imagination, in sympathy, in self-dependence, and, last—an argument which knocks out from under him the strongest support of the optimist—in the joy of life.

Can the non-worrier ever know the hero thrill of the hair-breadth rescues we did not make when the boat did not go down? Can he experience the pride of economy we did not practice when the bank did not fail? Has he ever tasted the quiescence of relief when the best-loved one did not die of the pneumonia she did not have? How can the poor optimist ever discover that one actually runs faster toward one's desire when the dogs of worry are nipping at one's heels? Never the goal so alluring, never the pace so fleet, never the tingle of achievement so keen, as when one perceives the prize threatened. What does he know about success, the man who has never feared that he might fail? What does he know about happiness, anyway, the man who believes in being happy all the time? The truth is that worry puts a gilt edge of joy on everything.

Winifred Kirkland hates calories. So do all right-thinking people. The word should be expunged from our magazines instead of being the only word that one is quite sure to find there. It stands as a spectre behind all social relations. It paralyzes art, society, friendship, and all the kindly human relations:

To science all things are possible, and a generation exhaustively informed about calories may in the future produce as notable poets as those of the past, but at present evidence is against this result. Calculating each mouthful and studying the course and conduct in digestion is too engrossing to allow the free flights of genius. "Look into thy heart and write" is sound advice, but "look into thy stomach and write" is singularly sterile in literary output.

The calorie is influencing our social relations, infecting with its grossly material methods the essentially spiritual intercourse between friends. It is difficult to be at ease as a guest when the table is too conscious of its calories. One feels a horrible besitation in measuring one's appetite to a nicety before one helps one's self from a dish. When the visitor and the hostess are both familiar with those long placards of listed per cents by which a bean is proved bigger than a heefsteak, one is constrained in consuming either of these delicacies. When the weekly budget is reckoned in calories, any indulgence at a friend's table, once a compliment to the cuisine, may nowadays be an unkind upsetting of a much-meditated ration. Matters are not improved when one becomes entertainer instead of entertained. The calorie is subtle symbol of much disintegration of courteous impulses. The spontaneity of an invitation is threatened when hospitality halts before the possible depredation and devastation from a guest's appetite.

The author discusses in a ruminative way the causes

that lead editors to reject manuscripts. She finds that there are fashions in such matters, as in most others. A few years ago editors politely informed contributors that their manuscripts did not "quite compel acceptance":

A few years later the phrase polite for "no admittance" changed. The buffet became more robust and ringing. Editors at this period asked for "a little more ginger." Six or seven years ago all editors were crying for "ginger." I could not give it to them, but so many other people could and did, that presently they had enough ginger and were passing on to demand stronger condiment; they no longer wanted ginger, but "a little more pep, please." Editors at this stage were becoming less gentle in language as well as in desires. At first I merely could not "quite compel acceptance," but later rebuff was administered in figurative speech that became constantly more arresting. "Ginger" and "pep" were mild and gastronomic in suggestion, but from the "pep" period on, editorial imagery has been becoming more and more vigorous.

For a long time "punch" dominated the vocabulary and intentions of all periodicals. It made no difference what other accomplishments a manuscript might possess: if it could not "punch," it might as well stay at home. A writer had no choice but to drop contemplation, remove his coat, hand his spectacles to his wife, adopt the language of the prize-ring and "punch" his reader—an audacious enterprise and productive of more unanimity in rejection than any other course I have pursued.

My literary career under enforced editorial guidance has steadily advanced from suavity to violence. At first I tried merely to "compel attention"; next I obediently served "ginger" and "pep"; after that, weakly and mildly, I endeavored to "punch"; but there are progressive ordeals yet before me. To "punch," in the prize-fight, there is allowed a degree of decorum; there are still rules for the game in "punching," but I discover that even "punch" is obsolescent. This morning an editor returns my offerings with the comment, "Excellent of their kind, but I prefer stories with more 'kick'!" Can I, must I, "kick"?

According to the cumulative demand of editors for ferocity, after "kick," what? Next week I shall be requested to "stab"? To make a siletto of the innocent pen whose first efforts were taught manners by Sir Roger de Coverly? I wonder how Addison and Irving would have responded if they had been asked to "kick." My pained imagination looks forward into the years of bread-winning still before me, to read in fancy the reasons for future rejection, as editors become more frenzied and figurative. Will it be:

"We are under orders to accept no freight at this dépôt except high explosives"; or, "No magazine can keep on the market today that is not prepared to blow the reader's brains out."

But are there no readers who like the gentle method in literature? Do we all want to be punched and kicked? Do we all crave for "pep"? If not, it is time for us to speak out.

How are stories constructed? The uninitiated have often wished to know, and now we are told by Winifred Kirkland. She tells us how the characters are assembled and the trouble they give. They are restive and will not stand still. They are taciturn and refuse to talk. And when they once begin to act their part they will not stop. Surely a most unruly company:

Somehow at last by dint of infinite patience I persuade them all to go through their proper incidents in their proper order. The next task is to make them pause in their poses long enough for me to catch up my pen and sketch them in action.

Puffing, panting, pleading, somehow or other I get them all down in black and white at last, and then, seeing that I have finished, they all come tiptoeing up to look over my shoulder at what I have written. I turn up my collar against the storm of abuse.

"Is that leering old reprobate meant for me?" inquires the most delightful grandfather I ever met in imagination.

The heroine's cheeks are hot. "I never flirted so outrageously as that with any one in my life," she cries, "not even with—!" Here she glances at the hero.

"She didn't, and you had no business to say so!" he takes up the cudgels. "But, pray, what is this curious fringe I observe ornamenting my vocabulary? College slang! I assure you that it never grew in any college for gentlemen. It sounds to me like an opium den, and I should like to inquire, sir, where you learned it!"

"Where in the world are my eyebrows?" wails the second lady.

Unable to control myself longer, I jump from my chair and turn upon them. "See here, if you think making a story is so much easier than being one, just take my desk and chair and pen and try it!"

One of the greatest difficulties of the story-teller is in the drawing of faces. One is apt so to accentuate a single feature as to produce a caricature. The experienced writer knows how to combine something with the face, such as carriage or gesture, to give truth to a personality. And sometimes it is other aspects of the body that are used to impress the imagination of the reader:

One recalls various instances when other aspects of the body impress both author and reader as more pregnant with revelation than physiognomy. It was not Trix Esmond's head, but her feet, that made havoc with Henry Esmond's heart, feet that we can see twinkling down the polished stair, in their scarlet stockings and white shoes, scarlet stockings with silver clocks. Feet, a wee white pair, a baby's, bare and buoyant, remembered from a magazine poem, dance in my fancy by means of the magic phrase, "unpityingly sweet." One recalls many feet in fiction, feet brutal or groping or tripping, but always feet informed by spirit, and from many a book one recalls hands equally fraught with meaning. Which to Browning connoted more of her character, as he gazed at his wife in the fire-glow, "that great brow," or the "Spirit's small hand propping it"? Which holds us more, the Ancient Mariner's "glittering eye," or his "skinny hand"? Could any terms express better the ethereal pathos of Isult of Brittany, her selfless tending of a stranger knight, fever-tossed, and her yearning widowhood bereft even of memories, than her epithet, "Isult of the snow-white hands"?

Perhaps it should not be said that Winifred Kirkland is the best of our essayists, seeing that there are so many kinds of essays. But it may be said with confidence that she is the best in her own special field.

THE VIEW VERTICAL AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Winifred Kirkland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company: \$2.

BANKING AND INVESTMENT NEWS.

San Francisco bank clearings for the week ending December 18, 1920, were \$175,100,000; for the week ending December 20, 1919, \$200,900,000; a decrease of \$25,800,000.

Total gold reserves of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco increased \$24,146,000 and total reserves \$24,460,000 during the week ending December 17th, according to the statement issued Saturday. Total gold was \$12,993,000 higher. The growth of the three items was due mainly to a jump in gold and gold certificates amounting to more than \$23,000,000, offset in the case of total gold by a drop of more than \$9,000,000 in the gold settlement fund and accentuated in the other

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two cases by a rise of nearly \$12,000,000 in gold with the Federal Reserve Agent.

Total bills on hand decreased \$17,661,000 and total earning assets \$18,082,000, all classes of bills showing a falling off. Total resources or liabilities were \$15,050,000 higher.

The world war inflicted on this country a funded debt of about \$20,000,000,000 and vastly increased current expenditures for governmental purposes. To pay interest on the Federal obligations and to meet running expenses the government needs at present a yearly revenue estimated by some as high as \$5,000,000,000. This must all be raised by taxation, and mainly by means of taxes on income and so-called excess profits. When business was booming during the war enormous and increasing sums were subject to levy, and

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thus, with the bond sales, abundant funds were obtained to finance our militant operations. But earnings and profits no longer reach the lofty marks of the war period. Deflation and readjustment are supplanting inflation and profiteering in commodities and wages. The result is that the amounts of money taxable annually are so seriously decreasing that the government is menaced with a large decline in income. Drastic economy may soon be imperative, and even with that it may be necessary to devise additional, or entirely new, sources of revenue.

The impending failure of the excess profits tax is the outstanding defect of our present scheme of Federal taxation. As a revenue producer this tax has plainly outlived its usefulness. Designed for an emergency which

has passed, it has no sound reason for existence in this time of peace. It is defeating the very object aimed at in its creation, for it acts as a powerful deterrent to that enterprise which lays solid foundations for taxation. Practically it confiscates much of the earnings and savings that would naturally be devoted to extensions of plants and increase of production. By taking so much toll the government discourages the promoters of industry. The more they make, the greater the voracity of the government. The working capital of the industries is going into the public till, to be paid out unproductively, when it should be employed to develop the resources and add to the wealth of the country. Consequent loss to the government is unavoidable, for it is killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. The excess profits tax, too, has been one of the chief causes of artificial high prices, for it has been passed on from producer to middleman, to retailer, to consumer. Its abolition would be beneficial both to producer and consumer.

The effect of this tax on the securities market is evident. It is depriving corporations of money that would otherwise enlarge assets and increase the book values of the various issues. Should it be done away with, at least one of the millstones hanging around the neck of the market would be removed. Its repeal would not of itself create a boom, but it would help in the direction of stabilizing market values.

Revision of our taxation system is, therefore, one of the chief requirements of the readjustment process now at work in all lines of business. Lands where taxation is inequitable or excessive do not prosper; and the United States can not evade the working of the economic law. There is a growing demand all over the country that the excess profits tax be repealed. It will be one of the most important duties of Congress to replace it with a more equitable and less destructive tax, one which shall at the same time bring in sufficient revenue.—*Leslie's Weekly*.

The price situation—with retail prices slow to follow wholesale prices downward—is likened by a writer on the New York *Evening Post's* financial page to a dramatic performance in which a leading character refuses to respond to the callboy. "The retailer declines to take the stage. The producer has played his part tragically and the wholesaler has trod the boards with at least a verisimilitude of heroism. But the retailer has lingered in the wings—the vociferations of pit and gallery have so far been wasted on him. The property-man (Wall Street) has emitted thunder and lightning, to no effect." The Associated Dress Industries in convention at Atlantic City recently urged retailers to cut prices and unload their goods as fast as possible. "Cut a loss, and let a profit run," is a Wall Street motto recommended to retail merchants by the *Wall Street Journal*, and the advice is echoed generally by the financial press. On all sides we hear that the situation "is up to the retailer." President Sabin of the Guaranty Trust Company says in the *Guaranty News* that the most important step which must be taken in the business world is "for retail merchants to realize that they, too, must meet the inevitable economic trend and adjust their prices to meet the new conditions." Mr. J. H. Tregoe tells credit-men dining in New York that "manufacturers and jobbers have taken their losses like real men recently, but many retailers today are blocking business progress because they are unwilling to take a temporary loss." For this reason the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* finds manufacturers, wholesale dealers, and jobbers arrayed "against the retail merchants in pretty much all sections of the country." The New York *Evening Post's* Boston financial correspondent thus presents some of the "obvious reasons" why the retailer must for his own sake, and for the sake of business generally proceed forthwith to cut prices to the bone:

"The public reads of great reductions in commodity prices, and is irritated on finding scant reflection of this in its purchasing power. Certain things it gets cheaper, but the number is not large enough nor are the commodities of the right sort to lessen appreciably the strain on consumers. Having waited so long for a general reduction in the cost of living, the public is disposed to see

it through.' It is a question of staying power, with the odds all in favor of the public.

"The advertising columns are full of retailers' announcements of price reductions (very sizable in some cases), but these have almost an exigent appearance, tending to strengthen the consumer in his waiting attitude rather than otherwise. The consumer, in short, has become a good deal of a strategist. When he sees a tag embodying a mark-down of 33 per cent. he handles the goods with keen scrutiny, and his conclusion often is that the quality has declined quite as much as the price."

The consumer feels that the retailer must soon "apply the knife in earnest," in order to dispose of the season's goods. So he waits. Furthermore, he is compelled to wait because—in the East at least—people have less money to spend. Continues this writer:

"The retailer is the marplot in the situation. If his shelves are as full as many persons think, he has got to take sizable losses. The sooner he takes them the better it will be for everybody, himself included. For the feeling is strong that there will be good business in this country if only he can reach bed-rock. The wholesaler and the manufacturer are at sea, and must remain so until the retailer gages the situation for them. He, because he comes nearest the consumer, is their barometer, and at present he is not functioning with any approach to exactitude. Certainly he has not yet afforded any indication as to when they can safely put on more sail: if anything, he creates a fear that they may have to run under bare poles."

"Consumers in the Saddle" is the heading of a *Wall Street Journal* editorial which notes the passing of the day when "any storekeeper could put goods behind his counter and some one would clamor for them without regard to price." In other editorials this daily comments:

"From every part of the country comes evidence that the retailers have been the greatest obstacle to readjustment. Wholesale-price reductions have been going on since early this year. In the past month farm products declined 13.3 per cent., and are now 28 per cent. less than a year ago. Wholesale food prices dropped 8½ per cent. in October, and raw materials, fabrics, and clothing have tumbled. Yet retailers charge inflation prices.

"In consequence woolen and cotton mills are running on part time and the consumption of cotton in October was the smallest in the war period. In every industry manufacturers are waiting for retailers to place orders; and the retail shelves are not being cleared because the public will not buy at the prices prevailing during the prosperity madness. . . .

"The retailer who looks at his goods as worth what they cost him months ago is courting the same kind of experience as the farmers who held wheat for \$3 and now must sell for half that, or still less if they hold longer. The only ones to profit by this will be receivers and trustees in bankruptcies."

Labor, according to the bulletin of the National City Bank of New York, insists that wages should not be lowered to correspond with wholesale prices, because retail prices have not come down in proportion. So, again, it is "up to the retailer," and we read further:

"He is the distributor and it is charged that he is blocking the flow of goods instead of helping it. His excuse is that he has goods which cost him high prices and he wants to work them off without loss before dropping to the new levels. It is to be said in his behalf that the price records of the Bureau of Labor show that retail prices generally lagged behind wholesale prices on the rising market, as they frankly do on the falling market. The report of the Federal Trade Commission on the flour industry, recently issued, shows that during the period 1913-18 wheat rose 160 per cent., flour at wholesale 146 per cent., and flour at retail 118 per cent.

"There was much discussion while prices were rising over the point whether a retailer was justified in basing his prices upon replacement costs, and popular opinion generally held that he was not. We have pointed out in comments upon war-time profits that a dealer would need the profits of a rising market to meet the losses of a declining market. The proper basis for prices at all times is replacement costs, for there is no assurance that a dealer can control prices on any other basis. There is no certainty that he can sell goods at what they cost him."

A good many fortunes running into the millions of dollars, and at least two that were in excess of a score of millions, have been sadly decimated by the 1920 bear market. Holders of great blocks of securities not fully paid for were disposed to hold them for higher prices, just as so many owners of commodities held on and on waiting for better markets on which to liquidate their obligations. The result has been rush orders for the Wall Street salvage corps, and a great deal of the activity that may be looked for during the next month or so will probably be in connection with the efforts of banking and other interests to remarket securities taken over

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which if liquidation were attempted now would mean more serious losses for all concerned.

Of course, each time one of the sore spots in the Street is opened and drained the financial body is that much nearer cure. The underlying strength of our country in money and brains and resources is too vast to permit of any utter collapse or even any long extended business prostration, especially at a time when the world is crying for work to be done.

The inauguration of Obregon as President of Mexico initiates, it is hoped, an era of real peace and prosperity in that country, and there is reason to believe that our own people will be large sharers therein. As a matter of fact, tentative arrangements are under way for financing the current Mexican government needs by Wall Street interest and there has been of late a great deal of buying by strong interests of Mexican government bonds on the theory that the new Mexican government will make it one of its first duties to rehabilitate Mexican credit. It seems remarkable that even in these whirligig years Mexican bonds should be in demand at any price, when the bonds of certain European governments of former high financial rating seem to find scarcely any demand whatsoever.—*The Trader*.

Commodity prices continue the deflation

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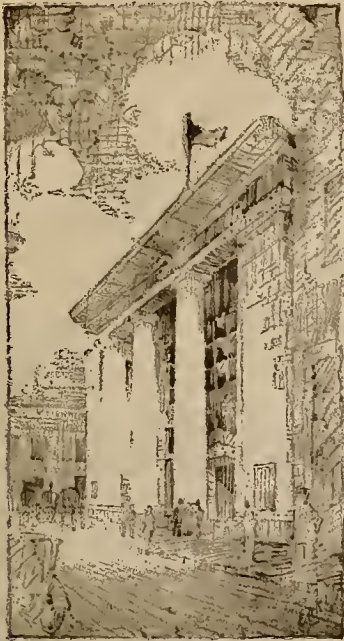
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process which has been in force for nearly a year. Closing factories, increasing unemployment, and diminishing wages are the natural concomitants. In the circumstances it is also natural that intending buyers should hold aloof, and particularly so as the first of the year inventories are close at hand and the

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Government and Municipal Bonds

Title Insurance Building
LOS ANGELES

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number of business casualties may be expected to increase decidedly. One sign of the times is the number of bargain sales advertised by the department stores, which is rather exceptional at this time of year. On the other hand, it is the retail stores that have been among the worst offenders at

profiteering and the most obstinate in their refusal to cut prices of goods on their shelves even when they could be replaced at prices very much below inventory cost.

Independent interests in the steel trade are getting down to the Steel Corporation level of prices, and even then little business is moving, so that we may soon look for cuts under the Steel schedules.

Non-ferrous metals have gone to new low prices all around without as yet stimulating much new demand. Copper metal is well toward the 13-cent level which in former periods of depression has often been about bottom. As the metal can not be produced for the present market price and as output is being curtailed right and left, it would seem reasonable to expect the surplus to be absorbed to such extent within four to six months as will permit of a turn in the tide of prices.

In this readjustment period, with prices of securities, as well as those of commodities, undergoing deflation, many investors are apprehensive lest the dividends on their holdings be reduced or suspended. That has happened in a number of cases, but there are not a few issues which have been tested both by time and panic and whose position appears strong in these trying times. Below is a list of stocks whose issuing companies went through the panicky years of 1907 and 1912 without missing a single dividend, and whose surpluses have since generously increased:

	Surplus, 1912	Present Surplus
American Woolen pfd....	\$ 12,015,624	\$31,754,427
National Lead pfd.....	5,065,420	18,553,965
Amer. Agr. Chem. pfd....	7,597,102	17,080,478
Amer. Car & Fdy. pfd....	24,876,576	32,425,713
Amer. Sugar Ref. pfd....	21,425,620	23,152,138
Pressed Steel Car pfd....	7,460,184	14,464,188
Republic I. & S. pfd.....	5,339,891	33,880,972
Westinghouse E.&M. pfd.	6,648,964	43,435,763
National Biscuit pfd....	11,546,545	19,328,812
Va.-Car. Chemical pfd....	9,451,915	27,434,856
Atchison pfd. and com...	20,470,116	65,366,690
Union Pac. pfd. and com...	194,224,825	208,959,456
Norfolk & Western pfd...	8,580,832	31,928,008
Reading 1st pfd.....	22,608,628	33,201,150
U. S. Steel pfd.....	136,716,245	493,048,202
U. S. Rubber 1st pfd....	9,175,730	52,310,163
Amer. Locomotive pfd....	9,674,225	22,793,244
Amer. Tel. & Tel.....	59,519,796	86,663,742
Southern Pacific	66,839,197	236,185,416
Del., Lack. & Western...	29,515,902	64,875,729

The Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company announce that they have taken a lease on the second floor of the Western Union Building, on Montgomery Street at Pine, and will occupy their new quarters on February 1st. This is the fourth time that the company has been compelled to enlarge its offices since Carlos S. Greeley, manager of the San Francisco territory, came up from Los Angeles and opened an office in June, 1919.

Formal announcement was made last week of the opening of Mitchum, Tully & Co., the most recent addition to the investment banking business in San Francisco. The personnel includes George E. Jones, George W. Weeks, Herbert A. Northon, Jasper W. Tully, and Colis Mitchum, all of whom are well known in the financial district and who have been associated with local bond houses for many years. Offices have been established in the American National Bank Building.

In addition to handling local securities the

new firm will act as correspondent of Kidder, Peabody & Co. of Boston and New York.

This connection will enable the local house to offer to California investors the recommendations of one of the old line Eastern financial institutions. Kidder, Peabody & Co. had its inception in 1838, and has continued under the present name since 1865. As a banking institution its scope is world-wide, and through its correspondents in Europe and this country it has built up an enviable reputation as a financial institution of the ultra-conservative type.

The Freeman, Smith & Camp Company is offering first mortgage and refunding twenty-year 8 per cent. gold bonds of Kansas City Power and Light Company to yield 8 per cent. The company controls power and light business of Kansas City, Missouri, and adjacent territory and cities. Missouri public service commission gives the company's properties a value of \$22,400,000. Funded debt, including these bonds, is \$14,755,500. Earnings will show substantial increase in 1921 because of completion of new power plant.

During the first eleven months of 1920 corporation financing in the United States exceeded \$3,050,000,000, according to the December monthly letter of the Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank. The total was utterly unprecedented and included \$2,224,000,000 borrowed by industrial corporations. The indications are that the total compilation of new financing during 1920 will break all records for the loans made to foreign governments and foreign municipalities have been beyond precedent. Most of the loans have been lodged with real investors for income-producing purposes. In some cases, however, unsold bond holdings remain in the hands of the syndicates, which will dispose of them from time to time as market conditions permit. It has been in many respects a remarkable bond market, for the United States has acted as banker for the rest of the world at a time when our own government was borrowing heavily through the sale of short-term treasury certificates of indebtedness. Because of the declining tendency in commodity prices, however, it is probable that the output of new industrial securities will diminish for a time at least. But the new year is likely to be one of heavy financing for account of the railroads, the public utilities, foreign governments, and for undertakings designed to increase the supply of American funds abroad. Besides these requirements there are exceptional demands in connection with the new building operations which will absorb a large amount of capital, as this country is still heavily short of housing facilities. With the decline in the price of building materials and in other costs, the indications point to heavy investments in dwellings, apartments, and new business structures during the coming months.

Among those participating in the offering of \$10,000,000 Pacific Gas and Electric Company first and refunding mortgage gold bonds, twenty-year, 7 per cent., Series "A," are E. H. Rollins & Sons, George H. Burr & Co., and the Blankenhorn-Hunter-Dulin Company. These bonds are exempt from all personal property taxes in California, the price (99 and accrued interest) yielding about 7.10 per cent.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company is recognized as one of the largest of the well-established and successful public corporations in the United States. The electric business of the company or of its predecessors has been in continuous and successful operation for more than forty years, and the gas business for more than sixty-five years.

Mr. Eugene Bashore, who has been prominently identified in advertising and financial circles in San Francisco and Los Angeles for some years, has recently been appointed advertising manager for Blyth, Witter & Co. Mr. Bashore is one of the best posted financial advertising experts in this city.

The New York and London Sales Company, with offices at 948 Market Street, San Francisco, is offering \$400,000 worth of the stock of the Six-Minute Ferry Company at \$50 a share par value. All stock in the company is "common stock."

The Six-Minute Ferry Company has secured by lease from the City of Oakland a landing place for a ferry service on the western water-front—outer end of Seventh Street. The state board of harbor commissioners stands ready to supply the company with Ferry Slip No. 9 on the San Francisco side, at the Ferry Building.

The men in charge of the affairs of the company are the same men who organized in the year 1914 the A.M.I.E. that operated the ferry between Mare Island Navy Yard and Vallejo. Their efforts were so successful that all stockholders received 8 per cent. per annum on money invested, and, in addition, when that company sold its business and equipment to the Six-Minute Ferry, in 1919, each stockholder received more than \$2.50 for each dollar invested.

These same men organized the Six-Minute

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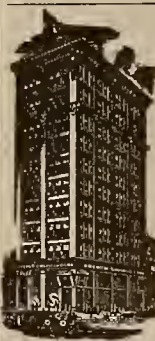
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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Ludendorff Explains.

We are beginning to have a furtive regard for General von Ludendorff. He has already given us two large volumes of "War Memories," from which we dissect the picture of a grim and stern man, without personal ambition, of the strict soldier type, fair and courteous to his enemies, a disciplinarian and an ascetic. Now he gives us two more volumes on "The General Staff and Its Problems," intended, of course, primarily for German consumption, but perhaps all the more important on that account.

The author thinks that the statesmen lost a war that the soldiers might have won, and he publishes these voluminous documents in order to establish his contention. In the middle of October, 1918, he is still urging on the chancellor that one last effort he made to spur the nation to a frenzy of defense. He says, "I can only repeat my earnest request, work up the nation! Sweep it off its feet! Can't Herr Ehrt do that? It must be done."

General von Ludendorff is evidently a man of prodigious energy—literary energy. One wonders how he found time to write so much, and at the same time to command armies in the field. Nothing escapes him. He disavows all intention to interfere with political affairs except as they may bear on the fate of the army. But then everything has a bearing on the fate of the army, and so the general writes about everything. His energies in this way were prodigious, and more than once they brought him a smart snub from the emperor. All this makes curious reading, and it goes some way to remove our conception of the superhumanism of German efficiency. The author does not seem to think much of the efficiency of his own government. Elsewhere we have comments on purely military matters, on the terror inspired by the British tanks, on the relative fighting merits of his enemies, but there is no malice or spite or rancor. General von Ludendorff has added substantially to our knowledge of the war and of the

part played by Germany. Probably he would not like to be called a Puritan. He may not even know the word. None the less there is a suggestion of the Puritan about this inflexible figure, at least of the Puritan without the piety.

THE GENERAL STAFF AND ITS PROBLEMS. By General Ludendorff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Seen on the Stage.

"Seen on the Stage" is a collection of critical papers by Clayton Hamilton, the American playwright and dramatic critic. The book is to be taken, according to the author, as a sort of commentary suffix to three preceding volumes in which Mr. Hamilton has expounded his theory of playwriting and production. It is, therefore, only repercussions of his philosophy of the theatre that the reader can glean from this volume of brief essays.

The papers presented hear on a multitude of phases of acted drama. For the most part they are sound dramatic criticism—a fact that makes it a pity they are not better written. Mr. Hamilton has a naive weakness for such bombastic phrases as "the lantern of the world, the high Acropolis," and "in the record of eternal literature." The author shows a catholic taste, but stands foursquare for craftsmanship, "style," and beauty.

Among other things the book is valuable for disseminating information about such generally little-known phases of the drama as the "Jewish Art Theatre" and "Le Theatre du Vieux Colombine."—R. G.

SEEN ON THE STAGE. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Lady Lilith.

If Mr. Stephen McKenna would use his extraordinary powers of narrative and characterization on real human beings he might easily write a novel of the first rank instead of novels of shining fluff and foam. "Lady Lilith," we are told, is to have a sequel. That, indeed, is quite evident. When Lady Barbara Neave sets out to conquer the man who has been indifferent to her and then elaborately punishes him by an insincere refusal that sends him into the army we are sure that we shall hear more about Lady Barbara, whose surprising capacity for getting herself into vicious sorts of mischief has not been lessened by experience. At the same time the rejected lover is a stick and a prig and we can not understand why Lady Barbara should fall in love with him. Our old acquaintance, Sonia, makes a minor appearance on Mr. McKenna's new stage. It is to be hoped that he will keep her in the background. It is all done with surprising cleverness, but we wonder if these people are really worth while. But actually we do not wonder at all. We know that they are not.

LADY LILITH. By Stephen McKenna. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Satire and the Novel.

"Laughter throws a far more illuminating ray on the laughter than the laughed at, for it indicates, not only taste and mood, but the trend of one's philosophy. . . . For not only as a man thinks, but also as he laughs and exults and censures and suffers, so is he." Thus Frances Theresa Russell in a book whose tone and content belie its uncomplaisingly academic title, "Satire in the Victorian Novel." And indeed the things at which the Victorian laughed, and the manner in which he laughed at them, with that critical laughter or laughing criticism which is satire, delineate his thinking and his feeling with a vigor of outline seldom found in "literary histories" of the period.

By virtue of its subject the book appeals inevitably to a limited audience, for there are still a depressingly large number of people with air-tight minds who regard "life" and "culture" as substance and shadow respectively, and as mutually inclusive. But the joke is on them in this case. Those fortunates in whom taste and opportunity have bred a love of the subtle web of literature, and an understanding of its significance, will follow up this elusive thread with real appreciation.

Victorian satire is interpreted as the literary manifestation of two great forces which began to permeate society in the Victorian age—namely Democracy and Science. In its transference from the standard poetic form of the preceding period to the field of prose fiction satire acquired a new subtlety and a new relation to life. From hald ridicule of human foibles it developed into a keen criticism of human society, and in its progress from the personal to the social it adopted also the scientific method, substituting analysis of causes for rancorous or sentimental exposure of effects.

There is much that is quotable in the volume, with the result that one is tempted to take for granted all the obvious merits of structure and style and browse among the writer's delectable parentheses.

Mrs. Russell claims firmly in her preface that she presents her subject neither as apologist nor enthusiast. She does not apologize for the satirists, certainly, and perhaps her coolly balanced and analytical treatment would

acquit her of anything so violent as enthusiasm; but her idiom and viewpoint betray consanguinity with the satiric clan, and though one is not of necessity an "enthusiast" about one's own family, one usually cherishes a particularly friendly feeling for it. Also one usually criticizes it with exuberant candor. Therefore Thackeray, who has an "antique attitude towards women," is put in his place—i. e., the Victorian age—with a sweeping gesture when he is "guilty of the generalization not at his time discovered to be fallacious" and "burns considerable mediaeval incense at the feminine shrine—not caring much if a little smoke should blow into his idols' eyes."

With an ability for skilful phrasing and a rich familiarity with literature goes a slight mannerism in the too frequent adaptation of certain well-known locutions: "lacks that stimulus of a rebuff that turns earth's smoothness rough" ("Browning," comments the reader mentally); "an ecstatic premonition of some far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves" (Tennyson). And though one feels that these are often not only legitimate, but inevitable, they tend to recur with the disturbing effect of an intermittent electric sign on a harmonious landscape.

But this is a minor detail. The book in its entirety has that clarity of treatment and stylistic poise which bespeak the best type (all too rare) of the mature academic mind. It is, however, much more than a literary treatise, in spite of its carefully scholastic form. It is pervaded by a gallant philosophy and quietly humorous attitude towards life which make its author a sympathetic interpreter of the highest type of satiric spirit—the type which goes with that "incorrigible human defiance of the ache of life and the agony of death." There is an essential bravery in the satiric spirit and its insistence upon truth. "Out of spiritual cowardice we conceal from ourselves the disturbing facts of life and purchase optimism at the easy price of sentimentalism," says this author, remarking later, with a characteristic twinkle, "To be able to fling back a jest into the face of the Sphinx is undeniably a poor equivalent for guessing her riddle, but it at least helps to take the edge off her inscrutability."—Doris Escount.

SATIRE IN THE VICTORIAN NOVEL. By Frances Theresa Russell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Briefer Reviews.

"Canteening Overseas, 1917-1919," by Marian Baldwin, is a record of two years' war service in the Y. M. C. A. and consists of letters written by the author to her friends at home. They are good letters. The price is \$2.

The latest addition to the Isahel Carleton Series for Girls is "Isahel Carleton at Home," by Margaret Ashmun. In this book Isahel is a junior at college, and the Carleton home life is again described. It is published by the Macmillan Company. Price, \$2.25.

"Divisional and Other Signs," collected and illustrated by V. Wheeler-Holohan, Captain, Twelfth London Regiment, is an illustrated account of the history and origin of the signs or badges worn on their shoulders by soldiers in uniform. All the badges borne by armies, army corps, and divisions during the war are included. The publishers are E. P. Dutton & Co. and the price is \$2.50.

"The New World of Science," edited by Robert M. Yerkes (The Century Company), is an authoritative account of some of the achievements of American scientists as a result of war. The various chapters are written by experts and include such topics as "Science and War," "Contributions of Physical Science," "War-Time Photography," "The Supply of Nitrogen for the Manufacture of Explosives," "Contribution of Geography," and "Contribution of Geology."

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published a new edition of "Letters from a Living Dead Man" and "Last Letters from a Living Dead Man," written down by Elsa Barker. It will be remembered that these books consist of supposed communications from the late Judge David P. Hatch of Los Angeles and that they are largely responsible for the present popularity of psychic experiments. Whether they are to be considered as prejudicial or otherwise must be left for the determination of the reader. The price is \$2 each volume.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Georges Clemenceau has decided to write a motion-picture drama. In undertaking to master a new art at his age the old "Tiger" gives fresh proof of his unquenchable energy. While on his journey to India Clemenceau will spend his spare moments in writing the scenario of a motion-picture drama to be entitled "Love or Money."

Says Major-General Leonard Wood in his introduction to Dixie Carroll's "Goin' Fishin'," published by the Stewart & Kidd Company: "Men of the outdoor type, fishermen and hunters, bring a healthy spirit into our public life. They are freer from the spirit of intrigue and the narrowing influence of seques-

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tered life. They can bring into our public life that spirit of freshness and vigor which is much needed. The fisherman is a companion of Nature, and Nature makes a companion of him."

Robert Frost, the well-known poet, author of "North of Boston," "Mountain Interval," etc. (Holt), has joined the staff of Henry Holt & Co. as literary adviser, according to a recent announcement of these publishers.

Francis Hackett has set a new mode in the dedication of his forthcoming book of essays, "The Invisible Censor" (Huebsch), which reads, "To My Wife, Signe Toksvig, whose lack of interest in this book has been my constant desperation."

Commercial aviators in some sections are said to have promulgated a rule against exchange of kisses by their fares, a practice they say has become common among aerial joy riders. The aviators say they can not risk the distraction of attention the osculatory demonstrations cause.

Greensburg, Indiana, is known as "The Lone Tree City," because of a tree growing on the courthouse tower in that city.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

A Mysterious Disappearance.

In "She Who Was Helena Cass" we learn how difficult it is for a woman of youth, beauty, and social prominence to disappear. The author, Lawrence Rising, who has fabricated an ingeniously worked-out plot, using the device alternately of presenting a recital of events as they appear to the mystified and anxious on-looker and as they really are, has hit on a very efficacious plan for piquing the interest of the reader. And, although there is a certain credibility to the events, his invention does not give out, and Helena's strange and exciting adventures continue until the seeker-in-chief finally runs her down.

Lawrence Rising's very considerable familiarity with Spain enables him to use that country, its mountain roads and remote solitudes, as a very effective stage setting for the scene of Helena's disappearance. He shows acquaintance with the national type, with the Spanish inns; he knows the cutthroats and their methods, and, naturally, such acquaintance can only be pre-supposed by a knowledge of the language. Mr. Rising does not put on any "dog" over this knowledge, but tells his story directly and at times quite thrillingly.

SHE WHO WAS HELENA CASS. By Lawrence Rising. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Italy and the War.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page was the American ambassador to Italy during the war. He is therefore in a peculiarly advantageous position to speak, not only of the facts, but of the sentiment behind the facts. Nor does he show the least evidence of having been unduly influenced by his environment.

Mr. Page rightly devotes much of his book to a presentation of certain phases of Italian history. Italy had her own reasons for joining the war over and above the general resentment against Teutonic aggression. She felt toward Italia Irredenta very much as the French felt toward the Rhine provinces. The Trentino and the Adriatic coast she believed to be Italian territory stolen from her by Austria. If she seemed to bargain with the Allies it was only that she might not find at the end

of the war that an open wound was still open and that her feud with Austria was to remain as acute as ever. There were other matters nearly equally vital to Italy—the Balkans, for example—on which she wanted a preliminary understanding. If she went to war, and this was hardly ever in doubt, she wanted to be sure that the whole mess was cleaned up, that no roots were left to bring forth more of the evil fruit. Italy's entrance into the war was in no way dependent upon the will of this, that, or the other minister. The masses of the people had fully decided upon war and they would have tolerated no ministry that was not of their mind. Their turbulences were instantly stilled as soon as war was declared. Mr. Page has written a valuable book and a needed book. It shows the justice of the Italian cause.

ITALY AND THE WORLD WAR. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Winsome Winnie and Other New Nonsense Novels.

"Winsome Winnie and Other New Nonsense Novels" is, if possible, better than Stephen Leacock's former books, in that it is less nonsensical and more satirical, and yet nonsensical enough. Whereas Max Beerbohm has brilliantly parodied the best modern English writers, Mr. Leacock comes forward with a volume of much-needed satire on the worst forms of prevalent fiction. Such satire is not to be considered merely as pleasant nonsense for a spare hour's reading. It is serious criticism. All the constructive criticism in the magazines is not so effective as one volume of this sort. This statement applies not so much to writers—who are for the most part impervious to criticism—as to readers. The intelligent reader has a sense of humor and the clever satire of a book like "Winsome Winnie" makes its point for him. In a phrase, Mr. Leacock shows the absurdity of a patent style.

In his latest book the author has parodied the sentimental novel (he labels it 1875, but in reality it flourishes still); the personal reminiscence (of no possible value, literary or historic) so dear to the "Heart and Home" magazines; the rather passé political novel; the current mystery story; the shipwreck-love story; the novel of the future; the civil war novel; and a typical ghost story. They are all excellent, but probably the most needed is that of the self-important woman who inflicts the public with the trivial narrative of her experience under pretext of its being of human interest, and that of the desert-island love story.

It is a pity that there are not more writers altruistic enough to prove the *reductio ad absurdum* of such "nonsense."—R. G.

WINSOME WINNIE AND OTHER NEW NONSENSE NOVELS. By Stephen Leacock. New York: John Lane Company.

New Books Received.

BRADFORD'S HISTORY OF THE PLYMOUTH SETTLEMENT, 1608-1650. Rendered in modern English by Harold Paget. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50.

The history written by Governor William Bradford from 1630 to 1650 of the experiences of the



Pilgrims in England and Holland, their voyage on the *Mayflower*, with a register of *Mayflower* passengers, and also further particulars as to the marriages, deaths, and births of descendants up to 1650.

LAST LETTERS FROM THE LIVING DEAD MAN. Written down by Elsa Barker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.
A new edition.

OLD WORLD LACE. By Clara M. Blum. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$10.
A guide for the lace lover. Illustrated.

BIRDS OF LA PLATA. By W. H. Hudson. In two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$15.

With twenty-two colored illustrations by H. Gronvold.

WHERE LILITH DANCES. By Darl Macleod Boyle. New Haven: Yale University Press.
A volume of verse.

HEAVENS AND EARTH. By Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
A volume of verse.

ASK AND RECEIVE. By Aaron Martin Cranc. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$2.
The meaning of prayer.

BLACK GOLD. By L. E. Elliott. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.25.
A novel of South America.

RECREATIONS OF A PSYCHOLOGIST. By G. Stanley Hall. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.50.
Stories, reminiscences, and sketches.

THE CHILDREN OF ODIN. By Padraic Colum. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4.
Illustrations by Willy Pogany.

THE INITIATE. By his pupil. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
"Some impressions of a great soul."

THE BOY APPRENTICED TO AN ENCHANTER. By Padraic Colum. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.50.
Illustrated by Dugald Stewart Walker.

TRUE TALES OF THE WEIRD. By Sydney Dickinson. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$2.
With an introduction by Professor R. H. Stetson.

PARIS IN SHADOW. By Lee Holt. New York: John Lane Company; \$2.
In the form of a diary by one who has lived in France most of his life.

ANCIENT MAN. By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$3.
For children. With twenty colored plates and sixteen animated maps.

ISLANDS AND THEIR MYSTERIES. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.75.
How islands are born and how they live.

BELGIUM AND THE WESTERN FRONT. British and American. Edited by Findlay Muirhead. London: Macmillan & Co.
Issued in the Blue Guides. With sixty maps and plans.

AMBROSE BIERCE. By Vincent Starrett. Chicago: Walter M. Hill.
An appreciation.

QUEERFUL WIDGET. By Willis Brooks Hawkins. New York: Boni & Liveright; \$2.
For children. Illustrated.

COLLECTED POEMS, 1901-1918. By Walter De La Mare. In two volumes. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
Poems.

THE THREAT OF SITTING BULL. By D. Lange. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company; \$1.50.
For boys.

THE BURGESS ANIMAL BOOK FOR CHILDREN. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$3.
With colored illustrations by Louis Agassiz Fuertes.

WITH THE DOUGHBOY IN FRANCE. By Edward Hungerford. New York: The Macmillan Company.
A series of pictures of "America in a big job."

DOMESDAY BOOK. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$4.50.
A poem.

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM JAMES. Edited by his son, Henry James. In two volumes. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press; \$10.
Covering the writer's life from his boyhood to the end.

THE SPLENOID WAYFARING. By John C. Neihardt, Litt. D. New York: The Macmillan Company.
The exploits and adventures of Jedediah Smith

and his comrades, discoverers and explorers of the Great Central Route from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean.

THE PASSING LEGIONS. By George Buchanan Fife. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2.
The story of the American Red Cross in England.

THE GENERAL STAFF AND ITS PROBLEMS. By General Ludendorff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The history of the relations between the High Command and the German Imperial Government as revealed by official documents.

The tree, brilliant with candles and tinsel and bending under its load of gifts, has become so indispensable as a part of our Christmas that we can hardly imagine a celebration of the festival without it. We think of it as an immemorial institution, and it is very ancient. Throughout Europe it has been popular since the middle ages at the very least, while learned men disagree as to whether its real origin should be traced to Ygdrasil, the tree of life in Scandinavian mythology, or to one of the customs of the old Roman harvest festival, the Saturnalia. But among English-speaking peoples it has been so recently introduced that it may almost be called an innovation upon the historic Christmas. In England itself it was almost unknown before the middle of the last century, although English travelers had seen the pretty custom in European households and written much in praise of it. To America it came earlier, brought by German immigrants to Pennsylvania, and perhaps also by the Dutch settlers of New York.

Eighty thousand head of sheep graze on the mountain ranges of the Okanogan National Forest in Washington. There has been an abundance of snow in the mountains, which assures pasture for next season.

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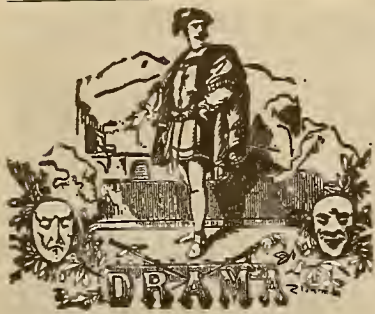
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CHRISTMAS AT THE ALCAZAR.

"The Things That Count," with Alice Brady in the principal rôle, ran for nearly a year at the Playhouse, New York; pretty good for a play given over to the holiday spirit. It was an excellent idea of the Alcazar people to capture the play for the holiday season, since it shows the awakening of the Christmas spirit in the selfish heart of a rich old woman whose home might have been filled with the sunshine created by childhood—if she had known how to enjoy it.

The author, Lawrence Eyre, has hit on the idea of making the selfish old woman—who has been so blind as to avoid practicing her profession of grandmother—the principal character of the piece. It is quite a happy conception, and also an amusing creation, that of the busy, hurrying do-nothing old girl who fills her life with trifles and bosses her entire world. It gives Emelie Melville a juicy rôle, and the veteran actress avails herself of her opportunity to the utmost.

Mrs. Hennaberry lands somewhere in the tenement district on a ridiculous errand. She finds herself in the home of her rejected, widowed daughter-in-law without knowing it and is hailed by the romantic little daughter, who is at that psychological epoch that all imaginative children pass through when all life is a dramatized fairy tale, as a fairy godmother. The fairy godmother, liking the rôle, moved by the signs of self-respecting poverty and by the attractiveness of the child, recklessly resolves to give a child party, as it is Christmas Eve. This heroic resolve she carries out, and the result is some party. There are garlands, toys, candies, and a Christmas tree.

The dirt-smutted street arabs, the high-tempered Hibernian and Italian neighbor enemies, and other weird fotsam and jetsam are gathered in, and vigorous old Mrs. Hennaberry, although somewhat perturbed by the regularly recurring outbreaks of the belligerent pair, is having the time of her life. So is the audience, for Mrs. Hennaberry, not being of the sentimental order, prevents the play from becoming sweetly sentimental. The slangy street urchin gives her impudence, hostilities rage and roar between the adversaries, but the stout-hearted old girl remains a dead game sport until sudden light comes to the daughter-in-law, who discovers that the generous stranger is the cold-hearted mother who had repudiated the family of her dead son. This precipitates drama into the scene, the way being finally paved, of course, for a grand family reconciliation. Everything is happy and lovely, and the audience, much refreshed, feels that it has been assisting at a very enjoyable Christmas party.

The company was called on to its full capacity, and enjoyed itself down to the ground.

Emily Pinter received a very pointed welcome, as she had been vacationing, and indeed all the popular principals received a cordial Christmas greeting as they entered. The children yowled a Christmas song, and it was good to see the indulgent interest on the faces of the company. Rafael Brunetto had a chance to exercise his long-silent singing voice, and Edna Peckham sang with taste and style. In fact the children, the company, and the audience all had a perfectly lovely time, and voted the play "great."

"THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY."

This piece was put on by Mr. Maitland this week in evident recognition of the gaiety of the holiday mood. Adapted from the French, it is delicately risqué in places, but the comedy features, being well blended with romance, hit off the tastes of the audience to a T. They laughed gayly at every point; in fact the little theatre rarely reaches a higher point of hilarity of mood in the audience than it has attained this week.

"The Marriage of Kitty" always seems to be a popular piece. Margaret Anglin played it here once, and although it is scarcely worthy of her powers, the audiences it drew testified to its success as a capacity drawer. It has been given other times, and its popularity is shown by the increased numbers that assembled on subscribers' night.

Mr. Maitland carries off honors this week. Mr. Smythe rather sauntering through the part of a middle-aged godfather—with too young a face, by the way. But Mr. Maitland does extra well with the rôle of that heavy swell, Sir Reginald Belsize, who is gifted neither with common sense nor brains, but who possesses that something that attracts liking and regard. Given a good dress-suit rôle and Mr. Maitland is on his native heath. Also his comedy pleased exceptionally well.

Auda Dee played the rôle of the wife satisfactorily, and her rebellious curly hair acted very nicely in its rôle of trying to be smoothed submissively flat when pretty Kitty struggled with her natural endowment and made herself temporarily into a prude and a fright.

This sort of thing women fairly love, for a coquettish woman's face is her palette, and she loves to see another woman building—or unmaking, as in this and in Maugham's play—its beauty and charm.

Mary Norris played the rôle of the adventuress satisfactorily, giving due prominence to the jealous rages of the deposed charmer, although she is rather dramatic in temperament for light comedy.

A meal served in the play, apparently an entire meal, was another link in the chain which bound Sir Reginald to the quick-witted Kitty. Nobody ever eats a stage meal, but it is always an interesting function on the stage, and this one was a particularly entertaining one.

Altogether "The Marriage of Kitty" in its frivolous way has proved a decidedly agreeable drawing-room attraction; and how we women do love romantic drawing-room comedies!

THE ORPHEUM.

Just a working average bill this week, the best number being Victor Moore and Emma Littlefield in "Change Your Act or Back to the Woods." The act is planned to look absurdly casual. Victor Moore drifts aimlessly on the stage while the "supes"—players in his company—are busily engaged in clearing the stage from a supposed previous act. With his valuably ridiculous countenance, his vague air, and the matter-of-courtesness with which he accepts the men overlooking his existence while casually and abstractedly knocking him around with the scenery, the comedian speedily has the audience swept by gales of laughter. His partner, Emma Littlefield, is a valuable coadjutor in fun-making, and it is safe to say that the pair are great favorites all along the road.

Herbert Clifton, in merit and favor, is also a top-ranker this week. This performer does Julian Eltinge stunts, although he surpasses the better-known impersonator in his singing, for his assumed soprano voice has considerable range and the singer can go surprisingly high. As lovely woman Mr. Clifton is quite robust and materialistic in type. Unlike Julian Eltinge, he does not confine himself to making an exhibition, in his costumes, of the latest modes, for he appears in a charwoman's humble gingham, and also in some handsome Egyptian costumes, in which he postures with the angular Egyptian movements and gives some dances.

Mr. Clifton has hit on the idea of comicalizing his act by mixing the sexes of his costumes, the front view sometimes being picturesquely feminine and the rear ridiculously masculine. He is a clever general performer, sang Tosti's "Good-by" so femininely and pleasingly that it would be difficult indeed not to be fooled, travestied feminine follies, and made himself extremely popular.

The best of the remaining acts were by dancing couples, of whom Edith Clasper and

her couple of assistants gave a good performance. There was some clever disappearing magic used in their act through the agency of a large silk car, which, as an effective finale, descended from the theatrical ether, carrying off the lady.

Ward and Dooley, a very youthful pair—Ward in a boyish costume, Ethel Dooley showing babyishly dimpled bare knees—did dancing with lariat-twirling interpolated; also bicycle stunts. The patter of the stripping was amusing, the costumes of the girl appropriately pretty and becoming, and the couple pleased by their blend of skill and ingenuous youthfulness.

"A Pressing Engagement" is amusing, and Barnes gave some clever imitations of vocal exercises and of flute-playing. The other acts were just stereotype.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

Last week's symphony concert gave a Beethoven programme, in celebration of the 150th anniversary of the birth of one of the greatest of the world's musical geniuses. A capacity audience demonstrated anew the ever-amazing fact that in this frivolous city there are enough people who love classical music to keep the torch steadily burning year after year.

The programme was very long, including the Egmont overture, the Concerto for Violin in D major, in which number Louis Persinger gave the long, sustained, delicate brilliance of the solo passages so admirably as to win innumerable recalls, and Symphony No. 7 was the one chosen; probably because each of its parts has many passages through which shines the sunshine of a happy mood.

On Christmas week there will be no concert, but on New Year's week a programme of particular interest is promised for the popular concert, which includes, among other notable pieces, the "Meistersinger" overture, the unfinished B Minor Symphony of Schubert, the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," with violin obligato by Louis Persinger, and Liadow's "Enchanted Lake."

HILARIOUS FROTH.

The popularity of "The High Cost of Loving" seems perennial, and the Columbia patrons who enjoy this order of play still chortle with glee over its comedy unfoldings. I confess this kind of piece is not for me, and I regret that Frank Mandel, the San Francisco boy who wrote it, did not continue employing his abilities on a less frothy line of work. But at least he gives a story, and no doubt the piece has been so remunerative that the author rubs his hands gleefully and contemplates writing other pieces of the kind.

It is comforting to read on the Columbia announcements that their next attraction will belong to the genuine line of comedy. "3 Wise Fools" is by Austin Strong, a native San Franciscan, and son of two formerly well-known Bohemians of this city. The young man has made his mark as a writer of dramatic plays, but they do not seem as yet to have come our way. "3 Wise Fools" has had a year's run on Broadway and record seasons in other of the important Eastern cities. We are also assured of a good company, and so we who are weary of hilarious froth are feeling expectant and hopeful.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

New Guide for Sailors.

Thanks to the efforts of a woman who has their welfare at heart, no American sailor just off a freighter or passenger liner for shore leave at Alexandria, Egypt; Singapore in the Far East, the free port of Danzig in the Polish corridor, or, indeed, any of the 300 ports that are visited by American ships, need go astray in seeking folks who speak his language and can minister to his needs. To find the consul, the dentist, the laundress, the boarding-house keeper or places of interest and wholesome amusement Jack has but to consult "The Seaman's Handbook for Shore Leave," through which Mrs. Alice S. Howard of Boston and Cleveland, author of the little volume, guides the American sailor in foreign ports.

Publication of the pocket directory of world ports was one of the first activities of the social service bureau for the merchant marine which Mrs. Howard established in wartime while assisting her husband, Henry Howard, who organized the recruiting service of the United States Shipping Board which manned the government-built merchant ships. Mrs. Howard continued her bureau after the armistice, with headquarters at Boston, and is now issuing a new and enlarged edition.

Of vest-pocket size, the book contains 164 pages giving information of more than 300 ports, containing also a table of foreign monetary units and the normal value of each in United States currency.

A man singing in Chelmsford, England, was heard 2673 miles across the ocean at St. John's, Newfoundland—by wireless telephony, this being the greatest distance at which wireless telephony has been successful.

THE CIGARETTE IN HISTORY.

Although many efforts have been made to show that the use of tobacco was known to the ancient Greeks and Egyptians, they have never been successful. We can accept therefore that general belief that tobacco was first used by the aborigines and that Columbus was the first white man to chronicle its use. The Indians used the weed in a pipe and when the narcotic was introduced throughout Europe and Asia it was for centuries used either in pipes of fantastic design or in the rolls known as cigars. The Venetians are credited with getting the Turks to use tobacco, for the weed was cultivated in Italy. Bales of the seed of the nicotine plant found their way into Turkey and soon the Turkish tobacco industry was established.

This brings us to Mehemet Ali, underpaid worker in the tobacco fields of Kavalla, afterward a leader of the Turkish armies, who left the hoe for the sword and the sceptre and—the cigarette. With the bold bashi-bazouks Mehemet eventually became a pasha. His son Ibrahim was sent to the siege of Acre, the great Syrian stronghold. The chief of artillery, a Frenchman, at this siege early in the nineteenth century, had invented a powder spill, a kind of paper lamp-lighter filled with the explosive grains, which was thrust into the touch holes of cannon, in place of the old-fashioned and wasteful powder train which was laid on the piece and led into the hole. These spills were made of light and tough India or rice paper. Ibrahim Pasha was so pleased by the way in which the siege was conducted that he sent to the artillerymen some very fine Kavalla tobacco. This they mixed with the Syrian plant and greatly enjoyed as they smoked the mixture from a narghile or water pipe which, supplied with a number of mouthpieces, sufficed for an entire squad when off duty.

One evening as a crew was about to go on duty a shot from a Turkish fort smashed the beloved narghile to smithereens. The artillerymen could not leave the battery and they knew not where to get another narghile. A resourceful corporal rolling powder spills was struck with an inspiration. He made a number of spills in which he substituted grains of tobacco for gunpowder and then in a bantering fashion presented these little cylinders to soldiers off duty. He then put one of the spills in his mouth, saying that as long as he could not smoke any more he was going to blow off his head. When the match was applied there came forth instead of a slight explosion a wreath of incense, and thus was born the cigarette.

Old Ibrahim was amused when he heard how much spill paper was being used, and said as he pointed to a strategic place in the walls of Acre, "Make a breach there and you shall have all the paper and tobacco that you need." The deed was done in two days.

This new style of smoking tobacco in paper rolls gained in favor as Mehemet Ali asserted his sway over Egypt and from Cairo it spread to the European capitals through the diplomatic services of the various nations.

In Russia the cigarette grew in popular favor and in the early 'forties cigarettes were sold in that nation which were partly Turkish and partly made of a light tobacco grown in the United States.

A Chicago Tribune correspondent relates that in his presence was a Bolshevik who was sent for firewood. Instead of cutting a small tree near-by, he took a wheel from a new wagon, and with twice the labor hewed the wood away from the iron work and threw the broken pieces on the fire.

The largest farm in the world is managed by a former American, Charles Noble, at Nohelford, Alberta, Canada. It has more than 18,000 acres under cultivation, and a return of \$1,000,000 is expected on it this year.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE.

The Curran Theatre.

"Nightie Night" will be the attraction at the Curran for two weeks, beginning tomorrow night, coming fresh from its run of an entire season at the Princess Theatre. This in itself is a strong recommendation for Adolph Klauer's comedy.

The critics were unanimous in proclaiming "Nightie Night" the smartest farce-comedy that has been produced in years, and praised Adolph Klauer very highly for the excellence of the production. The first scene shows the interior of a Pullman chair car. The second scene shows the drawing-room of an up-to-date apartment house, and here one gets a sense of thoughtfulness and good taste. It is the first instance in which the Venetian eighteenth-century chinoiserie has been used as a general motif of a stage scene.

The Columbia Theatre.

Heralded as one of the real comedy hits of the past ten years, "3 Wise Fools" comes to San Francisco direct from the East. It will be the unusual attraction at the Columbia Theatre for a limited engagement, starting Monday night, December 27th.

A number of facts contribute to make the coming engagement of "3 Wise Fools" of more than usual interest. The comedy was written by a San Francisco man, Austin Strong, author of "The Toy-Maker of Nuremberg," "The Good Little Devil," "The Drums of Oude," and other plays. It comes here with the original New York cast.

In the leading rôles will be seen Claude Gillingwater, Harry Davenport, and Howard Gould as the three old bachelors, sunk into a rut of monotonous living. These three characterizations, one the gruff financier, one the physician, steeped in theories, and the other a judge, are masterpieces in the hands of the talented trio. Others in the big cast include Helen Menken as leading lady, Donald Foster, Wallace Fortune, Harry Forsman, Minnie Remaley, Harry Leighton, Herbert Saunders, and Joseph Garry..

The Alcazar Theatre.

"Come Seven," a recent New York sensation, is the Alcazar's New Year novelty, commencing at next Sunday's matinee. It will be great fun to see all the Alcazar players in blackface, visualizing the characters in Octavus Roy Cohen's Southern negro classics that have moved a nation of magazine readers to laughter. Cohen in his dramatization has contrived many effects that the printed page can not convey. The characteristics of the modern Southern negro, with his rich humor, simplicity, and superstitions, are accurately depicted, not burlesqued. The cast include Dudley Ayres as the confiding Urias Neshitt; Ben Erway as the foppish confidence operator, Florian Shappey; Elwyn Harvey and Emily Pinter as chocolate belles; Edna Peckham as

the fascinating Palm Beach manicurist; Charles Yule and Anna MacNaughton as pompous Lawyer Chew and his wife; Henry Shumer as the dusky detective; Al Cunningham, Walter Emerson, and Edith Searles in roll characters. There will be two performances New Year's Eve at 7:30 and 9:45.

"For the Defense," the mystery of a fake Hindu doctor's murder, to be given for the first time on this Coast Sunday, January 2d, was a six months' sensation in New York recently, featuring Richard Bennett at The Playhouse. It is by the author of the famous melodrama, "On Trial."

The Maitland Playhouse.

"Pomander Walk," written by Louis Napoleon Parker, author of "Rosemary," will be the theatrical attraction at the Maitland for the holiday week commencing with subscribers' night next Monday evening. It is one of the best-written plays of the age, as well as one of the most delightful. Parker has clever lines, delightful situations, and most charming comedies.

Not only is "Pomander Walk" well suited to the holiday season, but it is well adapted to theatre parties, and many have been arranged for this charming performance.

The opening performance to the public will be the Tuesday matinee. There will also be a matinee on New Year's Day.

The Orpheum.

Emily Ann Wellman, who is again in vaudeville, will play "The Actor's Wife" at the Orpheum next week on the special Happy New Year show. She will be supported by Richard Gordon and company. The piece is an intense hit of drama, utilizing Miss Wellman's creations in staging and new lighting. It affords not only an opportunity for the young actress' histrionic talents, but also for her talents as a producer.

Owen McGivney will present "Bill Sikes," a quick-change dramatic episode from Dickens, in which he will enact six rôles. The whole story will be told in the short space of half an hour and the six characters will be introduced. Each will be played by McGivney, and each will be as distinct in make-up and characterization as though the parts were acted by a company, every member of which was engaged for a particular rôle. McGivney leaves the stage as Fagin, the villainous trainer and receiver of thieves, and an instant later returns as the girl who loves Bill Sikes—and so on throughout the performance.

Oscar Loraine returns to San Francisco, after an absence of more than a year. The sensation which he originally caused when he began accompanying his violin playing with a monologue has grown in intensity.

Harry Anger and Netta Packer, well-known humorists, will offer a character duologue described as a combination of wit, wisdom, and humor.

Phil Roy and Roy Arthur in "A Chinese Restaurant" will stage a china-breaking contest. Roy is an exceedingly dextrous juggler and his associate, Arthur, is as awkward as his partner is nimble.

Lillian Price and Bud Bernie in "Tunes and Laugh Fashions of 1920" will bring a combination of songs, fun, and music. Miss Price stands very high in the younger set of players.

Lillian's Comedy Pets, seven small dogs, will delight with their repertoire of clever tricks.

Florenz Ames and Adelaide Winthrop will remain another week with their thumbnail revue, "Alice in Blunderland."

Tetrazzini.

Mme. Tetrazzini, who under the management of W. H. Leahy is having the greatest tour of her career, will be heard in concert at the Exposition Auditorium, Easter Sunday afternoon, March 27th, under the local direction of Frank W. Healy.

"You Never Can Tell," one of the most popular of the plays written by George Bernard Shaw, is to be the opening bill for the coming year, 1921, at the Maitland Playhouse. Many requests for this performance have been received by Director Arthur Maitland.

Lincoln's first little love affair is supposed to have been with a Miss Betsy James, who lived with relatives on a plantation near Memphis. Lincoln, returning from a flatboat trip to New Orleans, asked for work on the plantation, explaining that river gamblers had got his money. It was on this trip that Lincoln had first seen negro slaves in irons, and sold like cattle at the old slave market in New Orleans. He spoke of them to Betsy James. She laughed, displaying no pity for the slaves, telling him they were "well treated." "They may be well treated on this plantation. I'll admit they are," said Lincoln, "but you will see the time when these people will be as free as we are." That remark set aflame the Southern blood in Betsy James. "I will not keep friendship with a man of your belief, sir," she is said to have told him. "I am sorry," replied Lincoln, and they had each other good-by.

COLUMBUS IN DANGER.

The memory note of the average American to the effect that "Columbus discovered America in 1492" may have to be revised. There is a chance that the word "discovered" is all wrong. The possibility of the continent having been discovered 'way back at the end of the fifth century by Buddhist missionaries seems to be very good.

In the early days of the present century Professor John Fryer of the University of California did original research on the matter of the supposed early visit of Asiatic Buddhists to America, and he discovered facts which he set forth in an article printed in "Harper's Encyclopedia" in 1902 which convinced many at the time that these early missionaries were the real discoverers of America.

Now come further reports from Mexico of the recent discovery of hieroglyphics on the foundation stones of the pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacan, twenty-seven miles northeast of Mexico City, which are pronounced similar to symbols still in use in the Chinese language by Fong Tsiang Kuang, Chinese Chargé d'Affaires at Mexico City (says the Kansas City Star).

He says the words "sun," "eye," and "city" are clearly depicted in the newly-discovered hieroglyphics. This new find seems to lend support to Professor Fryer's proposition of an early-day visit of Chinese to America.

The article by Professor Fryer setting forth his reasons for belief in a fifth-century visit to America by Buddhists follows, in part:

"The direct evidence of this early Buddhist mission, though based chiefly on Chinese historical documents, covers also the traditions, histories, religious beliefs, and antiquities to be found in America, extending all the way down the Pacific Coast from Alaska to Mexico, as well as to many localities considerable distance inland.

"From early times the Chinese classics, as well as the historical, geographical, and poetical works, allude to a country or continent far to the east of China, under the name of Fusang, or Fusu.

"The narrative of only one visit to Fusang is on record in Chinese history, namely, that of Hui Shen, a native of Cophene, or Cabul, which was the great centre of Buddhist missionary exertions in early times. Since this account was considered of sufficient importance to deserve a place in the imperial archives of the Liang dynasty and is handed down with the full authority of the great Chinese historian Ma Tuan-Lin, there should be no doubt as to its authenticity.

"The narrative states that there was a Buddhist priest named Hui Shen, originally a native of Cabul, who, in the year 499 A. D., during the reign of the Emperor Yung Yuan, came from the country of Fusang to Kingchow, the capital of the dynasty of Tsi, situated on the River Yangtse. The country being in a state of revolution, it was not until the year 502 that he reached the court of the Emperor Wu Ti, of the new Liang dynasty. The emperor treated him as an envoy from Fusang and deputed one of the four principal feudal lords, named Yu Kei, to interrogate him concerning the country and to take down his story in writing.

"Among other things, Hui Shen said that the people of Fusang were formerly in ignorance of the doctrines of Buddha, but during the reign of the Chinese Emperor Ta Ming of the Sung dynasty, or A. D. 458, there were five hikhshu, or Buddhist monks, from Cabul, who traveled there and promulgated the knowledge of the doctrines, books, and images of Buddhism."

The story of Hui Shen is told in some detail, but all descriptions of the country of Fusang and its people and customs mark them as applying to the Pacific Coast in general and Mexico in particular, according to Professor Fryer. Many names and religious beliefs and customs of the nations of Mexico, Yucatan, and Central America show Asiatic influence, he says.

"When we come to look for visible traces of Buddhism among the antiquities of Mexico we are soon amply rewarded," Professor Fryer's article continues. "Images and sculptured tablets, ornaments, temples, and pyramids abound that can not well be ascribed to any other source with a show of reason. Among these may be mentioned: An image of Buddha at Palenque, sitting cross-legged on a seat formed of two lions placed back to back, closely representing images found in India and China; a perfect elephant's head sculptured on the walls of Palenque, the elephant being the usual symbol of Buddha in Asia and no elephants being found in America; an elaborate elephant-faced god found among the Aztecs, which is evidently an imitation of the Indian image of Ganesha."

The Paisley Shawl.

The story of the Paisley shawl forms one of the shortest and most romantic chapters in the modern history of industry. The manufacture of these beautiful things was begun,



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reached a great height of prosperity and became extinct in the space of a little over eighty years. No Paisley shawl has been woven since 1880, and none is likely ever to leave the looms again. The shawl had its origin in the ambition of the Paisley weavers to produce on the loom the amazingly elaborate patterns wrought by the needle of the Cashmere shawls that had been sent home from the East by Scottish officers and traders to their womenfolk.

The Paisley weavers were notable craftsmen, and they produced a shawl which excelled its prototype in beauty of design and richness of color. Their success was the reward of patience, skill, taste, and a delicacy of touch which, experts say, has probably never been equaled before or since in the weaving craft. A common price for one of these shawls in the days when they were not a rarity was \$20, and they were worn by women of all classes in Scotland except the very poor. Then fashion decreed that the Paisley shawl should no longer be the mode and its fate was sealed. Queen Victoria gave the dying industry a new but brief lease of life when she bought seventeen of the famous shawls and wore one at the baptism of the prince who was to become King Edward.—*Westminster Gazette.*

The followers of Mahomet believe that on the last day all artists and sculptors will be called upon to give souls to the bodies they have painted or modeled. If they fail they will suffer for trying to imitate the Creator.

Water power turbines, aided at times by electric motors, enable Swiss water works to pump water to a town 1500 feet above it.

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Amid the clash of controversy on the fate of nations, how few among us have the wit to discuss the real importances, to identify the hinges on which events turn. Sometimes they are such tiny hinges. It is of no use for one to plead with us to sustain the league of nations, for example, if the color of his tie is an abhorrent one, or if the style of his hair-dressing suggests the bartender. We may believe that we judge all things in the light of a cold and clear intellect, but actually we do nothing of the sort. We are the slaves of our subtler sentiments. We are governed by our small affinities and antipathies. The destiny of a nation may be affected by a handsfak, a smile, or a flower in the buttonhole. It is the seeming insignificances that weigh the heaviest in the scheme of things.

History is full of examples of the importance of unimportant things. When the great international conference assembled at Berlin at the close of the Russo-Turkish war there was much speculation as to the dominating influence that would disclose itself. It was an august occasion and no point of ceremonialism had been overlooked. What was the consternation of the decorated, uniformed, and bejeweled potentates of Europe when

Bismarck produced a cigar, lighted it, and proceeded to emit the usual volumes of eddying smoke. It was almost like lighting a pipe in church or playing marbles at a funeral. It was a master stroke in diplomacy. Bismarck had taken the first trick. He had almost established his position as leader of the great congress. Never was there a more sublime instance of German propaganda. Nothing could take from Bismarck the status of the originator, the innovator, but it would never do to allow him to hold it without a challenge. If the Bismarckian cigar was allowed to be the only glowing point at that great conference table, then it became, *ipso facto*, the light that all the diplomats must follow. Bismarck became cock of the walk and *Deutschland über Alles* was no mere figure of speech. And it was done with a cigar.

Great Britain bestirred herself on the spot. Not so lightly was the palm of leadership to be torn from her grasp. But here a difficulty presented itself. Lord Beaconsfield did not smoke, had never smoked, could not now smoke. It made him sick. But this was no time for the intrusion of personal and physical disabilities. Either Lord Beaconsfield must smoke or take secondary place. Great Britain must sink forthwith to a subsidiary position in the comity of nations. It might mean the disintegration of the empire. And it must be said that that great statesman rose to the occasion. A cigar was produced from somewhere and the British plenipotentiary lit it with unskilled and trembling fingers. Whether he actually smoked it, deponent sayeth not. Perhaps it was one of the kind that smoke themselves. But at least there was a cigar and there was smoke. The situation had been saved. Bismarck was not allowed to maintain the pose of privilege. And after that every one smoked. Now the philosopher will see at once that the Bismarckian cigar was the most important event of the great Berlin Congress. If Lord Beaconsfield had not dared fate and nausea, the history of the whole world might have been different. A good cause, ability, eloquence would have served him not at all. Bismarck would have snatched the supremacy. He alone with the audacity to smoke would have ruled the Congress.

Having thus established the importance of unimportant things, the greatness of small things, the significance of insignificant things, and incidentally the way in which history ought to be written, we may seek an illustration nearer at home than the Berlin Congress. Let us consider, for example, the pregnant fact that Senator Harding is an enthusiastic golfer. It may be that this fact has already been recorded in various biographical sketches, all of them designed to show that the President-elect is a person very much like ourselves, which is about the worst compliment that could possibly be paid him, but which is always supposed to be a democratic decoration. But has any one perceived the true inwardness of Senator Harding's golfing proclivities? Probably not. Such ruminations are left for the philosophically wise, and they are few and far between, like the raisins in the cake that mother used to make. But would it not be becoming to inquire with whom the new President is likely to play golf?

Can we be indifferent to the bond of brotherly love, of domestic intimacy that exists between well-matched golf players? Now Senator Harding has been accustomed to play golf with Hale, Frelinghuysen, and Elkins. Watch those men. They will go far under the new administration. Able men, all of them. Doubtless we shall be called on to discuss their political capacities. But it might be more to the point to discuss their golfing capacities.

Now consider further the matter of the diplomatic corps. Weigh the significance of the fact that there is only one high-class diplomat now in Washington who can play a first-rate game of golf, and that one is the British ambassador, Sir Auckland Geddes. We may read congressional reports and study state papers to our heart's content. We may measure the pros and cons of every foreign problem, and we may even be credulous enough to believe that they will be settled by the pros and cons. But where is the enterprising reporter or special correspondent who shall reveal to us the confidences of the golf course, or include in his bulletins the interchange of profanities and policies overheard only by the winds of heaven and the taciturn and uncomplaining turf? It would be well for the other diplomats to sit up and take notice before it is too late. Let them learn golf or they will assuredly be worsted, and perhaps they will never even know why.

A waiter engaged at every Colchester Oyster Feast since 1902 has been complaining to an interviewer that the capacity of the guests is not what it used to be (says a London exchange). "I have often served fourteen dozen oysters to one man," he said, "and many guests would eat five or six dozen at the feast, but today few have more than two and a half dozen." This disconsolate waiter might brighten up if he had the opportunity of serving a customer with a capacity for oysters such as is described in the "Physiologie du Gout." "When I lived at Versailles," writes Brillat-Savarin, "I frequently met M. Laperte, who was very fond of oysters, but complained he could never get his fill of them. I determined to satisfy him for once, and invited him to dinner. I kept pace with him up to the third dozen, and then allowed him to go on alone. He swallowed oysters steadily for more than an hour, and I had to stop him after the thirty-second dozen, just as he remarked that he was beginning to enjoy his treat. We then dined, and Laperte acquitted himself with the vigor and appetite of a man who had long been fasting."

Another oyster maniac, known as Dando, figured regularly in the London police courts during the 'fifties. For the eight months of the year during which oysters are in season Dando would go from oyster shop to oyster shop, displaying his voracious appetite. If he could not get any one to pay for him he would plead poverty, and this led to his appearance again and again before the magistrates for obtaining food under false pretenses. Dando was the hero of a tale by Thackeray, and his memory was honored by a mock-heroic poem describing his

lowly grave in Clerkenwell
That has become a place of pilgrimage,
And not the cockle-shell the pilgrim bears,
But shell of shapeliest "native" to be placed
In glistening row around that humble spot.

Dando's most famous rival was the "Irish Oyster-Eater," who died in 1839. Of him it is chronicled that the day before he finally took to his bed he devoured, for a trifling wager, twenty dozen oysters in nineteen minutes and thirty-five seconds.

The Samarkand.

When the Samarkand opens at Santa Barbara on January 1st a new word in American hotels will have been spoken. A world of beauty in a garden of thirty acres will have been created where a hundred guests may find every comfort of a home with no domestic care.

Single rooms or rooms en suite are furnished in exquisite taste by artists who know the value and effect of color. While brilliant notes of accents of color are used in each room, the general effect is quiet and restful. Every piece of furniture has been especially made, the rugs woven to order from wools to harmonize with the color in each room, and the walls and woodwork painted to complete the harmonious picture.

There are no detached little houses, but a series of rooms en suite opening to an arched corridor which leads to the main building. Beautiful painted Persian screens separate the corridor spaces into private terraces, one for each suite of rooms. These guest rooms en suite are built around a terraced garden where the rarest of tropical plants bloom throughout the year. The sitting rooms look into this garden, while the bedrooms have mountain, meadow, mesa, and ocean views. In each garden is a lily pond, like a great Persian carpet, dripping from one terrace to the terrace below until a small lake is reached.

This lake is bordered by a rock garden. Here color runs riot, tumbling into the quiet pools where rare lilies and lotus bloom. A

rose pergola surrounds the lake and beyond is the bowling green—two acres of perfect lawn. There are also tennis courts and clock courts for golf. La Cumbre Golf Club is only six minutes away. This course is pronounced the finest in California. The guest at the Samarkand is a member of the La Cumbre Club, club dues being assumed by the hotel.

The entire building is of reinforced concrete and is fireproof. The architecture was suggested by the most beautiful designs in Persian buildings, but is modified to conform to the landscape and climatic conditions of Santa Barbara.

The Samarkand is under the management of A. K. Bennett, who announces that a few reservations may still be made for the fortnight following the New Year.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A proud young father telegraphed the news of his happiness to his brother in these words: "A handsome hoy has come to my house and claims to be your nephew." The brother, however, failed to see the point and wired back: "I have not got a nephew. The young man is an imposter."

The wife of a man who had enlisted in the navy handed the pastor of a church the following note: "Peter Bowers, having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety." The minister glanced over it hurriedly and announced: "Peter Bowers, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."

"Next hoy!" exclaimed the teacher: "can you give a simile to the word maiden?" "Yes, miss," responded Johnny Summers; "a maiden is like cider." "Very good, Johnny. You see, boys," explained the teacher, who was of uncertain age and irascible disposition, "Johnny means that a maiden is sweet like cider." "Yes," broke in Johnny, "and grows sour with old age."

"Kind of hard to please women," Blinks sighed. "What now?" Jinks asked sympathetically. "My wife has harped so on how much more attention men paid to women before marriage that I had a big bunch of roses sent out to the house and took her a box of fine candy." "And wasn't she pleased?" "Oh, I dunno. She's been talking ever since about how much more sensible it would have been if I'd sent out a ham and brought home a new door mat."

A certain caddie, although ordinarily, his speech was quite normal, was apt to stammer badly when excited or surprised. One day he was caddyng for a well-known player, who on arriving at the seventh hole—a particu-

larly difficult one—remarked: "I did this hole in three the other day." "What?" ejaculated the caddie. "Well, sir, all I can say is that you are a 1-1-1—" "Steady, hoy, steady!" interrupted the player, reprovingly. "You're a 1-1-1-lucky man, sir," concluded the stammering caddie.

"People are so used to paying war taxes that it has become as much a habit as eating and drinking," said Sid Grauman, and the other night I dreamed a dream that no doubt was true. St. Peter looked with wonder at the two rusty coppers which the passing soul had dropped into his hand. "Why, my good man," he asked, "what is this for?" "War tax," murmured the soul gloomily as it passed through the heavenly gates."

"Pan," said the colored youth, "A'd like you to expatiate on de way dat de telegraph works." "Dat's easy 'nuf, Rastus," said the old man. "Hit am like dis. Ef dere was a dawg hif 'nuf so his head could be in Bosting an' his tail in New Yo'k, den ef you tromp on his tail in New Yo'k he'd hark in Bosting. Understan', Rastus?" "Yes, pap! But how am de wireless telegraph?" For a moment the old man was stumped. Then he answered easily: "Jess preazactly de same, Rastus, wid de exception dat de dawg am 'maginary."

Ex-President Taft told at a literary dinner a story about a colored man. "A colored man," he said, "knocked at Mrs. Brown's back door and asked for a job of work. 'What's your name?' Mrs. Brown asked, for she liked the fellow's looks. 'Mah name's Poe, ma'am,' he answered. 'Poe, eh?' said Mrs. Brown. 'I suppose some of your family once worked for Edgar Allan Poe—did they?' The colored man's eyes bulged, and he struck himself a resounding whack on the chest. 'Why, ma'am,' he said, 'Ah is Edgar Allan Poe.'

For years a bitter feud had existed between the Browns and Robinsons, next-door neighbors. The trouble had originated through the depredations of Brown's cat, and had grown so fixed an affair that neither party ever dreamed of "making it up." One day, however, Brown sent his servant next door with a peace-making note for Mr. Robinson, which read: "Mr. Brown sends his compliments to Mr. Robinson, and begs to say that his old cat died this morning." Robinson's written reply was hither: "Mr. Robinson is sorry to hear of Mr. Brown's trouble, but he had not heard that Mrs. Brown was ill."

"Beg your pardon, sir, but you have it in your power to do me a great favor and one that I will gladly repay," said a stranger who entered the business offices of a bankrupt. "I am afraid you have made a mistake. I am of no use to anybody," said the bankrupt. "I have just failed for half a million, and with no assets." "So I heard." "You knew it, and yet you say I can be of service to you?" "Yes, sir; I beg you will not refuse." "But what can a miserable bankrupt like me do for any one?" "I want you to tell me, sir, how you got so much credit."

A negro was an important witness in a trial in the courtroom of a little town in the south of the U. S. A. and he was carefully coached by his lawyer and told exactly what to say. When Mr. Brown, the lawyer, left the negro just before the trial began, Ahe knew his evidence off by heart, but when he entered the crowded courthouse and saw the sea of faces all around him he suffered from a severe attack of stage fright. His lawyer stood up,

and gently and kindly, and with a winning smile, said: "Now, Ahe, tell the judge and jury everything you know about the case." Ahe looked startled, and glanced fearfully around the court, then he gasped: "When I started fo' de courthouse dis mornin' dey wuz only two people in de world dat knew what I wuz to say—me and Massa Brown. Now Massa Brown am de only one dat knows."

A man from the north of Scotland was on a holiday in Glasgow. On Sunday evening he was walking along Argyl Street when he came upon a contingent of the Salvation Army, and a collection bag was thrust in front of his nose. He dropped a penny in it. Turning up Queen Street, he encountered another contingent of the Salvation Army, and again a smiling lass held a collection in bag in front of him. "Na, na!" he said. "I gied a penny tae a squad o' your folk roun' the corner just the noo." "Really?" said the lass. "That was very good of you. But, then, you can't do a good thing too often. And besides, you know the Lord will repay you a hundredfold." "Aweel," said the cautious Scot, "we'll just wait till the first transaction's feenished before we start the second."

Armin W. Riley, the efficient head of the "flying squadron" that hunts down profiteers for the Department of Justice, told a profiteer story at a Washington reception. "A sick profiteer," he said, "was told by a physician that he had only a short time to live. Accordingly he expressed a desire to confess his sins, and a divine was sent for. The divine entered the dying profiteer's chamber and the door was closed. An hour, two hours, three hours passed. Nothing was to be heard by the attendant nurses and physicians outside in the corridor save the steady, monotonous flow of the profiteer's confession, punctuated at brief intervals by exclamations of horror and indignation on the part of the divine. Lunch was sent into the sickroom, and the confession went on. The afternoon waned. The sun set. The night fell. The divine's dinner was carried to him. And still the profiteer continued to confess. Haggard and unstrung, the divine at last tottered forth at daybreak. 'Our unfortunate friend,' he said, 'is no more. He worked very, very hard; but at the time he passed away he had only carried his confession through the first year of the war.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Standardized Existence.
A visitor at large, I stand,
Beneath a standard sky—
Where everything is standardized
To please the standard eye.

Each tree is of a standard height,
Each building is the same;
Each man is uniform in weight,
And has a standard name.

Above there is a standard star
Beside a standard cloud,
And standard weather here prevails
To please the standard crowd.

The airplanes, motor-cars, and trains
Are standard to a T—
And only boats of standard make
Can sail the standard sea.

In standard moonlight lovers flout
Their standardized delight;
While standard cats meow about
With standard hoots in sight.

Such perfect uniformity
Exists throughout the land,
That birth itself is standardized
To meet the great demand.

With standard joy, and standard gain,
The standard people live;
And if there is one bit of pain,
'Tis such that standards give.

And when with pallid, measured art
The undertakers come,
The standard spirits all depart
To standard spirit-dom.

—Latimer J. Wilson in Life.

The Passionate Advertiser to His Love.

Dullest of poetsasters I
And weakest of elegiasts;
Give me your lips. They satisfy.
Kiss me again! The flavor lasts.

'Tis love that makes—you know the rest.
Our love shall kodak as it goes,
With pictures better than the best,
Geared to the road. Ask Dad—he knows.

Our bome shall be of softest stuff,
Wooltex and Satin-O and such; you
Shall never find the going rough;
No metal, O my love, can touch you.

I am the Better Sort you need;
I'm glad as a Contented Cow.
My love endures. It's guaranteed.
... Eventually! Why not now?
—F. P. A. in New York Tribune.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around Bay of San Francisco will be found in following department:

The marriage of Miss Edith Chesebrough and Commander William Van Antwerp was solemnized Sunday morning at the bride's home in Burlingame, Rev. William Kirk Guthrie officiating. Miss Helen Chesebrough was the only attendant at the wedding. Commander and Mrs. Van Antwerp have left for Europe and will live in Burlingame on their return from their wedding trip.

"VANITY FAIR"

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LUNCHEON

TEAS

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[Opposite Union Square]

The marriage of Miss Virginia Younger and Gaston Ashe took place Saturday afternoon at the home of Mrs. William Younger. Miss Jane Younger and Miss Rosalie Howard were the bridesmaids and the best man was Mr. Geoffrey Montgomerie. Rev. Edward Morgan officiated at the wedding. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Francis Younger. Mr. Ashe is the son of Mrs. Francis Davis.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Hubbard and Mr. George Sawyer of Santa Barbara was solemnized Thursday at the home of the bride's parents, and Mrs. Anthony Gerhard Hubbard, in Redlands. Mrs. Herbert Hubbard was the matron of honor. Mr. Louis Martin of Ross was the best man, and among the ushers were Mr. Albert Van

Court and Mr. Tallant Tubbs. At the conclusion of their wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer will reside in Santa Barbara.

Miss Louise Braden gave a luncheon Friday for Miss Laura Miller, her guests including Miss Elizabeth Magee, Miss Katherine Bentley, Mrs. Thomas Grier, Miss Mary Kennedy, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Miss Elizabeth Moore, Miss Elizabeth Bliss, and Miss Jessie Knowles.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels gave a dinner last Wednesday evening for Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hopkins. Among their guests were Admiral and Mrs. Charles Gove, Mr. and Mrs. John McNear, Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour, and Miss Jennie Hooker.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Brunswig of Los Angeles gave a reception and hall last week in the southern city to introduce their debutante daughter, Miss Margaret Brunswig. Among those in the receiving party were Mrs. Alexander Field, Miss Rosario Moran, Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Miss Eleanor MacGowan, Miss Josephine Ross of Santa Barbara, Mrs. Sayre Macneil, Mrs. Frank Gross, Mrs. Avery McCarthy, Mrs. Mary Wilcox Longstreet, Miss Carolina Winston, and Baroness Alfred de Ropp.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ehrman gave a dance Saturday evening for the friends of their son, Master Sydney Ehrman.

Senator James Phelan gave a luncheon Sunday at the Bohemian Club for Mrs. Edward Thaw of New York. Among his guests were Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. William Denman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fay, Miss Maude Fay, Mr. George Sterling, and Mr. Charles Rollo Peters.

Mr. and Mrs. William Denman entertained at dinner Saturday evening.

Mrs. Douglas Short gave a luncheon last Tuesday, her guests including Mrs. Alan Van Fleet, Mrs. Charles Hunt, Jr., Mrs. George Wolff, Mrs. Howard Park, Mrs. Francis Langton, Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman, Mrs. Harry Dodge, Mrs. Frederick St. Goar, Mrs. Elmer Jennings, Mrs. Horace Van Sicklen, Mrs. Warren Spieker, Mrs. Werner Lawson, Mrs. Russell Slade, Mrs. Alfred Oyster, Mrs. Curtis O'Sullivan, Mrs. Charles Corbet, Mrs. Rupert Mason, Miss Elizabeth Oyster, Miss Emelie Tuhhs, Miss Ola Willett, Miss Mabel Hathaway, Miss Julia Van Fleet, Miss Isabel Jennings, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, and Miss Elliott Boker.

Mrs. Watson Fennimore entertained a group of friends at luncheon last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Miller were dinner hosts Saturday evening in San Rafael. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Judge and Mrs. Edgar Zook, Miss Gertrude Minton, and Mr. Charles Belden, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Ziel gave a dinner Saturday evening at the Hotel Rafael, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Donald Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Carey, Major and Mrs. P. Vestal, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Lichtenberg, Mrs. Frank Winchester, Mrs. Scott Brooke, Mrs. Harry John-

son, Mrs. Alfred Du Bois, Mrs. William Carr, Miss Marie Lichtenberg, Miss Margaret Foster, Miss Charlotte Zeil, Miss Katherine Kraft, Miss Dorothy Conrad, Miss Adeline Conrad, Miss Elizabeth Watt, Mr. Barroll McNear, Mr. Blair Schuman, Lieutenant Thomson, U. S. N., Lieutenant McMeniny, U. S. N., Mr. John Ziel, and Mr. Bert Innes.

Miss Margaret Fuller entertained at a dance last Saturday. Her guests were Miss Kate Boardman, Miss Harriet Brownell, Miss Frances Stent, Miss Isabelle Bishop, Miss Beulah Gibbons, Miss Jean McLaughlin, Miss Mary Searles, Miss Bernice Black, Miss Hetty Stevenson, Miss Frances Mace, Mr. Arthur Stephenson, Mr. Louis Bovet, Jr., Mr. Antoine Bovet, Mr. George Boardman, Jr., Mr. Roland Johnston, Mr. Austin Wood, Mr. Van Pelt Harley, Mr. Morton Gibbons, Mr. John Mace, Mr. Dana Fuller, and Mr. Frank Fuller, Jr.

Miss Maude Fay entertained at tea Tuesday afternoon for Mrs. Edward Thaw of New York, her guests including Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. William Denman, Mrs. William Smith, Jr., Mrs. Herbert Allen, Mrs. Douglas McBryde, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Georges de Latour, Mrs. Marshall Dill, Mrs. Kirby Crittenden, Mrs. William Porter, Mrs. Frank Johnson, and Mrs. Armstrong Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. John Selfridge gave a dinner Saturday in Ross. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Alan MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Brown, Miss Jean Boyd, Mr. Kittle Boyd, and Mr. Edward Hills.

The Misses Jolliffe gave a tea Friday, their guests including Mrs. William Glassford, Mrs. James Bull, Mrs. William Porter, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. William Gerstle, Mrs. Armstrong Taylor, Mrs. Alanson Weeks, Mrs. Wellington Cohn, Mrs. Wallace Berthoff, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt.

General Robert Nivelle of the French army was the guest of honor at a reception given Wednesday by the members of le Salon Français.

Miss Elva Ghirardelli gave a dance Friday evening in Oakland for Miss Juanita Ghirardelli and Mr. Harry Magee. Mrs. Louis Ghirardelli and Mrs. Alfred Ghirardelli assisted in receiving.

A benefit entertainment was given by the members of the Junior League Friday evening at the Fairmont. Among those who had tables for the affair were Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Kaime, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Van Sicklen, Baron and Baroness Van Eck, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Corbet, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Madison, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Clifton, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Folger, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Park, Miss Marion Leigh Mailliard, Miss Emelie Tuhhs, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Margaret Williams, and Miss Mabel Hathaway.

Mrs. Herbert Moffitt gave a luncheon Thursday for Miss Laura Miller. Others at the affair were Mrs. Francis Langton, Miss Amanda McNear,

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ANNOUNCES

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Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh, Miss Betty Schmiedell, Miss Aileen McIntosh, and Miss Doris Schmiedell.

Mr. and Mrs. Georges de Latour gave a dinner Thursday for Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard. Among their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Stetson Winslow, Miss Maude Fay, Mr. Neltner, and Mr. Ferdinand Reis.

Mrs. Max Bertheau was a tea hostess of last Thursday, complimenting her daughters, Mrs. Ralph McCurdy and Mrs. E. H. Stillman.

Dr. James Eaves gave a birthday party last Saturday for his daughter, Miss Gloria Eaves. Some of the matrons who attended the affair with their children were Mrs. Frank King, Mrs. Dean Witter, Mrs. Warren Spieker, Mrs. Thomas Addis, Mrs. Harold Casey, Mrs. Clinton La Montagne, Mrs. Thornton White, Mrs. Alexander Wilson, Mrs. Nathaniel Messer, Mrs. George Lyman, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. William Moore, Mrs. William Roth, Mrs. Paul Fagan, and Mrs. George Bowles.

Miss Jean Searles gave a dinner Friday evening in Oakland, with her guests later attending the Ghirardelli dance. Among her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Waybur, Mr. and Mrs. George Baker, Jr., Miss Katherine Maxwell, Lieutenant C. Jeter, U. S. N., and Mr. Arthur Parsons.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Fleishacker will leave in January for Washington to be gone several weeks. Mr. Emery Winslip arrived Saturday from Macon, Georgia, for a sojourn of several weeks.

General Robert Nivelle of the French army is spending several days in San Francisco. He has recently been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Peabody in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton La Montagne will leave next week for Pasadena.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and Miss Emeleen Childs, who have been in New York since their return from abroad, have taken an apartment in Washington for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Merrill have taken a house in Burlingame for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. George Page will go south next week to visit Mr. and Mrs. Donald Armstrong. The new residence of Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, which is being built in Hollywood, will be ready for occupancy in February.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Ehrman will arrive next week from Portland, where they have been visiting since the marriage of Miss Delphine Rosenfeld and Mr. Robert Koshland.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering have returned from a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton have returned from New York.

Judge W. C. Van Fleet and Miss Julia Van Fleet left last week for Coronado to be gone until after the first of the year.

Lieutenant and Mrs. E. H. Stillman arrived in San Francisco last week. They will be stationed at Fort Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Field and Miss Rosario Moran have gone to Los Angeles to visit Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Brunswig.

Mr. and Mrs. Parmer Fuller will leave for Europe after the first of the year to be gone indefinitely.

Mr. Richard Pennoyer has been appointed secretary to the American Embassy at Lima, Peru, and will soon leave London for his new post.

Miss Cornelia Clappett, who has been visiting in New York, is spending the holidays in Washington.

Mr. George Gordon Moore of New York and Colonel Nutting of the British army have arrived from the Atlantic coast and are established for the rest of the winter in the residence of Mr. George Marye in Burlingame.

Mrs. Frederick Beaver, Miss Margaret Madison, and Miss Margaret Scheld left last week for the Atlantic coast. They will sail for France in January.

Miss Helen Woodworth has returned to San Francisco for a brief sojourn, after an absence of several years in France.

Mr. Felton Eldins is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury Field in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Edward Thaw of New York, who has been passing a few days in San Francisco, has gone to Pasadena, where she has been joined by Mr. Thaw and their son, Mr. Edward Thaw, Jr.

Mrs. Silas Palmer has returned to San Francisco from abroad.

Mrs. Hays Smith has returned from a trip to New York.

Miss Josephine Ross of Santa Barbara has returned to her home from a visit in Los Angeles with Miss Marguerite Brunswig.

Mrs. Voorhies Bishop, who returned recently

from Europe, is visiting Mrs. Guy Scott in Washington. Mr. Thomas Bishop, Jr., who went East to spend the holidays with his mother, will return next week to California.

Mr. Louis Bruguère is in Paris visiting Mr. Emil Bruguère.

Miss Helen Perkins will leave next month for a trip to New York.

Captain Frank Helm, U. S. N., has returned from a trip to Texas.

The Misses Miriam and Betty Ehrbright have joined Dr. and Mrs. Ebright for the Christmas holidays.

Miss Alice Hicks has gone to Los Angeles for the holiday season.

Mrs. Edward P. Ripley arrived last week in Santa Barbara, where she has reopened her home for the winter.

Captain and Mrs. E. H. Campbell have arrived in California and are visiting the latter's father, Mr. George Strong, in Oakland.

Miss Beatrice McBryde, who has been at the Sacred Heart Convent in Menlo Park, has joined Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBryde until after the first of the year.

Mrs. Willis Walker returned last week from New York. Mr. Léon Walker arrived from the Atlantic coast Tuesday to pass the holidays with his parents.

Mr. Ralph McCurdy arrived last night from Medford, Oregon, and with Mrs. McCurdy will spend the holidays here at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cesar Bertheau.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Morse, who returned last week to San Francisco, will go to Del Monte after the first of the year.

Dr. Howard Naffziger returned last Friday from New York. Dr. and Mrs. Naffziger are spending the week-end in Petaluma with Mr. and Mrs. McNear.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White have left for New York to visit Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Symmes. Later they will go to Europe, to be away several months.

Miss Joan Byrd and Miss Margaret McCormick are spending the holidays in Salt Lake City with their parents. They will return to Menlo Park after the first of the year.

Mr. John Breeden has joined Mrs. Butler Breeden for the Christmas season. He will leave next week to resume his studies in the Ojai Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin have returned to San Mateo, after a brief sojourn in town.

Mr. Charles Clark has returned to San Francisco from France.

Recent arrivals at the St. Francis include Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Carter, Hawaii; Mr. Charles W. Dabney, Santa Barbara; Mr. J. B. Ryan, Seattle; Mr. F. M. Henson, Milwaukee; Mr. H. R. Graft, New Orleans; Mr. W. J. Wallace, Mr. T. Frank Ryan, Los Angeles; Mr. Albert E. Winship, Boston; Mr. T. C. Brandle, St. Louis; Mr. J. S. Crutchfield, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Mr. W. T. Black, New York; Mr. Watson Eastman, Portland; Mr. W. L. Grouch, Milwaukee; Mr. Walter Douglas, El Paso, Texas; Mr. William A. Pinkerton, Chicago; Mr. Samuel G. Blythe, New York; Mr. B. H. Hopkins, Colorado Springs; Mr. Beckley Crundall, London, England.

Among the recent arrivals at the Palace are Mayor George L. Baker, Portland; Mr. E. L. Garretson, Tacoma; Mr. Leo Youngsworth, Mr. K. H. Gillette, Los Angeles; Mr. F. A. Frederick, Mr. W. P. Pearce, Seattle; Dr. O. B. Doyle, Fresno; Mr. J. S. Douglas, Douglas, Arizona; Mr. William Walker, Los Angeles; Mr. John M. Ross, Bisbee, Arizona; Mr. Bruce McNeil, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Mortesen, Klamath Falls, Oregon; Mr. Frederick A. Rose, New York; Mr. William S. Noltig, Boston; Mr. John S. Steese, Juneau, Alaska; Mr. J. M. Jaffe, Seattle; Mr. W. O. Schwarzwaelder, New York.

At the Whitcomb: Mr. and Mrs. George Goldstein and daughter, Detroit; Mr. J. W. Morris, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon, Chicago; Mr. F. S. Howett, Eureka; Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Knox, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Van Reit, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Latas, Utica, New York; Mr. and Mrs. George Stewart, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Besken, Los Angeles; Mr. P. Breslen, Madera; Mr. and Mrs. J. E. George, Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Gregory, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Lewis, Atascadero; Mr. L. Manion, Santa Barbara; Mr. S. Henderson, San Jose; Mr. J. G. Jefferson, Los Angeles; Mr. Ryland Rich, Long Beach; Mr. John F. Arens, Green Bay, Wisconsin; Mr. A. A. Gossard, Mexico; Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Martin, Kansas City; Mr. L. Frances, Brooklyn, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Courtney Jenkins are being congratulated upon the birth of a son at their home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt are being congratulated upon the birth of a daughter.

An Arab laughs at the idea of walking in the street with his wife or of ever vacating his seat for a woman, and his wife walks behind him. He has no use for chairs, tables, knives, forks, or even spoons, unless they are wooden ones. Bedsteads, bureaus, and fireplaces are also considered worthless by him. On entering a house an Arab removes his shoes, but not his hat. He mounts his horse on the right side, while his wife milks the cow on the left side. He puts nearly all his compliments on the outside of a letter he writes. He sees to it that his head is always wrapped warmly, even in summer, and disregards his feet entirely, often going barefooted in the winter. He reads and writes from right to left. He eats little for breakfast, little for dinner, but at evening time, when the work of the day is done, he sits down to a hot meal swimming in oil or boiled butter. His sons eat with him, but the woman waits until his lordship is done.

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

The Children's Hospital has been an outstanding health-restoring agency of San Francisco for nearly half a century. More than 160,000 patients have been cared for within its hospitable walls. Seventy-five thousand of these were women and children treated free or at less than cost. Lovers of children always have supported our work by voluntary contributions. Two thousand six hundred friends subscribed \$45,000 to our Donation Day appeal for this year.

The \$45,000, plus income from endowments, plus profits on pay work, has been invested in free and part pay services to the poor. The amount of free work for this year, expressed in money, is \$83,000. Expressed in service, it represents 20,000 sick days, or a daily average of fifty-four occupied beds. During 1919 this service was represented by 15,687 sick days, costing \$56,982. The hospital of 275 beds is in good shape, the staff and business departments well organized with modern facilities for good work.

The 1920 expenses of all departments are \$302,000, representing 70,000 sick days, 2600 operations, 10,000 out patient services, forty-one nurses graduated, seven interns trained, 600 births.

The 1920 income will be \$306,000. From patients, \$211,000; interest on endowments, bequests, etc., \$51,000; and the \$45,000 Donation Day contributions. (Includes a special \$37,500 bequest.)

A glance at the above figures shows that next year we must do less free work (which must not be necessary); reduce the quality of service (which we refuse to do); charge more for pay service (which would be unfair); increase our endowment (which we are trying to do), or ask the public for \$75,000 (which we do).

The board of managers and officers pledge to the public that every dollar contributed will be made to do 100 per cent. economical service to the deserving poor.

Please remember that each \$4 invested with us will insure twenty-four's hospital care to some poor child or woman and at the same time be of assistance in the education of nurses, young women physicians, and in other better health activities.

The Children's Hospital is a San Francisco institution, supported by San Francisco friends and operated for the benefit of unfortunate children of San Francisco.

We ask you to invest money and friendship with us and receive dividends in service to the less fortunate and in satisfaction to yourself.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

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THE AUXILIARY.

MRS. JOHN F. MERRILL,
Chairman Donation Days.

Hotel Rafael.

Hotel men of the Bay region gathered Saturday evening at the Hotel Rafael as the guests of Manager W. C. Jurgens, who formally opened the hotel with a dinner-dance at which several hundred persons were present. Preceding the entertainment there was a meeting of the Northern California Hotel Men's Association. The hotel men went over the big hotel, which has been entirely redecorated, refurnished, and modernized. Many compliments were heard on the appearance of the house and predictions were heard that it will prove to be one of the most popular spots about the Bay in the near future.

The Palace of Fine Arts.

In accordance with the established custom the Museum in the Palace of Fine Arts will be closed on Christmas Day to give the staff an opportunity to spend the day with their families. The Museum will remain closed on Sunday as well and will open to the public on Monday at 10 o'clock as usual.

The number seven has always had a peculiar significance. On the seventh day of the seventh month a holy observance was ordained to the children of Israel, who feasted seven days and remain seven days in tents. The seventh year was supposed to be a Sabbath, or rest for all, and at the end of seven times seven there was to be a jubilee. Jacob served seven years to win Rachael for his wife. Noah had seven days' warning of the flood. Nebuchadnezzar lived seven years as a beast. Christ spoke seven times from the cross on which he hung seven hours. In Scripture there are seven resurrections mentioned. In the Lord's Prayer there are seven petitions. There were seven mysteries of the apocalypse revealed in the seven churches in Asia. In Revelations there is described seven lambs before the seven spirits of God, seven golden candlesticks, a book with seven seals, seven angels with seven trumpets, seven players, seven vials of wrath, seven kings, seven thunders, and a dragon with seven heads.

American women paid \$750,000,000 for rouge, lip sticks, and perfume during 1919, according to government war tax returns.

"New Year's Eve Celebration"

Dinner and Dance

This New Year's Eve Dinner is a regular feast of turtle soup, Lemardelle, squash chicken and other tantalizing luxuries—the prelude to an evening of New Year revelry in the Sun Lounge, with an augmented orchestra, special New Year music, and dancing until the wee small hours of the New Year. Dinner, \$3.00 the plate. Admission cards to the Dance, \$1.00. No cover charges. Make reservations early.

New Year's Day Dinner

From Blue Point oysters to demi-tasse, the dinner on New Year's Day will be a delicious fulfillment of your holiday anticipations. \$2.50 the plate. No cover charges.

Hotel Whitcomb

at Civic Center

SAN FRANCISCO

Home of Lincoln's Boyhood.

Restoration of the village of New Salem, where Abraham Lincoln worked as grocery clerk, fell in love with Ann Rutledge, carried the postoffice in his hat and whipped the champion of the "Clary's Grove boys," will be completed by next spring and, with the addition of the old Salem museum, will be thrown open as the Old Salem State Park, according to announcement of State Architect Edgar Martin.

Log huts as they were in Lincoln's day have been rebuilt. Their location and arrangement is exact. Foundations were found undisturbed except by the wear of time and the houses reconstructed over them. Atmosphere of 1831 and 1837 in so far as possible is reembodyed. The store where Lincoln was clerk, the mill on Sagamon River, and all other structures of "New Salem," so rich in memories of the great American, have been completely restored and lack only the finishing touches.

Besides reproducing the actual village, the state has added a large frame house of the better class in Lincoln's day, which will serve as a state museum to house Lincoln relics. This house is modeled after a fine old residence in St. Genevieve, Missouri, which village Mr. Martin said is as a town lifted bodily out of the last century. The architecture is of the best of Lincoln's day.

Contracts for the wiring, heating, and plumbing of the museum have just been let.

In restoring New Salem the department was forced to follow the same tactics used in restoration of more ancient cities. New Salem dwindled rapidly after Lincoln moved away and shortly after 1837 was entirely deserted. When the last general assembly authorized the creation of the Old Salem State Park only the weather-beaten foundations could be found.

The sixty-two acres of the restored village and state park are twenty-three miles northwest of Springfield in Menard County.

The natives of many foreign countries sit down to tables spread with fine American cutlery. During the past year exports of American table cutlery amounted to \$2,300,000. In Europe Norway was the best customer of our cutlery industry with purchases totaling \$225,000, while such a comparatively small market as Denmark was able to take table cutlery up to the value of \$146,000. But the most important markets for United States table cutlery are now found in the two American continents. The biggest purchaser of table cutlery is Brazil with a total requirement of \$524,000 during the last year. It was followed by Argentina with a purchase totaling \$289,000, while Chile and Cuba each took far in excess of \$100,000 and Mexico was just touching the \$100,000 line. This growth of the foreign demand for American table cutlery shows best the great progress that has been made in the manufacture of high-class cutlery in the United States. The table cutlery business of the world was in the past practically the domain of European producers.

"Pilgrim" half-dollars, 300,000 of them, have been issued by the United States Mint to commemorate this, the 300th anniversary of the Pilgrims' landing.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What is that wiggling object off near the horizon?" "Don't know. Guess it must be a nervous wreck."—*Columbia Jester*.

"Henry, you have run over a man!" "Don't worry—he had already been run over by the car ahead of us."—*Copenhagen Exlex*.

Flapper (*nouveau riche*)—Well, come on. Why don't you propose to me? Suitor—My dear, don't let's talk business.—*Paris Le Rire*.

Bride—Is there any age at which children cease to be a care? Nonagenarian—I can't say. My oldest is only seventy.—*Kansas City Star*.

Young Lady (*in drug store*)—One postage stamp, please. And would you mind affixing it? I have on a veil.—*New York Evening Post*.

"And how do you like your new neighbors, Mrs. Smith?" "Why, Mrs. Jones, I haven't had time to call yet; but I intend to soon, as they keep two motor-cars."—*Life*.

A transmitter has been perfected whereby the human voice can be amplified one million times. If this bit of news ever gets around to William Jennings Bryan—Heaven help us! *Life*.

"Do Englishmen understand American slang?" "Some of them do. Why?" "My daughter is to be married in London, and the earl has called me to come across."—*Boston Transcript*.

Laborer—Can y' give us a job? Foreman—P'well, I've got a man 'ere that's not turned up, an' if he doesn't coom t'morrer, I'll send him home an' ye can ha' the job.—*London Windsor Magazine*.

Schoolmaster (*as school reopens*)—Here, my young friend, why aren't you returning to school? Laborer's Son (*doggdly*)—I want three dollars a day and a four-hour school.—*Paris Le Journal Amusant*.

Peter Lower was digging away at the weeds in his potato patch. "Makes it harder to have the weeds so thick, don't it?" remarked Lem Beebe, leaning over the fence. "Nope; easier," declared Pete; "you don't have to walk so far to the next weed."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

First Manager—I'm fed up with these movie stars. Young Cecil Legrand is just the limit. Second Manager—What's the matter now? First Manager—He wants me to put on a play he's written in which he's featured as a heavy-

weight champion in the first part and a winning jockey in the second.—*Film Fun*.

Husband—Didn't you throw your hat in the ring for presidency of your club? Wife (*sarcastically*)—I couldn't, dear; it was out of style.—*Boston Globe*.

The Married Man (*to friend*)—I tell you this in all frankness. My wife and I have calculated we can save at least one hundred dollars a month by not insisting that our friends stay to dinner.—*Paris L'Illustration*.

The Thomas Cat is not up to its regular high standard this week, owing to the fact we have spent nearly the whole blamed week writing an intellectual wad for Leo Giles'

farm paper on the subject of "The Inhumanity of Dehorning Hydraulic Rams."—*Arkansas Thomas Cat*.

"That speech," said the secretary, "will enable anybody to know exactly what you had in mind." "Do you think so?" exclaimed Senator Sorghum. "In that case we'd better get to work immediately and rewrite it."—*Washington Star*.

"John," exclaimed the nervous woman, "there's a hurglar trying to get into the flat." "I'll get up and give him the fight of his life." "Aren't you afraid?" "Not a bit. Any hurglar who thinks this flat can hold all three of us must be a little bit of a fellow."—*Washington Star*.

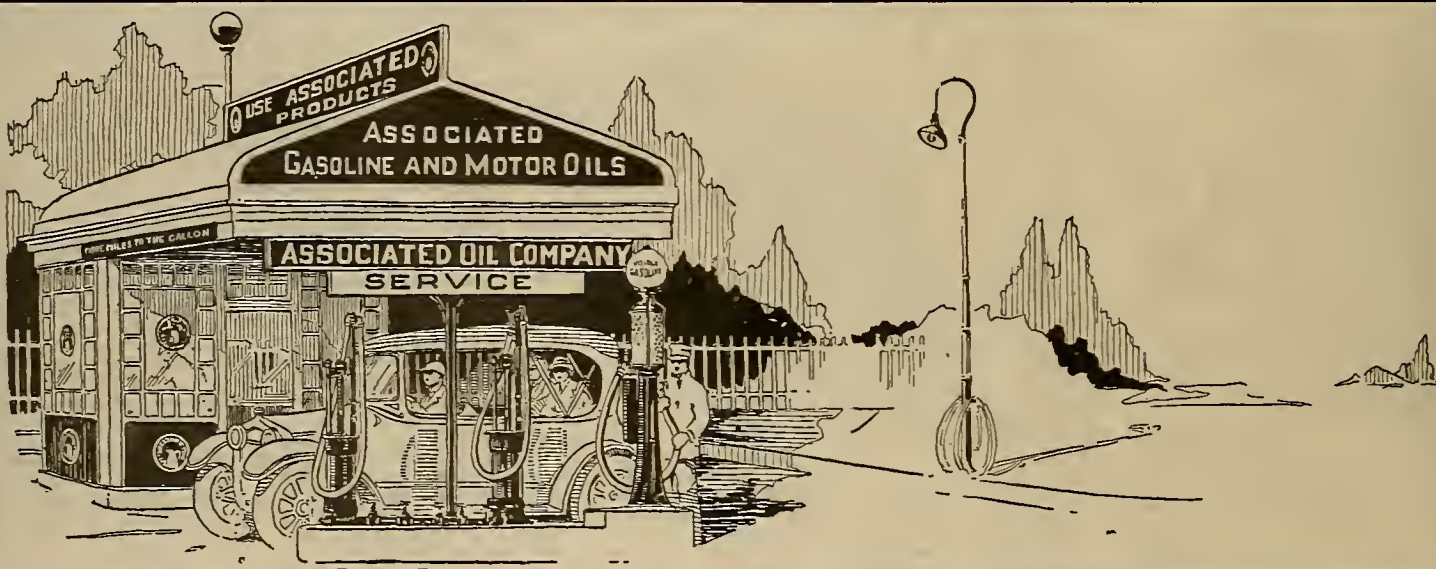


START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT

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Scott and Fell
4th Ave. and Geary
3d and Brannan
Columbus Ave. and Grover Place
Post and Mason
Fifth Ave. and California
Mission and Spear
Post and Larkin
Mission and School St. (Colma)

OAKLAND
Broadway and Water
21st and Broadway
25th and Telegraph
35th and Foothill Boulevard
14th and Harrison
620 Lakeshore Avenue
25th and Broadway
12th and Webster
East 19th St. and Park Boulevard
30th and San Pablo
East 14th St. and 24th Avenue
College Avenue and Broadway
ALAMEDA
Encinal and Central Avenue
BERKELEY
Sbatuck and Haste

SAN RAFAEL
4th St. and Petaluma Avenue
BURLINGAME
Park Road and Peninsula Avenue
(State Highway)
SAN MATEO
3d St. and State Highway
HAYWARD
A and Boulevard
LOS GATOS
Santa Cruz and Elm Sts.
NAPA
3d St. at Bridge
SUNNYVALE
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SAN JOSE
The Alameda and Stockton Ave.
11th St. and Santa Clara Ave.
Alameda and Wilson Ave.
1st and Margaret Sts.
S. Market & W. San Salvador Sts.
Market and San Carlos Sts.
5th and Santa Clara
FRESNO
Broadway and Kern Sts.
Broadway and Stanislaus Sts.
A and Fresno Sts.
Broadway St. and Ventura Ave.
Divisadero St. and Van Ness Ave.
SACRAMENTO
12th and I Sts. 13th and L Sts.
2d and L Sts. 16th and K Sts.
10th and O Sts. 30th and P Sts.

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